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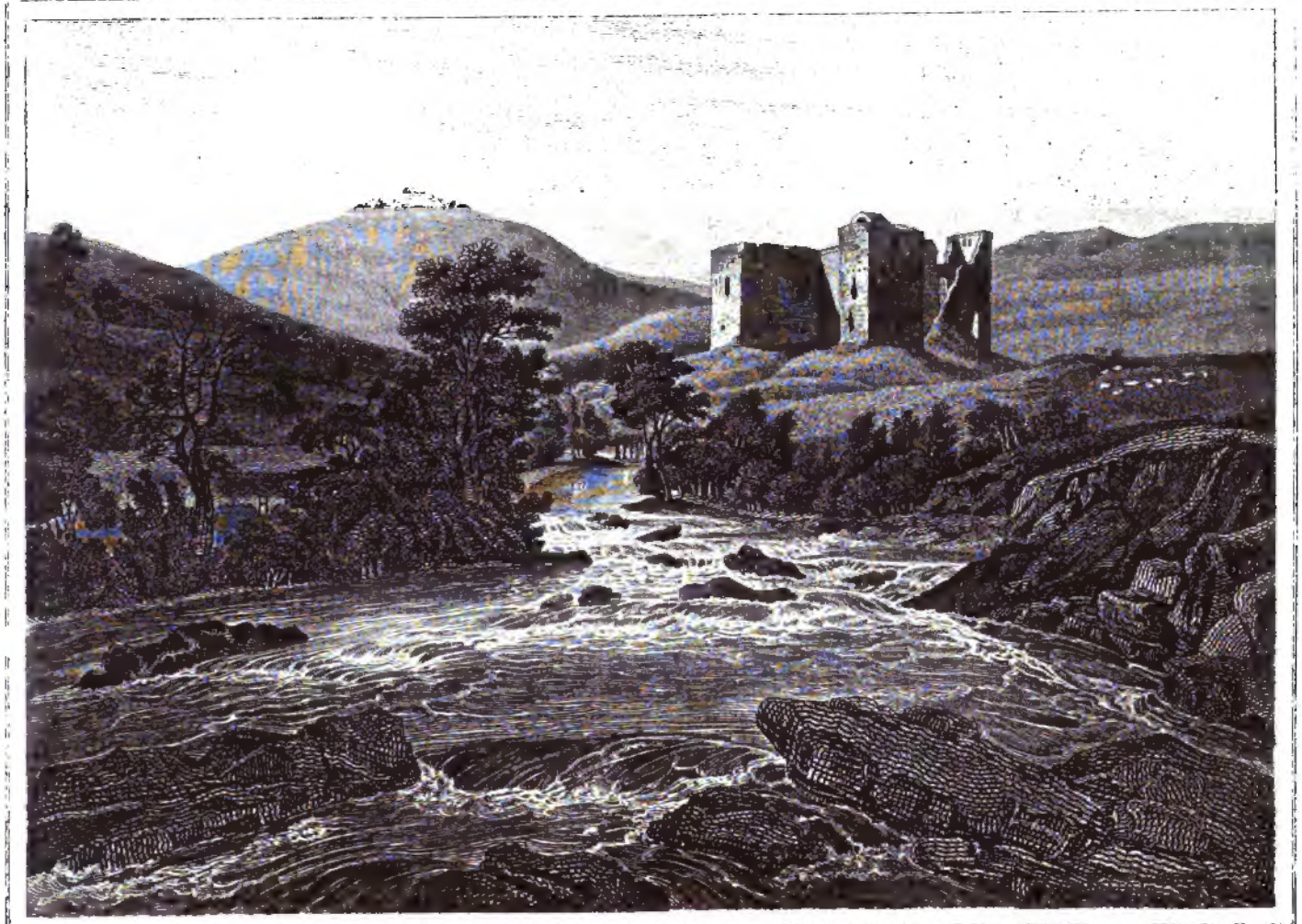

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See Page 562.

HERMITAGE CASTLE.

THE MONTHLY CHRONICLE

OF

NORTH-COUNTRY LORE AND LEGEND

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The Monthly Chronicle

OF

NORTH-COUNTRY·LORE·AND·LEGEND

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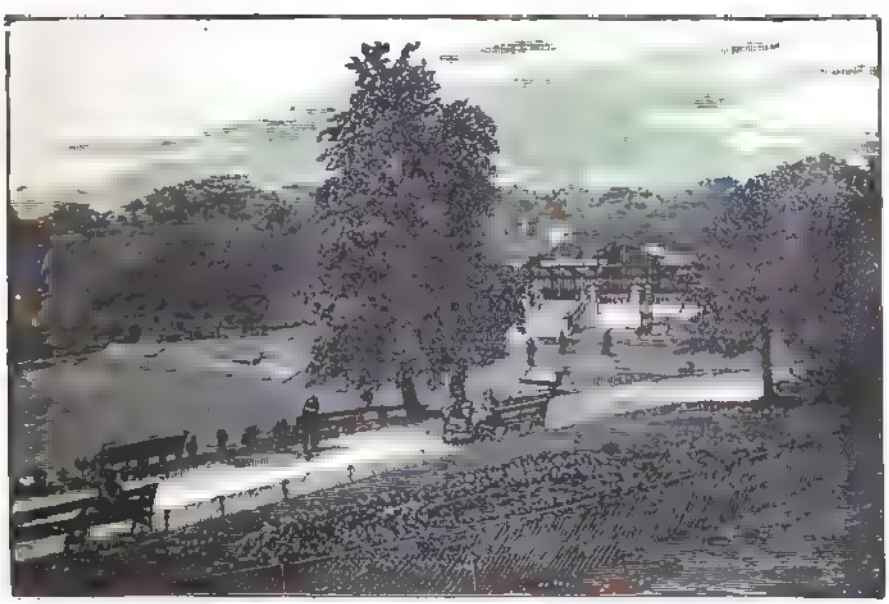
Lord Armstrong.

By Major Evan Rowland Jones,

AUTHOR OF "LIFE AND SPEECHES OF JOSEPH COWEN," "HEROES OF INDUSTRY," &c.

THE fond hopes and "best laid schemes" of parents have oft been frustrated by the tyrant voice of genius. Honour and obedience to beloved guardians are commendable and to be cherished. But the human soul and intellect cannot be formed and fashioned like the potter's clay. We may not change the colour of the iris, the character of the voice, our form and stature: much less the Divine essence—the soul and its stock-in-trade within us. Ben Jonson had a trowel in his hand for long, a book in his pocket and volumes in his brains the while. Davy ignored his indentures to the apothecary to search the hills for minerals and dream of future renown. Linnæus was intended for the Church; but he neglected



SCENE IN ARMSTRONG PARK, HEATON SECTION, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

theology, obeyed the still small voice, and became the immortal founder of botany. Faraday obtained food for his craving genius from the books he stitched, responded to the inward monitor's call, and held "aloft among the nations the scientific name of England for a period of forty years." The generous offer of a friend and the solicitous guidance of parents made William George Armstrong a lawyer. He locked himself up amid parchment rolls and tomes of decisions and authorities, gave his undivided heart to the pursuit of science, and made a column of water lift a hundred tons!

Children are not necessarily the best judges of that for which they are best intended. They frequently make a wrong selection under the influence of surroundings not intended to give them the bias. In maturity they often abandon their first love. Many boys are without preference; they continue indifferent to every vocation from the village green to the end of life. This was not the case with the boy William George Armstrong. Mechanics were to him a passion from childhood, and physical science absorbed his hours of relaxation as a schoolboy and as a student at law. His father was the son of a Cumberland yeoman, who became a corn merchant, an alderman, and a mayor of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, while his mother was a daughter of William Potter, of Walbottle House, Northumberland. To this worthy couple, a son, afterwards the famous engineer, was born on Nov. 26, 1810, at Pleasant Row, Shieldfield, Newcastle.*

William entered the Bishop Auckland Grammar School in 1826, where he remained for several years. During his residence at Bishop Auckland, he gratified his mechanical ingenuity at the works of Mr. Ramshaw. He was invited to that gentleman's home, where he found "a help-meet for him." Aye, and one who, during a busy, eventful, and brilliant career, has seconded his best efforts and cheered his anxious moments. She shares to-day his noble fame. Upon leaving school young Armstrong entered the law office of Mr. Armorer Donkin, an intimate friend of the family, and a man of influence and position in the community. His legal curriculum was finished at the office of his brother-in-law, Mr. W. H. Watson, the late Baron Watson, then a special pleader in the Temple. In 1833 he returned to his native town to become a partner with Messrs. Donkin, Stable, and Armstrong.

Mr. Armstrong was not an orthodox English sportsman. Though fond of music, the cry of the hound failed to charm his senses. Fishing was his favourite sport. He imbibed the taste from his father. Even in this pastime his inventive genius found employment. A new bait basket was contrived, whereby the minnow was kept at a lower temperature; his tackle was continually undergoing improvement; and he became one of the most accomplished fishers on the Coquet. It was during an outing through the Craven district of Yorkshire in quest of trout that the idea which culminated in his fame first came to him. He was rambling through Dent Dale, in 1836, when his attention was arrested by an overshot water-wheel turned by a gurgling rill. The mill-wheel supplied the power for some marble works at the foot of the declivity. Twenty feet only of several hundred feet descent was utilised; the rest remained unproductive. The possibility of the stream as a motive power at once engrossed Mr. Armstrong's thoughts. Intuition took the hint. For ten years he thought and wrought to perfect and realise his idea. Now the freights of nations are swung by his crane, and his hydraulic machinery is found on every mart of commerce in the civilized world.

But the time during which he was harnessed to the legal profession was in truth a period of apprenticeship in constructive mechanics. Scarcely a day passed when Mr. Armstrong was at home that he did not spend several hours at Watson's High Bridge Works, either superintending his own models or watching the construction of scientific machinery. It was a severe struggle between a sense of duty to his partners and profession on the one hand, and innate genius on the other; and the young solicitor kept swinging like an erratic pendulum between the law office and the lathe. The first attempt of Mr. Armstrong to realise his ambition to convert a column of water into a motive power was by means of an automatic hydraulic wheel, acted upon by discs made to enter a curved tube at the radius of the wheel-edge. It was an ingenious contrivance, and its utility was tested at the Skinner Burn. This was admirable experience, and a valuable lesson; but the wheel failed to realise the inventor's expectations.

Soon after this time a sensation was produced in the scientific world by a phenomenon which transpired at one of the Seaton Delaval Collieries. The workmen declared that something "uncanny like" was seen at the engine boiler, and when they adjusted the safety-valve while steam was blowing off, fire was said to reach out towards their finger-tips. Tyneside philosophers, and subsequently men of science throughout the country, became interested in the mystery; and it was discovered that electricity was evolved under the following circumstances: The boiler was found to be insulated upon a dry seating, and the friction produced by the escape of particles of water blowing away with high-pressure steam produced electricity, and a nervous shock was experienced when the hand was held in proximity to the escaping steam. Experiments bearing upon the generation of electricity by high-pressure steam were commenced by a number of scientific men; but the lawyer distanced the philosophers in the measure of success attained. Numerous tests were made as to the best material for insulation and the best form and lining for the exit of steam. At last the hydro-electric machine was produced at the works of Messrs. Watson and Lambert, Carliol Square. Large

* For view of birthplace see *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. i., p. 236.

numbers of this celebrated machine were constructed—for the Polytechnic Institution of London, for Professor Faraday, and for the scientific institutions of Europe and America.

When the invention had been completed, Mr. Armstrong returned to his favourite study, and continued to make experiments to perfect his hydraulic machine: at last he succeeded. A fortunate circumstance materially assisted in bringing it under public notice and into practical use. In 1845, Mr. Armstrong became associated in his legal capacity with a company organised to supply the towns of Newcastle and Gateshead with water. When the company was formed, Mr. Armstrong delivered a lecture at the Literary Society of Newcastle, and demonstrated the utility of his invention by a working model. Soon thereafter a few friends joined with him to erect a crane on Newcastle Quay, where its usefulness could be put to the test in loading and discharging ships. Three more cranes were eventually ordered by the Corporation of Newcastle. A somewhat interesting circumstance, which tended to forward the popularity of the hydraulic crane, took place at this time. Let the inventor himself relate it:—

LORD ARMSTRONG.

Amongst others the late Sir William Cubitt (then Mr. Cubitt) took a very early interest in the machine, and wrote to Mr. Jesse Hartley, who was then the engineer of the Liverpool Docks, urging him to go and see it, but that somewhat eccentric gentleman, who was very averse to novelties, at first flatly refused to do so. A second letter from Sir William Cubitt put the matter in such a light that Mr. Hartley could not persist in his refusal without incurring the imputation of shutting his eyes to improvements; so without giving any notice of his intention he went to Newcastle alone to see the crane. It was not at work when he arrived, but the man in charge was there, and Mr. Hartley entered into a bantering conversation with him. This man, who went by the name of "Hydraulic Jack," had acquired great dexterity in the management of the machine, and being put upon his "mettle" by Mr. Hartley's incredulous observations, he proceeded to show its action by a daring treatment of a hogshead of sugar. He began by running it up with great velocity to the head of the jib, and then letting it as rapidly descend, but by gradually reducing its speed as it neared the ground he stopped it softly before it quite touched the pavement. He next swung it round to the opposite side of the circle, continuing to lift and lower with great rapidity while the jib was in motion, and, in short, he exhibited the machine to such advantage that Mr. Hartley's prejudices were vanquished. Mr. Hartley, who will be remembered as a man whose odd ways were combined with a frank and generous disposition, displayed no feeling of discomfiture, but at once called upon the author, whom he laconically addressed in the following words: "I am Jesse Hartley, of Liverpool, and I have seen your crane. It is the very thing I want, and I shall recommend its adoption at the Albert Dock." With scarcely another word he bade adieu, and returned to Liverpool. This anecdote marks an epoch in the history of hydraulic cranes, which then passed from the stage of experiment to that of assured adoption.

The triumph of the invention and the fame of the inventor were now established; and in 1847-8 the Elswick Works, intended for the construction of hydraulic machinery, were founded by Mr. Armstrong and his old friend and partner Mr. Alderman Donkin, Mr. Alderman

Potter, Mr. George Cruddas, and Mr. Richard Lambert. From this beginning the famous works of Sir William Armstrong and Partners have developed.

Mr. Armstrong had no part in the international jumble out of which the Crimean War was begotten. But when the appeal to arms was made, he was sufficiently human, and enough of a patriot, to wish success to British arms. He watched the movements of troops, the formation of lines, the approaches and means of defence with the anxiety of an Englishman, but from the plane of science. Difficulty was experienced at Inkerman in bringing up heavy artillery. Two eighteen-pounders were finally got into position; they contributed largely to turn the tide of battle, and gain the doubtful day. "Why cannot lighter guns obtain a greater range?" That was the question which occurred to Mr. Armstrong. And he grasped this proposition with all that strength and continuity which characterise him. Inkerman was fought in November, 1854. Within a month he had solved the problem, convinced the War Secretary, and commenced the gun. The arrow in its flight first suggested the best form of projectile. But material of construction and its application, the mode and method of rifling, loading, and of exploding shells—all the questions involved in gunnery had to be thought out anew and by a single mind. Experimental guns were constructed, and trials were made at early hours and in out of the way places, on the moors at Allenheads and by the sea-shore. At last, in the spring of 1856, the Armstrong gun was ready for official scrutiny. The first gun submitted to the Government was a three-pounder. A five-pounder was next made for further examination; it was adopted. Heavier cannon, to be constructed on the Armstrong principle, were required at once. The Rifled Cannon Committee tested the capabilities of the gun to the uttermost, and recommended it as combining the best known elements for rifled ordnance. A Committee of the House of Commons, reporting upon the whole question, said:—

Mr. Armstrong proposed a method of constructing a gun which rendered it capable of enduring the strain to which rifled ordnance is submitted. This method was certainly at that time the only one capable of fulfilling that condition; and your Committee have had no practical evidence before them that even at this moment any other method of constructing rifled ordnance exists which can be compared with that of Mr. Armstrong. In combination with his system of constructing or manufacturing a gun, Mr. Armstrong had introduced to the notice of the Government a plan of breechloading, the gun being rifled on the old polygroove system, which involved the coating of the projectile with soft metal. This combination of construction, breechloading, rifling, and coating the projectiles with soft metal, came to be termed the Armstrong system. The range and precision of the gun were so vastly superior to all field ordnance known at the time, that, after careful and repeated trials, the Committee appointed to investigate the question recommended its adoption as the field gun of the service.

The Adjutant-General of Artillery pronounced the Armstrong field gun the best then known—that also being "the opinion of officers of Artillery of all classes." The success of the gun was conclusive, the result of the struggle was most gratifying to Mr. Armstrong, and fortune was at his feet. But he rose to a sublime height, and gave the fruit of his genius, his toils of years, his hope of reward and renown, without fee or consideration, to his country. The nation applauded the deed of patriotism. The Queen conferred upon him the dignity of Knighthood and Commander of the Bath. His services were found imperative for the construction of the gun; and he was made Engineer of Rifled Ordnance, with a salary of £2,000 a year, and, later, Superintendent of the Gun Factory. The Government required that guns should be constructed with secrecy and despatch. Woolwich was entirely unprepared for such work, and an arrangement was made whereby the Armstrong guns should be made at Elswick. Lord Derby's Government

made the contract. Under its provisions the Elswick Ordnance Company were obliged to provide all the works and machinery for making the ordnance required, and confine them entirely to the execution of Government orders. Should the works be kept idle through want of orders from the Department for War, the company was to receive compensation, to be assessed by the Attorney General. This arrangement continued until the spring of 1863, when Sir William resigned his appointment, and the contract between the Government and the Elswick Company was cancelled by mutual consent.

But few of the original features of the Armstrong gun are maintained in the ordnance now made by the inventor. The coil formation, the rifling, and the breech-loading when desired, are adhered to. And in view of the results of the trials at Spezzia, it is only fair to add that the gun still holds the supremacy. But the original little three-pounder, which two men could carry, has grown into a one hundred ton wire gun, the most destructive weapon upon earth.

From modest beginnings the Elswick Works have gone on increasing and extending until now they cover about seventy acres of ground, and afford employment to 12,000 contented men. Towards the end of 1882, they were joined to the well-known shipbuilding works of Charles Mitchell and Co., of Low Walker, under the corporate name of Sir William George Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., Limited. The position for their enterprise is admirable: their capabilities for building and mounting war vessels—arising out of a remarkable combination of genius, skill, workmanship, hydraulic contrivances to make and handle ordnance, and work the guns when mounted—are certainly unsurpassed. When the new company's stock was placed upon the market, the applications exceeded the shares to be issued fourfold.

Although he had been frequently invited to associate himself in some direct manner with the management of the public affairs of his native town, Sir William Armstrong only once solicited the suffrages of his fellow-citizens. And then his services were declined. A grave crisis had arisen in 1886. Mr. Gladstone, having produced a Home Rule Bill for Ireland which had failed to secure the support of a large section of the Liberal party, was defeated in Parliament. Then followed a general election. Sir William Armstrong was a Liberal; but he dissented from the Irish policy of Mr. Gladstone. Requested to come forward as a candidate on Unionist principles for one of the two seats for Newcastle, he agreed to stand, with Sir Matthew White Ridley as his colleague. Mr. John Morley and Mr. James Craig, Gladstonian Liberals, were, however, returned. It was Sir William Armstrong's first and last contest in Newcastle. But though excluded from the House of Commons, he was offered a seat in the House of Lords. This offer, made in 1887, was accepted. Elevated to the peerage as Baron Armstrong of Cragside, he was honoured by the Government of the day with the duty of seconding the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne. It goes without saying that he discharged this function with dignity and credit.

Lord Armstrong has ever taken a deep interest in public institutions and affairs. It was through him that a committee was appointed by the Government to report upon the coal measures of Great Britain. He has actively participated in the deliberations, and is a past president of the British Association, the Institute of Mechanical Engineers, the Institute of Civil Engineers, and kindred societies. The Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle is indebted to Lord Armstrong, its president, for more than his bountiful hand and wise supervision. His lectures from its platform have added to the high position it occupies among the societies of England. In 1844 he addressed the members upon hydro-electricity. During the next session he delivered three lectures on "The Employment of a Column of Water as a Motive Power for Propelling Machinery." These, together with addresses delivered to the various scientific and mechanical institutes, and articles contributed to magazines and publications, are all in the special direction of his fame. But in the winter of 1873 he gave the society and his townsmen the result of a visit to Egypt in 1872, in four lectures. These lectures now constitute a small volume, full of information and charm.

Bountiful gifts from Lord and Lady Armstrong have become such frequent occurrences that they no longer occasion surprise. Were the Jardin d'Acclimatation repeated on the western slopes of Newcastle, no one would wonder. A lecture hall for the Literary Society to-day, an operating theatre for the Infirmary to-morrow; thousands to restore a grand old steeple; thousands more to the Children's Hospital; three-fourths of a £20,000 bridge across Benton Valley; ten thousand to the Natural History Museum; a Mechanics' Institute, and a long range of schools, for the workmen of Elswick: a Banqueting Hall for the city of his birth; Parks for his fellow-citizens! I am told that his wealth is still immense. The more he bestows the richer he becomes. To satisfy the cravings of the student, to reclaim the child from disease, are deeds for more than evanescent applause. What are bags of gold in the vaults compared with a mortgage upon the hearts and brains of men and women? And the parks he has provided, the acres which his bountiful heart has wisely bestowed upon the people, are more valuable to him now than ever before: the quality has been transformed, the area transferred into the grateful visages of the people; and smiling little faces of generations yet unborn shall bless the memory of him who vouchsafed for them recreation grounds surrounded by the beauties and riches of nature—who enabled them to breathe the air of heaven amid the hum and strife of earth. He who can evoke the blessings of the poor is more than a prince: and his fame shall resist "the empire of decay."

Lord Armstrong's portrait is copied from a photograph by Messrs. W. and D. Downey, taken a few years ago. The banqueting hall in Jesmond Dene, like the Armstrong Park adjoining, forms part of the princely gifts of Lord Armstrong to the people of Newcastle.

Candyman.

DR. MURRAY, of Oxford, pausing in the herculean task of his "New English Dictionary," tells us—"The fact has of late years powerfully impressed itself upon philological students, that the creative period of language, the epoch of 'roots,' has never come to an end. The 'origin of language' is not to be sought merely in a far-off Indo-European antiquity, or in a still earlier pre-Aryan yore-time; it is still in perennial process around us." A literary language is hostile to word-creation. But such is not the case with language in its natural state. "The unwritten dialect," he adds, "and, to some extent, even slang, and colloquial speech, approach in character to language in its natural state, aiming only at being expressive, and treating memory and precedent as ministers, not as masters. In the local dialects, then, in slang, in colloquial use, new vocables and new expressions may at any time be abruptly brought forth to serve the needs of the moment. Some of these pass at length from colloquial into epistolary, journalistic, and, finally, into general literary use. The dialect glossaries abound in words of this kind." Such a word is "candyman," a word known to every pitman in Durham and Northumberland, which has a place in the English language and is defined in "The New English Dictionary" as meaning, in the North of England, "a bum-bailiff, or process server." Now, everybody knows the "candy," or "sugar-candy," which lured the juvenile, happy in the possession of a penny, to purchase its sticky sweetness from the tempting window, or which was an irresistible bait to our infantile ha'penny when displayed with all the blandishment of the itinerant "candyman." But what possible connection can there be between the grave "bum-bailiff" of the dictionary and the wandering confectionery man with sweet discourse? This question was asked in the London *Notes and Queries* just a dozen years ago, and was in that same volume fully and finally explained by Mr. W. E. Adams, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, who wrote—"It is not often that we are able to trace so satisfactorily the origin of provincial words as we are that of the word 'candyman.' It is, as was stated in the editor's note (*Notes and Queries*, vol. v., p. 325, April 22nd, 1876), 'a term in the North for men employed to carry out evictions against cottage occupiers.' There was, in October, 1863, a great strike of miners at the collieries of Messrs. Strakers and Love, in the county of Durham. As no adjustment of the difference was possible, the owners determined to eject the miners from their cottages. For this purpose a large number of curious characters were engaged by the agents of Messrs. Strakers and Love. Among the persons so engaged was at least one

whose ordinary occupation was that of selling candy and other sweetmeats in the neighbouring towns. The man was recognised and was chaffed about his calling by the evicted miners. Very soon, of course, the term 'candyman,' which rapidly became a term of reproach, was applied to the whole class. Since that time the word has come into general use over the two Northern Counties whenever ejectments take place." Like the verbs to bowdlerize, and to boycott, the substantive candyman has thus taken its place as an English word in very recent years. The adoption of "candyman," however, dates from an earlier period than that mentioned by Mr. Adams. It seems to have been first used during the "great stick" of 1844, and had already become general in 1863. But for the prompt record of the unlikely connection between sugar-candy and the serving of a warrant, what groping might not some twentieth century philologist have made, "as vainly in the 'word-hoard' of Old English speech, or even the fullest vocabulary of Indo-European roots, as in a school-manual of Latin and Greek roots and affixes," to find the origin of the bum-bailiff candyman!

R. OLIVER HESLOP.

The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stokoe.

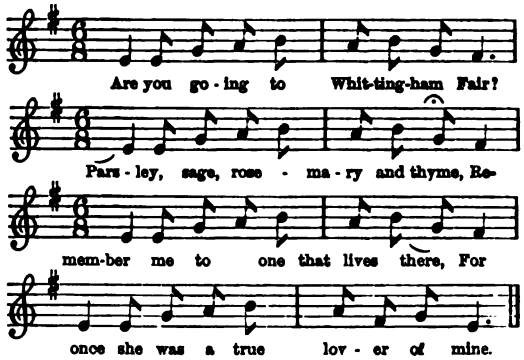
WHITTINGHAM FAIR.

BALLADS embodying a series of riddles are much rarer in the English language than in the language of Sweden, Denmark, or other Northern nations. The riddles in these ballads are sometimes propounded to a knight, sometimes to a lady, and often to the Evil One himself; in the latter case, the demon is sure, *of course*, to be puzzled and unable to answer the questions.

In addition to its enigmatical character, the metrical construction of "Whittingham Fair" is of a *duolinear* form, common to many ballads which have descended to us from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. These compositions were generally of a rude and simple kind, consisting of verses of two lines only, with an interval of rest at the end of each, which the minstrel made use of to play a symphony (either to lengthen the ballad or to display his musical skill). Vocalists, when singing such ballads without instrumental accompaniment, it may be easily inferred, would introduce some burden to replace the symphony of the minstrel. Some of these burdens consisted of short proverbial expressions, such as "'Tis merry in the hall, when beards wag all." Others were mere nonsense lines that went glibly off the tongue, giving the accent of the music, but having no connection with the subject of the ballad. Examples of these burdens are common in the plays of Shakspeare and the Elizabethan dramatists. The "Willow willow" of Ophelia in "Hamlet," and "Hey ho! the wind and the rain" of the clown in "Twelfth Night," are specimens, as are also the "Fal lal la" and the "Tol de rol" of our own day.

"Whittingham Fair," like many other old ballads, has been relegated to the nursery, and is sometimes sung without the first verse, though it is then evidently incomplete.

The melody which here accompanies the song we believe to be the original tune, and is always sung to it in North and West Northumberland.



Tell her to make me a cambric shirt,
Paraley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;*
Without any seam or needlework,
Then she shall be a true lover of mine.

Tell her to wash it in yonder well,
Paraley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;
Where never spring water or rain ever fell,
And she shall be a true lover of mine.

Tell her to dry it on yonder thorn,
Paraley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;
Which never bore blossom since Adam was born,
Then she shall be a true lover of mine.

Now he has asked me questions three,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;
I hope he'll answer as many for me
Before he shall be a true lover of mine.

Tell him to buy me an acre of land,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;
Betwixt the salt water and the sea sand,
Then he shall be a true lover of mine.

Tell him to plough it with a ram's horn,
Paraley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;
And sow it all over with one pepper corn,
And he shall be a true lover of mine.

Tell him to sheer't with a sickle of leather,
Paraley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;
And bind it up with a peacock feather,
And he shall be a true lover of mine.

Tell him to thrash it on yonder wall,
Paraley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,
And never let one corn of it fall,
Then he shall be a true lover of mine.

When he has done and finished his work,
Paraley, sage, rosemary, and thyme:
Oh, tell him to come and he'll have his shirt,
And he shall be a true lover of mine.

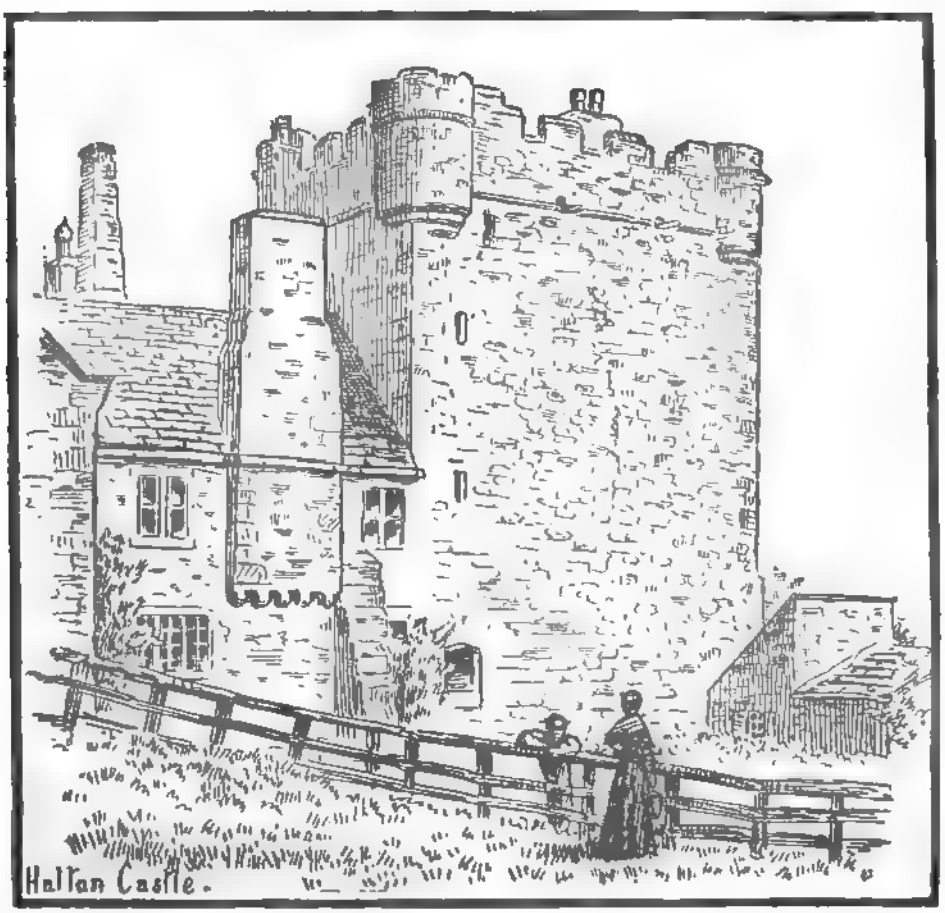
* The second line of the song "Paraley, sage, rosemary, and thyme," fully bears out the condition of being a nonsense line, having no connection with the subject; but when we once heard the ballad the singer achieved a still higher pitch of absurdity by solemnly chanting "Paraley, sage, *grouse merry in time*," as the correct burden.

Halton Castle.

HALTON CASTLE or Tower is situated about a couple of miles north of Corbridge, and within a short distance of the Roman Wall. It is regarded as a good specimen of the late pele tower. Without possessing any distinguishing feature, it is interesting from the fact that its stones were mostly taken from the neighbouring Roman station of Halton Chesters, which was identified by Horsley as the Hunnum of the Notitia, the fifth of the stations from the east *per lineam valli* and the headquarters of the Sabinian cavalry regiment. Two Roman funereal tablets are built into the surrounding walls. A small chapel adjoins; but, save the chancel arch and the east window, little of the original architecture remains.

The manor originally belonged to the family of Halton, and appears in the list of lands held in dreagage under King John. There was a John de Halton in Henry III.'s reign, and a William of the family was High Sheriff of Northumberland in the seventeenth year of the reign of Edward I. A sister, Margaret, inherited a moiety of the manor, the other moiety being possessed by the Carnabys of Carnaby, a famous Northumbrian family who in the reign of Richard II. appear to have been in possession of the whole manor. Preserved in this Border tower was a sword of the Carnabys, 5ft. 4in. long. There is a tradition to the effect that when the country was infested with mosstroopers one of the Carnabys had a commission to apprehend and try them. Whilst he was engaged upon the trial of some thieves who had fallen into his hands, a notorious character was seized by his son, who asked his father what should be done with him. "Hang him," said the father. At the termination of the trial with which he was occupied, the elder Carnaby ordered the culprit to be brought before him, but was informed that the sentence had already been carried out. There is a similar tradition, however, about Belted Will.

A relic of the feudal system, according to a statement in the proceedings of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries for 1882-4, is still observed at Great Whittington. The freeholders are obliged to send seven mowers and



fourteen reapers to Halton Castle for one day every year when called upon. It is called the Bond Darge. The labourers receive no wages, but are supplied with victuals and drink.

Thirlwall Castle.

THE ruins of Thirlwall Castle are situate on an eminence on the west bank of the Tipalt, a tributary of the South Tyne, at a short distance north of the point where that rivulet was crossed by the great Roman Wall. Though the castle is said to derive its name from the Scots piercing the wall here, it has evidently had no connection with the great barrier. Horsley, indeed, conjectures that it might have received its present name from a passage of a branch of the South Tyne through the wall a little to the west of the fortress. There is, however, a tradition that the castle received its name from the fact that the Roman Wall was "thirled," or penetrated, at this point. The walls are in some places nine feet thick, and the place was defended by a strong outward barrier. There is evidence that this stronghold was built entirely of stones from the Roman Wall. In 1831 the south wall fell into the Tipalt. The ruins now present a picturesque appearance, derived from its situation on a rocky boss about thirty feet from the stream. Thirlwall Castle was for many generations the seat of the Thirlwalls, whose heiress, in 1738, married Matthew Swinburn, of Capheaton, who sold the castle and manor to the Earl of Carlisle. Dr. Bruce in his "Roman Wall," says:—"Amongst the witnesses examined on the occasion of the famous suit between the families of Scrope and Grosvenor, for the right to bear the shield 'azure, a bend or,' which was opened at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in 1385, before King Richard II. in person, was John Thirlwall, an esquire of Northumberland. The witness

related what he heard on the subject of the dispute from his father, who 'died at the age of 145, and was, when he died, the oldest esquire in the North, and had been in arms in his time sixty-nine years.' Such is the language of the record of these proceedings, preserved in the Tower of London."

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford.

Sir Henry Brabant,

AN EXTREME LOYALIST.

"Sir Henry Brabant, another alderman, profest, if the King should command him to kill a man in cold blood, he took himself bound in conscience and duty to execute his commands." "*Life of Ambrose Barnes.*"

ONE of Richardson's reprints—"The Eve of the Revolution in Newcastle" (already quoted in our sketch of Sir William Blackett the Second)—is a letter to King James II. from Sir Henry Brabant, complaining that his loyalty to the Crown had not been supported as it should have been by some of his colleagues in the municipal government of Newcastle. The writer of this epistle came, like so many other "men of light and leading" in Newcastle, from the adjoining palatinate. His father, John Brabant, of Pedgbank, had bound him apprentice, in 1636, to Alexander (afterwards Sir Alexander) Davison, one of the leaders of the Royalist party in Newcastle, and one of the most venerable and venerated aldermen of that faction. The times were becoming critical when he entered upon his apprenticeship; they became still more so before his indentures were half completed; long ere his term expired the country was engaged in civil war. In the eighth year of his servitude, when the Scots stormed Newcastle, his master was killed fighting, at the age of eighty, upon the town wall. Trade being at a standstill, he made no effort to secure a "turnover," and when he applied to be admitted to the freedom of the Merchants' Company he was fined for neglecting to complete his apprenticeship. Pleading ignorance, he obtained a remission of one-half the fine, and on the 1st September he was received into fellowship. Not for long, however, did he enjoy his privileges. He had taken lessons in loyalty from the master who died sword in hand defending the Stuart cause, and expressing his opinions too freely, he incurred the displeasure of the authorities. By order of Common Council, in 1649, he was publicly disfranchised for being in arms against the Parliament.

What became of Mr. Brabant during the interregnum is not stated. At the Restoration he regained his freedom, and, being impoverished in his estate by the civil commotions, obtained from Charles II. the office of collector of customs, &c., in Newcastle. The Shrievalty came to him in 1662, and five years later he rose to the higher position of Mayor. Excisemen in those days were not usually very popular persons, and even collectors of customs, when invested with municipal authority, were apt to be regarded with aversion. "There were none that bore office in the excise but rogues," said John Lee, yeoman, "being at William Mason's house in the Bigg Market," on the 15th October, a few days after Mr. Brabant's election. "And what was Henry Brabant," he temerariously asked, "but an exciseman! and none but broken rogues had such places." For which outspoken speech, and seditious words against his Majesty, Lee was hauled up before a magistrate, as, at a later date, Albert Hodgson was cited for saying something to the contrary effect. Hodgson being a Catholic, railed at Alderman Davison, son of Brabant's master, "and did with much invitracye and malice asperse and abuse Mr. Davison," adding that "none of the aldermen were worth anything except Mr. Brabant," &c. In the times of the Stuarts, as in our own day, railing and abuse were the common heritage of persons in authority, for party spirit in politics and religion is eternally the same.

In the books of the Trinity House is a record that Alderman Henry Brabant and Ralph Jenison were deputed by the town to attend the King in council for the adjustment of a dispute pending between the town and Mr. Edmond Curtis, who had undertaken to clear away the wrecks in the river. The Hostmen's books contain entries that "Ralph Jenison, governor, and Henry Brabant, Esq., going to London, are desired to use their endeavours to secure an Act of Parliament for regulating the abuses of collieries," &c., and that in 1681 the Hostmen appointed a committee to consult Henry Brabant and other officers in the Custom House, with a view to compel ships to discharge at a proper ballast quay, or shore, within the river. Items of no great importance are these, except to show that Mr. Brabant was living in the sunshine, after some years spent in the shade. The circumstances under which he became Mayor a second time, at Michaelmas, 1685, are given in his letter to the King. In that document he appears as a knight, and it is believed that he received this courtly title at his Majesty's accession in March previous. The honour came too late to be of much use to him. For in June, 1687, being then about 66 years of age, he died—died, as he had lived, a poor man. There is an order of Common Council, dated 1707, by which £5 was to be given "to Lady Brabant in charity," and that is the last time the name appears in the municipal annals of Newcastle.

The Rev. John Brand, M.A.,

ANTIQUARY AND HISTORIAN.

The father of John Brand was parish clerk of Washington, near Durham. His daily occupation is not stated; probably he was a farm labourer, or small handicraftsman; if he had been in better circumstances,

local historians would have told us so. His son John was born on the 19th August, 1744; his wife died shortly afterwards, and when he married a second time he allowed his brother-in-law, Anthony Wheatley, to bring the boy to Newcastle to be brought up. Mr. Wheatley was a shoemaker in the Back Row, a narrow thoroughfare which extended eastward from the foot of Westgate Street. (A view of the Back Row, which has now disappeared, was given in the *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. ii., p. 137.) He was only a small tradesman, following an ill-requited calling in a poor neighbourhood, with squalid surroundings, but he did the best he could for his adopted son.

As soon as he was old enough, young Brand was sent to the Royal Free Grammar School of Newcastle, an institution which a newly-appointed headmaster—the Rev. Hugh Moises—was endowing with fresh life. Under his careful tuition, the lad made rapid progress. Wise and thoughtful beyond his years, as boys brought up by foster-parents often are, he became a diligent and obedient scholar—a credit to the school, and a source of pride and gratification to his teachers. At the age of fourteen he was withdrawn from Mr. Moises's care, and bound apprentice to his uncle.

It was, perhaps, fortunate that the sedentary occupation of a cordwainer fell to his lot. Shoemaking, as practised before the introduction of machinery, was favourable to the formation of studious habits. Young Brand had acquired at the Grammar School a taste for learning which he was unwilling to neglect. His uncle, being a lenient master, and most likely proud of the accomplishments of his youthful relative, raised no objection. Thus, unfettered at home, and encouraged by Mr. Moises, the lad kept up his studies, conned over his lessons as he sat at work, and grew up to manhood clever and accomplished.

When his indentures of apprenticeship expired, in 1765, Mr. Brand was desirous of utilising his acquirements in a more congenial sphere. But no opening presented itself to his maturing genius, and he remained with his uncle. During his servitude he had begun to woo the Muse, and ventured into print with "A Collection of Poetical Essays. Newcastle-upon-Tyne: Printed by I. Thompson, Esq., 1765."

Under the will of Bishop Crewe, Lincoln College, Oxford, was endowed with twelve exhibitions to be held by natives of the diocese of Durham, and in 1768, when Mr. Brand was taking up his freedom of the Cordwainers' Company, it occurred to Mr. Moises that the bishop's munificence might be utilised to rescue his gifted protégé from a life of drudgery and indigence. Opulent friends were consulted, and favourable responses obtained. On the 8th of October, 1768, Mr. Brand was admitted a commoner of Lincoln College, and on the 10th of the month following he was elected a Lord Crewe exhibitioner, the value of which, at that time, was £30 per annum. His collegiate course lasted three years, and when it was ended he was ordained by Dr. Egerton, Bishop of Durham, and licensed to the curacy of Bolam. In 1773, returning to Newcastle, he officiated as one of the curates of St. Andrew's, and the following year, Mr. Matthew Ridley, of Heaton, gave him his first preferment, the curacy of Cramlington, of the yearly value of £40.

While at Oxford, Mr. Brand had renewed his dalliance with the poetic Muse. The subject of his verse was suggested by frequent walks along the banks of the Isis to the ruins of Godstow Nunnery, the burial place of "Fair Rosamond," paramour of Henry II. In 1775, when he took his bachelor's degree, he gave these poetical meditations to the printer, and they were published in a thin quarto (with a copperplate engraving by Ralph Beilby), under the suggestive title of "Illicit Love." Fortunately, soon after its publication, he turned to a more attractive and more useful study—that of antiquities. In November, 1776, he sent to press, from his residence in Westgate Street, Bourne's little book on the Antiquities of the Common People (which had become scarce) with copious additions of his own, under the title of "Observations on Popular Antiquities." This work, expanded from materials which Mr. Brand left behind him, and from other sources, was re-issued in 1813 by Mr. (afterwards Sir) Henry Ellis, and has been several times reprinted.

A few months after it was published the author was admitted a member of the London Society of Antiquaries; the year following he was appointed under usher in the Grammar School of Newcastle, where he had received his early education; and in 1781, having in the meantime taken his M.A. degree, he was preferred to the ushership. The curacies of Cramlington and St. Andrew's, Newcastle, supplemented by his income as usher, afforded him a moderate competence, and he lived in Newcastle, with his aunt, Mrs. Wheatley, as his housekeeper, in comparative ease and comfort.

While thus engaged, he had been collecting materials for a history of Newcastle, and by Christmas, 1783, had made substantial progress with his work. It happened that just at this time the rectory of St. Mary-at-Hill and St. Andrew Hubbard, in the City of London, fell vacant, and the Duke of Northumberland, the patron for that turn, offered the living to Mr. Brand, adding to it the office of private secretary and librarian. On the 8th of February, 1784, he read himself in at St. Mary-at-Hill, and prepared to take up his permanent abode in London. Directly afterwards, another appointment fell in his way. Dr. Morrell, secretary to the London Society of Antiquaries, died on the 19th of the month, and through the influence of the duke, and the high opinion which his fellow members entertained of his merits, Mr. Brand was unanimously chosen to fill the office.

And now, resident in the Metropolis, provided with ample means, and having free access to public records and private collections, Mr. Brand was able to push his history of Newcastle more rapidly towards completion. Frequent reference to it is made in his "Letters to Ralph Beilby," published by the Newcastle Typographical Society. Obtaining from the Common Council of Newcastle, on the 14th June, 1787, permission to dedicate the work to them, he commenced to solicit subscribers, and on the 16th May, 1789, it was announced as ready for delivery, price three guineas, in two volumes, royal quarto, and liberally illustrated with 34 plates, &c., engraved by Mr. Fittler.

For two and twenty years Mr. Brand fulfilled the duties of secretary to the Society of Antiquaries and rector of St. Mary-at-Hill. He did not marry, but lived with a housekeeper at the rooms of the society in Somerset Place, Strand, till, prosecuted by common informers for non-residence, he was compelled to occupy his parsonage. After the publication of his "History," nothing of importance issued from his pen. He contributed a few papers to the "Archæologia," and printed a quarto pamphlet about some inscriptions discovered in the Tower of London, and that was all. Not that his pen was idle during that long time. On the contrary, it was constantly at work, though in another direction. He made it the chief business of his life to collect scarce and out-of-the-way books and manuscripts, and enrich them with pen and ink sketches of their authors, explanations of the text, and other useful and critical annotations. Many hundreds of books, pamphlets, and tracts were gathered together at Somerset Place and the parsonage, some of them of the rarest character. Writing a small, thin hand, but clear and legible as print, he was able to compress a great deal of matter into a fly leaf, or the back of a title page, and scores of his treasures were in this way illustrated, explained, and improved.

On the morning of the 11th of September, 1806, while preparing for his usual walk through the City to the office of the Society of Antiquaries, Mr. Brand suddenly died in his study. He was buried in the chancel of his church of St. Mary-at-Hill, where a tablet, bearing the following inscription, preserves the memory of his pastorate:—

Within the Communion Rails lies interred the Body of the Rev. John Brand, 22 years and 6 months the faithful Rector of this and the united Parish of St. Andrew Hubbard. He was also perpetual Curate of Cramlington, in the County of Northumberland, and he was Fellow and Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries. He died 11th September, 1806, in the 63rd year of his age. His affectionate Aunt, Mrs. Ann Wheatley, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, has erected this Monument to his Memory.

By his will dated March 14, 1790, Mr. Brand bequeathed all his "books, English portraits, prints, ancient coins, household furniture, cloaths, and linen," and all the residue, &c., to his aunt and sole executrix, Ann Wheatley, who had brought him up. The old lady proceeded to realise the property, and the sale of the books and MSS. which he had gathered together was a notable event in London. A priced catalogue of the first part of the "Bibliotheca Brandiana" shows that the sale lasted from May 6 to June 20, 1807, comprised 8,611 lots of books, &c., and 243 lots of MSS., and with a second auction in February following of more than 4,000 duplicates, and collections of pamphlets, realised £17,000.

Probate was granted to Mrs. Wheatley in November, 1806, the value of the property being sworn as under £800. But after the sale, when it was ascertained how inadequately that sum represented the value of Mr. Brand's effects, another probate was issued, and the previous one was declared to be null and void. At Mrs Wheatley's death, her furniture and other goods and chattels were bequeathed to her maid, Mary Sharp, who had lived with Mr. Brand in London. From Mary Sharp, who resided for some years in Cumberland Row, Newcastle, and died at the age of 90, they came to her niece Ann, wife of Edward Hudson, of Alnwick, and are now in the possession of Mrs. Hudson's representative, Miss Almond of that town. Among them are Mr. Brand's cabinet of coins and curios, gold watch, clock, portfolio of prints, and various framed pictures and engravings. His writing desk (upon which the Rev. Mr. Wasney, the popular curate of St. Thomas's Chapel, wrote his sermons while lodging with Mary Sharp) is owned by the widow

of the late Mr. William Armstrong, master printer of the *Newcastle Chronicle*—a friend of the Hudson family. A collection of papers and letters by and relating to Mr. Brand, including his memorandum book for 1799, and a MS. notice of his works by the late Mr. Thomas Bell, was purchased by the Rev. J. R. Boyle, in 1885, and is now in the library of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries.

Our portrait is taken from a miniature kindly lent by Mr. J. C. Brooks, of Newcastle, who inherited it from Mr. John Martin, librarian to the London University. So far as is known, this is the only recognisable portrait of Mr. Brand in existence, the likenesses prefixed to the "History of Newcastle," and sometimes found attached to the catalogue of the "Bibliotheca Brandiana," being only shadow-outlines, or silhouettes.

George Brewis,

ATTORNEY AND TEMPERANCE REFORMER.

In the early part of the present century three brothers named Brewis came from the country to Newcastle, and started business as cartmen. They were industrious, thrifty, God-fearing men, and they prospered. John, the eldest, became an elder and precentor at the High Bridge Presbyterian Chapel, round which loving memories of the Rev. James Murray still lingered, and his brothers William and George were among his fellow-worshippers They all brought up families in respectability and comfort. One of John Brewis's sons became a popular Independent minister (of him more presently); one of William's children was George Brewis, attorney, pioneer of building societies in Newcastle, and temperance reformer.

George Brewis was born about the year 1814, in Percy Street, and was educated by Mr. John Weir, a well-known schoolmaster of the period. As a boy he entered the office of Mr. John Clayton, town clerk, where he continued eleven years, and thence transferred his services to Mr. George Tallentire Gibson, to whom he was articled with a view of entering the profession of the law. About 1845, he was placed on the rolls as an attorney and solicitor, and at once commenced a practice as the legal adviser of building societies, the foundation of which, with much foresight, he had laid during his clerkship.

Incentives to thrift in the form of building societies, and incitements to sobriety in the shape of total abstinence pledges, came in together. Joseph Livesey, the founder of teetotalism, visited Newcastle in the autumn of 1835. George Brewis signed the pledge on the 22nd June, 1836, and immediately thereafter became an active propagandist of temperance principles. When the first report of the "Newcastle Teetotal Society" came out, its roll of officers was filled with these well-known names:—President, Jonathan Priestman; secretaries, Jas. Rewcastle (corresponding), Geo. Hornsby (minute), John Benson (registering), and Geo. Brewis (discipline).

Following the bent of his own inclination as well as the traditions of his fore-elders, Mr. Brewis was an earnest Nonconformist. As a youth he taught in the Sunday School of High Bridge Chapel; in manhood he became a member of the Congregational Church assembling in St. James's Chapel, at the head of Grey Street. In politics he was an advanced Liberal, and gave energetic

support to Mr. J. F. B. Blackett, Mr. Peter Carstairs, and Mr. (afterwards Sir) Joseph Cowen, in their respective candidatures for the representation of Newcastle. With municipal matters he did not actively intermeddle till late in life, and then, having been a Poor Law Guardian for a time, he fought for a seat in the Council, and was unsuccessful.

Mr. Brewis died suddenly in his office, Royal Arcade, on the 3rd December, 1867, and a few days later was interred in Elswick Cemetery with the solemnities of a public funeral.

The Rev. William Brewis.

INDEPENDENT MINISTER.

William Brewis, eldest son of the before-named John Brewis, was born in Newcastle on the 8th of October, 1804. Trained to the religious life by his father at High Bridge Chapel, and manifesting early inclinations for the work of the ministry, he was sent to Rotherham Independent College, in September, 1820, on the eve of his 17th

year. After passing through the usual curriculum, he was called to the pastorate of the church at Lane End in Staffordshire, and on the 26th of April, 1825, received the rite of ordination. His next appointment was at Kirby Moorside; thence he removed to Gainsborough; and in 1837 he became minister of the Congregational Church at Penrith, where he remained until called to his reward, thirty-two years later.

The congregation at Penrith was small in number and in influence when Mr. Brewis entered upon his ministry there, but his preaching attracted hearers, and in no long time he built up a strong and flourishing cause. Such was his success that, after a few years' labour, a new building, in which his Penrith followers might worship with convenience and comfort, became desirable. But, although his hearers were numerous, their resources were slender. It was not until 1865 that they felt justified in commencing to build a place that should be worthy of them and their position. When, however, they did begin, they built for posterity. Completed in July, 1866, at a cost of £3,500, the handsome new edifice became a centre of renewed life and activity, sixty members were added in one year, and the various organisations which have their origin and find their home in a prosperous religious community, grew and flourished under the roof of Penrith Congregational Church.

For three years only was Mr. Brewis permitted to see the fruition of his labours. The end came somewhat suddenly. In the morning of Saturday, May 22, 1869, after family worship, he complained of sickness, and in the afternoon, sinking from his chair, in a kneeling posture he passed away. On the Wednesday, while his old friend Samuel Plimsoll, M.P., and ministers from all parts of the Northern Counties gathered round, his remains were buried in the private cemetery of the congregation. A sermon from the text, "The Lord God is a Sun," which he had prepared the day before his death for the ensuing morning service, was read the following Sunday in a dozen neighbouring chapels, and, being afterwards printed, had a wide circulation.

John Trotter Brockett,

AUTHOR OF THE "GLOSSARY."

During the fifty years which preceded the general adoption of steam locomotion, when methods of intercommunication and opportunities for interchange of thought and opinion between provincial communities were limited, Newcastle was the home of gifted men, whose acquirements in literature and science, in antiquities and art, gave the town a definite position among trans-metropolitan centres of intellectual activity. Excellent are their names—Adamson and Atkinson, Bewick and Buddle, Burdon and Brockett, Dobson and Doubleday, Hodgson, Losh, and Mitchell, Mackenzie, Richardson, and Turner, Williamson, Wilson, and Winch. Admirable were their enterprises—the Literary and Philosophical Society, Society of Antiquaries, Typographical Society, Institution for the Promotion of the Fine Arts, Botanical and Horticultural Society, Mechanics' Institute, and Natural History Society. "True men were they in their time"—these pioneers and promoters of culture in Newcastle. "They rest from their labours"; but their works, for the most part, survive, and bear testimony, generation after generation, to their wisdom and foresight, to their energy and devotion.

Among these leaders of thought in Newcastle, John Trotter Brockett was a prominent figure. Born in 1788,

JOHN TROTTER BROCKETT.

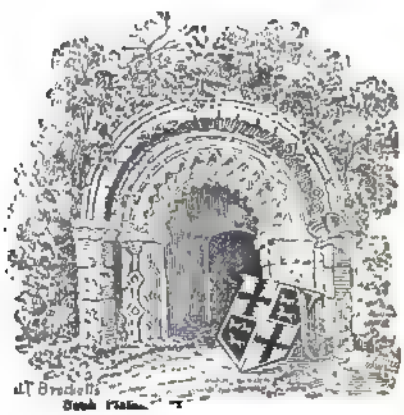
his early surroundings had been in the highest degree favourable to the acquisition of knowledge and the cultivation of literary taste. The Rev. William Turner—Unitarian divine, scientific lecturer, and director-general of intellectual progress on both sides the Tyne—superintended his education; his father (claiming on the mother's side descent from the Nonconformist family of Angus) was Deputy-Prothonotary in the local Courts of Record, and supervised his studies in mathematics and jurisprudence. His own diligence, aiding the sound training of teacher and parent, enabled him, at the proper age, to enter with confidence upon the profession of the law. Having completed articles with Messrs. Clayton and Brumell, the leading solicitors in the town, he became managing clerk to Mr. Armorer Donkin, in due time was admitted an attorney, married a daughter of John Bell, merchant, and settled down to a lucrative practice.

Mr. Brockett commenced at an early period of life to write, to edit, and to publish. In 1817, his name appears as the editor of a new issue of Bartlet's "Episcopal Coins

of Durham and the Monastic Coins of Reading, Minted during the Reigns of Edwards I., II., and III." He at the same time reprinted two rare tracts—one of 1627, "A Short View of the Long Life and Reigne of Henry the Third"; the other, dated 1650, being "An Exact Narration of the Life and Death of the Reverend and Learned Prelate and Painful Divine, Launcelot Andrewes, late Bishop of Winchester." The excellence of the typography displayed in these reprints by the printer (Mrs. Hodgson) induced him to suggest the formation of a society for the re-issuing of scarce tracts, and the preservation of local compositions, in the best style of printing that the town could produce. He was busy at this time with a learned treatise upon a question that was occupying the attention of local politicians, and the following year it was issued, with the long-drawn title of "An Enquiry into the Question whether the Freeholders of the Town and County of Newcastle-upon-Tyne are entitled to vote for members of Parliament for the County of Northumberland"—an inquiry, by the way, that was answered by the Reform Bill. As soon as this, his first bit of independent authorship, was out of hand, Mr. Brockett resumed his reprint proposals. A pamphlet on "Hints on the Propriety of Establishing a Typographical Society in Newcastle," which he published in the same year as the "Enquiry," led to the formation of a literary organisation based upon his suggestions. The Newcastle Typographical Society sprang into being at once, and, although its aims were limited and some of the members were not very careful about the utility of the productions which they put forth, a collection of their tracts—about 80 in number—is not without historical value. The society printed for private distribution as a rule, and in very limited numbers. Of some of their publications only twenty copies were issued; of a few as many as 300 were struck off, and these were generally offered for sale, but for the most part the number printed was a hundred. On various issues were engraved the special devices of the issuing members, being generally cuts by Bewick, representing a ruin with armorial bearings. Mr. Brockett's vignette, which appears upon a dozen of the tracts, was one of the most striking, as his pamphlets were, from a historical point of view, among the most valuable of the series.

In 1825, appeared the first edition of his far-famed "Glossary of North-Country Words"; it was followed in 1829 by another and much more comprehensive book under the same title; and after Mr. Brockett's death, his son, aided by local men of letters, brought out the work in the two-volume form that is now most commonly met with. A "Glossographia Anglicana," from MSS. which Mr. Brockett had prepared for publication, was privately printed a few years ago in "The Sette of Odd Volumes," with a biographical sketch by Frederick Bloomer.

From the title of the first book to which Mr. Brockett put his name it may be inferred that he was interested in the collection of coins and medals. To a knowledge of numismatics, which was at once deep and wide, he added a passion for gathering together not only the shining discs which attract men to that special cult, but curios of all kinds, and especially rare editions of rare books. Mr. Fenwick tells us that his collection of the former at a ten days' sale in London, in 1823, realised £1,760; and his library of scarce and curious



books, which occupied fourteen days in the selling, brought £4,260. No sooner had he disposed of these treasures than he began to accumulate afresh. Dr. Dibdin, the famous antiquary, passing through Newcastle in 1837, was entertained by the *literati* of the town, and in the charming book which he afterwards published, "A Bibliographical, Antiquarian, and Picturesque Tour in the Northern Counties of England and in Scotland," describes his intercourse with Mr. Brockett in terms of mingled humour and appreciation:—

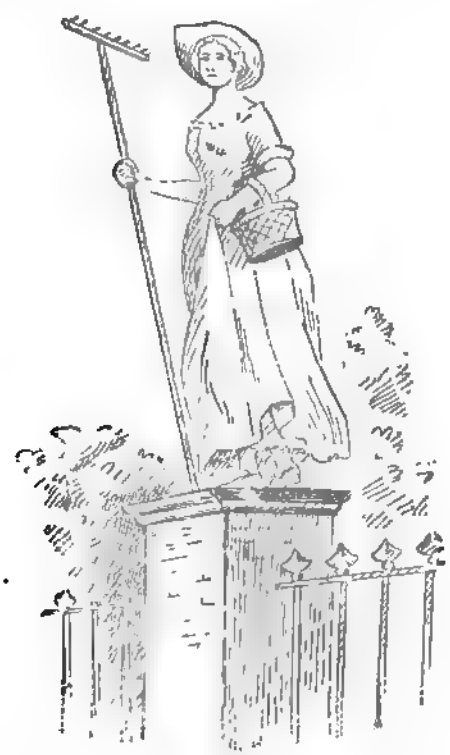
> More than once was the hospitable table of my friend, John Trotter Brockett, Esq., spread to receive me. He lives comparatively in a nut-shell: but what a *kernel!* Pictures, books, curiosities, medals, coins of precious value, bespeak his discriminating eye and his liberal heart. You may revel here from sunrise to sunset, and fancy the domains interminable. Do not suppose that a stated room, or rooms, are only appropriated to his BOKES: they are "upstairs, downstairs, and in my *lady's chamber.*" They spread all over the house—tendrils of pliant curve and perennial verdure. For its size, if I except those of one or two *Bannatyners*, I am not sure whether this be not about the choicest collection of books which I saw on my tour.

From an early period of his life Mr. Brockett was a member of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle, and for some years preceding his death he undertook the responsible duties of one of its secretaries. He assisted at the formation of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries, and became an active member of its Council. The Newcastle and Gateshead Law Society found in him

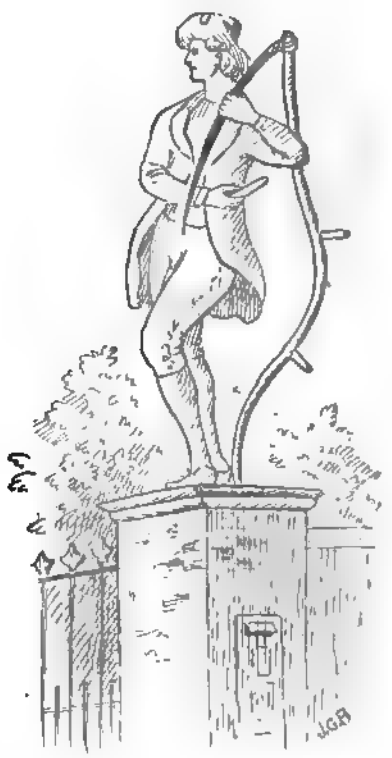
one of its warmest supporters, and awarded him, in 1832, its special thanks for services he had rendered to the profession before a Parliamentary Committee. He was a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries of London; the well-known initials of that institution formed the only affix that he consented to couple with his name. In domestic life, he was a pattern of all that was amiable. His family participated with him in his favourite studies and pursuits, and his home was the abode of peace and happiness. Some years previously to his death he lost his eldest son. He sustained the shock with surprising fortitude; but it may have been the remote cause of his death, which occurred at his house in Albion Street on the 12th of October, 1842, in the 54th year of his age.

The Sunderland Babbies.

BABBIES was the popular name given to two life-sized leaden figures which for many years formed the chief attraction and landmark in Broad Street (now Roker Avenue), at the junction of Fulwell Lane and Church Street, Monkwearmouth. The house with the garden pillars thus ornamented was once a very pleasant residence, remarkable for having a clock and bells, and was occupied in its later days by "Gentleman John," a soubriquet which clung to Mr. John Smith, shipowner, all through his successful career from a blacksmith to a capitalist. But previous to this it is said to have been the residence of the great-grandfather of the late Mr. George Cooper Abbes, of Cleadon Hall, who purchased the two figures' which had been brought over from Germany (with ten more) by some speculative skipper, and set them up to adorn the entrance to his house. The other figures found their way into the hands of different gentlemen in the County Palatine, and most of them have probably long ere this been melted down for the sake of the lead. The duty on lead, in the shape of ore, was four pounds a ton a hundred years ago, whereas the Babbies, being "works of art," would be admitted either duty free or for a comparatively small charge.



Between sixty and seventy years ago, the Broad Street mansion (or, as some say, the house next to it)



was occupied by a Scotchman of the name of Rae who kept a genteel school in it, which was attended by the children of the principal Sunderland families—the Kennicotts, Robsons, &c. Mr. Rae's wife was the sister of a Miss Gilbert, the mother of the celebrated Lola Montez, whose real name was Eliza Gilbert. Eliza, whose father is said to have been an officer in the British army serving in India, was sent home from the East while yet a mere child, and boarded

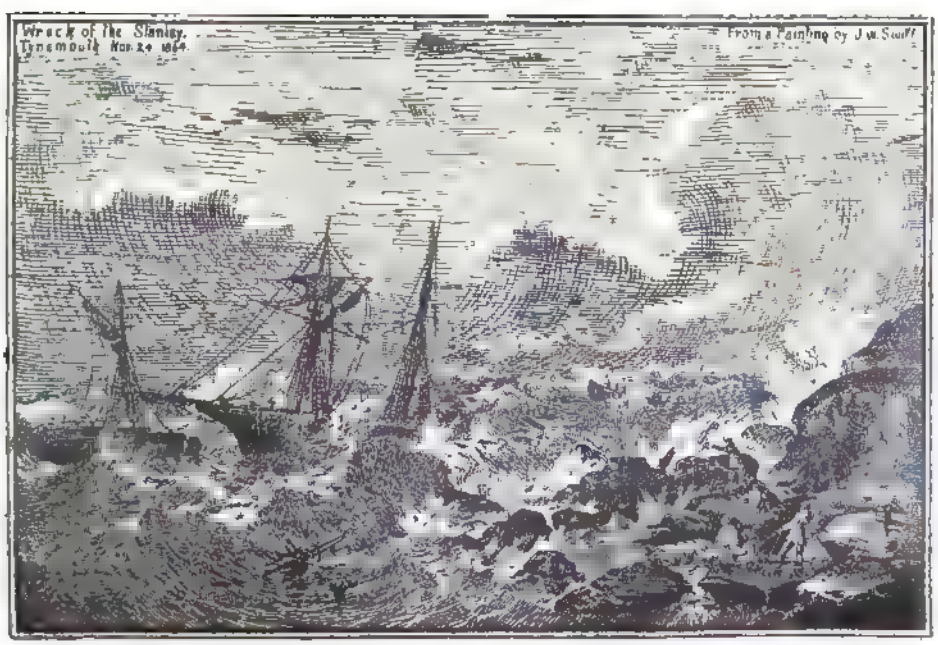
with Mr. and Mrs. Rae, from whom she received the elements of a good substantial English education. She had for her schoolfellows many who, when she afterwards became world-famous, remembered her as a very interesting, clever, pretty girl.

A few years ago, the Babbies were presented to the Roker Park, where they may now be seen; but it is proposed to place them on the pillars at the entrance from Roker Promenade when the gateway shall have been completed. The style of dress denotes the figures to be of German or Dutch manufacture. The scythe which the man is represented in the act of sharpening, is the Flemish or Hainault scythe, with which a good workman could cut an acre of corn easily in a day, and which was introduced into this country by some enterprising farmers about fifty years ago, to take the place of the Irish scythe-hook, which had itself supplanted the old toothed hook or sickle, all to be rendered obsolete in their turn by the reaping machine.

The Wreck of the Stanley.

THE wreck of the Stanley at the mouth of the Tyne took place on the 24th of November, 1864. During the early part of that day, a strong breeze blew from the east-south-east. It was not, however, sufficiently violent off the mouth of the Tyne to account for the gradual rise of the waves as the day advanced. In the afternoon, the storm, of which the wind from the quarter indicated had been the herald, gradually grew in violence until it became evident that there were serious grounds for apprehension as to the safety of vessels which were then in the offing. About half-past four o'clock an occurrence took place which, unfortunately, proved the precursor of further and more serious disasters. One of the Tyne Commissioners' hoppers, in tow of a steam-tug belonging to Mr. Lawson, of South Shields, was outside the bar, when the towline parted. The hopper was driven behind the North Pier, the two men who were on board of her being rescued by means of life-buoys by some of the pier men; while the tug was dashed upon the Herd Sands, whence her crew were saved by the South Shields lifeboat. The next vessel which ran on shore proved to be the passenger steamer Stanley.

This fine vessel was the property of the Aberdeen Steam Navigation Company. She was an iron screw-steamer, and was built at West Hartlepool by Messrs. Pile, Spence, and Co. in 1859. Her register tonnage was 376, her actual burthen being 552 tons. She had sailed from Aberdeen on the previous night, bound for London, in charge of Captain Howling, having a crew of 23 hands, all told. The number of passengers at the time of sailing was 30, about half of whom were women. The vessel had also a full cargo on board, and on her deck were about 48 cattle and 30 sheep. She proceeded on her voyage with every prospect of reaching her desired haven in safety, until off the Northumberland coast, where she first began to experience the effects of the storm. Finding the sea so turbulent in-shore, the Stanley stood out seaward in the expectation of finding smoother water, but discovered that she was only run-



ning into the full force of the gale. In this terrible plight, the captain determined to steam for the Tyne, the mouth of which was reached about a quarter to five o'clock. The master had only once during his nautical career been in the Tyne, and that was about twenty years previously. Under these circumstances, he naturally felt considerable hesitation in taking the bar, more especially as the tidal lights were not then burning. He fired a couple of rockets for a pilot, but none came off. A tug-steamer did, indeed, leave the harbour, but she never approached near to the Stanley. The mate, however, who had frequently sailed to and from the Tyne, expressed his readiness to steer the vessel into port. The captain yielded to his representations, and the head of the steamer was turned towards the bar. This was safely crossed. But the ship had got no further than just off the Spanish Battery, when, with a dreadful shock, she struck upon the rocks known as the Black Middens.

As soon as the peril of the Stanley was seen from the shore, a number of the coastguardsmen set about getting the rocket apparatus ready for firing. The Tynemouth lifeboat, the Constance, was promptly manned, while the North Shields lifeboats, the Northumberland and Providence, with the South Shields lifeboats, William Wake, Tyne, and Fly, were also got out and pulled down the harbour into the Narrows. Intelligence of the catastrophe spread with lightning-like rapidity, and the consternation and excitement of the inhabitants in the sister towns at the mouth of the Tyne were intense. The night was pitch dark, and from the elevated headland overlooking the harbour the sea could be made out only by a broad band of white foam; but a couple of hundred yards from the shore could be dimly discerned through the gloom some dark object indicating the position of the ill-fated vessel. The roar of the waves, too, was deafening; but in the lulls of the storm the despairing wail of the poor creatures exposed to the pitiless waves was heard with painful and agonizing distinctness. As the tide fell, the rocket apparatus was carried over the rocks, and preparations were made to establish means of communication with those on board.

Before the disaster, the Stanley had been provided with four lifeboats; but, after striking upon the rocks, three of these were speedily smashed to pieces. An attempt was made to launch the remaining lifeboat; and for this purpose four of the crew got into her, taking with them four female passengers. While the boat, however, was being lowered from the davits, a heavy sea caused her to turn round and sink. Three of the seamen were rescued by those on board, but the four ladies and the fourth seaman were, in a moment, swept beyond the reach of aid.

After firing one or two abortive rockets, the coastguard at last succeeded in establishing communication with the Stanley. The line carried by the rocket was soon the means of carrying a stout warp between the vessel and the shore; and upon this warp the cradle was slung. The first man to venture into the cradle was an ordinary seaman, named Andrew Campbell, who was safely conveyed to the shore amid the cheers of the bystanders. A second seaman and a woman next got into the cradle, but, unhappily, they fell or were thrown out, and were drowned. The second mate, James Knipp, then took his place in the cradle, and was safely drawn through the raging waters to the shore. Owing to an unfortunate error of judgment on the part of some one, the hawser was secured in such a manner that it was no higher than the rail of the ship, the consequence being that those on shore could not get it clear of the water. The result of the mistake was soon painfully palpable. When a seaman named Buchan had been drawn about midway between the vessel and the shore, the bight of the warp was borne by his weight against the rocks, amongst which the whip-line of the cradle became entangled, and the cradle itself was brought to a standstill. Inspired by the strength born of despair, the determined fellow managed to haul himself hand-over-hand to the shore by the warp. The warp and cradle being, by this untoward accident, rendered useless, an end was put for the time being to any further efforts in that direction; and the unfortunate passengers and crew still on board were left to their fate until the full tide of the morning should afford an opportunity for the resumption of measures for their rescue.

The captain and his mate appear to have done everything in their power towards saving the passengers from being swept away. Two women—the only two who were afterwards saved—were induced to place themselves in the foretop, where they were securely lashed; and three or four more were bound to the shrouds beneath. The bulk of the female passengers, however, were too much affrighted and prostrated by the fearful experiences through which they were passing to venture from the deck.

About half-past nine o'clock, the steamer was struck by a tremendous sea. The hull yielded to the irresistible blow, and parted abaft the mainmast. The force of the waves swung the fore part and larger portion of the vessel completely round until it was left in a position with the bow breasting the waves. At this time the whole of those on board were on the larger portion of the vessel. The second-class cabin was on the deck, and the top of it formed what was known as the bridge or "look-out." Affording as it did a place of refuge from the breakers which poured incessantly upon the doomed vessel, it became crowded by female passengers and a portion of the crew. All were tightly lashed to the rails by which the sides were guarded. But a terrific breaker swept the entire structure, with its shrieking occupants, into the sea, where they all perished.

The survivors in other parts of the vessel had taken refuge in the fore and main rigging, whence several of them were washed into the sea. The same fate befel two of the women who had been lashed to the shrouds, while another, unable to bear up against the exposure and hardships of that terrible trial, expired from exhaustion.

About five o'clock next morning the sea had sufficiently fallen to permit a resumption of the exertions to save the survivors. Three rockets were fired before a communication with the vessel was established. This time those on board made the warp fast to the mast-head, by which means it was kept out of the angry surf, and the incline materially facilitated the working of the cradle. Soon all was ready for recommencing the work of rescue, and in a few minutes afterwards the whole of the survivors were brought safely to land.

There were lost, in all, about twenty-six lives; and with the other disasters which occurred at the harbour's mouth during that memorable night, the catalogue of mortality was swollen to between thirty and forty.

There has since been no such lamentable experience in the history of Tyne navigation, the great improvements effected by the enterprise of the River Commissioners having largely contributed to the greater immunity from fatal disaster which is now enjoyed, while the brave members of the Tynemouth Volunteer Life Brigade, which owes its origin to the wreck of the Stanley, are ever ready to render assistance when necessity arises.

The sketch of the wreck which accompanies this article is taken from a painting by Mr. J. W. Swift, a local artist of the time.

The Hedley Kow.

THE whole surface of the globe, so far as it has been inhabited and explored by man, is supposed to have been infested more or less in former times, if not still, by supernatural beings of one sort or another. Some of these sprites have been held to be beneficent, others malignant, others again only mischievous or tricksy. Some seem to have been thought ubiquitous, if not omnipresent, or at least able to appear, or capable of being called up, at any time or place; while others are local goblins, frequenting particular spots, and never wandering beyond certain narrow limits. The counties of Durham and Northumberland are popularly believed to have abounded as much as any known region with these creatures of the imagination, which have not even yet been all forced to flee away by the spread of secular knowledge. The Brownie and Dobie, the Brown Man of the Moors, Redcap, Dunnie, Hob Headless, Silky, the Cauld Lad of Hilton, the Picktree Brag, are all local sprites of more or less celebrity, haunting particular spots, and varied in characteristics. The Hedley Kow is not one of the least famous of the number.

According to all accounts, this Kow was a "bogie," mischievous rather than malignant, which haunted the village of Hedley, near Ebchester. Some uncertainty prevails as to the precise locality here indicated; for there are at least four Hedleys within a short distance of the old Roman station on the Derwent, viz., Hedley, near Mickley, in the parish of Whittonstall; Black Hedley, near Eddy's Bridge—both in Northumberland; Hedley, or Hedley Hall, on the skirts of Blackburn Fell, formerly a great waste, in the parish of Lamesley; and Hedley Hope, near Cornsay, in the parish of Lanchester—the two last in the county of Durham. Whichever of these four neighbourhoods was that haunted by the Kow, it is perhaps impossible now to tell. Neither, in fact, does it matter very much, as the localities are only a few miles from each other, with only the river Derwent intervening. One thing all are agreed on, the Kow did nobody any serious injury, but merely took delight in frightening people.

To whomsoever he appeared, he usually ended his frolics with a hoarse laugh at their fear or astonishment, after he had played them some sorry trick. To an old woman, for instance, gathering sticks, like Goody Blake, by the hedge side, if not actually out of the hedge, he would sometimes appear as a "fad" or truss of straw, lying on the road. If, as was natural, the dame was tempted to take possession of this "fad," her load in carrying it home would become so heavy that she would be obliged to lay it down. The straw would then appear as if "quick," the truss would rise upright like the patriarch Joseph's sheaf, and away it would shuffle before her along the road, swinging first to one side and then to another. Every now and then it would set up a laugh, or give a shout, in the manner of a rustic dancer when he kicks his heels and snaps his fingers at the turn of the tune; and at last, with a sound like a rushing wind, it would wholly vanish from her sight.

Two men belonging to Newlands, on the left bank of the Derwent, opposite Ebchester—a place now rendered famous in connection with the mysterious person who claimed to be Countess of Derwentwater—went out one night about the beginning of the present century to meet their sweethearts. On arriving at the appointed place, they saw, as they supposed, the two girls walking at a short distance before them. The girls continued to walk onwards for two or three miles, and the young men to follow without being able to overtake them. They quickened their pace, but still the girls kept before them; and at length, when the pair found themselves up to their knees in a mire, the girls suddenly disappeared with a most unfeminine ha, ha, ha! The young men now per-

ceived that they had been beguiled by the Hedley Kow. After getting clear of the bog, they ran homeward as fast as their legs could carry them, while the boggle followed close at their heels, hooting and laughing. In crossing the Derwent, between Ebchester and Hamsterley Hall, the one who took the lead fell down in the water, and his companion, who was not far behind, tumbled over him. In their panic, each mistook the other for the Kow, and loud were their cries of terror as they rolled over each other in the stream. They, however, managed to get out separately, and, on reaching home, each told a painful tale of having been chased by the Hedley Kow.

A farmer of the name of Forster, who lived near Hedley, went out into the field very early one morning, as he intended driving into Newcastle, so as to be there as soon as the shops were opened. In the dim twilight, he caught, as he believed, his own grey horse, and harnessed it with his own hands. But, after yoking the beast to the cart and getting upon the shaft to drive away, the horse (which was not a horse at all, but the Kow) slipped away from the limmers, setting up a great "nicker" as he flung up his heels and scoured away "like mad" out of the farmyard.

The Kow was a perfect plague to the servant girls at farm houses all round the Fell. Sometimes he would call them out of their beds by imitating their lovers at the window. At other times, during their absence, he would overturn the kail pot, open the milk house door and invite the cat to lap the cream, let down "steeks" in the stockings they had been knitting, or put their spinning-wheel out of order. Many a time, taking the shape of a favourite cow, he would lead the milkmaid a long chase round the field before he would allow himself to be caught; and, after kicking and "rowting" during the whole milking time, "as if the de'il was in Hawkie," he would at last upset the pail, slip clear of the tie, give a loud bellow, and bolt off tail on end, thus letting the girl know she had been the sport of the Kow. This trick of his was so common that he seems to have got his name from it.

It is related that he very seldom visited the house of mourning—a clear evidence that, demon though he was, he was not quite destitute of sympathetic feeling. But on the occasion of a birth he was rarely absent, either to the eye or to the ear. Indeed, his appearance at those times was so common as scarcely to cause any alarm. The man who rode for the midwife was, however, often sadly teased by him. He would appear, for instance, to the horse, in a lonely place, and make him take the "reist," or stand stock-still. Neither whip nor spur would then force the animal past, though the rider saw nothing. It frequently happened that the messenger was allowed to make his way without let or hindrance to the house where the "howdie" lived, to get her safely mounted behind him on a well-girt pillion, and to return homewards so far with her unmolested. But as they were crossing some stank, or fording some stream, the Kow would come up and begin to play his cantrips, causing the horse to kick and plunge in such a way as to dismount his double load of messenger and midwife. Sometimes when the farmer's wife, impatient for the arrival of the howdie, was groaning in great pain, the Kow would come close to the door or window and begin to mock her. The farmer would rush out with a stick to drive the vile creature away, when the weapon would be clicked out of his hand before he was aware, and lustily applied to his own shoulders. At other times, after chasing the boggle round the farmyard, he would tumble over one of his own calves, and the Kow would be off before he could regain his feet.

One of the most ridiculous tales connected with this mischievous sprite is thus told by Stephen Oliver in his "Rambles in Northumberland":—"A farmer, riding homeward late one night, observed as he approached a lonely part of the road where the Kow used to play many of his tricks, a person also on horseback a short distance before him. Wishing to have company in a part of the road where he did not like to be alone at night, he quickened the pace of his horse. The person whom he wished to overtake, hearing the tramp of the horse rapidly advancing, and fearing that he was followed by some one with an evil intention, put spurs to his steed and set off at a gallop, an example which was immediately followed by the horseman behind. At this rate they continued whipping and spurring, as if they rode for life or death, for nearly two miles, the man who was behind calling out with all his might, 'Stop! stop!' The person who fled, finding that his pursuer was gaining upon him, and hearing a continued cry, the words of which he could not make out, began to think he was pursued by something unearthly, as no one who had a design to rob him would be likely to make such a noise. Determined no longer to fly from his pursuer, he pulled up his horse, and adjured the supposed evil spirit: 'In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, who art thou?' Instead of an evil spirit, a terrified neighbour at once answered the question and repeated it, 'Aa's Jemmy Brown, o' the High Fields. Whe's thoo?'"

Mr. William Henderson, in his "Notes on the Foll Lore of the Northern Counties of England and the Borders," institutes a comparison between the Hedley Kow and Ben Jonson's Robin Goodfellow, the Irish Phooka, the Scotch Water Kelpie, the Icelandic Grey Nykkur-Horse, the Flemish Kludde, the Yorkshire Padfoot, and other famous goblins, all of which were believed to take a variety of shapes, appearing sometimes like an ox, sometimes like a black dog, occasionally like an ass, and at other times like a sow, a horse, a white cat, a rabbit, a headless man, or a headless lady.

The Streets of Newcastle.

Grey Street.

GREY STREET is generally regarded as a noble monument to the genius of Richard Grainger. To trace its origin we must go back in thought to the spring of 1834, for then it was that Mr. Grainger entered into arrangements with the representatives of Major Anderson for the purchase of the celebrated Anderson Place, at a cost of £50,000. Other property, including the old theatre in Mosley Street, probably cost him about £45,000 more. Having made this costly venture, his next step was to lay his plans for projected new streets before the Town Council; and this was done on March 27th of the above named year. He desired to remove the Butcher and Vegetable Markets, then comparatively new, and to build on the site a magnificent thoroughfare which should connect Blackett Street with Dean Street. Many were the difficulties he had to encounter. The owners of the threatened property, and other persons who had invested their money in the neighbourhood, sang out lustily against any change being made. Grainger was not disposed to yield to this clamour if he could possibly help it. Accordingly, he exhibited his plans in the Arcade on the 29th of May. They were eagerly inspected by the public, and obtained such general approval that about five thousand signatures were appended to a memorial in their favour. A counter-petition only obtained some three hundred signatures. Expressions of approval were also obtained from a parish meeting in St. Andrew's, the Chamber of Commerce, and other bodies. The Council met on the 12th of June to consider the whole question, when, by twenty-four votes against seven, it was resolved to treat with Grainger. On the following 15th of July, sanction was formally given to the plans. Great were the rejoicings when the news was made known. The parish churches rang out merry peals; Mr. Grainger's workmen were regaled in the Nun's Field; in fact, the town was *en fête*.

Then Grainger set to work with all his characteristic energy. He began to lay out his new streets on the 30th of July. The levelling of the ground was a most expensive undertaking. Nearly five millions of cubic feet of earth had to be carted away, at a cost of upwards of £20,000. In the course of the excavations, portions of an ancient crucifix and a gilt spur were found, as well as a quantity of human remains, on the supposed site of the burial ground of St. Bartholomew's Nunnery. The work was not without its perils. On the 11th of June, 1835, for instance, about three o'clock in the afternoon, three houses on the south-west side of Market Street suddenly fell with a tremendous crash whilst in course of erection. The buildings had nearly reached their intended height. At least a hundred men were at work upon and immediately around them, several of whom were precipitated to the ground with the falling materials, and were buried in the ruins. Many more had almost miraculous escapes from a similar fate. As soon as the alarm had subsided, the other workmen, upwards of seven hundred in number, devoted themselves to the relief and rescue of the sufferers. Of those disinterred, one, the foreman of the masons, died in a few hours; four were dead when found; fifteen were got out alive, but greatly injured, and two of them died, making seven in all. Grainger himself had a narrow escape. He had inspected the houses but a few minutes before; when they fell, he was standing upon the scaffolding of the adjacent house.

Let us see if we can realise something of the general appearance of this locality before Grainger converted it into a palatial thoroughfare. The higher part of what is now Grey Street was a place of solitude and retirement. Waste ground surrounded Anderson Place. One of our local poets has recalled the time when Novocastrians could

> Walk up the lane, and ope the Major's gate.
> Pass the stone cross, and to the Dene we come,
> Then, halting by the well where angels wait
> To bathe the limbs of those in palsied state,
> (So saith the legend), gaze in musing mood
> On the time-honoured trees where small birds mate,
> Unlike the nuns, build nests and nurse their brood,
> And prove that Nature's laws are tender, wise, and good.

Outside the Major's boundary there was plenty of life, and plenty of noise, especially on Saturday nights. Itinerent vendors indulged in their quaint cries. Women and children (mostly the latter) sang—

> Silk shoe ties, a penny a pair:
> Buy them, and try them, and see hoo they wear.

Others made known their vocation by the cry:—"Good tar-barrel matches, three bunches a penny." The air reresounded with the invitation:—"Nice tripe or mince tonight, hinnies; gud fat puddins, hinnies, smoking het," concerning which savoury viands the lines recur to the veteran's memory:—

> And now for black puddings, long measure,
> They go to Tib Trollibags' stand;
> And away bear the glossy rich treasure,
> With joy, like curl'd bugles in hand.

The side adjoining Pilgrim Street was devoted to the sale of poultry and eggs; that opposite, and therefore nearer the Cloth Market, to the stalls of the greengrocers. The intervening space was given up to the butchers, whose shops ran in rows from north to south. These shops had stone fronts, with tiled roofs, and an overhanging canopy in front.

Such, then, was the general character of this part of the good old town in the past. We may turn now to its features in the present. Let us start from Blackett Street, and walk quietly down to Dean Street. At once our attention is arrested by the noble column usually known as the Grey Monument. On October 6th, 1834, a public meeting was convened to consider the propriety of com-

memorating, by the erection of a statue, the services rendered to the cause of Parliamentary Reform by the then Earl Grey. William Ord, Esq., presided, and the idea was unanimously approved. A sum of £500 was subscribed in the room. On February 13th, 1836, a model of a Roman Doric column by John Green was adopted, to cost £1,600; and it was resolved to commission E. H. Baily to provide a suitable statue of the earl, at a further cost of £700. The construction of the column was entrusted to Joseph Welch, builder of the Ouseburn Viaduct, and Bellingham Bridge across North Tyne. The foundation stone was laid by Messrs. J. and B. Green, architects, on September 6th, 1837, and the column was finished on August 11th, 1838. Baily's statue was placed on the summit thirteen days later.

The monument is 133 feet high, and contains 164 steps in the interior. A glass bottle, containing coins and a parchment scroll, was deposited in the foundation stone. The scroll records:—"The foundation stone of this column, erected by public subscription in commemoration of the transcendent services rendered to his country by the Right Hon. Charles Earl Grey, Viscount Howick, Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter, and Baronet, was laid on the sixth day of September, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven, by John Green and Benjamin Green, Esqrs., Architects. Building Committee:—The Rev. John Saville Ogle, of Kirkley, in the county of Northumberland, Clerk, A.M., Prebendary of Durham; Edward Swinburne, of Capheaton, Esq.; Thomas Emerson Headlam, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, Esq., M.D.; John Grey, of Dilston, Esq.; Thomas Richard Batson, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Esq., and Alderman; Armorer Donkin, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Esq., and Alderman; Ralph Park Philipson, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Esq., and Town Councillor; John Fenwick, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Esqr.; James Hodgson, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Esq., and Alderman; Emerson Charnley, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Esq., and Town Councillor."

On the exterior of the column is cut the following inscription:—"This Column was erected in 1838, to commemorate the services rendered to his country by Charles Earl Grey, K.G., who, during an active political career of nearly half-a-century, was the constant advocate of peace and the fearless and consistent champion of civil and religious liberty. He first directed his efforts to the amendment of the representation of the people in 1792, and was the Minister by whose advice, and under whose guidance, the great measure of Parliamentary Reform was, after an arduous and protracted struggle, safely and triumphantly achieved in the year 1832."

Near the Monument is the Victoria Room, formerly used as a music-hall. In its early days, political meetings were occasionally held here, whereat Thomas Doubleday, John Fife, and Charles Larkin were usually the chief speakers. Later on, an effort was made to popularise cheap Saturday and Monday evening concerts in this room. Amongst others who took part in them were Mr. William Gourlay, the talented Scotch comedian, who sang comic songs here when the theatre, a little lower down Grey Street, was not open; Mr. Fourness Rolfe, also of the same theatre; the sisters Blake; and Miss Goddard, afterwards Mrs. Gourlay.

At the corner of the little lane just a step or so further down Grey Street, the *Newcastle Journal* had its printing and publishing offices at one time. Mr. John Hernaman was the editor of this paper for some years, and got into several scrapes owing to the violence with which he attacked his political opponents. On one occasion he fell foul of Mr. Larkin, who, in return, made mincemeat of him (metaphorically) in a scathing pamphlet, entitled, "A Letter to Fustigated John"—the word "fustigated" being an old synonym for "whipped." It was, in fact, Mr. Hernaman's unpleasant experience to have to endure corporal chastisement more than once in the course of his journalistic career. One of his whippings occurred at the Barras Bridge. In another case, several Sunderland men came over to Newcastle to avenge themselves for what they considered an unfair criticism on certain of their transactions. They suddenly burst in upon the editorial presence, and asked Hernaman for the name of the writer of the objectionable article. The latter declined to furnish them with any information on the subject. On this refusal, he was attacked with walking-sticks and horsewhips. The case came up in due time at the Sessions, where the defendants were "strongly recommended to mercy on account of the very great provocation they had received." They were each called upon to pay a fine of £50. Fortunately, the days of such journalistic amenities in Newcastle may be safely enough regarded as over now for good.

Across the way is the Central Exchange Hotel, with its handsome dining-room, its rooms for commercial travellers, &c.; and on our left hand there is another of a similar character, also devoted to commercial men and their customers, named the Royal Exchange. The latter is at the corner of Hood Street, so called after an alderman of that name. In this street is the Central Hall, used for Saturday evening concerts, teetotal gatherings, and revival meetings. It was originally a Methodist New Connexion chapel, in which Joseph Barker used at one period of his career to hold forth to large congregations.

Passing Hood Street and Market Street, we come to the Theatre Royal, the successor of the establishment in Mosley Street. The portico of the Theatre Royal is a striking feature of the street, though unfortunately it remains incomplete to this day. The design is taken from the Pantheon at Rome. Six noble Corinthian columns, with richly executed capitals, support the pediment, in the tympanum of which is a sculpture of the royal arms, the work of a Newcastle artist who died all too soon for the ripening of his fame. This work of his has often won the approval of critics in such matters. It

is here that the Theatre Royal front has been suffered to remain unfinished, for it was orignally intended to place a statue of Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse (after Sir Joshua Reynolds's famous pourtrayal of that great actress), on the top of the pediment. The building was opened in 1837, under the management of Mr. Penley, with an address from the pen of Thomas Doubleday, the "Merchant of Venice," and an ephemeral afterpiece. The house has remained a popular home of the drama ever since. Most of the great players of their day have fretted and strutted their little hour on this stage; and some of them laid the foundation of their future fame and fortune here. Macready (who first appeared in the old theatre at the foot of the street, of which his father was manager for about twelve years) was always a Newcastle favourite, alike in his youth and in his prime. He says himself of his first appearance here: "I was warmly received, and the partiality with which my early essays were encouraged seemed to increase in fervour to the very last night, when I made my farewell bow to a later generation." The great tragedian appeared on March 15th, 1850, as Cardinal Wolsey (in "Henry VIII.") and as Lord Townley (in the "Provoked Husband," by Vanbrugh and Cibber). After playing these parts, Macready delivered his farewell address to his Newcastle friends. In the course of it he said: "When I retrace the years that have made me old in acquaintance and familiar here, and recount to myself the many unforgotten evidences of kindly feeling towards me, which through these years have been without stint or check so lavishly afforded, I must be cold and insensible indeed if time could so have passed without leaving deep traces of its events upon my memory and my heart. From the summer of 1810, when, scarcely out of the years of boyhood, I was venturing here the early and the ruder essays of my art, I date the commencement of that favourable regard which has been continued to me through all my many engagements, without change or fluctuation, up to the present time."

Samuel Phelps and James Anderson, two of Macready's trusty lieutenants in his great Covent Garden enterprise, have frequently played here with acceptance. So has Charles Kean, who, by the way, was hissed in Hamlet on his first appearance in that character in Newcastle, and cut up by the newspapers afterwards. He went, much astonished, to the manager. "Good gracious, Mr. Ternan, they've hissed me; what on earth have I done?" "Well, Mr. Kean, you've cut out altogether the lines beginning," &c. "Good gracious!" rejoined the discomfited tragedian, "who could ever have thought they would know Shakspeare so well down here!" "Oh, yes, Mr. Kean," answered Ternan, quietly, "they know their Shakspeare here, I can assure you." Ternan was a very able Shaksperian actor himself.

George Bennett and James Bennett were, among other popular tragedians, here in their younger days; and Barry Sullivan was always a warm favourite. Of comedians, Charles Mathews, Buckstone and his celebrated Haymarket company, Sothern (Lord Dundreary), Toole, and others, have fulfilled successful engagements in the Theatre Royal. Salvini has acted on the Royal boards also, as have Madame Ristori and Madame Sarah Bernhardt. Of our own queens of the stage since 1837, nearly all have appeared here at one time or another; but it is such an invidious task to pick and choose amongst them, that we are fain to shrink from it altogether. It would be very unfair not to make mention of the many years of managerial toil given to this stage by the late Mr. E. D. Davis, for, by common consent of all qualified to judge, he was ever, as actor, as artist, and as manager, a gentleman. Since his retirement, this house has been under the direction of Messrs. W. H. Swanborough, Glover and Francis, Charles Bernard, and Howard and Wyndham, who are the present lessees. Be the day far distant when the Newcastle drama, with all its honourable records, shall, to use Lord Tennyson's words—

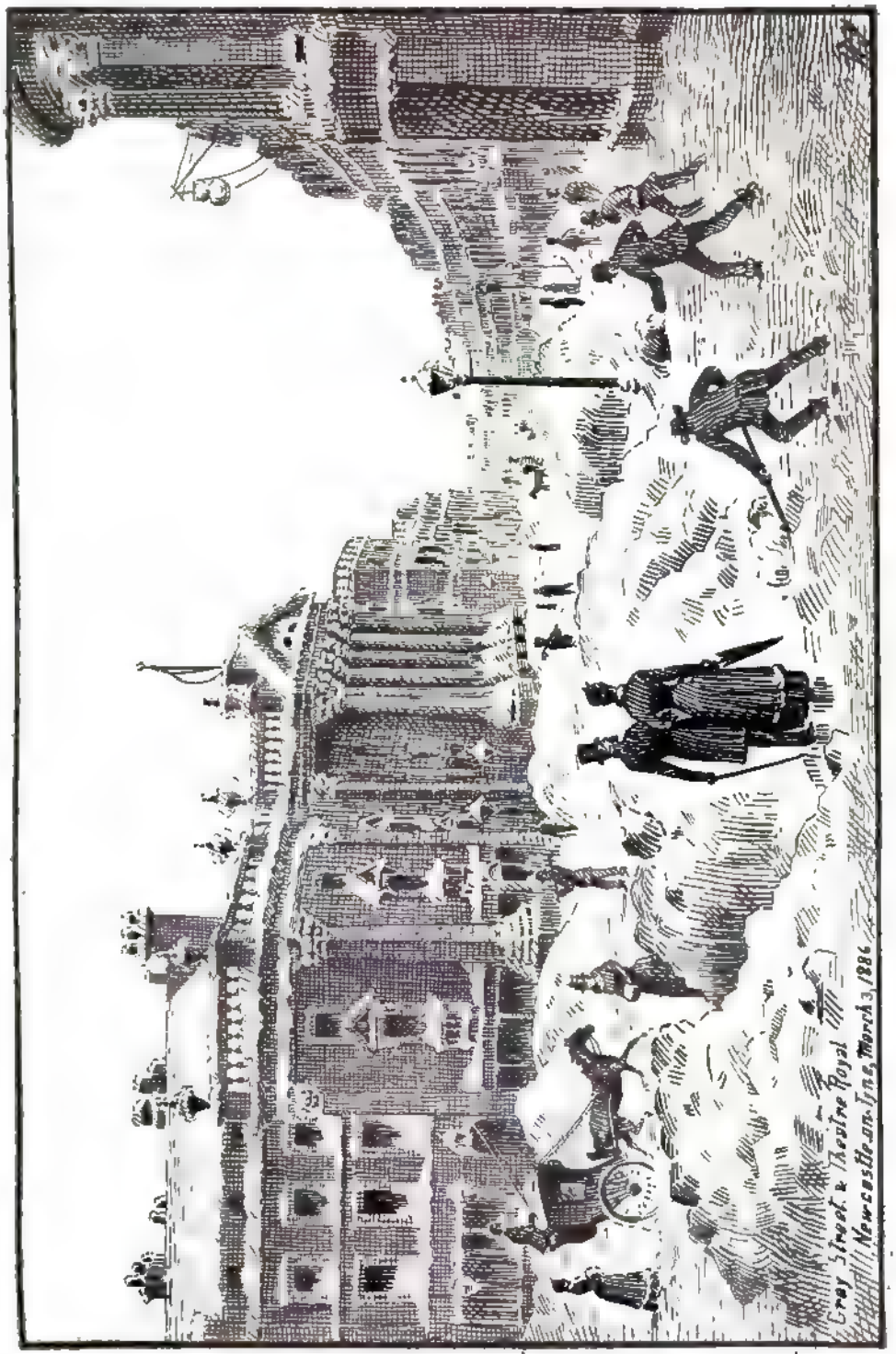
> Flicker down to brainless pantomime,
> And those gilt-gauds men-children swarm to see!

Probably this house held its largest receipts on Sept. 20, 1848, when Jenny Lind appeared in "La Sonnambula." The prices were:—Dress boxes, £1 11s. 6d.; upper boxes and pit, £1 1s.; gallery, 10s. 6d. The receipts amounted to upwards of £1,100. Sims Reeves and Madame Gassier, Grisi, and Mario, and all the great operatic stars have appeared here. Sims Reeves, indeed, came out on the Newcastle boards. Our sturdy fathers hissed him too. They stood no nonsense in those days, either from a Charles Kean or anybody else.

The Theatre, Grey Street, itself, and indeed all the streets and buildings in Newcastle, presented a strange appearance on the morning of March 3, 1886, owing to a great fall of snow on the previous day and night. Our artist's sketch of the scene will convey a better idea of it than any mere description.

Passing by Shakspeare Street, we find ourselves about to cross the High Bridge, which is another intersecting thoroughfare, running from Pilgrim Street to the Bigg Market. There is nothing specially remarkable about it, save that at least one somewhat remarkable man of his day has associated his name with it. James Murray, for so was he called, studied for the ministry, but he could not obtain ordination to any pastoral charge by reason of his peculiar views on church government. He came to Newcastle in 1764, and found friends who built him a chapel. And here he remained, preached, and laboured, until his death in 1782, in the fiftieth year of his age. The titles of some of his published discourses afford some indication as to his character. Amongst them are "Sermons to Asses," "New Sermons to Asses," "An

GREY STREET, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, 1889.



GREAT SNOW STORM, MARCH 3, 1886: SCENE IN GREY STREET, NEWCASTLE.

old Fox Tarred and Feathered," and "News from the Pope to the Devil." On one occasion he gave the authorities a fright, and seems to have got frightened himself into the bargain. Thus runs the story. He announced his intention of preaching a sermon from the text, "He that hath not a sword, let him sell his garment and buy one." Those responsible for the peace of the town, knowing their man, grew rather afraid when they heard of this ominous text. They sent some of the town's sergeants to form a portion of the congregation. All passed off quietly, as it happened; but then it occurred to Murray that he had better find out how he really stood in regard to the powers that were. Forthwith he went up to London, and called on Lord Mansfield, the then Chief-Justice. He obtained for his application the conventional reply: "Not at home." "Tell him," was the sturdy rejoinder, "that a Scotch parson, of the name of Murray, from Newcastle, wants to see him." He was admitted. What passed at the interview? We can only guess from the judge's last words, quoting a simile in the Book of Job: "You just get away by the skin o' your teeth."

In 1780—the year of the Gordon riots in London, so vividly depicted in Dickens's "Barnaby Rudge," the year when there was danger of a general attack on the Roman Catholics—Murray was to the fore again. In that year there was a contested election in Newcastle. Murray proposed a sort of test, or pledge, to each of the candidates—aimed, of course, at the religionists, with whom he had waged a life-long war. Sir Matthew White Ridley would have nothing to do with it. Even Andrew Robinson Bowes, who was never in the habit of sticking at trifles, vowed that "he would be blessed"—only that was not quite the exact word!—"if he gave anything of the sort." The third candidate, Sir Thomas Delaval, gave the required pledge; but he was unsuccessful at the poll.

We might add more concerning this curious cleric, but content ourselves with relating two anecdotes which reveal him on his better side. The first is, that, being on the highway leading to Newcastle on a rainy day, he overtook a labouring man who had no coat. He himself had two. He took one off, and put it on the wayfarer's back, with the remark: "It's a pity I should have two coats and you none; it's not fair." The second refers to an incident which occurred in his chapel here. A Scotch drover turned into the place one Sunday rather late, and was content to stand. Nobody offered him a seat. Murray waxed wroth. "Seat that man," thundered he; "if he'd had a powdered head, and a fine coat on his back, you'd have had twenty pews open!"

The remainder of Grey Street, though made up of noble buildings, calls for little notice. In 1838, one of them was occupied by a Mrs. Bell, who kept it as a boarding house. One of her boarders was Mr. James Wilkie, who at the time held the office of house-surgeon and secretary to the Newcastle Dispensary. In a fit of temporary insanity this poor man threw himself out of an upstairs window, and injured himself so dreadfully that he died shortly afterwards. This victim of an o'erwrought brain had been connected with the institution for fifteen years. That he was held in general respect in Newcastle may be gathered from the fact that about a thousand persons followed his coffin to its grave in Westgate Hill Cemetery, where a monument was erected to his memory.

Amongst other establishments on the east side of Grey Street is that of the Messrs. Finney and Walker, whose premises were for many years the publishing office of the *Newcastle Chronicle*. Opposite is a noble pile, now the Branch Bank of England.

Nobody can take a thoughtful glance at the thoroughfare we have been traversing without admitting that it is a masterpiece of street architecture: a monument to the genius of the two men principally concerned in designing and erecting it—John Dobson and Richard Grainger.

Early Wars of Northumbria.

I.

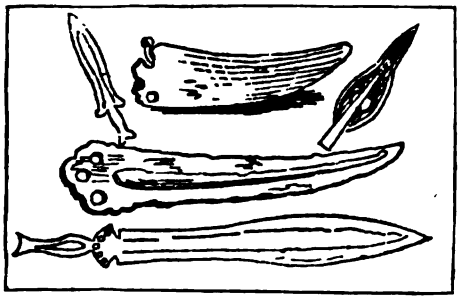
THE ROMAN INVASION.

WHEN travelling through the picturesque stretch of country that lies between Tynedale and the Tweed, and noting its many indications of marvellous prosperity, it is difficult to realize that its verdant hills and smiling valleys were ever less peaceful than they now are. And yet, if the whole island was searched from Cornwall to Caithness, there could be found few districts that have undergone greater changes, or played a more conspicuous part in the national history. In pre-Roman times, much of the surface of Northumberland was covered with bogs and marshes, and much more with dense and almost impenetrable forests. Its inhabitants were the Ottadini—a fierce and warlike tribe of the Brigantes—who have left their hill forts, their weapons, and their tumuli, as the sole evidences of their constructive skill. When Cæsar's hordes invaded Britain, fifty years before the Christian era, they were never able to penetrate these Northern wilds. Their accounts of the people with whom they did come in contact, however, furnish material from which a very fair estimate of the local settlers can be formed. The men, they tell us, were tall, strong, and active; the women fair, well-featured, and finely-shaped. Both sexes gloried in a profusion of red or chesnut-coloured hair, and their favourite method of adornment was by a process of painting, or tatooing, not unlike that practised by many savage races in our own day. Their robes, too, when robed at all, consisted entirely of skins; their oft-moved huts were little better than nests of

boughs and reeds; and their time, when not engaged in fighting, was usually devoted to the exciting pleasures of the chase. Cattle were extensively reared as a means of subsistence; but, except along the coast lines, there was no effort made to till the land or to encourage the growth of corn or other grain.

ARMS AND DEFENCES OF THE BRITONS.

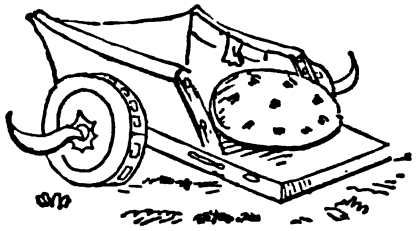
Such, in brief, is the picture which old chroniclers give of the appearance and habits of the Britons. It is abundantly sufficient for our purpose, as we desire to deal only with the warlike attributes of this primitive people, and to point out the methods by which they sought to check the advance of our earliest invaders. When the well-disciplined legions of Rome first secured a footing, they found the southern portion of the country very thickly populated. The natives were as courageous as they were fierce, and defended their woodland settlements by deep trenches and highly piled barricades of fallen timber. They were swift of foot, as well as expert swimmers, and these qualities—together with their skill in crossing fens and marshes—enabled them to pounce suddenly upon their adversaries, and as suddenly to disappear with the spoil. Their ordinary arms consisted of a small dagger and spear; but, in war times, these



were augmented by a light shield, by long and heavily-bladed swords of bronze, and by javelins which they could throw with great accuracy and effect. These latter missiles were not lost by the act of propulsion, as they were attached to the wrist by leather thongs, and could be drawn back to the thrower as soon as their mark had been reached. At the lower end of this curious dart was a round, hollow ball, stocked with pieces of metal, and the noise caused by the flight of this alarming rattle—added to the exciting cries and antics of the gaily-stained warriors—has rendered many a well-meant attack of the Roman foe inoperative.

THE CHARIOT AND ITS USES.

But by far the most famous of British implements of war was the chariot. It was drawn by a couple of small, wiry, and perfectly trained horses, and afforded space for two or three fighting men, as well as for a driver. The body of the vehicle was a combination of strength and lightness, and at the extremity of its stout axles were fixed scythes or hooks for slashing and tearing whatever came in their way. They could be driven at immense speed, even over the roughest country, and were usually of most use at the commencement of a battle. While dashing madly about the flanks of an opposing force, their occupants would throw their terrible darts with great adroitness, and the very dread of this onslaught not unfrequently broke the ranks of Cæsar's finest troops. When they had succeeded in making an impression on the advancing foe, and saw their way for a joint attack, the Britons leapt from their chariots, formed into a solid and compact body, and fought on foot with all their accustomed intrepidity. The drivers, meanwhile, withdrew the chariots from the strife, and took up positions which would best favour the retreat of their masters if the tide of battle should roll against them. "In this manner," says Cæsar, "they performed the part



both of rapid cavalry and of steady infantry." "By constant exercise and use," he adds, "they have acquired such expertness that they can stop their horses in the most steep and difficult places—when at full speed—turn them whichever way they please, run along the carriage pole, rest on the harness, and throw themselves back into their chariots with incredible dexterity." It is worthy of note that the great leader makes no reference to the cruel accessories which are said to have adorned the axles of these vehicles. This omission has caused many writers to doubt whether such instruments of torture were ever in existence. It is impossible, of course, to speak positively on such a matter; but it is well to remember that similar appliances have been used in other lands, and that our own museums contain relics—from more than one British battle field—which antiquaries think could hardly have been used for any other purpose than that described.

MILITARY KNOWLEDGE OF THE NATIVES.

In tactics and strategical skill, the natives displayed considerable talent. When in readiness for the fray, the infantry—in wedge-shape formation—occupied the centre; the cavalry and the chariots constituted the right and left wings; and at the rear were strong bodies of reserves. They were quite alive to the importance of harassing an enemy before delivering the chief attack, and were fully impressed with the necessity of a well-executed movement on the hostile flanks. They were formidable adversaries in every way, and if their weapons had been of a better quality—not made of bronze that bent beneath a heavy stroke—it is quite possible that the first Roman in-

vasion might not have been repeated. As it was, indeed, Cæsar never made any great headway, and could only maintain himself with difficulty in localities that adjoined the coast. In the language of Tacitus, he was "a discoverer rather than a conqueror," and even his discoveries, in these islands at least, were not far reaching.

THE RETURN OF THE ROMANS.

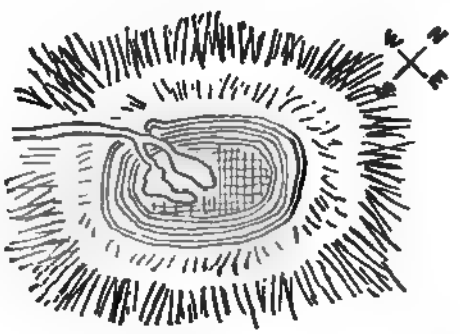
But if Cæsar made little impression on the Britons, he carried away reports which were well calculated to arouse the ambition of his successors. Nearly a century elapsed before the Romans again undertook the work of subjugation; but they were then better prepared, came in greater numbers, and set about their task with such care and deliberation that a speedy conquest seemed assured. It is not necessary to follow the fluctuating fortunes of their numerous campaigns in the South. From the landing of Aulus Plautius in A.D. 43, down to the advent of Julius Agricola in 78, bloodshed seldom, if ever, ceased. There were terrific struggles with the Silures under Caractacus, and with the Iceni under Boadicea. There were furious onslaughts upon the Druids of Anglesea and the Brigantes across the Humber. Fire and sword went hand in hand, and the track of war was followed by famine and disease. Victory was not always with the assailants; but whether they lost or won at the commencement, they always ended by bringing the natives under their yoke.

AGRICOLA ON THE TYNE.

It is with the coming of Agricola that we get our first records concerning the district that constitutes the present county of Northumberland. There is an absence of detail about many of the recitals; but they will serve, perhaps, to throw a little light on the condition of the North Country and its occupants at a very remote period. The famous chieftain we have named was as skilful in the arts of peace as in those of war. He had served under Scutonius Paulinus against the "Warrior Queen," and was greatly beloved by his army. Under his able guidance the fortunes of Rome underwent a marvellous change. Deserted posts were recovered, refractory tribes were punished, and an attempt was made to bring the conquered people into greater harmony with their masters. While this work was proceeding in the southern province, Agricola marched north of the Humber, gained victory after victory, and ultimately found himself face to face with the brawny races near the higher reaches of the Tyne. There is no absolute record of early battles in this district, but it is fair to suppose that the Ottadini—like the Brigantes of Yorkshire and Lancashire, and the Gadeni of Cumberland and Westmoreland—would be dispersed to their mountain retreats, and that Agricola would then, according to his invariable custom, protect the acquired territory by throwing up strongly entrenched works for the accommodation of his soldiers.

THE UNSUCCESSFUL FIGHT WITH GALGACUS.

By the spring of 81—having ensured the safety of his communications—the Roman leader was ready for a further advance, and he began his march northward with every confidence in the ultimate triumph of his army. While traversing the open country, he was practically unassailable, but at the river fords, and amid the mountain passes, his progress was disputed with all the obstinacy that a clever and courageous foe could devise. Many an entrenched hill top in Coquetdale and Glendale had to be stormed before the invaders could proceed, and as the conflict in every case was at close quarters—with the Britons in possession of the best ground—the assailants lost enormous numbers of their men ere even the Cheviots were reached. In the end,



the defenders were always compelled to give way; and, being then driven before Agricola's dashing legions, they were put out of harm's way behind the line of forts he erected between the Firth of Forth and the River Clyde. Having, by the summer of 83, completed this undertaking, the Roman leader renewed his journey towards the Highlands, and everything seemed to indicate that his previous successes would be continued. He was no sooner out of sight, however, than the Caledonians descended from their hill strongholds, swarmed over his defences, and, in a night surprise, managed to annihilate one of his divisions. Returning with all speed, Agricola attacked his daring assailants, and succeeded in beating them. But the damage they inflicted upon his troops and earthworks, precluded all attempts at further advance, and he was compelled to winter in a very inhospitable region. The campaign recommenced with the fine weather of 84; but as 30,000 natives, under the heroic Galgacus, had posted themselves on a well chosen spur of the Grampians, it was necessary at once to dislodge them. After a fierce and destructive battle, the Romans carried the position, and inflicted terrible losses on their retreating foe. But, though defeated, the Northeners contrived to check the foreign advance. When morning dawned, the invaders saw only a silent and deserted land. Their late adversaries had disappeared as if by magic, and left nothing behind them but smoke and flame and ruin. With a crippled army and straitened supplies, it would have been extremely hazardous to penetrate into the hill country, and Agricola found himself compelled to relinquish his enterprise. He returned by easy stages to the

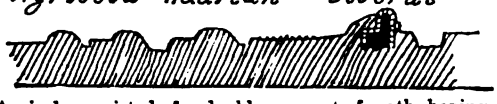
entrenchments he had left on Tyneside, and there, putting his troops into cantonments, he threw that mighty earthen rampart across the country—from Wallsend to the Solway Firth—which has been a source of speculation and wonder through all succeeding ages. His campaigns had taught him that it was much easier to march through a poverty-stricken district than to remain in it, and he fondly hoped, by his famous barrier, to confine the infuriated Northmen within the boundaries of their own desolate wilds.

HADRIAN'S WALL.

So seriously had Agicola's inroads crippled the native tribes, that it required thirty years to rehabilitate their shattered forces. In the reign of Hadrian, however, they recommenced hostilities, and attacked the Roman garrisons all along their line. Matters had become so serious in 120, that the energetic Emperor journeyed with all haste to this country, and did everything in his power to quell the rebellious spirit that had been engendered. He was successful in restoring the wavering allegiance of the Yorkshire Brigantes, and tried to accomplish a similar result among the tribes on the Borderland; but all his efforts to gain ascendency over the Ottadini and their Caledonian allies proved abortive. It thus happened that the Clyde line of forts was demolished, that the country for a hundred miles to the southward had to be abandoned by the invaders, and that the conquests of Agricola were rendered useless. To more effectually protect his remaining possessions, therefore, Hadrian spanned the country with a second and more formidable line of works, on a site closely adjoining the mound of his predecessor. It was evidently the intention of the Romans, at this period, to make the Tyne their northern boundary, and they would have been saved endless trouble if they had adhered to their resolve. But different commanders had different ideas. Lollius Urbicus—one of the great captains of Antoninus Pius—advanced from the wall in 138, and, slowly fighting his way, carried the Roman banner once more to the Forth. Having connected that river with the Clyde—by means of an earthen bank and a score of strong redoubts—he conceived that Northumberland and the Scottish Lowlands had been permanently won. The tribesmen declined to so understand it. In 183, they again broke through the Scottish barrier, assaulted the forts, and—after several sanguinary encounters with the column sent to the relief of the beleaguered garrisons—compelled the Roman legions to seek safety beyond their southern defences.

SEVERUS AND HIS SUCCESSORS.

The "barbarians"—as the Ottadini were called—had matters pretty much in their own hands until the arrival of the Emperor Severus in 207. Though suffering badly from the gout and other maladies, this aged warrior gathered his forces, and led them with a vindictive heart towards the disputed land. But the tremendous difficulties he encountered, on passing the vallum of Hadrian, show very clearly that the country had never been altogether under foreign control. There was an absence of really good roads, the rivers were unspanned, and large tracts of wood and morass were almost impassable wildernesses. Every inch of the invaders' progress was disputed. Though not sufficiently numerous to risk a pitched battle, the natives contrived to commit incalculable mischief. Their intercourse with the Romans had already taught them the value of metal head-gear and shoulder guards, and, with such protections, they were able to maintain a succession of skirmishes and flank attacks that were as irritating as they were destructive. When aided, later, by their old allies of the Scottish Lowlands, the resistance they offered would have deterred a less valiant enemy. But Severus was undaunted, and doggedly plodded on. What with regular fighting, losses in ambuscades, and sickness caused by unceasing labour in draining bogs, cutting down forests, bridging rivers, and constructing solid travelling ways, his force is said to have been reduced by 50,000 men. In spite of all obstacles, however, he succeeded in reaching a more northerly point than any of his predecessors, and eventually struck such terror into the native hordes that they were driven to sue for peace. With the exception of this solitary result, the campaign was as barren as any that had gone before. Of this fact the Emperor himself was thoroughly convinced. He realised—reluctantly, it may be—that the debateable land between the Tyne and the north could never be permanently held by his legions; and his first care, on his return southward, was to supplement the earthworks of Hadrian and Agricola with a strong and formidable wall of solid stone. It would serve no useful purpose to describe the Tyneside works in detail; but it may be interesting to explain the nature of the operations which the Romans from time to time carried out. According to the account of William Hutton, there were really four barriers. The defences of



Agricola consisted of a double rampart of earth, having a ditch so planned as to cause a rise for the assailants of nearly 20 feet. To further strengthen this obstacle, Hadrian deepened the ditch, and, with the soil so obtained, constructed a third mound, 10 feet high, a little more to the northward. These all ran in parallel lines. When Severus, as we have stated, conceived the idea of a still more formidable structure, he raised a barrier of stone. It was 8 feet thick and 12 feet high, with an additional elevation of 4 feet for the battlements. Added to this, at equal distances, were a number of stations or towns, 81 castles, and 330 turrets—all connected by good wide roads, along which troops could move from one threatened point to another with the greatest facility.

But for fear all these impediments should prove insufficient, the north front was protected by a tremendous ditch along its whole course. Having a span of 30 feet, and a depth of 15, it is not surprising that the military chiefs should have regarded their last effort as insurmountable. As long as ever the Roman supremacy lasted, this line of defence was constantly garrisoned by many thousands of armed men; but for 130 years after the death of its valiant founder—if we except an abortive raid by Constantius Chlorus—there was no attempt made to leave its protecting shelter.

WILLIAM LONGSTAFF.

The first illustration shows the sword, dagger, and spear-head in use amongst the Britons, as well as the hooks that are supposed to have been attached to their chariots. These latter were sketched from specimens in the British Museum, and clearly indicate the effects of corrosion from their long sojourn in the ground.—No. 2 gives the generally accepted notion of an ancient chariot and shield.—No. 3 is the ground plan of a British fort near Hepple, in Coquetdale. It shows three lines of entrenchments, at varying heights, round the sides of a commanding hill; while at the summit may be seen the excavations that were commonly used as store-rooms or places of shelter.—No. 4 shows in a rough form the sections of the barriers erected by Agricola, Hadrian, and Severus.

The Stote Manby Case.

MR. BARON PARKE heard an extraordinary case at the Northumberland Assizes on the 28th of February, 1855. From the magnitude of the claim and the romantic story raised on behalf of the plaintiff, it caused an intense amount of interest, not only in the North of England, but throughout the country, and more particularly in Lincolnshire. The claimant and plaintiff was William Stote Manby, a gardener of Kiln Yard, Louth, a man in a most humble walk in life. Mr. Samuel Warren, Q.C., the author of that then popular standard novel "Ten Thousand a Year," was leading counsel for the claimant, and it was said at the time that he undertook the case gratuitously.

The plaintiff claimed to be heir-at-law of Mrs. Dorothy Windsor, a widow, before her marriage Miss Dorothy Stote, spinster, daughter of Sir Richard Stote, Knight, Sergeant-at-Law. As such heir-at-law he sought to recover extensive estates in Northumberland. The defendants were Thomas Wood Craster, Esq., and Calverley Bewicke Bewicke, Esq., and others, their tenants. The first two defendants were sued as the representatives of Sir Robert Bewicke and Mr. John Craster, tenants of the estates prior to 1780.

The value of the estates claimed by the Louth gardener was stated to be about £50,000 a-year; but probably this was an exaggeration. They comprised, however, the greater part of the hamlet and extra-parochial chapelry of Kirkheaton, near Belsay, including Kirkheaton Hall, the living of the chapelry, and a land-sale colliery; an estate adjoining Howdon Pans, in the pariah of Wallsend, of about 297 acres, the coals under which were sent to London Market under the name of "Bewicke and Craster's Wallsend"; an estate in the adjoining pariah of Long Benton; and an inn called the Coach and Six Horses. The estates altogether were stated to consist of about 4,000 acres, with valuable mines below.

The plaintiff sought for a declaration that he was heir-at-law of Dame Dorothy Windsor (who died, aged 84, in 1756, in Upper Brook Street, London, possessed of the above-named properties, which were known as the "Windsor Estates"), and also heir-at-law of his grandfather, Stote Manby, who died intestate in 1780, leaving William Manby, of Louth, his only son and heir-at-law, who died in 1809, leaving two sons, Richard and the plaintiff, but Richard had died a bachelor in 1820. The plaintiff claimed that he was entitled to the manors, hereditaments, and premises of which Dame Dorothy Windsor died seized, and asked that it might be declared that he had been kept out of possession of the estates by collusion and fraud, that the defendants were not entitled to avail themselves of the Statute of Limitations, and that possession of the property might be delivered up free from incumbrances.

Mr. Warren entered fully into all the circumstances of this extraordinary case with great clearness, ability, and eloquence, which enhanced the interest and excitement in Court. He recounted the biography of the plaintiff's grandfather, Stote Manby, the original heir-at-law, who was a very illiterate man, unable to read or to write even his own name, a day labourer or carter, who during his later days was supported by his wife's labour and the casual charity of his neighbours, and who lived all his life in a wretched mud hovel, scarcely fit for human habitation, in the village of Keddington, near Louth. It was explained that William Manby (the plaintiff's father) was born in 1747, and resembled his father in mental incapacity, and in being unable to read or write his own name; that plaintiff's brother (Richard) was also very poor, and, until he died, unmarried, worked for his daily bread; that all these members of the plaintiff's family had lived and died in total ignorance of their title by inheritance to the Windsor Estates; and that the plaintiff only first became aware of his rights in 1846, when he was told by a very old man, living in Louth, that a trial was heard at Newcastle-on-Tyne, in 1781, which showed that his grandfather, Stote Manby, was heir to the wealthy Dame Dorothy Windsor, but being of weak mind had been kept out of the property unlawfully. The plaintiff's story was that Sir Robert Bewicke and Mr. John Craster, being tenants, retained undisputed possession of the estates from 1756 (the time of Dame Dorothy Windsor's death) until 1780, "most unrighteously and cruelly" taking advantage of poor Stote Manby's incapacity; that one Harvey, an attorney, came down

to Louth in 1780, and undertook to be Stote Manby's lawyer; that Harvey commenced actions which were defended on the grounds, first, that Dorothy Windsor was not seized of the estates, and, secondly, that Stote Manby was not her cousin and heir; that in 1781 an action was tried at Newcastle, before Mr. Justice Nares and Mr. Justice Heath,* in which Stote Manby's heirship was established by a verdict of the jury; that on the day after his trial a second action was called on as to another portion of the property, but that by fraud and connivance no trial took place, Harvey having been prevailed upon to abandon the action and enter into a compromise, the effect of which was to secure to the then plaintiff, Stote Manby, and his heirs, a rent charge of £300 a year, leaving the defendants of 1781 in quiet possession.

The object of the trial in 1855 was to unravel all these proceedings, as well as any subsequent transactions that had taken place, and to put the plaintiff, William Stote Manby, on a verdict being given in his favour, in possession of the whole of the Windsor estates. Before, however, Mr. Warren had proceeded far with his opening of the case he was stopped by Mr. Baron Parke, who stated that he considered the Statute of Limitations barred all title on the part of the plaintiff. Mr. Warren, therefore, having no alternative, consented to be non-suited.

What became of the annuity or rent charge which Messrs. Craster and Bewicke granted to old Stote Manby, when (as above alleged) he resigned his claim in 1781, does not appear.

The case (after the non-suit) was carried into the Court of Chancery. The defendants demurred for want of equity, and relied on the Statute of Limitations. The preliminary process to enable the plaintiff to establish his case was, however, granted by the Court. After a long and protracted hearing, on the 23rd April, 1857, Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood decided that nothing had been elicited to support the allegations of the plaintiff, and his bill was consequently dismissed with costs against him.

The *Lincolnshire Journal* in April, 1857, explained how the claimant was able to carry his case to the Court of Chancery:—

The manner in which the funds were raised for the purpose of enabling the plaintiff to prosecute his supposed claims was by borrowing sums of money with the promise to re-pay twenty for every single pound when he should have obtained possession of his estates at Newcastle, &c., but that in the event of his not succeeding in his suit the money so advanced should be considered as a free gift.

The bait took admirably, and an immense number of the unwise, anxious to secure the prospect of receiving so large a return for a small outlay (well knowing that in no legitimate business could they make one pound realise twenty) rushed to deposit various sums according to their means; some selling their pigs, some borrowing money, some reducing their stock-in-trade that they might embark in this lottery; and, in this manner, hundreds have invested their all in the risk.

After repeated delays, when some of the less sanguine were beginning to fancy all was over, the case was announced positively for trial a few days since, and the spirits of the subscribers rose to fever heat. On Tuesday, the 31st ult., the case commenced, and day after day letters announcing the flourishing state of the suit were received from a party in London who was watching its progress; and five to one was freely offered that the plaintiff would obtain a favourable verdict, and be placed in possession of the estates forthwith, when—alas! for the mutability of mundane affairs—the news that the arguments of the four eminent and learned counsel engaged for the plaintiff had failed to make out a case reached here on Saturday morning last, and that Sir W. Page Wood had, without calling upon defendants for their answer, dismissed the bill with costs.

It would be far easier to imagine than to describe the shock which this intelligence caused, and how deep and bitter were the lamentations of the deluded friends. Several had anticipated the pleasing prospect of retiring from business and enjoying for the remainder of their days that *otium cum dignitate* which a favourable issue promised them; but all these hopes of future happiness, so long and fondly cherished, were, at one fell swoop, totally extinguished, "leaving not a wrack behind." *Sic transit gloria "Manbi."*

S. F. Longstaffe.

* The only record of the case in the *Newcastle Chronicle* for 1781 is as follows:—Before Sir George Nares and the Hon. Justice Heath, at the assizes opened in Newcastle, Saturday, August 13, 1781, "the long contested cause between the claimants of the estates of the late Sir Richard Stote, of Jesmond, near this town, was this week compromised by the parties."

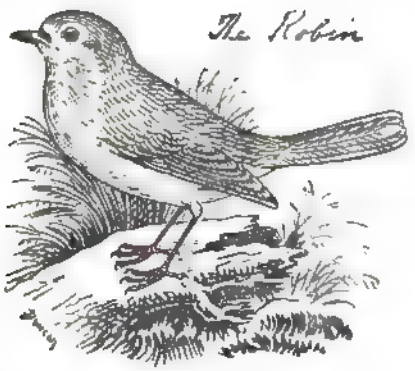
The Robin.

NO English bird is a greater favourite than the robin (*Sylvia rubicula*). It is more or less an all-the-year-round resident in the Northern Counties. Many persons are under the belief that it is only a winter songster; but this arises from the fact that the bird is less noticed in summer. Its song may be heard, in fact, in almost every month of the year.

Though so great a favourite, the redbreast is a fighting bird. The males, at least, are exceedingly selfish and pugnacious. Where food is placed out, they will attack and drive off other birds of superior size, and they often fight with and kill each other. I have noticed that the robins fight most savagely amongst themselves in autumn; and this may account for the rather widely prevalent opinion that the ungrateful young males actually kill their fathers! I have seen many robin fights, some deadly, but the pugilists were almost invariably mature males.

The robin, with its ruddy and olive plumage, is well known to most residents in town and country, chiefly from its familiar and confiding habits, and its song is always welcome, either during the dreary days of winter or in the prime of summer. Here it has many endearing familiar names, including the ruddock, robinet, &c., which latter designation may be taken to mean "little robin." In Germany it is called Thomas Guidito; in

Norway, Peter Rousmead; and in Sweden, Tommi-Liden. In every country in Europe pretty stories and legends are told of it. The robin has had its praises sung by the poets almost as frequently as the nightingale. The young birds, until they attain their mature plumage, have their feathers mottled grey and dusky; but even in their early youth, after they leave the nest, they have all the bold, perky ways and characteristics of the old birds.

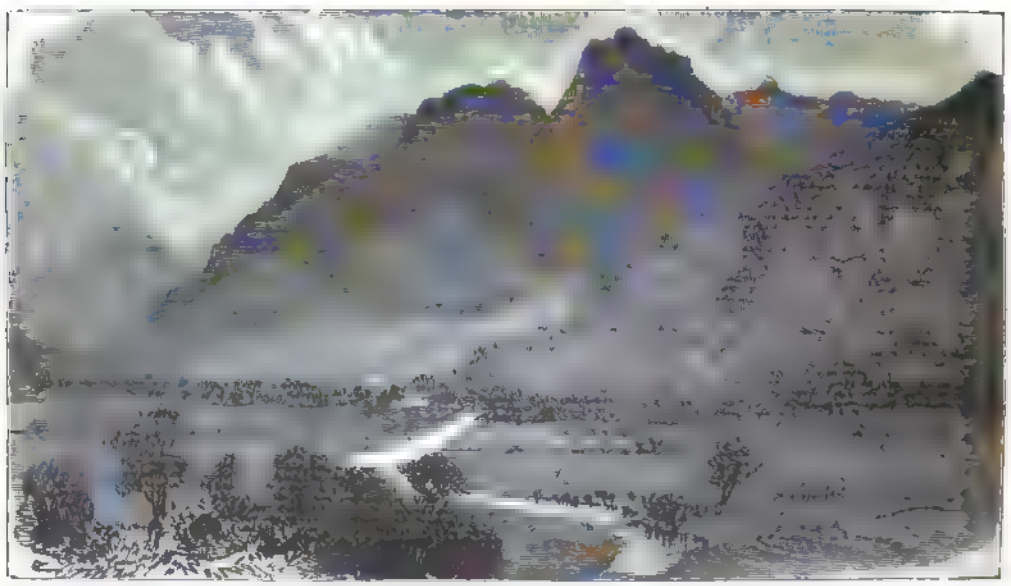


In size and plumage, the male and female birds are much alike, though the latter are rather smaller than their mates, and their ruddy and olive-grey plumage is not so brilliant as that of their more pugnacious mates. When on the ground in search of food, the robins progress by a series of brisk hops, then halt, and turn their heads knowingly from side to side. Their food is varied according to the season of the year. The nest may occasionally be found in very unexpected situations, from the roof of an outhouse to the open bottom of a hedge. Many instances are recorded of robins nesting in living rooms and bedrooms. Usually the bird builds a nest of withered grass and roots, lined inside with fine grass and hair. The eggs, from five to six, occasionally seven in number, vary much in their colour and markings, as most birds' eggs do. Some are profusely covered with ruddy freckles and blotches, whilst others are of a dull white hue, with few or no ruddy freckles.

H. Kerr.

Langdale Pikes.

LANGDALE PIKES form a grand mountain group at the head of Great Langdale, the vale of the upper part of the River Brathay, one of the feeders of Lake Windermere. They soar into three rugged and picturesque summits. Two of them—Harrison Stickle and the Pike o' Stickle—figure prominently in almost all the best views of the English Lake District, though they nowhere appear to greater advantage than from Lingmoor, on the opposite side of the valley. The other pike is known as Gimmer Crag, but is overshadowed by its grander neighbours. From certain points the two pikes—Harrison Stickle and Pike o' Stickle—appear to be quite close together; still, they are in reality so far apart as to leave a gap by no means easy to cross. The Pike o' Stickle, which is seen to the left in our sketch, has an altitude of 2,300 feet above



LANGDALE AND LANGDALE PIKES.

the level of the sea, and is very rugged and broken, while Harrison Stickle rises to a height of over 2,400 feet, and is more easy of ascent than the other, which it overlooks.

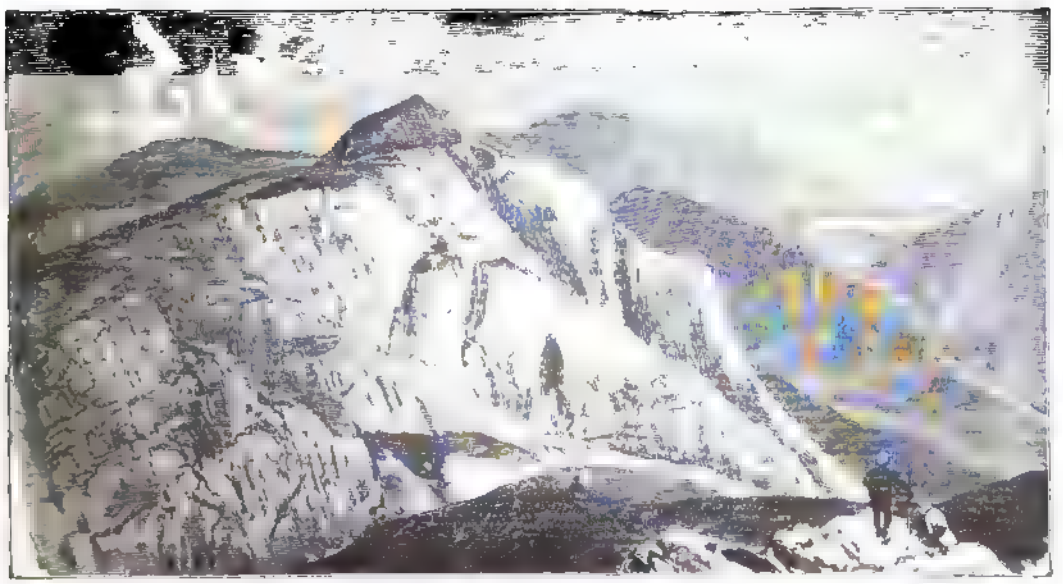
Although the Langdale Pikes are surrounded by mountains of more commanding height, yet from many places they appear to rise in a group from the plain. This is notable in our first view, which is taken from a short distance down the Langdale Valley.

The prospect from the Pikes is varied and extensive. Langdale, with its cultivated enclosures, is seen far below, its tarns glistening in the sunlight; further away is Windermere and Esthwaite Water; whilst in the extreme distance a glimpse of the sea may occasionally be obtained. To the south the massive bulk of Wetherlam confronts the eye, Coniston Old Man and Grey Friars shutting in the view beyond. To the east rises Loughrigg Fell and the mountains surrounding Ambleside. To the north-east are Helvellyn, Seat Sandal, and Fairfield, with Skiddaw and Blencathra, or Saddleback as it is more commonly termed, overlooking Derwentwater. This lake cannot be seen from Harrison Stickle, but a fine view of it may be obtained from the Pike o' Stickle. To the west, rearing its mighty head above Bowfell is Scawfell Pike, the highest mountain in England, and Scawfell, which for many years held this title until the point was decided by the Government surveyors. To the north of the Scawfell Pikes rise Great End, Great Gable, and Glaramara.

Stickle Tarn, noted for its fine trout, reposes at the foot of the precipice known as Pavey Ark, a projecting shoulder of Harrison Stickle. It is used as a reservoir for the Government powder-mills at Elter Water. The stream from the tarn, known as Mill Gill, makes a series of pretty cascades, which, with the towering background of Harrison Stickle, form a striking and effective picture.

The tourist traversing Langdale may note on the face of Lingmoor Screes a long white mark. This is the dalesmen's sun dial. When Sol's rays reach this mark, they know that it is twelve o'clock. Elsewhere—at the hamlet of Chapelstile—the inhabitants indulge in the mild joke that it was there that Adam and Eve were married, the allusion being to Adam and Eve Fleming, who were the first couple joined together in wedlock at the church. A short distance further down the valley is the village and church of Langdale. Harriet Martineau tells an anecdote about this primitive place of worship that is worth repeating. "A few years ago," says she, writing in 1855, "the rotten old pulpit fell, with the clergyman, Mr. Frazer, in it, just after he had begun his sermon from the text, 'Behold I come quickly.' The pulpit fell on an elderly dame, who escaped wonderfully. Mr. Frazer, as soon as he found his feet, congratulated her on surviving such an adventure: but she tartly refused his sympathy, saying, 'If I'd been kilt, I'd been reet sarrat (rightly served), for you'd threatened ye'd be comin' doon sune.'"

There is a mountain track from Langdale past Stickle Tarn into Easdale. It was while returning home over this pass, one winter's evening in 1807-8, that George and Sarah Green, hard-working dalesfolk, were lost in a snowstorm, which at the same time imprisoned



VIEW FROM THE TOP OF LANGDALE PIKES.

their half-dozen bairns within a remote and solitary cottage in Easdale for several days. De Quincey, in his "Memorials of Grasmere," refers to the story, telling how the eldest girl, then only nine years old, exhibited the greatest care and foresight in providing for the requirements of her little brothers and sisters. Agnes Green, however, succeeded in getting out of her temporary prison, finding her way to Grasmere, and alarming the neighbours. After a search of three days, the bodies of the parents were discovered on White Crag, near the Pikes, in their last long sleep. This melancholy incident elicited the sympathy of the whole of the inhabitants of the Lake district, inspired Wordsworth to write memorial stanzas on the subject, and brought material help for the orphans from Royalty itself.

It is worth noting that very few of the ordinary English song birds, and no skylarks, are to be seen or heard in these narrow valleys. The residents account for it by the fact that the precipitous crags afford shelter for numerous hawks, which, with ravens and crows, are frequently seen hovering about the hills. Formerly eagles were wont to build in the Pikes; but the shepherds declared war against them, because they not unfrequently carried off a young lamb. The birds were, therefore, either killed or driven away. Failing that, the eggs were taken from the nests—a proceeding often attended with great danger, as the dalesmen had sometimes to be suspended from the tops of precipices by ropes.

Our drawings are reproduced from photographs by Mr. Alfred Pettitt, The Art Gallery, Keswick.

Wallace's Raids in Northumberland.

IN the year 1297, Sir William Wallace, who had succeeded, in spite of the mean jealousy of the haughty and turbulent Scottish nobles, in freeing his country for the time being from the English yoke, led his exasperated followers into Northumberland, and burned and laid waste the country wherever he went. Fordun and the other Scottish historians relate that a principal reason for his invading England at this time was the extreme dearth and scarcity that prevailed in North Britain, arising from the inclemency of the season, joined to the calamities of war, which had been for so many years waged cruelly and mercilessly by both parties alike—the English fighting for conquest at the beck of an arrogant monarch, and the Scots for national independence, under self-appointed chiefs, not always co-operating heartily with each other. The English historian Walsingham describes this particular year by a rather singular epithet. He calls it "penuria frugum illaudabilis," that is, "for scarcity of grain not worthy to be praised."

Having determined on making the expedition, in order to subsist his troops at the expense of the enemy, Wallace is said, in his capacity of regent, warden, or guardian of Scotland, in the name of King John Baliol, to have obliged all the fighting men of the realm between sixteen and sixty to follow him under pain of death; and it is added that this penalty was inflicted on the disobedient by hanging them up on gallowses erected for that purpose in every barony and considerable town. But the allegation is probably a gross libel on the memory of the Scottish chief.

After making himself master of the town of Berwick, which had been evacuated on his approach, Wallace crossed the Tweed into Northumberland, the principal inhabitants of which had fled with their families and goods to Newcastle, and even still further south, there being no armed force at hand to make head against the invaders. King Edward was in Flanders, waging war with the King of the French for the re-possession of Guienne; and the heads of the English nobility, neither well satisfied with the king's foreign policy, which demanded constant contributions, nor on a good common understanding among themselves, were scarcely in a position to meet Wallace in the field, after the signal victory he had so lately gained at Stirling. So the Scots marched unopposed as far as the Forest of Rothbury, which was then, as its name imported, a thickly wooded district, and constituted a natural fortress some seven miles long by four broad. From this place as a centre or headquarters, they spread themselves through the low country, laying it waste with fire and sword, killing all who opposed them, collecting great spoils, and destroying everything they could not carry away. The priests and monks of all orders were among the first to flee for their lives, for the Scots in those rude times were known to feel little or no scruple with regard to their sanctity, so many of the Churchmen being soldiers as well as priests; and the Rector of Rudby, Hugh Cressingham, who had only a few weeks before been slain on the field of battle, had his dead body flayed, and the skin cut in pieces to be distributed as trophies.

The Scots continued to burn and plunder at their pleasure all over Northumberland, till about the term of Martinmas, meeting, indeed, with no opposition or disturbance, except when in the neighbourhood of the castles of Alnwick, Warkworth, Harbottle, Prudhoe, and other fortresses, from which the garrisons occasionally sent forth parties to attack the rear of the marauders, or to pick up stragglers, who, when they fell into their hands, got very short shrift, being taken, as the Border phrase ran, "red fang." While they remained encamped in the parish of Rothbury, the Scots of course would make constant use of the Reiver's Well, which is still to be seen

near the principal entrance to Lord Armstrong's residence, Cragside.

Having pretty well exhausted the resources of the eastern district by the month of November, Wallace collected all his forces together, and marched away westwards towards Carlisle, with the view of occupying that city, possibly to make it his winter quarters. In the course of his expedition up the Tyne, he stayed two days at Hexham, where the priory had been burned down, or at least plundered, by a foraging party, who had likewise set fire to the nave of St. Andrew's Church, as well as a school-house connected with it. On this second visit, the following singular scene is said by Walter Hemingford, the monk of Gisborough, in his history, to have occurred :—

Three monks, all who had the courage to remain, were observed in a small chapel. Thinking the danger was over, they had forsaken their hiding places, and were endeavouring to repair the damages of the late visitation, when, in the midst of their labours, they discovered the Scottish army, and fled in dismay to the oratory. The soldiers, however, with their long spears, were soon among them, and, brandishing their weapons, commanded them, at their peril, to give up the treasures of the monastery. "Alas," said one of the monks, "it is but a short time since you yourselves have seized our whole property, and you know best where it now is." At this juncture Wallace entered, and, commanding his soldiers to be silent, requested one of the monks to celebrate mass. He obeyed, and the Scottish Guardian and his attendants assisted at the service with becoming reverence. When the consecration was about to take place, Wallace retired for a moment to lay aside helmet and arms. Instantly the avarice and ferocity of the soldiers broke out. They pressed upon the priest, snatched the chalice from the high altar, tore away the ornaments and sacred vestments, and stole even the missal which the priest was using. When their leader returned, he found the priest in fear and horror at the sacrilege. Wallace, indignant at such conduct, gave orders that the villains should be searched for and put to death, and in the meantime took the monks under his own special protection. As some atonement for the outrage committed, the Guardian granted to the monks of Hexham a charter of protection for twelve months.

The town of Corbridge was burned by the Scots about the same time; as was likewise a small house of Benedictine nuns at Lambley, near Haltwhistle. It is said that the wretched occupants of the nunnery suffered the common fate of female captives in such savage incursions — torture and ravishment. But whether such foul atrocities were approved or sanctioned by Wallace may be seriously questioned. If they were, one can only say that such sanction or approval, even in hot blood and in direct reprisal, was wholly inconsistent with all that one has heard of him from the outset to the close of his career.

The citizens of Carlisle, when summoned to surrender, shut their gates in defiance, and made such preparations for a resolute defence as determined the invaders to turn away from it and to employ their strength in laying waste the neighbouring country. The Forest of Inglewood, comprehending all that large and now fertile tract of country extending from Carlisle to Penrith on the left bank of the Eden, and also Allerdale as far as Cockermouth, was overrun and harried. The raiders next turned eastward, with the view of making similar havoc in the county of Durham. But they were driven back by a terrible storm of snow and hail, wherein many of them perished by hunger and cold, which was ascribed to the seasonable protection given by St. Cuthbert to his own people. From thence Wallace marched eastward towards Newcastle by the old road on the north side of the Tyne; and when the raiders were passing Heddon-on-the-Wall, and a party of them were foraging about Newburn, the inhabitants of Ryton, thinking themselves securely defended by the depth of the river, provoked the Scots with such opprobrious language that they forded the Tyne, and plundered and burned the town, spreading a great panic throughout the neighbourhood. As the Scots approached Newcastle, the burgesses, having made every necessary preparation for defence, sallied forth in order to fight them, upon which the enemy turned another way. Again traversing Northumberland, and destroying everything they had missed in the former part of their raid, the invaders returned to their own country without opposition, and loaded with rich spoils, which they divided after once more crossing the Tweed. During this inroad, either in coming or going, the Scots encamped on a hill in the neighbourhood of Carham, on the south bank of the Tweed, three or four miles from Coldstream, and there they reduced to ashes an abbey of Black Canons which had been founded at a period unknown as a cell to the Priory of Kirkham, in Yorkshire.

The horrible ravages committed by Waallace and his followers on this occasion are described in the following manner by King Edward himself, in a letter to Boniface VIII., that infallible pontiff who proclaimed that "God had set him over kings and kingdoms" :— "The Scots inhumanly destroyed an innumerable multitude of my subjects, burnt monasteries, churches, and towns, with an unpitying and savage cruelty, slew infants in their cradles and women in child-bed, barbarously cutting off women's breasts, and burnt in a school, whose doors they first built up, about 200 young men."

But it must be recollected that this catalogue of atrocities, scarcely paralleled, and certainly not exceeded, by any on record in European history, was drawn up on hearsay evidence, and therefore must not be taken as literally true. Still there can be but little doubt that the Scots did commit horrid atrocities. Wallace himself, in fact, was merely a sort of patriotic reiver. The manners and tastes of the times, however, were altogether against the weak and conquered, whether they were Scots or Britons.

The Sleuth or Blood Hound.

By the late James Clephan.

A stark moss-trooping Scot was he,
As e'er couched Border lance on knee.
Through Solway sand, through Tarras moss,
Blindfold, he knew the paths to cross:
By wily turns, by desperate bounds,
Had baffled Percy's best blood hounds.
—*Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

IN days of yore, when England and Scot land were under separate Crowns, and too close neighbours to be good friends, blood hounds were kept on the Borders for the capture of light-footed reivers; and how best to train them for their vocation, and how best to evade their native and cultivated instincts, were important items in the curriculum of a Tweedside education. On both sides of the boundary river, accomplished blood hounds were in anxious request; and if they could be got ready-trained by the enemy, no scruples would stand in the way of their acquisition. English and Scottish poets have alike sung their praises. Somervile is eloquent of Border strife, and commemorates the swiftness and sagacity of the hound which ran marauders down.

* * * * * * Upon the banks
Of Tweed, slow winding through the vale, the seat
Of war and rapine once, * * * * *
There dwelt a pilfering race, well trained and skilled
In all the mysteries of theft, the spoil
Their only substance, feuds and war their sport.
* * * * * * * * *
Veiled in the shades of night they ford the stream:
Then, prowling far and near, whate'er they seize
Becomes their prey. Nor flocks nor herds are safe;
Nor stalls protect the steer, nor strong-barred doors
Secure the favourite horse. Soon as the morn
Reveals his wrongs, with ghastly visage wan
The plundered owner stands, and from his lips
A thousand thronging curses burst their way.
He calls his stout allies, and in a line
His faithful hound he leads: then, with a voice
That utters loud his rage, attentive cheers.
Soon the sagacious brute, his curling tail
Flourished in air, low bending plies around
His busy nose; the steaming vapour snuffs
Inquisitive; nor leaves one turf untried,
Till, conscious of the recent stains, his heart
Beats quick. His snuffling nose, his active tail,
Attests his joy. Then, with deep opening mouth,
That makes the welkin tremble, he proclaims
Th' audacious felon. Foot by foot he marks
His winding way.

O'er moor and moss goes the untiring "sleuth-hound"—"the northern name," says John Trotter Brockett in his Glossary, "for the bloodhound; so called from its quality of tracing the sleuth," "the slot or track of man or beast as known by the scent."

These dogs were held in great estimation by our ancestors; particularly on the Borders, where a tax was levied for maintaining them. Their scent was so remarkably quick that they could follow, with great certainty, the human footsteps to a considerable distance, as fox-hounds chase a fox, or as beagles and harriers chase a hare. Many of them were, in consequence, kept in certain districts for the purpose of tracing thieves and marauders through their secret recesses.

Thai maid a privé assemblé
Of well twa hundir men and mea,
And sleuth hundis with thaim gan ta.

The lines here quoted by Mr. Brockett form part of "The Bruce," the well-known poem of John Barbour, Archdeacon of Aberdeen; he who, in the fourteenth century, immortalized himself in the affections of his country by the lines commencing—"Ah! freedom is a noble thing!" Sir Walter Scott refers to him in a note to the passage of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" which heads this article. "The kings and heroes of Scotland," says he, "as well as the Border riders, were sometimes obliged to study how to evade the pursuit of bloodhounds." Barbour informs us that Robert Bruce was repeatedly tracked by sleuth-dogs. On one occasion he escaped by wading a bow-shot down a brook, and thus baffling the scent. The pursuers came up,

Rycht to the burn that passyt ware;
Bot the sleuth-hund made stinting thar,
And waveryt lang tyme ta and fra,
That he na certain gate couth ga;
Till at the last Jhon of Lorn
Pursevit the hund the sleuth had lorne.

A sure way of stopping the dog was to spill blood upon the track, which destroyed the discriminating fineness of his scent. A captive was sometimes sacrificed on such occasions. Henry the Minstrel tells a romantic story of Wallace, founded on this circumstance. The hero's little band had been joined by an Irishman named Fawdon, or Fadzean, a dark, savage, and suspicious character. After a sharp skirmish at Black Erne Side, Wallace was forced to retreat with only sixteen followers. The English pursued with a Border sleuthbratch or bloodhound.

In Gelderland there was that bratchel bred,
Siker of scent to follow them that fled;
So was he used in Eske and Liddisdael;
While [*i.e.* when] she gat bleod no fleeing might avail.

In the retreat, Fawdon tired, or affecting to be so, would go no farther. Wallace, having in vain argued with him, in hasty anger struck off his head, and continued the retreat. When the English came up, their hound stayed upon the dead body.

The slouth stopped at Fawdoun; still she stood;
Nor farther wold, fra time she fund the blood.

The bloodhound is the subject of an interesting leaf of Charles Knight's "National Cyclopædia of Useful Knowledge." Here is the first paragraph of the description:—"The name of a hound celebrated for its exquisite scent and unwearied perseverance; qualities which were taken advantage of, by training it, not only to the pursuit of game, but to the pursuit of man. A true bloodhound (and the pure blood is rare) stands about 28in. in height, and is muscular, compact, and powerful. The forehead is broad; the muzzle is long and deep, with pendulous lips. The nostrils are wide and well-developed; the ears are ample and pendulous; the aspect is serene and sagacious. The tail is long, with an upward curve when

in pursuit; at which time the hound opens with a voice deep and sonorous, that may be heard down the wind for a very long distance." Reference is made by the writer in the encyclopædia, further on, to the statement of Sir Walter Scott, that the breed of bloodhounds was kept up by the Buccleuch family on their Border estates till within the eighteenth century.

Those who are familiar with Border story will remember the raid of 1528. Its record is to be read on various pages. The late Dr. Charlton's "Memorials of North Tynedale" quote it from the State Papers. On a Monday morning in January, William Charlton and Archibald Dodd, with two Scots, Harry Noble and Roger Armstrong, rode a foray, with several others, into the Bishopric; seized the parson of Muggleswick, and bore him away; plundering the inhabitants as they went. The country rose in pursuit, led by Edward Horsley, bailiff of Hexham. Thomas Errington, "with a sleueth hounde," was among the pursuers; and by him was Charlton of Shotlyngton Hall slain as he fled. Noble met the same fate. Dodd and Armstrong were captured and executed, and hung in chains at Alnwick and Newcastle; the other two being gibbeted at Hexham and Haydon Bridge. There is, perhaps, no more graphic picture of Border life in the time of the Tudors than was penned by the Earl of Northumberland, after the event, for the eye of Henry VIII., and his great Minister, Cardinal Wolsey, when Englishman and Scot had descended hand in hand upon the Bishopric, and suffered death. The capture of the priest; the chase by Wolsey's bailiff of Hexham; the impassable flood and the barricaded bridge; the hunt with the bloodhound by the swollen waters of the Tyne; two of the fugitives slain, two captured; and all four hanged in chains: a foray which, as Dr. Charlton remarks, "confirms the saying of a writer of the day, that these Border thieves would be Englishmen when they will, and Scotsmen when it suited them," being ever ready for a raid on either or both sides of the Tweed.

North and south of the Border stream, the bloodhound was in use for centuries; and in the old town of Newcastle he makes his mark in the Municipal Accounts. When the reign of Queen Elizabeth had yet more than ten years to run, there was some one "wanted" by the Council of the North at York, over whose deliberations the Earl of Huntingdon then presided. What the man had done that he should be in such urgent request, does not appear. He must have greatly offended, or there would hardly have been such running to and fro to lay hold of him. Horsemen and pedestrians, and also a bloodhound, were sent in hot pursuit; and as the burgesses of Newcastle had to bear some portion at least of the cost, and the Chamberlains made a note of the corporate disbursements, we catch a glimpse of the chase after the fugitive. In the mayoralty of 1592, there was "paide for the chairges of 3 horses 2 daies, and riding to Darneton and Sheiles, to make enquirie for James Watson, commanded by Mr. Maior, 6s. 6d." Not only were horsemen abroad in quest of him, but man and dog were intent on his trail: "Paide for a sloo-hound, and a man whe led him, to goe make enquirie for James Watson, 5s." A third item heightens our curiosity to know more of a man whom Lord Huntingdon and his colleagues were so eager to run down:—"Paide for the charges of 3 men, one sent to Anwicke, the 2" (the second) "to Stockton, and the 3" (the third) "to Seaton Dallywell, with my Lord Presidentes letters, to make search for Watson, 5s." All the payments occur in the month of April, and "Watson" was evidently familiar enough to the corporate officer; but he is only a name to us—no more.

In the days when Watson was pursued by horse and hound, such chase of man was an accustomed thing. In the latter years of Elizabeth, we meet with mention of the immemorial employment of the bloodhound in Weardale. The institution was a public charge, though persons not a few would gladly escape from the burden. Thus much we learn from a presentment of May 26, 1601, to be found in Watkins's "Treatise on Copyholds," under the head of "Customs, &c., of Weardale, in Durham." The passage relating to the bloodhound is this:—

> We find that there is a slough-hound, which now is, and heretofore hath been, kept and maintained within the said park and forest of Weardale; which said hound, or some other, is to be kept and maintained, from time to time, as need requireth.
>
> Whereas we have given our charge for the maintaining of a slough-hound; so it is that we have had and already have had of keepers upon the costs and charges of the park and forest only.
>
> Now there is sundry that would withdraw themselves from bearing and maintaining the said slough-hound, and some of them do deny any payment for the maintaining of the said slough-hound.
>
> Therefore we do humbly crave your lawful favour, that we be not separated, but continue in maintenance in the said slough-hound, as ever heretofore it hath been used and continued.

Such was the presentation made, and such its prayer, in the time of that most pleasant of prelates, Tobie Mathew, who "could as well not be, as not be merry." The bloodhound of his park and forest of Weardale was not, apparently, in perpetual keeping. A hound was there; and it, "or some other, was to be kept and maintained, from time to time, as need required."

The volume from which we make the quotation has a remark, with a reference to Sir John Skene as the authority, that "the slough-hound was to trace the Scots, who stole cattle in the night." When the owners missed them, "the dog was turned out to hunt their footsteps in the morning."

At the time of the presentation, in the year 1601, the Tudors were near the end of their reign. They came in with the battle of Bosworth Field, and their going out was to be marked by the peaceful union of England and Scotland under one Crown. Border raids had gone; a Scottish king was coming in; and there were tenants in Weardale who chafed under the charge of keeping up a blood-hound. Perchance they had come to the conclusion

that co-operation in such a cause was no longer necessary, but that every man bereft of his beeves might be left to look after the reivers himself. Quite as likely, however, they belonged to the order of men who, in all ages, whatever be the public needs, have been "impatient of taxation."

Thirty years, or thereabouts, from the time of the inquiry into the customs of Weardale, the blood-hound was in requisition in the county palatine; and now, it is not the Corporation of Newcastle, but the Churchwardens of Darlington, who make the payment. In 1630 they have an item in their accounts running thus:—"For fetching of a slee-dogg, 6d." The historian of Darlington, Mr. W. H. D. Longstaffe, observes in a note:—"The use of the sleuth or blood-hound was then much in vogue; and Denton, in Northumberland, and Chester-le-Street, appear to have been the places where the owners, and probably breeders, of these animals lived."

How much such animals were prized in former times may be inferred from one of the entries of the Calendar of State Papers. A couple had been lost by a Baron of France in the reign of Elizabeth; and it was to her great Minister that application was made for assistance in their restoration. On the 21st of September, 1573, Adrian de Gomiecourt, writing to Lord Burleigh from Rochester in French, "solicits him to assist the Baron de Berlaymont in the recovery of a pair of bloodhounds." Burleigh was besieged on all sides for his good offices; he must befriend a host of suitors in matters small and great; and when two hounds were lost the chief adviser to England's Queen must lend a hand for their restoration!

Our Roman Roads.

ON the arrival of the Romans in this country, the physical aspect of Britain was very different from what it is now. The uplands were covered with heather and whins, or shaded by dense forests, while the banks of the rivers formed impenetrable jungles, and a great part of the low-lying grounds was overspread with marshes, as were the bleak-barren table-lands with bogs. One of the first requisites of the invaders, if they meant to keep permanent possession of the island, was to construct practicable high roads through the interior, affording ready means of inter-communication. The Britons had, doubtless, long before formed track-ways through the woods, by means of which the several independent or allied tribes could have intercourse with each other occasionally; but these rude paths were more like those which the natives of New Zealand or New Guinea used before the advent of Europeans, or still use, than anything we now associate with the name of a made road. They were neither levelled, raised, nor paved; nor were they always straight, but "worked with sinuosities along," like Colman's Toby Tosspot, so as to avoid the natural obstacles that lay in their way, or to touch at the scattered settlements with which the country was more or less sparsely dotted.

If these British track-ways, however, suited their purposes, the Romans naturally adopted them; if not, they constructed others; and their engineering work proceeded until they had covered South Britain, and Scotland as far as the Grampians, with a complete network of national highways, scientifically formed, and rather to be compared with our modern railroads than with those narrow lanes and horse tracks which sufficed for our easy-going ancestors down till within less than two centuries since. These roads were raised some height above the ground which they traversed, and proceeded in as straight a line as possible between the several termini, running over hill and dale with very little regard to natural inequalities. Being constructed in an age when the laws of property, if they might be said to exist at all, were superseded by the rights of conquest, they did not require to be diverted, like most of our modern country roads, from the direct line, and thrown into vexatious angles and obliquities by the bias of private interest. And so, except where some natural barrier made it impossible, the Roman roads almost invariably pursued a straight course. It was only the interposition of a hill which could not be directly ascended, the interruption of a river which was unfordable, or the intervention of an impassable morass, like the Chat Moss, the Lochar Moss, or the Dogden Moss, that turned the Roman military engineers out of the precise route they had laid down for themselves.

The road itself consisted of three distinct layers of materials—the lowest, stones, mixed with cement *(statumen)*; the middle, gravel or small stones *(rudera)*, to prepare a level and unyielding surface (without the least ruggedness, "sine salebris"), whereon to receive the upper and most important part of the structure, which consisted of large blocks of stone accurately fitted together. In the neighbourhood of towns, they usually had raised footways *(margines)* on both sides *(commerginaria)*, which defined the extent of the central part *(agger)* for carriages, which was paved with large stones, and was usually about eighteen feet wide. The road was accurately barrelled, so that no water might lie upon it; and where the nature of the ground permitted, the soil was wholly removed before the first layer was placed, so as to ensure perfect solidity. The roads were thus said to be made "by delving and building beneath" *(fodiendo ac substruendo)*.

The expense of their construction was enormous, but they were built to last for ever; and many of them continued, under all the injuries of predatory barbarians,

Vandalic landholders, agricultural improvers, and inclemencies of climate, wonderfully perfect, down to a recent period. Having the whole power of the country at their command, and tribes and nations innumerable to be their labourers, the Romans were not frugal of the toil of others. The poor natives had to do all the drudgery, from quarrying the stones out of the rock and squaring them to serve as flags, to carrying them up craggy precipices where no carriages could go; and where little or no road metal was to be found near at hand (as was not often the case, however, in the North), the unhappy drudges were forced to bring gravel, sand, or lime, occasionally from seven or eight miles off, either on their own backs or on those of their beasts of burden, arbitrarily requisitioned for the purpose. The Caledonian chief Galgacus is represented by Tacitus as telling his followers that the Romans wore out the bodies and hands of every people they subjected, in clearing and draining woods and marshes, with floggings and insults *(corpora ipsa ac manus silvis ac paludibis emuniendis, vevbera inter et contumelias, contereunt)*; and there can be no doubt but that he spoke the truth.

The Romans, as is well known, were great bridge-builders, as well as masterful road-makers, their commanders usually taking the title of pontifex among their other high honours. Yet it is remarkable that only three bridges are mentioned by the writers of the Itineraries as occurring in Britain, and one of them is Pons Ælii, or Ælius's Bridge, which is well known to have spanned the Tyne opposite Newcastle. Most of the roads in this country crossed the rivers they encountered, not at bridges, but at shallows or fords, for some time at least after they were constructed; so that unless resort was had to rafts or bridges of boats, the travelling on these must have been very precarious, having to be regulated by the rains and controlled by the floods. At every thousand paces along the route there were mile-stones placed, and some of these still remain *in situ*, while the pedestals of others are to be seen in many places, with holes in them to receive the pillars.

Of many of the Roman roads, not only in England, but in the greater part of the Roman empire, an account has been preserved under the name of the Itinerary of Antoninus, which specifies the towns or stations on each road, and shows the distance between them—usually a day's march. This record was long supposed to be a public directory or guide for the use of the soldiers; but if this were the case, it is extremely confused and imperfect. It often omits in one iter or journey towns which are directly in its course, and yet specifies them in another; it likewise traces the same road more than once, and passes unnoticed some of the most remarkable roads in the island. History is silent as to the time and the compiler of this register; but the most likely conjecture is that it is merely the heads of a journey formed by some traveller or officer, who visited the different parts of the empire from business or duty, during the reign of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, and that it was supplemented in some parts so late as the reign of Diocletian. Besides this Itinerary, we have the "Description of Britain," attributed to Richard of Cirencester, and taken from ancient (if not contemporary) records now lost. From these two sources we learn that there were four great trunk roads in Britain, viz., the Watling Street, the Erming or Ermine Street, the Ikenild Street, and the Fosse Way; and modern researches have revealed the existence of a great many more, connecting the principal towns with each other and with the coast. For purposes of direct communication from sea to sea, as well as internal intercourse, these roads were infinitely better fitted than any that existed in the island down to the comparatively recent days of Marshal Wade, Thomas Telford, and John Loudon Macadam.

Of the four great lines of intercommunication above named, we have only to do with the two first, as the Ikenild Street and the Fosse Way ran through the southern part of the country—the former from the Land's End to the coast of Suffolk, and the latter from Exmouth, in Devonshire, or Lyme Regis, in Dorsetshire, to the Humber, about Saltfleet, in Lincolnshire. The Watling Street, on the other hand, traversed England and Scotland throughout almost their whole length, or at least as far north as the Grampians and the Moray Firth, and sent out branches in all directions, connecting the principal towns, which numbered some hundreds, and affording the troops ready access to all the main points, whether inland or on the coast. The term Ermine, Ermyn, or Herman Street, again, though primarily applied to a great road leading from Southampton (Clausentum) and Chichester (Regnum), where the Emperor Vespasian fixed his head-quarters when in Britain, through London (Londinium) to Yarmouth or Colchester (Camalodunum), coinciding, for a great part of the way, with the line of the South-Western and Eastern Counties Railways, is also applied to other great consular or military roads—one of them at least in our district. It is to be observed that none of the road-names are those given by the Romans who constructed them; they are only those affixed by the semi-barbarous Anglo-Saxons and Jutes who came in after the Romans left. The term Watling (sometimes written Waecling) most probably is only a corruption of the word "wathol," a road or way; and street is the Latin "stratum," a pavement, which was applied to such great trunk roads as were regularly paved or flagged *(viæ stratæ)*. The term Ermyn, again, which was applied to a number of lines in various parts of the country, not otherwise connected with each other, but all usually taking the shortest cut between their terminal points, may either signify that the roads so designated were the quickest marching routes *(itinera celerrima)*, and, therefore, specially dedicated to Hermes, the messenger of the gods, known to the Saxons as Eormen, or it may merely

mean that they were chiefly used as military roads (German, Heerstrassen).

Descriptions of the roads themselves will be given in succeeding articles. WILLIAM BROCKIE.

A Gateshead Prodigy.

UNDER date June 15, 1757, the "Local Historian's Table Book" records the interment of Robert Clover, "a young man of uncommon parts and application," who had acquired "nice skill in music," could draw, sketch, and paint, and had made "considerable progress" in modern languages, astronomy, and mathematics. When only fifteen years of age, we are told, he wrote two poetic pieces in imitation of Milton's "L'Allegro," which William Hilton, of Gateshead, "published with his own poems"; but "by intense labour he injured a delicate constitution, and died when approaching to manhood, beloved and esteemed by all who knew him."

Turning now to Hilton's "Poetical Works," which form two thick octavo volumes, published in 1776 by Thomas Saint, Newcastle, we find the two pieces referred to. They are entitled "Il Giorno" and "La Notte"—in English, "Day" and "Night." "Day" commences:—

Thirsis! why will ye lose
That precious part of day, the morning's prime,
And foolish spend that time
When ev'ry balmy sweet of nature flows
In sleep's unmeaning joy?

Come, rise, receive the tribute of the morn,
Morpheus and his visions scorn,
Resist the drowsy god, command him hence,
Immers'd in indolence,
And taste of pleasures that will never cloy.

There are over a dozen pages, written in this high-pitched tone, evincing most remarkable gifts in a lad of fifteen. Accompanying them are an "Elegy on Clover" and a "Memoir" of the youth, by Hilton himself, who appears to have been a companion of the precocious boy, and to have regarded his decease as a public calamity.

R. W.

Allom's View of Durham.

THE accompanying view of Durham, taken from the north-east, is strikingly romantic and picturesque. The original drawing was made by Thomas Allom more than half a century ago. Many changes have of course been made in the city and its surroundings since the sketch was taken. The predominating feature of the landscape depicted by Allom is the grand old cathedral which rears its majestic form against the sky. Other cathedrals may present more graceful outlines, but few can compare with it for situation. The city appears to be scattered over a number of irregular hills, the ground by which it is approached being thrown up into circular mounts. From the north-east the cathedral appears to great advantage, its northern and eastern fronts, "like the mitre which binds the temple of its prelate, giving the noblest supreme orna-

ment to the capital of the principality." To the right of the cathedral are the battlements and tower of the castle, and to the left is shown the ancient church of St. Nicholas. In the middle distance is Elvet Bridge, built by Bishop Pudsey about the year 1170, and afterwards repaired by Bishop Fox, who granted an indulgence of the Church to all who contributed towards defraying the expense of the undertaking.

King Arthur and Arthur's Hill.

AT the meeting of the British Association at Newcastle in 1863, an eminent antiquary, not connected with the district, delivered a most interesting address on Arthurian Legends. He pointed to the legends regarding the mythic king in so many parts of the country and on the Continent. Coming nearer home, he said Arthur's Seat, at Edinburgh, had its name undoubtedly from the British hero; there was the Arthurian legend—very widely spread—which connected King Arthur with Sewingshields on the Roman Wall, and which will be found in Dr. Bruce's "Wallet Book of the Roman Wall"; and there was still another legend which located King Arthur on the Derwent. Even in Newcastle, the antiquary said, he understood they had an Arthur's Hill, and he had no doubt it could be traced to the all-pervading monarch. In the discussion which followed, Dr. Bruce, who was present at the sectional meeting, to the great amusement of the audience, and the discomfiture of the enthusiastic King Arthurite, quietly stated that Arthur's Hill, Newcastle, was so named by Mr. Isaac Cookson, the owner of the property, after his son Arthur! We may add to Dr. Bruce's statement that the name given to the place originally was Arthur Hill. Other children of Mr. Cookson were honoured in the same manner. And so it comes that we have streets close at hand, and forming part of the old estate of the Cooksons, named John, Edward, William, and Mary.

The Lion Bridge, Alnwick.

MANY subjects engage the attention of the antiquary and the painter in the neighbourhood of Alnwick. The Castle, of course, stands first in importance, and it is this venerable structure which is delineated in our sketch, the standpoint being the Lion Bridge, itself a most picturesque object. From the battlements of the bridge a fairly comprehensive view of the castle may be obtained. Those who wish to include the bridge and castle in one grand scene will have to walk a short distance along the river bank. It is here that the artist may frequently be seen with busy pencil. The bridge figures prominently in Turner's great picture of Alnwick by moonlight. An incident in connection with it is described by Oliver Wendell Holmes in his "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," as an illustration of the strange fact that trivial things are often remembered when more important ones are forgotten. "I remember," he says, "the Percy Lion on the bridge over the little river at Alnwick—the leaden lion—with its tail

stretched out straight like a pump handle—and why? Because of the story of the village boy who would fain bestride the leaden tail, standing out over the water—which breaking, he dropped into the stream far below, and was taken out an idiot for the rest of his life."

Notes and Commentaries.

BURYING THE COLOURS OF A REGIMENT IN NEWCASTLE.

In 1763, on peace being declared, after a war of many years between this country and France, a singular and exciting incident was witnessed in Newcastle—the public burial, with military honours, of the old colours of the 25th Regiment of Foot, then commanded by Lord Lenox. What were the exact proceedings cannot now be stated, the records of the event being very scant indeed. These records merely state "that on Tuesday, May 31st, 1763, the old colours of the 25th Regiment, being so much wounded in Germany, and particularly at the glorious and ever memorable battle of Minden (August 1, 1759), were buried at Newcastle with military honours." Probably, however, the old flags, as they were borne along the streets of the town, in their tattered and torn condition, to the place of burial, would be demonstratively greeted by the townsmen. Doubtless, also, the soldiers forming the remnant of the regiment, as they preceded and followed the emblems, would be welcomed in a manner worthy of their countrymen. The place of interment is not stated; but possibly it was one of the churchyards of the town. With the burial of the flags an important war period may be regarded as having closed, and it is worthy of note that, on the following day, the people had their minds diverted to religion and peace; for on Wednesday, June 1, 1763, the Rev. John Wesley arrived at Newcastle from Scotland, and on that and several following days spoke to immense audiences.

J. S. Y., Hull.

A YORKSHIRE ROBBERY AND ITS DETECTION.

The following curious story is copied from "Annals of Yorkshire":—"Samuel Sunderland, Esq., who flourished in the reign of Charles I. and in the Commonwealth, resided at Arthing Hill, not far from Bingley. He was one of the richest men of his age, and had accumulated an immense quantity of gold coin, which he preserved in bags placed on two shelves in a private part of his house. Two individuals, who resided at Collingham, determined to rob Mr. Sunderland of the whole, or, at any rate, a considerable quantity, of his gold; and in order to prevent the chance of successful pursuit, they persuaded a blacksmith at Collingham to put shoes on their horses' feet backward way. They arrived at Arthing Hall according to their purpose, took away as much gold in bags as they could carry off, and, notwithstanding the communication of an alarm to the family before they left the house, succeeded in accomplishing their retreat. The weight of the gold they took away was too heavy for their jaded horses, and they were compelled to leave part of it on Blackmoor, where it was afterwards found by some persons of Chapeltown. It so happened that the robbers had taken a dog with them on their expedition, and this animal, in the hurry of their retreat, they left behind them, fastened up in the place from which they had taken the gold. The friends and neighbours of Mr. Sunderland, who had determined upon pursuit, immediately saw in this dog the means of detecting the offenders. Having broken one of its legs, to prevent its running too fast for their horses, they turned it loose. It proceeded, notwithstanding its excruciating pain, to Collingham, and went directly to the house of its owners. The pursuers arrived, burst open the door, and found the thieves in the very act of counting the money. They were sent to York, tried, condemned to die, and their own apprentice was compelled to act the part of executioner. This young man, though innocent of any capital participation in the robbery, was so horror-struck by the deed he had been compelled to perform, that he criminated himself and followed the fate of his masters."

NIGEL, York.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

A CHILD'S REASON.

A six-year-old little boy, residing in Jesmond, was joked one night lately about falling asleep in the tram-car. "Oh," he answered, "I went to sleep when I wasn't looking!"

CAMELS AND ASSES.

Tommy Atkins: "Look here! I have known lots of camels work hard, a whole week, without drinking, when we were on the march." Jack Docker: "Git oot, man! that's nowt! Aa knaa lots o' asses whe drink hard a whole fortneet, wivoot warkin', and then march te the kitty. Yor camels cuddent de that, could they, noo?"

A PITMAN'S APOLOGY.

One of the directors of a local colliery recently visited the scene of his investment. Observing one of the workmen leaning on his shovel, and thus apparently idling his time away, he addressed him with some pomposity as follows: "My man, can't you find something else to do?" This query somewhat staggered the workman, who replied: "Wey, what the deuce have ye te de wi't? Gan te Jarrico, ye fyul!" The director reported the matter to the foreman, who with the alacrity of an official who knows who "butters his bread," hurried off to the delinquent and exclaimed: "Hi, come here, ye slavering cull! Did ye

not knaa whe that wes whe wes heor just noo?" "Hoo should aa knaa? Onnyway, whe is he?" was the reply. "Oh, ye'll knaa varry syun. Ye'll hev to 'pologise, or gan hyem." "Weel," said the man, "aa divvent want to gan hyem, se aa'll 'pologise." Off he went. Meanwhile, the director had reached a group of officals to whom he told the story. The man approached the director and asked: "Arn't ye the chep whe aa tell't te gan te Jarrico just noo! Aa's come te 'pologise, se aa'll just say, divvent gan noo!"

PORTABLE ENGINE.

An engineman at Jarrow, referring to his son who had been out of work, said to an inquirer:—"He's making a varry canny living noo; he hes a portigal engine!"

A MILITIAMAN'S RELIGION.

More than twenty years ago, when the work of restoring the ancient church of St. Michael, Alnwick, was going on, the Northumberland Light Infantry Militia was quartered in the same town for the annual training. In consequence of the sacred edifice being closed pending the restoration, the Corn Exchange was opened in its stead as a place of worship for those of the regiment who attended the Church of England. One Sunday morning, when the gallant corps was on church parade, a bold Novocastrian inadvertently strayed into the ranks of the Catholic party. Being perceived by the captain in command, he was asked by that officer: "What religion are you, my man?" Whereupon the straggler, with a look of bewilderment, answered: "If you please, sor, aa's a Corn Exchange man!"

North-Country Obituaries.

Mr. John Blagdon, one of the oldest shipowners of North Shields, died on the 6th of November, 1888.

On the 6th of November, the remains of Mr. William Isaac Cookson, who had died at Worksop Manor, Nottingham, on the 1st, were interred in the family vault at Benwell Churchyard, Newcastle. The deceased gentleman, who was 76 years of age, was head of the firm of Messrs. Cookson and Co., coalowners and lead manufacturers, Newcastle, and formerly lived at Benwell Tower, now the residence of the Bishop of Newcastle.

Mr. J. W. George, printing overseer, who had been forty years in the service of the proprietors of the *Newcastle Journal*, died on the 9th of November, aged 60.

On the 11th of November, Mrs. Oliver, wife of Dr. Thomas Oliver, one of the principal physicians at the Newcastle Infirmary, died at the residence of her father, Mr. W. Jenkins, J.P., at Consett.

Mr. John Telfer, of the firm of Messrs. John Telfer and Son, wholesale and retail tobacconists, Newcastle, died on the 12th of November, at the age of 65 years.

The Rev. Mr. Stepney, who had been in the Wesleyan ministry over fifty years, died at Houghton-le-Spring on the 13th of November, his age being 77 years.

On the 13th of November, Alderman Thomas Gray died at his residence, Spital Hill, near Morpeth. About six weeks previously, he had received an apparently

slight injury to his foot in alighting from his trap, and this was the origin of the illness which, unfortunately, terminated fatally. A native of York, where, for a time, he had been in the employment of the North-Eastern Railway Company, Mr. Gray came to Newcastle in 1851. He entered upon possession of the Alexandra Hotel, which he conducted for several years; and he also became the lessee of the advertising stations on the North-Eastern and other leading railways in the kingdom. A few years ago, he commenced, with others, the issue of Gray's Time Tables for Scotland, and he was head of the firm of Gray and Co., printers, Edinburgh. In the course of a very active life, deceased had been connected with all sorts of financial undertakings, and in most of them he had achieved very considerable success. Mr. Gray was elected to the Newcastle Council as one of the representatives of Elswick Ward on the 1st of November, 1871. In 1884-85, he served the office of Sheriff, and in 1886 he was raised to the position of alderman. He was one of the guarantors in securing Elswick Park for the use of the public, previous to its acquisition by the Corporation; and he took a prominent part in the arrangements connected with the Royal Jubilee Exhibition in 1887. The deceased gentleman, who was married, was 64 years of age.

Colonel Duncan, C.B., Royal Artillery, and member for the Holborn Division of Finsbury, died on the 16th of November. He was a native of Aberdeen, and was 52 years of age. He unsuccessfully contested Morpeth against Mr. T. Burt, and afterwards, with a like result, the city of Durham. The deceased gentleman was a D.C.L. of Durham University. (See vol. ii., p. 144.)

Mr. George Gamsby, who took a very prominent part in the Chartist movement, along with Mr. Binns, Mr. James Williams, Dr. Gammage, and others, died at Sunderland on the 21st of November, in his 82nd year.

Dr. Edward Headlam Greenhow, of Reigate, Surrey, formerly of Tynemouth, died suddenly in London on the 22nd of November, aged 74. The deceased gentleman belonged to a family of doctors. The first who settled on Tyneside was Dr. Edward Martin Greenhow, a native of Stirling, who had been an army surgeon and served with General Elliot at the siege of Gibraltar, who was married at Tynemouth in 1786, and who died in Dockwray Square, North Shields, in 1835. A son of his, Dr. Edward Greenhow, followed the profession of his father, also in Dockwray Square, and was mentioned in connection with the Margetts mystery. (See vol. i., page 58.) Another son of the old army surgeon was Dr. T. M. Greenhow, a well-known practitioner in Newcastle, who married a sister of Harriet Martineau, and whose sister, Sarah Greenhow, married Harriet Martineau's brother George, at Christ Church, Tynemouth, on the 25th of July, 1836 It was Dr. T. M. Greenhow, then surgeon to the Newcastle Infirmary, who recommended Harriet Martineau to try the effects of mesmerism for the cure of her ailments. (See vol. i., page 415.)

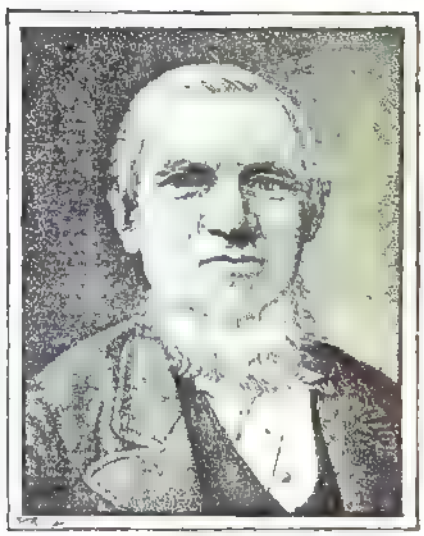
The death was announced, on the 24th of November, of Mr. Morgan Robinson, mining engineer, Newcastle, and late manager of Wardley Colliery, from which he drew the first tub of coals to bank.

Mrs. Leslie, wife of Mr. Andrew Leslie, the well-known Tyne shipbuilder, died at Coxlodge Hall, near Newcastle, on the 28th of November.

Mr. Adam Patterson, a member of the editorial staff of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, died after a short but severe illness, on the 29th of November. Though only a little over thirty years of age, the deceased gentleman had had considerable experience as a journalist. After a short service on the now defunct *Northern Daily Express* he joined the literary department of the *Chronicle*, and for some time was in the London office of that paper. Returning to Newcastle, he resumed his position as reporter on the *Daily Chronicle;* and on the establishment of the *Evening Chronicle*, he was appointed to the post, which he held till his death, of its responsible editor. Mr. Patterson's frank and genial demeanour, combined with his honourable and upright conduct, had endeared him to all with whom he came in contact.

Mr. William Daggett, of the firm of Messrs. Ingledew and Daggett, solicitors, Newcastle, died on the 6th of December. He was the eldest son of the late Mr. Alderman Ingledew, but, for family reasons, he took the maiden name of his mother, who belonged to Pickhill, Yorkshire. The deceased gentleman was 63 years of age, and was born in Dean Street, over the offices he occupied up to his death. He served his articles as a solicitor with his father, and was admitted a practitioner in 1848. He represented St. Nicholas' Ward in the Town Council for twelve years, and acted as Under-Sheriff during his father's Shrievalty in the year 1852-53; while he was Sheriff himself in 1870-71. He retired from the Council in consequence of the pressure of professional duties and delicate health, and has since devoted himself exclusively to his avocations as a solicitor. He was Deputy-Registrar of the Newcastle County Court under the late Mr. Brook Mortimer, then joint Registrar with Mr. Mortimer, and on the death of that gentleman he became Registrar in conjunction with his brother, Mr. James H. Ingledew. On the creation of the Newcastle Bishopric, Mr. Daggett was appointed secretary to the bishop.

On the 5th of December, Mr. George Dodds, ex-Mayor of Tynemouth, and a well-known temperance advocate, died at the residence of Mr. F. Gascoigne, his son-in-law, in Newcastle. For many years a resident at Cullercoats, the deceased gentleman was elected a member of the Tynemouth Town Council in 1877, and had thus served eleven years as an efficient and useful member of that body. He had been a Guardian of the Poor in the Tynemouth



MR. GEORGE DODDS.

Union for fifteen years, and was connected with most of the philanthropic and benevolent institutions in the borough. Born in the neighbourhood of the Ouseburn, Newcastle, on the 19th of November, 1810, he had entered upon the seventy-ninth year of his age. To the last he retained his connection with his native town, in which for a long period he carried on, successfully, a coffee-roasting business. Mr. Dodds first signed the temperance pledge on the 24th of September, 1836. He was the last surviving member of the original committee of the Newcastle Temperance Society; and on the occasion of his jubilee as an abstainer, two years ago, he received the congratulations of that body, as well as of the Tynemouth Council, and of his numerous other friends in the district. The deceased gentleman was also a keen politician, and took an active part in the agitation which preceded the Reform Bill of 1832.

On the 5th of December, Mr. Joseph Jordon died at his residence, Burney Villa, James Street, Gateshead. For the last quarter of a century he took an active interest in the Gateshead Dispensary, and for the last few years acted as secretary. The deceased gentleman was about 60 years of age.

Mr. H. J. Trotter, M.P. for Colchester, son of the late William Trotter, of Bishop Auckland, died on the 6th of December, at the age of 52 years.

On the same day, Mr. W. Havelock, land agent and timber valuer, died at his residence in Henconc Street,

Hexham, in the 69th year of his age. The office of forester to the Greenwich Hospital Commissioners had been held by deceased and his fore-elders for three generations.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

NOVEMBER, 1888.

6.—It was reported that some interesting experiments had been conducted at the works of Messrs. Bell, near Middlesbrough, with a new blasting material, named "Bellite," the invention of a Swedish chemist.

7.—It was announced that Sir Lowthian Bell had been appointed by the Prince of Wales vice-chairman of the Organising Committee of the Imperial Institute.

8.—Mr. Joseph Baxter Ellis, on the eve of the termination of his year of office as Sheriff, was entertained to

JOSEPH BAXTER ELLIS.

dinner by the members of the Newcastle Corporation, at the Douglas Hotel, the chair being occupied by Mr. Alderman Newton.

—Dr. F. R. Lees, of Leeds, delivered a lecture on "The Philosophy of Temperance," in the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, Newcastle.

9.—The election of Mayors and other municipal officers for the ensuing year took place throughout the North of England. In accordance with an arrangement previously arrived at, the choice of Mayor, in the case of Newcastle, fell unanimously upon Mr. Thomas Richardson, who was proposed by Mr. Alderman Hamond, and seconded by Mr. J. G. Youll. Mr. Richardson, corn merchant, was born at Matfen, Northumberland, on the 2nd of January, 1844, and has been a member of the Council since 1876, while in 1880-81 he occupied the position of Sheriff.

Equally unanimous to the shrievalty, on this occasion, was the election of Mr. William Sutton, draper, who is a native of Langholm, Dumfriesshire, where he was born on the 19th of December, 1837. He entered the Council

as a representative of Jesmond Ward on the 1st of November, 1878. At Gateshead, Mr. Alderman John Lucas was, without opposition, elected chief-magistrate. About fifty years of age, Mr. Lucas is a native of Eighton Banks, and was first elected a member of the Town Council,

Gateshead, in 1868. The mayoral elections in the other local towns were—South Shields, Mr. Alderman Scott; Stockton, Mr. Alderman Nelson; Darlington, Mr. W. Harding; Tynemouth, Mr. R. Collins; Jarrow, Mr. Alderman Berkley; Morpeth, Mr. William Clarkson; Sunderland, Mr. Alderman Barnes; Durham, Mr. Alderman Boyd; Middlesbrough, Mr. Raylton Dixon; Hartlepool, Mr. R. C. Black; West Hartlepool, Mr. Alderman Pyman; and Berwick, Commander Norman, R.N.

10.—The usual winter series of People's Concerts commenced in the Town Hall, Newcastle.

—As President of the Durham College of Science in Newcastle, Dr. Lake, Dean of Durham and Warden of the University, issued an appeal for subscriptions on behalf of the College, a sum of not less than £20,000 being required to place it in a sound financial position.

12.—The Rev. Dr. Dallinger, the well-known Wesleyan minister and scientist, lectured on a scientific topic in Newcastle.

13.—The brig Granite, of West Hartlepool, was wrecked at the mouth of the Tees, all hands, eight in number, being drowned. Miss Strover, sister of the registrar of Hartlepool County Court, while witnessing the ineffectual attempts of the lifeboat to save the men, fell dead from excitement.

—Benjamin Dunnell, 36 years of age, was committed for trial by the Newcastle magistrates, on a charge of attempting to murder Margaret Cooper. On the 24th, he was sentenced to five years' penal servitude by Mr. Baron Pollock.

14.—In the House of Commons, in answer to a question by Mr. Milvain, Mr. Matthews, Home Secretary, stated that there had been a careful inquiry and report on the subject of the burglary at Edlingham Vicarage, near Alnwick, in Northumberland, for which offence two men were convicted in 1879, and had since been in penal servitude. The circumstances elicited were most singular and unprecedented. After careful consideration, he had directed criminal proceedings to be taken against two others, and he had ordered the two men who were convicted in 1879 to be released on license. Michael Brannagan and Peter Murphy, the two prisoners set at liberty, arrived at Alnwick from Dartmoor on the 16th, and met with a most enthusiastic reception from their relatives and the inhabitants generally. On the previous day the other two men, George Edgell, 46, and Charles Richardson, 55 years of age, were apprehended by the Alnwick police, and remanded on the charge of having, on their own confession, been implicated in the burglary. The gentlemen who had been chiefly instrumental in bringing to light the true circumstances of the extraordinary case were the Rev. J. J. M. Perry, vicar of St. Paul's, Alnwick, and Mr. C. Percy, solicitor, of the same town. Egdell and Richardson were committed for trial on the 21st; and on being brought before Mr. Baron Pollock, at the Northumberland Assizes, on the 24th, they pleaded guilty to the burglary, and were each sentenced to five years' penal servitude. In the House of Commons, on the 3rd of December, in answer to Mr. Milvain, the Home Secretary stated that a "free pardon" had been granted to Murphy and Brannagan, and that he had obtained the sanction of the Treasury, under the exceptional circumstances of the case, to offer £800 to each man as pecuniary compensation.

15.—A coroner's jury in London returned a verdict of unsound mind in the case of Mr. William Snowden Robinson, one of the senior solicitors practising in Sunderland, who had committed suicide by shooting himself at Highbury, whither he had gone on a visit.

—At a meeting of delegates of the Northumberland Miners' Union, it was decided to ask for an advance of wages to the extent of 15 per cent. The owners decided to offer an advance of 5 per cent. at hard coal collieries, and 2½ per cent. at soft coal collieries. These terms were eventually accepted by the men.

16.—It was announced that Mrs. McGrady, of Monkwearmouth, who had given birth to four children, had received £4, the Queen's bounty. (See vol. ii., page 574.) This, according to the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, was the only authenticated instance in England of a woman having borne four children at a birth.

—During a violent storm of wind, a little girl named Ethel Pender, six years of age, was blown into the middle of the street at Gateshead, and was killed by a passing vehicle. A good deal of damage was done to property in Newcastle and district. The gale was renewed with great violence on the 22nd, when a boy named Young, six years old, was killed by the fall of the chimney connected with the school at Stargate Colliery Village, in the parish of Ryton.

18.—George Macdonald, a cartman, died at Blaydon, from the effects of injuries to his head, inflicted by Edward Tench, during a quarrel, on the 16th. The man

Tench pleaded guilty to the charge of manslaughter, before Mr. Baron Pollock, at Durham Assizes, and was sentenced to ten months' hard labour.

19.—The result of the triennial election of the Gateshead School Board was announced, the Rev. W. Moore Eds, Rector, being at the head of the poll. The constitution of the Board remained practically unchanged.

—A handcuffed prisoner, named William Singleton, 33 years of age, who had been conveyed to Wallsend Railway Station for removal to Tynemouth, suddenly threw himself upon the line, and was run over by a passing train, his injuries being such that he died in a few hours at the Newcastle Infirmary.

—Dr. R. S. Watson sat as arbitrator in reference to an application for an advance of 1s. per ton in connection with the North of England Iron Trade. As the result of the arbitration, he awarded an advance of 5 per cent. on tonnage rates, and 6d. per ton on puddling. The men's claim was 10 per cent.

21.—A new Wesleyan Methodist Chapel was opened in Newport Road, Middlesbrough.

—Earl Spencer, formerly Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, addressed a political meeting in the Assembly Rooms, North Shields.

22.—The steamship Vauxhall, of London, was sunk by collision with the steamer Prudhoe Castle, in Shields Harbour, but, happily, no lives were lost.

23.—Lord Armstrong, who had come forward as a candidate for the representation of the Rothbury Division on the Northumberland County Council, addressed a public meeting at Rothbury, giving some interesting reminiscences of his early connection with Cragside.

24.—At the Newcastle Assizes, Edward Tait, 21, fitter, was sentenced to four months' imprisonment for the manslaughter of his brother, David Tait, in Newcastle.

—John Dove and Elizabeth Dove, husband and wife, who had been committed for trial on the charge of the manslaughter of their daughter, Minnie Dove, were acquitted at Newcastle Assizes, before Mr. Baron Pollock.

26.—Mr. J. G. Youll, solicitor, was elected an alderman of the Newcastle City Council.

27.—During the prevalence of a severe storm, a fishing boat from Alnmouth, belonging to George Richardson, was capsised, and Robert Richardson, one of three brothers, was drowned.

—At a conference, held in Newcastle, of representatives of the medical charities and others, it was decided that a subscription be opened to found an institution to be designated the North of England Samaritan Society, with the object of supplying medical and surgical appliances, &c., to the deserving poor.

29.—At the Durham Assizes, William Waddle was sentenced to death by Mr. Baron Pollock, for the murder of Jane Beetmoor, or Savage, at Birtley Fell, on the 22nd of September. (See vol. ii., page 526.)

—Mr. Gainsford Bruce, Q.C., son of the Rev. Dr. Bruce, of Newcastle, author of "The Roman Wall," was returned to Parliament, as member for the Holborn Division of Finsbury, in succession to the late Colonel Duncan.

—Sir William Vernon Harcourt presided at the annual dinner of the Newcastle Liberal Club, and in the evening addressed a meeting in the Town Hall. The right hon. gentleman spoke on the following evening at a meeting at Darlington.

30.—Voting papers, to the number of 85,000, were issued to the owners of property and ratepayers in Newcastle for the purpose of ascertaining whether a majority were in favour of triennial instead of annual elections of Guardians. On the papers being examined, it was found that 9,428 voted in favour of triennial, and 5,921 for annual elections.

DECEMBER.

1.—The Durham Salt Company was registered at Somerset House, with a capital of £200,000.

3.—Mrs. Ashton W. Dilke, widow of a former member for Newcastle, was present and spoke at the annual

meeting of the Newcastle and Gateshead Women's Liberal Association.

4.—A Jewish Young Men's Improvement Association was inaugurated in Newcastle.

—It was announced that Mr. J. Baxter Ellis had accepted the office of chairman of the Botanical and Horticultural Society of Newcastle, Northumberland, and Durham.

—The first launch took place from the new shipbuilding yard of Messrs. W. Gray and Co., West Hartlepool.

5.—The shareholders of the High Goaforth Park Company, at an extraordinary meeting, resolved to reduce the capital from £100,000 to £60,000, the shares in future to rank as of £30 instead of £50.

6.—It was announced that, in view of the demand for higher education at a reasonable cost, the managers of the Wesleyan Orphan House Elementary Day School, Newcastle, had decided to replace it by a Science and Art School, under the regulations of the Science and Art Department, with Mr. J. S. Chippindale as head master.

4.—Mr. and Mrs. F. J. W. Collingwood, of Glanton Pike, Northumberland, celebrated their golden wedding.

6.—The magistrates at Bedlington, on the application of Mr. Richard Fynes, as lessee, granted a full license to the new Theatre Royal at Blyth.

7.—At a special meeting of the Cowpen Local Board, it was unanimously decided to light Cowpen township with electricity, at a cost of £575 per annum.

8.—Mr. R. S. Donkin, M.P., opened a new Church of England Working Men's Club, in Tyne Street, North Shields.

9.—In the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, Mr. Arthur Nicols, F.G.S., lectured, under the auspices of the Tyne-

side Sunday Lecture Society, on "How did the World begin, and how will it end? Ancient Beliefs and Modern Science." There was a crowded audience, the chair being occupied by Mr. Alderman Barkas.

General Occurrences.

NOVEMBER, 1888.

14.—Thirty miners were killed by an explosion of fire-damp in the Frederick Pit, Dour, Belgium.

—Information was received that Mr. Jasper Douglas Pyne, M.P. for Waterford West, had been drowned whilst crossing in a steamer from Dublin to Holyhead.

15.—The marriage of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., with Miss Mary Endicott, daughter of the American Secretary for War, was solemnized at St. John's Church, Washington, United States.

19.—The Empress Frederick of Prussia, with her daughters, arrived in England on a visit to her mother, Queen Victoria.

21.—Another outrage was reported from the East End of London. An intoxicated woman was attacked by a man in a lodging-house with a knife. He only succeeded in inflicting a slight wound in the throat before she gave the alarm. Though followed for a distance, the criminal managed to get away.

About this time storms were frequent on the East Coast, many shipwrecks and much loss of life being reported.

23.—A farmer named Dennis Daly was murdered near Gloun-na-Gaentlay, near Tralee, county Kerry, Ireland.

23.—Death of Major Purcell O'Gorman, who sat in the House of Commons for several years, and enjoyed the distinction of being the biggest man in the House. He was one of the supporters of Dr. Kenealy when that member applied for a Royal Commission to inquire into the Tichborne case.

24.—O'Connor beat Teemer in a sculling match on the Potomac River, United States. On the 25th, Beach defeated Hanlan on the Parramatta River, Australia.

26.—At Betley, Staffordshire, a pointsman named James Jervis murdered his wife and two children, and took his own life.

—A boy named Serle, aged 13, was murdered at Havant. Suspicion fell upon a lad named Husband, who was arrested and charged with the crime.

30.—Several sittings of the Parnell Commission were held during November, and much important evidence was given concerning outrages and murders in Ireland.

DECEMBER.

2.—Mr. Cunninghame Graham, M.P., was ordered to withdraw from the House of Commons by the Speaker, in consequence of having characterised the refusal of Mr. W. H. Smith to give a day for the discussion of a certain motion as "a dishonourable trick."

—A demonstration took place in Paris, under the auspices of the Municipal Council, in honour of M. Baudin, a deputy who was killed at the time of the Coup d'etat, December 2, 1852.

3.—Prompt measures were taken by the British Government for the relief of Suakim, on the Red Sea, that town having been besieged for a considerable time by Arabs.

7.—Richard Wake, an artist for the *Graphic*, was killed by an Arab bullet whilst making sketches at Suakim.

9.—A daring attempt to carry out lynch law took place in the mining town of Birmingham, Alabama, United States. A mob demanded the officers of the gaol to give up a prisoner who had murdered his wife and children. This was refused. Firing was at once commenced, and about twenty of the mob were killed or wounded. During the encounter the sheriff turned a Gatling gun on the crowd.

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Extinct Wild Animals in the North.

ALTHOUGH at the present time this country, from its increased population and the waste lands being brought under cultivation, is entirely free from the large and more dangerous forms of *feræ naturæ*, yet in days gone by the Northern Counties of England, which were one vast range of forest and fell, teemed with animals living in a state of nature.

Long after the Roman occupation wolves were so numerous in the North that in the 10th century, during Athelstan's reign, roadside retreats were erected in Yorkshire for the protection of travellers from the attacks of the savage brutes. For some centuries later the wolds of Yorkshire and the great forests of Lancashire were over-run with these animals. Even down to the 15th century, during the reign of Henry VI., Robert Umfraville held the castle of Herbotell and manor of Otterburn, in Northumberland, of the King by the service of keeping the valley and liberty of Riddesdale free from the ravages of wolves which infested the great Northumbrian forests. It is supposed the last of these animals in England was slain during the reign of Henry VII.

A few years ago Mr. James Backhouse, of York, assisted by his sons, discovered in a limestone cave, situated on a ridge of hills separating Weardale and Teesdale, in the county of Durham, and about 500 feet above the valley of the Tees, a perfect skeleton of a wolf, with bones of other members of this species, besides bones of the lynx, wild cat, yellow-breasted martin, wild boar, red and roe deer, and other animals still living in the district; but no remains of pre-historic animals were found in this cave. Quite recently bones of the wolf, wild boar, bear, wild cat, and *Bos primigenius* have been discovered in the peat moss and the limestone caves of Cumberland and Westmoreland, thus undoubtedly proving that these animals were distributed throughout the Northern Counties in former times.

The wild boar, which was one of the beasts of the chase of the ancient Britons, who had it represented on their coins, roamed contemporaneously with the wolf, as the numerous skulls and other bones found in the peat mosses of Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmoreland, and the many relics of these animals discovered in Teesdale caves and other similar limestone caves, bear testimony. Some immense boars' tusks, now preserved in Middleton Hall, near Wooler, were discovered in Cresswell Moss, Northumberland; and, on the discovery of the Roman Station at the Lawe, South Shields, several perfect tusks of the boar, with broken antlers and bones of red deer, roebuck, oxen, and other animals were found and transferred to the Public Library Museum of that town.

In the parish church of Stanhope, in the county of Durham, is preserved a Roman altar found on Bollihope Common, bearing the inscription that it was dedicated to the god Silvanus, by Caius Tetius, Veturius Micianus, commander of a wing of cavalry, in consequence of his having taken a wild boar of extraordinary size which many of his predecessors had in vain endeavoured to capture. A similar altar has been discovered in Northumberland dedicated to the same deity by the hunters of Banna. The village of Brancepeth, about five miles south-west of Durham, is supposed to have taken its name from Brawnepath, the path of an enormous boar, which for years was the terror of the surrounding district. Ultimately it was beguiled into a pit fall, and slain by Roger de Ferie with his sword. An old grey stone, supposed to be the remnant of a cross in the township of Feery (now Ferry Hill) is said

to commemorate the successful adventure of Roger de Ferie, whose posterity occur in the freehold records as late as 1617. The village of Brandon, near Brancepeth, is said to derive its name from Brawnsden or Boarsden.

The last positive information we have regarding these animals in the above-named county are from the accounts of the bursar of the Monastry of Durham, for payments made for bringing in wild boars, dating from 153½ to 1533. We have no authentic records when these animals were finally extirpated from English soil; but that they existed in the great forests of Lancashire and Westmoreland well into the 17th century, we have historic evidence to show. Previous to the introduction of firearms many a swarthy tusker flourished in the vast oak forests and reedy coverts of these Northern Counties.

The stag, or red deer, now only met with in all its freedom among the wild scenery of the Highlands of Scotland and some of the Western Isles, was formerly numerous throughout the extensive forests of the North-Country. They must have been relatively plentiful in Northumberland and Durham, for on the discovery of the Roman station at South Shields, as I have already stated, quantities of broken antlers and other remains were found. Thus it would appear that venison had been largely used as food by the Roman conquerors. A great many perfect antlers of red deer have been, from time to time, brought up from the bed of the Tyne by the dredgers. Some that I have seen were in a very perfect condition, and, judging from their partially-fossilised state, must have lain long in the river bed. Red deer must have lingered longer in the North-West Counties after their disappearance from the Northern Counties, for it is recorded that the last of these animals were destroyed in the great forest of Bowland in Lancashire in 1805.

The roe buck, like the red deer, is unknown in a wild state south of the Firth of Forth at the present day. Yet it lived coetaneous with its larger relative, its bones and antlers having been found in the same caves and peat mosses with those of the red deer.

During the post-glacial age, reindeer roamed throughout the length and breadth of the British Isles, and they have left their remains in the peat mosses and river deposits of the North, as well as in other districts of the country. Their disappearance would seem to be due to climatic changes, as several attempts have been made to introduce them into the Highlands of Scotland; but in every instance they have failed. Even at the present day the reindeer of Swedish and Norwegian Lapland are gradually retreating further north within the Arctic circle.

Antlers of the European elk *(Cervus alces)*, an animal at present confined to northern Europe, were found in Chirden Burn, North Tyne. They are now preserved in the palæontological department of the Museum of Natural History, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Other remains of *Cervus alces* have been met with in the neighbouring counties, and a skull with the antlers attached was found in Whitrig Bog, Berwickshire. This find is now in the museum of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland in Edinburgh.

Going back to prehistoric times, we find that the gigantic Irish deer *(Cervus megaceris giganteus)*, so named from the abundance of its remains found in the shell marl and peat bogs of Ireland, once ranged through the forests of the Northern Counties. Its bones have been discovered in Northumberland and Durham, at the mouth of the Tees, and at South Shields. The jaws and other bones of this beast unearthed at Shields were deposited on the boulder-clay, beneath the peat and brick earth. They are now in the Newcastle Museum.

Bos primigenius (the *Urus* of Cæsar) must once have been plentiful from the number of its remains found in the peat mosses of the North. Two skulls of this gigantic extinct ox, with their horn cores attached, in the possession of Mr. Robert Blair, South Shields, were dug out of Jarrow Slake near that town. Skulls of the extinct *Bos longifrons*, in the Public Library Museum, South Shields, were found amongst other animal remains at the Roman station at the Lawe.

We have it in evidence that the European lynx had its habitation in these Northern Counties, from its well-preserved bones found in conjunction with the bones of wolf, wild boar, wild cat, and others in the Teesdale cave. Upwards of a century ago, the wild cat was not uncommon in the North of England, but, at the present time, it is confined to the Northern Highlands of Scotland. The last recorded instance of its capture in Northumberland was of one being killed on the Eslington estate, belonging to the Earl of Ravensworth, nearly fifty years ago.

The yellow-breasted marten, now restricted to the Highland forests of Scotland and Wales, and the woods of Lincolnshire, with a few individuals which still linger among the mountainous crags of Cumberland, formerly inhabited these parts. Its remains have been found in Teesdale cave, and in the more recently discovered sea cave at Whitburn Lizards, near Marsden. A yellow-breasted martin was caught in the grounds of West Chirton House, near North Shields, on May 23, 1883. In the following week another animal of this species was taken in a trap at Harehope, near Alnwick, Northumberland. Doubtless these two animals, a male and female, caught within a week of each other, had strayed away from their haunts in the Cumberland hills. The one taken at Chirton came into my possession a few days after its capture. It was fierce and intractable, burying itself in the hay of its bed, and refusing all food when looked at. Although it lived nearly two years in confinement, it never lost its savage wildness. Previous to these captures the last instance on record of the yellow-breasted marten seen in Northumberland was one which had taken up its abode in a crow's nest near Rothbury about 60 years ago.

The foumart or pole cat is now almost, if not already, extirpated from out the counties of Durham and Northumberland. A few yet remain among the crags of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

The European bear *(Ursus arctos)* and the beaver existed in this country within historic times, and many of the first-named animals were imported into Imperial Rome for the gladiatorial shows. Few remains of either of these animals have been discovered in the Northern Counties. A perfect skull and some bones of the Caledonian bear found in the peat at Shaws, Dumfriesshire, are now in the museum of the Society of Antiquaries, Edinburgh. The jaws of the beaver found in the marl in Loch Maree, near Cupar-Angus, are deposited in the same museum. Other remains of the beaver have been found in Dumfriesshire, Roxburghshire, Berwickshire, and in Sedbergh and other places in Yorkshire.

WM. YELLOWLY.

Our Roman Roads.

The Watling Street.

WATLING STREET began, on the coast of Kent, with three short branches converging on Canterbury, those from Dover (Dubris), Richborough (Rutupium), and Limpnie (Portus Lemanus) respectively, and then it went on to London (Londinium), from which, as now, a number of distinct lines of road diverged. Then by way of St. Albans, Dunstable, Wroxeter, and other towns, sixteen or seventeen in all, the Watling Street arrived at Abergwyngregyn (now simply Aber), once the residence of the native princes of North Wales, and Bangor, on the banks of the Menai Strait, whence there were ferries across to the Isle of Angelsey (Mona), the chief seat of the Druids. This line coincided for a considerable part of the way with the old Irish mail route from London to Holyhead. At a place which the Romans called Etiocetum, now Wall, in Staffordshire, a branch called the Via Devana, left the Holyhead line, and proceeded westward to Chester (Deva), then a much more important place than it now is. From Chester the Watling Street came on by Northwich, where the Romans made good use of the copious brine springs, and passed Knutsford and Altringham, nearly on the line of the Cheshire Railways, to Manchester (Mancunium), where it crossed the Mersey; thence over the moors by Ilkley (Olicana), Masham, Hornby, and Catterick (Cataractonum) to a ford over the river Tees near Piercebridge (Ad Tisam), where it entered the county of Durham.

From Piercebridge, the Watling Street passed away nearly north, through a rich and interesting country, in the direction of Auckland, almost on the line of the old highway, to Binchester (Vinovium or Vinovia), then a town of same extent, said to have been the site of a pottery which produced ware equal, if not superior, to any made in Britain, and popularly famous for the numerous coins of the higher and lower empire found there, called Binchester pennies. The Wear was crossed in the neighbourhood of Willington, from whence the road stretched due north past Brandon Hill to the Dearness, and so on to Lanchester (Epiacum), where the Roman town occupied a lofty brow on a tongue of land formed by the junction of two small streams on the west side of the modern village. This was a very important place fourteen hundred years ago, as evidenced by the numerous antiquities dug up on its site.* It had a court-house (basilica), aqueducts, and public baths, and likewise an arsenal and commodious barracks, which latter, we are told, were rebuilt by the Emperor Gordianus when they had fallen into decay. After leaving this noble station, the road ran past Leadgate, and to the westward of Pontop Pike, to Ebchester (Vindomora), where it crossed the Derwent into Northumberland, and where the remains of it are still plainly to be seen, both near the modern village, and as it ascends the hill opposite, leading to the Corstopitum, now Corchester, close beside Corbridge, where the Tyne was crossed.

Corstopitum was one of the most important towns on the banks of the Tyne, not only during the Roman period, but for several ages afterwards, even down to the terrible times of the Scottish wars. From it the Watling Street ran, in a generally straight line, nearly north-north-west, through Northumberland, over the Cheviots, into Scotland; and during the Middle Ages and down till last century, when other roads were made, it continued to be the great central route of communication between England and Scotland. On this account it is probable that the great fair for live stock held at Stagshawbank, near Corbridge, immediately south of the Roman Wall, at stated periods through the year, has come down to us from the time of the Roman occupation.

The Roman Wall was crossed at a place called Portgate, near Halton Chesters (Hunnum); and then the Watling Street stretched away, almost as straight as the crow flies, to Risingham (Habitancum), near Woodburn, on the Reed. This famous place, the name of which signifies the home of the giant, is mentioned by Sir Walter Scott in the notes to "Rokeby," as it had previously been by Warburton in his account of Northumberland, published in 1726, as distinguished by the possession of the celebrated "antic figure" of Robin of Reedsdale, who is supposed to have been a great Roman hunter in the primeval British forest.† The river Reed was here crossed over to the right bank, along which the road proceeded for six or seven miles, mostly in the line of the old turnpike, past Troughend, till it crossed the river once more at Ellishaw.

* See *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. ii., page 73.

† For Robin of Risingham see *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. ii., p. 63.

The next station was Bremenium, now High Rochester, or Riechester, near Burnhope Craig, placed on the brow of a steep rugged hill, with walls seven feet in thickness, chequered with ashlar work, and defended by triple ramparts of earth. It was the strongest fortress the Romans possessed in Northumberland, commanding, as it did, the pass over the Cheviots into Redesdale; and before they took possession of it, it was the chief fortress of that tribe of the Brigantes known as the Ottadini, whose country is believed to have extended from the Tyne to the Forth, along the sea coast, and for some distance inland, where they bordered on another British tribe, inhabiting Jed Forest and Teviotdale—the Gadeni.

After leaving Rochester, the road ran straight north, and made for the border line between England and Scotland at the head of Coquet, following the course of the Sills Burn, crossing the wide waste of Thillmoor, by way of Gemmelscleugh, or Gemmelspath, reaching Chew Green, the Ad Fines of the Itinerary, at the foot of the Brown Hart Law, on a gently sloping hill, at the base of which the two heads of the Coquet have their rise. This is a most wonderful place, almost bewildering in the intricacy of its fortifications.

Beyond Ad Fines the road bends round Brown Hart Law; and while doing so it crosses the border line, and from thence proceeds northward, on the back of the range of hills which send down their streams into the Cayle, near the Hindhopes, on the west of Blackhall Hill and Resby Fell; thence by the head of Skerrysburghope, and onwards for Wodenlaw, the eastern base of which it skirts, and descends the mountains to the Cayle, which it passes at Towford. On the top of Wodenlaw there have been two forts, defended on the south-east by triple ramparts for the purpose of guarding the mountain pass. This elevated station commands a magnificent prospect on the west, north, and east. Westward the whole northern slopes of the Cheviot range are exposed to view. On the north, the lofty range of the Lammermoors limits the vision, while eastward the German Ocean is visible. Between Wodenlaw and the summit of Soltra lies a beautiful country, encircled by alpine summits, extending to nearly forty miles in diameter. Almost in the middle of the magnificent scene the three-peaked Eildons are seen from base to crest.

The Watling Street, leaving the valley of the Cayle and traversing that of the Oxnam, past Street House and Pennymuir, reaches the Jed, near its junction with the Teviot, at Bonjedward (Gadanica), where there was another great central station. Then, crossing the Teviot, it runs over Lilliard's Edge, the scene of the battle of Ancrum Moor,* to a station in the neighbourhood of the Eildon Hills (the Trimontium of the Romans). This station is understood to have been at Eildon, where the headquarters of the troops were established; and at Newstead, a mile or so further on, immediately below Melrose, the numerous Roman antiquities which are found demonstrate it to have been a large town at least down till the close of the fifth century, when the Romans abandoned Britain. The Tweed was here crossed, it is thought, by a stone bridge of which the abutments were once traceable on both sides of the river.

Thence the Watling Street proceeded northwards up the west bank of the Leader, past Chester Lee and Black Chester to Channelkirk, situated on the southern slopes of the Lammermoors. From Channelkirk, where the remains of the Roman camp are still to be seen, the great road pursued its way over Soutra Hill across Midlothian to the site of the modern city of Edinburgh.

In many parts of its course, both northwards and southwards, the Watling Street is still open. During the last three-quarters of the eighteenth century, and the first quarter of this, the cattle trade from Scotland mostly passed along it; and the traffic at some times of the year—as after the Doune and Falkirk Trysts, the largest fairs in Britain—was enormous, the herds of black Highland kyloes following one another, without intermission, for days, on their long, weary way southwards to the great fair at Chipping-Barnet, near St. Albans, if not disposed of elsewhere on the route. One need not wonder to find the road much cut up in many places, considering for what a length of time it continued to be thus used without the least pains being taken to keep it in order: considering also that every farmer in the vicinity felt no manner of scruple in carting off stones from it, and that the county surveyors used the same freedom when forming new statute-labour or turnpike roads.

WILLIAM BROCKIE.

* See vol. ii., page 245.

Ghosts at Tudhoe.

MANY long years ago, before there were any ironworks in or near the pleasant village of Tudhoe, or any paper manufactory in the neighbourhood, or ladies' seminary, or gentlemen's boarding school, or even a public-house—when the township was entirely rural, and the principal inhabitants besides the vicar were the farmers who occupied the eight farms of Tudhoe Hall, Tudhoe North Farm, High Butcher Race, Black Horse, York Hill, Coldstream, Tudhoe Moor, and Tudhoe Mill—a company of reapers assembled at the last named place, in the farmer's kitchen, to regale themselves on the evening of the concluding reaping day with a "mell supper"—the North Country term for the feast of harvest home. The mell dolly or kirn babby, made of the last cuts of corn reaped, gaily decorated with ribbons, had been carried home in triumph by the women from the harvest field,

with merry shouting, singing, and dancing, and duly fixed up above the dresser, to remain there till the next year; and the farmer's wife had had her week's churning hat forenoon, so as to have plenty of fresh butter to regale the company with, and there was a whole pile of barmy fadges, of beef and mutton and pork and home-made cheese—everything, in short to constitute a hearty hearty, wholesome, substantial supper—while the good-man had laid in what he deemed an adequate supply of liquids to cheer the hearts and raise the spirits of the assembled company. But either the party was larger than had been expected, or they drank more freely than their host had anticipated, for the liquor was exhausted before the thirst of some of the older hands had been fully satisfied; so it was agreed that each of them should contribute a small sum, and that one of the company should be despatched forthwith to the nearest public house for a fresh supply. The mission was entrusted to a poor fellow, a sort of half-wit, who was always ready to go on anybody's chance errands. He was directed to go to Sunderland Bridge, which was about a mile and a half distant, and get a couple of quart bottles of whisky filled at the public house, and come back as fast as his legs could carry him. But when he had been absent nearly three hours, the thirsty souls naturally began to be very impatient. As he seemed likely to be loitering by the way, one of the men at length swore, with a deep oath, that he would go and bring him back by "the lug and the horn," but, on second thoughts, he resolved to give him such a fright that he would run straight to the mill-house, without once daring to look over his shoulder. Accordingly he procured a sheet, drew it round him, and stalked out to meet "Simple Simey." His thirsty compotators waited long, but neither the messenger nor the man in search of him appeared. Some of the company went home disgusted, but a good many sat still in expectation. At last day began to break, and they could sit no longer. But just when they were on the point of departing the poor half-wit rushed in among them, pale and trembling; and when they asked him why he had stayed so long, and whether he had seen anything uncanny, he replied, "Aye, that aa have! As aa was coming past the Nicky-Nack Field, a white ghost came out upon me, and aa was sair freeten'd; but when aa looked aa saw a black ghost ahint it; so aa yowled as loud as aa could to the black ghost to catch the white ghost; and the white ghost leukt about, and when it saw the black yen, it screamed oot amain and tried to run away; but blackey was ower clivvor for't, and ran like a hatter, till it gat haud o' whitey, and ran away wiv him aaltogether!" When day dawned, and the men ventured forth to seek their companion, they discovered in the Nicky-Nack Field a few fragments of the sheet in which he had been wrapped, but what had become of the man himself could never be ascertained.

Another Tudhoe tradition relates to an incident that happened to the occupier of Tudhoe Mill about the end of the last century. He is represented to have been a quiet, steady man, who always came home sober from Durham, Bishop Auckland, or elsewhere on market days. On one occasion he had been at Durham on business, and had been detained till night-fall. He was returning home on foot, and had reached Sunderland Bridge, when, looking up the bank before him, he espied, at the distance of about twenty paces, a stiff-built man trudging along the road. As the place was lonely, he felt glad that he was likely to get a companion to walk home with, although he wondered that he had not observed the person before, as the road was quite straight at the place. The stranger seemed to be a tallish man, wearing a broad-brimmed hat, which made the farmer suspect he must be a Quaker. While this increased his wonder that a member of that respectable society should be travelling alone there at that time at night, he quickened his steps so as to overtake him. It was very strange, however; the quicker he walked, so much the quicker glided on the person in advance, and yet without appearing to exert himself in the least. They kept at about the same distance from each other, while both accelerated their pace, until they arrived at Nicky-Nack Bridge, and the miller was about to turn off to the gate on the right hand. In doing so he withdrew his eyes from the object before him, it might be just for a moment, and when he looked again there was nothing on the bridge, nor on the slight ascent beyond it, nor yet in the lane further away. Astonished at this, and determined to solve the mystery, he turned and examined every place where it was possible the man might have concealed himself. But it was in vain that he did so. A suspicion now for the first time flashed through the miller's mind, that it might possibly be an apparition; but, as he had never knowingly harmed anybody, he had no apprehension that any "ill thing" could have been sent to haunt or frighten him; and so, without feeling in the least nervous, but much puzzled what to think of the affair, he went straight home, where he told his wife what he had seen. He got little satisfaction, however, from the good dame, who was a very matter-of-fact woman, and who assured him that he must have been dreaming with his eyes open. Till the day of his death, however, the miller remained unconvinced. It was something supernatural he had seen; there could be no doubt about it. But why it should have been sent to him, at that particular time and place, he knew no more than the man in the moon. And so the matter had to rest. Nevertheless, if we might venture to suggest an explanation, we should be inclined to say that the honest man had only seen his own shadow thrown upon the road right in front of him by that mighty mother of enchantments, the moon, who had coyly popped in behind a cloud at the moment when the Eidolon disappeared.

Many similar legends (some of which are mentioned in

Charles Waterton's Autobiography, quoted on p. 450 of this volume of the *Monthly Chronicle*), lingered long among the old inhabitants of Tudhoe, but with the spread of education, and the great influx of strangers into the district to carry on the coal-mining and iron industries, they have now mostly faded out of recollection, and are beyond hope of recovery.

Football in the North.

WE cannot pretend to determine at what period the game of football originated. That of hand-ball, as we learn from the "Iliad," was practised in Ionia and the Troad before the days of Homer. We also find it alluded to in many passages of the Latin classics. Thus Plautus says: "The gods have men for their balls to play with." Seneca speaks of "skilfully and diligently catching the ball, and aptly and quickly sending it on." And "the ball is mine" (*Mea pila est*) was proverbial among the Romans for "I've won!" In this country football has been a favourite winter game from a very remote date—how far back neither Strutt nor any other writer on sports and pastimes can tell us. King Edward III. prohibited it by public edict in 1349, because it was supposed to impede the progress of archery, then all-important as a branch of national defence; and King James I., in his "Basilicon Doron," fulminated against the game, as he did against the use of tobacco, in the following strain:—"From this court I debar all rough and violent exercises as the football, meeter for lameing than making able the users thereof." But, notwithstanding this interdict, confirmed as it was under the Commonwealth, merry-makers continued to play at the heroic old game, even in the narrow and crooked streets of London, which, as Sir William Davenant wrote, was "not very conveniently civil." One of Hone's correspondents, writing in the "Every Day Book," says that when he was a boy football was commonly played on the Sunday mornings before church time in a village in the West of England; and he adds that, at the time when he wrote, it was played during fine weather every Sunday afternoon by a number of Irishmen in some fields near Islington.

There is a short description of a country wake in the *Spectator*, wherein the writer, believed to be Addison, says that, after finding a ring of cudgel-players, "who were breaking one another's heads in order to make some impression on their mistresses' hearts," he came to a football match, and afterwards to a ring of wrestlers, and also a group engaged in pitching the bar. And he concludes by saying that the squire of the parish always treated the company every year with a hogshead of ale.

Football was very common on the Borders during the long wars between England and Scotland. Whenever a foray was contemplated, as it often was, in time of truce, a match would be got up, under cover of which great numbers would assemble without exciting suspicion, and concert a plan for making a raid over to the English or Scotch side, as the case might be. At other times, persons not friendly to the existing Government would meet at football, and there talk treason without being suspected. Each district had rules of its own; but in almost every parish, and in every town or village, some particular saint's day was set apart for "playing a gole" at camp-ball, field-ball, or foot-ball, as the game was variously named. The usual time was at Shrovetide, when sports and feasting were in full vogue all over, previous to the commencement of Lent. The regular custom was to have a cockfight as well as a football match on Shrove or Pancake Tuesday. At some places every man in the parish, gentry not excepted, was obliged to turn out and support the side to which he belonged, and any person who neglected to do so was fined; but this custom, being attended with inconvenience, has long since been abolished.

At Inveresk, in Midlothian, there used to be a standing match at football on Shrove Tuesday, there called Fastern's Een, between the married and unmarried women, and the former, it is said, were always victorious. This was a peculiar case, however.

In most places the contest was between the bachelors and the married men. In towns where there was a market cross, the parties drew themselves up on opposite sides at a certain hour, say two o'clock p.m., when the ball was thrown up and the play went on till sunset or later, fast and furious, the combatants kicking each others' shins without the least ceremony, though it might be against the rules.

At Scone, the old residence of the Kings of Scotland, handball and not football was the favourite game preferred; and there, though no person was allowed by the conventional law to kick the ball, but only to run away with it, and throw it from him when stopped, there was generally some scene of violence before the game was won, which caused it to be proverbial in that part of the country—"All was fair at the Ball of Scone."

The conqueror at a handball match was entitled to keep the ball till the next year, when he had the much coveted honour of being the first to throw it up. A man belonging to Hawick, named, if we mistake not, Glendinning—being a crack runner, who had often come off victor in his native town in the matches there, where the opposing players are the residents east and west of the Slitrig, locally known as the Eastla' and Westla' Water Men—was in the habit of crossing the Border every year about Shrovetide, and taking a part in the ball quisition during the day, together, of course, with lashings of drink.

Such are some of the historic features of a pastime

play, sometimes in Northumberland, and at other times in Cumberland; and he generally managed to bring home the ball with him in triumph. In some places the prize for the victor was a new beaver hat, and when Glendinning knew that to be the case, he always went away with as shabby an old head-covering as he could find, confident that he would come back with a much better one after a new victory.

Brand tells us that it was once customary among the colliers and others in the North of England for a party to watch at a wedding for the bridegroom's coming out of church, after the ceremony, in order to demand money for a football—a claim that admitted of no refusal, for, if it was not complied with, the newly-married couple were liable to be grossly insulted, with loud hootings at least, if not getting bespattered with mud.

In several places, it was the custom to carry the football from door to door, and beg money to be spent in refreshments; and here likewise it was dangerous to refuse, because the recusants' windows were very likely to be broken by the lads as soon as it was dark. Where the game was played in the High Street, people generally took the precaution to shut their shops and barricade their front windows in the course of the forenoon. The scene, when the players got fully heated, would baffle description, old and young contending as keenly as if the prize had been a kingdom. Sometimes, where a river intervened, as it does, say, at Hawick, Jedburgh, Alnwick, Wooler, Chester-le-Street, and other places, the players considered it no obstacle whatever, but rather thought it the best of the fun to plunge in tumultuously, be the water deep or shallow, and rather risk being half-drowned than interrupt the game.

On Shrove Tuesday there was always a great game at football in many parishes in the North of England. Chester-le-Street, Rothbury, Alnwick, Wooler, and other towns, were particularly famous. The game is still played with great vigour in the former place between the up-towners and the down-towners. Brand describes the ceremonial as observed at Alnwick in the year 1762. The waits belonging to the town came playing to the castle at 2 p.m., when a football was thrown over the wall to the populace congregated before the gates. Then came forth the tall and stately porter dressed in the Percy livery, blue and yellow, plentifully decorated with silver lace, and gave the ball its first kick, sending it bounding out of the barbican of the castle into Bailiffgate; and then the young and vigorous kicked it through the principal streets of the town, and afterwards into the pasture, which had been used from time immemorial for such enjoyments. Here it was kicked about until the great struggle came for the honour of making capture of the ball itself. The more vigorous combatants kicked it away from the multitude, and at last some one, stronger and fleeter than the rest, seized upon it and fled away pursued by others. To escape with the ball, the river Aln was waded through or swam across, and walls were scaled and hedges broken down. The victor was the hero of the day, and proud of his trophy.

When Lord John Russell, in the year 1835, introduced the Municipal Reform Bill into the House of Commons, its provisions created much excitement throughout the country, and numerous meetings were held all over England, either in support of or in opposition to the measure. The Duke of Northumberland, jealous of any interference with his manorial rights, gave the most determined opposition to the bill, and left no stone unturned to prevent Alnwick from being included within its scope. As one cheap and ready means of effecting his object, he gave the sum of £10 that year to the ball players to be spent in seasonable refreshments. A man named Joe Ramsay was running down the street proclaiming the glad news, when an old woman cried aloud that it would have been wiser like if his Grace had given the money to the poor. "Damn the poor! they want everything," was Joe's sharp rejoinder. There were a good many Chartists at that time in Alnwick, and they managed to get up a petition in favour of the bill; but the bulk of the freemen, either of their own spontaneous accord, or seeking to curry favour with the duke and his agents, sent up petitions, much more numerously signed, for the withdrawal of the borough from the bill; and Alnwick was accordingly erased in the House of Lords, and remains to this day outside the area of reformed municipal corporations. With the money given by the duke, several barrels of strong ale were purchased, and a regular jollification took place in the Town Hall, after the ball play was over. There was "dancing and deray" to the heart's content of the lads and lasses, and "guttling and guzzling" among the elders, till the small hours of the morning; and the solid and liquid stuffs left over were consumed next day by all who felt inclined to come. An unlucky Chartist, who had the temerity to intrude himself into the jovial company, thinking there was no reason why he should not have his share of the good things that were going, was detected as soon as he showed his face, laid violent hands upon, and would have been tossed over the outside stone stair of the hall, if some of the more sober guests had not interfered. The venturesome Chartist's name was Will Hardy.

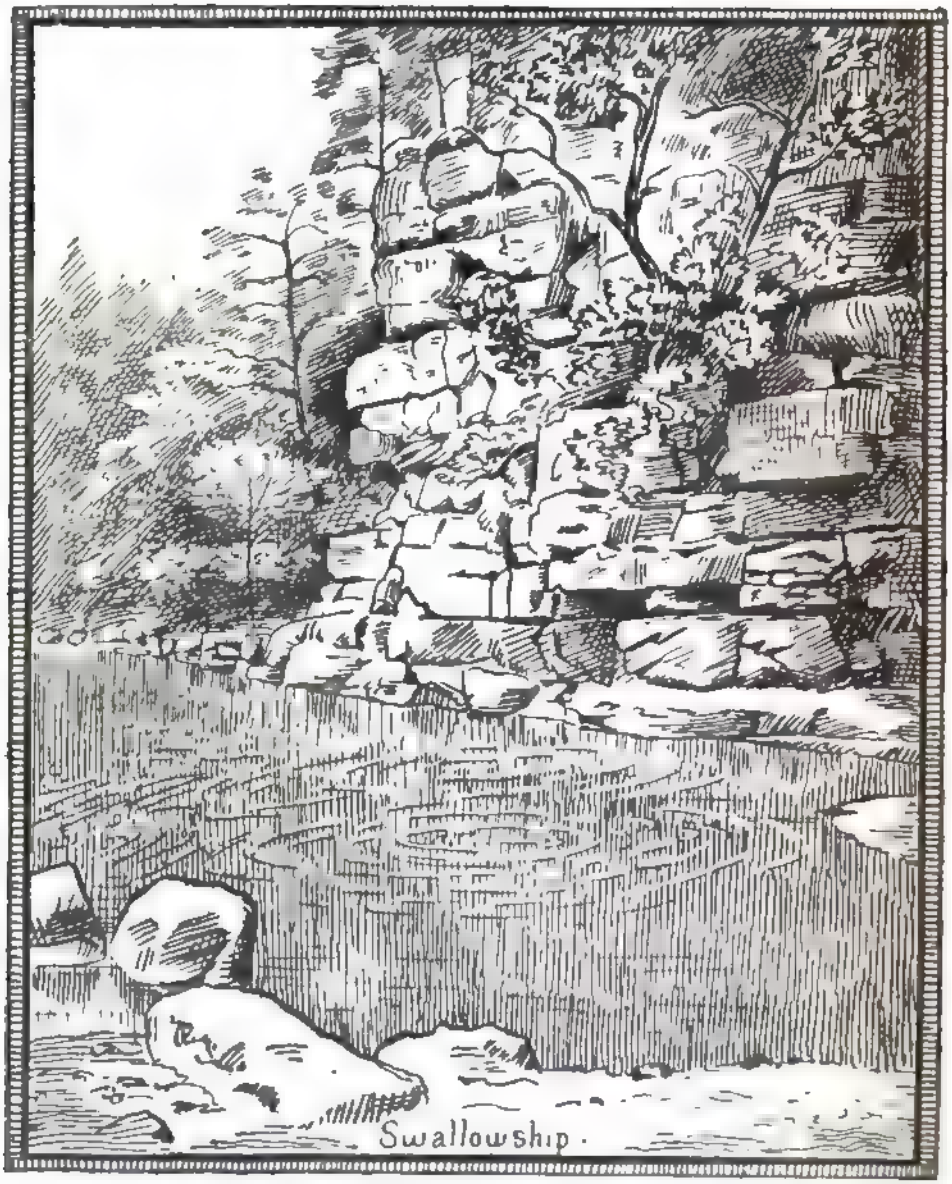
At Wooler, the game was played between the married and unmarried men; and after kicking the ball through the town, one party endeavoured to kick it into the hopper of Earl Mill, and the other over a tree which stood at the "crook of the Till." In the days of yore, this contest sometimes continued for three days.

In many of the villages in North Northumberland, as well as in Yetholm, Morebattle, and other places on the Scottish Border, there was always a dance after the ball play, and a general feasting on currant dumplings, to cook which most of the kail pots were put in re-

which has in our own day become more popular in all parts of the country than any other winter amusement. W. B.

Swallowship.

HEXHAM, with its historic associations, affords a fair field for the antiquary and archæologist, and the lover of nature is delighted with its picturesque surroundings. Few parts of Northumberland can compare with it for delightful walks, not the least attractive being that from the old town to Swallowship. This is the name of a small promontory round which the Devil's Water peacefully flows in marked contrast to its previous noisy career. On both sides of the stream, for a short distance, vertical cliffs, clothed with verdure, add dignity to the scene. The place is much frequented by holiday parties and is a favourite subject with local artists and photographers. Our drawing is reproduced from a photograph by Mr. J. P. Gibson, the well-known landscape photographer of Hexham.



Charles Dickens in the North.

IT is now more than eighteen years since Charles Dickens, "the most popular novelist of the century, and one of the greatest humourists that England has produced," passed away, amidst the deep sorrow and regret of the whole English nation, and indeed of almost every civilised people. Turning over the leaves of Forster's life of the great writer the other day, I was struck with his evident liking for Newcastle and Newcastle people. That this liking was genuine, and not assumed to please his friend Forster,* seems plain enough, for he gives many good reasons why he was so fond of North-Country men.

But first a word about Dickens's birthplace, and the house in which he died at Gad's Hill. The great novelist was born in the end house at Mile End Terrace (a short terrace of six houses) in Commercial Road, Landport, Portsmouth. Curiously enough, the house was owned and

occupied by a Newcastle gentleman, as he himself lately stated in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, for about fifteen years. It is now in the same state, and has the same appearance, as when Dickens first saw the light within its walls. Gad's Hill Place, where Dickens died suddenly on the 9th of June, 1870, is famous also for its association with the exploits of Shakespeare's Sir John Falstaff. Indeed, there is an inn near it bearing the name of the redoubtable knight. It was at this inn that a waiter lamented the death of Charles Dickens because "he used to have all his beer there." The dining-room of Gad's Hill Place is depicted in Fildes's celebrated

picture, "The Empty Chair." Here it was that Dickens died. Seized with a fit during dinner, he was laid on a couch in a corner of the room, and never rose more.

The first time Charles Dickens visited Newcastle was at the end of August, 1852. Some little while before that it was proposed that a series of amateur dramatic performances should be given by the most eminent authors and artists in behalf of the "Guild of Literature and Art," which had just been established for the benefit of poor members of those crafts who had been overtaken by sickness, old age, or misfortune. Sir Bulwer Lytton had written a comedy—"Not so Bad as we Seem"—for the amateurs, and this was first played at Devonshire House, her Majesty and the Prince Consort being present. Amongst the actors were Mark Lemon, John Forster, Wilkie Collins, Douglas Jerrold, Charles Knight, John Tenniel, Augustus Egg, &c. Stanfield, Maclise, Grieve, Telbin, and other eminent artists painted the scenery, and the distinguished company—the most remarkable company of actors that ever "starred" through the provinces—set out on their tour through the large provincial towns. Everywhere the enterprise was a big success. Whether the room was large or small—they did not perform in a licensed theatre—it was always packed from floor to ceiling.

Before the company arrived at Newcastle, John Forster had to return to London on some important business or other. This was a disappointment, and so was the absence of Douglas Jerrold, who, from some cause which I cannot make out, did not appear in Newcastle. The comedy was performed in the Assembly Rooms on the 27th August, 1852. "Into the room," writes Dickens, "where Lord Carlisle was, by-the-bye, they squeezed 600 people at 12s. 6d. into a space reasonably capable of holding 300." Of the performance as a whole, the *Newcastle*

* For some account of John Forster, see vol. ii., page 49.

Chronicle has a well-written criticism. After lamenting the absence of Forster and Jerrold, that paper goes on to say:—"The play itself is loosely hung together, the plot is insufficient and meagre, and does not furnish adequate motives for the development of the conclusion; but with the aid of fine music, costly costumes, magnificent scenery, and really respectable acting, it went off exceedingly well, and was most enthusiastically applauded." The *Chronicle* speaks very highly of the acting of Charles Dickens, especially in the farce, where, along with Mark Lemon, he kept the audience in a continual roar of laughter. The farce, I believe, was a new one, entitled "Mr. Nightingale's Diary," and was played for the first time at Newcastle. An unfortunate accident had occurred at the Central Station on the arrival of the company, a pair of runaway horses upsetting one of the vans containing the scenery, every atom of which was turned over. By good luck, however, there was no damage done.

The Guild of Literature and Art Company were at Sunderland, August 28, the night after the Newcastle performance. Writing from the Wear borough to Forster, Dickens says:—"Last night, in a hall built like a theatre, with pit, boxes, and gallery, we had about 1,200 people—I dare say more. They began with a round of applause when Coote's white waistcoat appeared in the orchestra, and wound up the farce with three deafening cheers. I never saw such good fellows. Stanny (Stanfield) is their fellow-townsman, was born here, and they applauded his scenes as if it was himself." Dickens had walked from Newcastle to Sunderland that morning.

The hall engaged by the amateurs at Sunderland was a perfectly new one, having, in fact, had the slates put on only overnight. As Dickens was manager of the company, and responsible for everything before and behind the curtain, his anxiety and "worrit" lest the place should prove unsafe, and an accident should happen to the immense audience assembled within its walls, nearly made him ill, and all but caused him to stop the performance. But Dickens always got fun out of the most serious difficulties, and we cannot help smiling at his own description of his dilemma. "I asked W.," he says, "what *he* thought, and he consolingly observed that his digestion was so bad that death had no terrors for him!" "The only comfort I had," he continued, "was in stumbling at length on the builder, and finding him a plain, practical North-Countryman, with a foot rule in his pocket. I took him aside, and asked him should we, or could we, prop up any weak part of the place. He told me there wasn't a stronger building in the world; that they had opened it on Thursday night to thousands of the working people, and induced them to sing and make every possible trial of the vibration." This somewhat pacified Dickens; the performance took place, and, as we have seen, was a great success.

Mr. Dickens's earliest public readings were given at Birmingham on behalf of a new literary institute there, and his services were of course gratuitous. This was in the middle of December, 1853. Although he insisted that a number of seats should be reserved for working men at threepence each, the institution was benefited by these readings to the extent of between £400 and £500. In the following year, for a similar purpose, he read at Bradford in a carpenter's shop, with equally satisfactory results, the price of admission being 5s., though he again stipulated that a number of threepenny seats should be reserved for workmen. The natural result of Dickens's kindness was to overwhelm him with applications from all parts of the kingdom to read (without pay, we may be sure) for all sorts of institutions and objects, which in self-defence he was obliged to decline. From the great interest taken in his readings, however, and the enthusiasm with which they were always received, he conceived the idea of paid readings for the benefit of Charles Dickens himself. It was not till after much doubt and hesitation that he came to this resolution; indeed, it took him years of anxious thought before he finally decided. In April, 1858, however, he began with a series of sixteen readings in London, and in August of the same year he took his first provincial tour.

He visited Newcastle in its turn on the 24th and 25th September, 1859, and gave three readings in the Town Hall. The first evening he read his "Christmas Carol.' On the following afternoon he read "Little Dombey," and the "Trial" from "Pickwick"; and at night, the "Poor Traveller," "Boots at the Holly Tree," and "Mrs. Gamp." I was present at the first reading, when the room was full, but by no means crowded. Dickens did not read from the orchestra platform, but from his own table, constructed for the purpose, which was placed on the floor at the organ end of the hall. Afterwards he expressed himself as being much pleased with his visit, both as regards the audience and the hearty way in which he was received.

In 1861 Dickens was again in Newcastle, and gave three readings in the Music Hall, Nelson Street, on the 21st, 22nd, and 23rd November, "before an audience (said the *Daily Chronicle)* which any author, however distinguished, might feel proud to appear." The people were packed as close almost as apples in a barrel, and the hall, which had just been enlarged and decorated, looked brilliant. fully one half of the audience being gaily dressed ladies. The readings were from "David Copperfield," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Little Dombey," and the "Trial" from "Pickwick." I cannot forbear quoting Dickens's opinion of a Newcastle audience, which he gives in a letter to Forster:—"At Newcastle, against the very heavy expenses, I made more than a hundred guineas profit. A finer audience there is not in England, and I suppose them to be a specially earnest people; for, while they can laugh till they shake the roof, they have a

very unusual sympathy with what is pathetic or passionate."

Bravo! Charles Dickens. I was myself present on the "Dombey" night, and could not help remarking how deeply affected the late Mr. Lockey Harle seemed to be when the reader came to the death of little Paul. He could not conceal his emotion, and indeed made no effort to do so. He was affected in quite another fashion however, when the "Trial" from "Pickwick" came to be read. No schoolboy at a pantomime could laugh more heartily at the eccentricities of clown or the mishaps of pantaloon than did Mr. Harle at the rich humour of the trial scene, and his merriment at times rose to a perfect shout at the turgid eloquence of Serjeant Buzfus.

An accident, which might have been very serious, occurred on the second night, an account of which Dickens wrote, not only to Forster, but to his friends at home. I will give his own words:—"An extraordinary thing occurred on the second night. The room was tremendously crowded, and my gas apparatus fell down. There was a terrible wave among the people for an instant, and God knows what destruction of life a rush to the stairs would have caused. Fortunately a lady in the front of the stalls ran out towards me, exactly in a place where I knew that the whole hall could see her. So I addressed her, laughing, and half asked and half ordered her to sit down again; and in a moment it was all over. It took five minutes to mend, and I looked on with my hands in my pockets."

Early in March, 1867, Dickens was once more in Newcastle, and gave three readings in the Music Hall, which was again densely crowded. Writing to his friend Forster, he pays another high compliment to Newcastle people, which I think is worth giving:—"The readings have made an universal effect in this place, and it is remarkable that, although the people are individually rough, collectively they are an unusually tender and sympathetic audience; while their comic perception is quite up to the high London standard."

As far as I can discover, this was Charles Dickens's fourth and last visit to Newcastle, and as I have only undertaken to give a brief account of his visits to the North of England, his future career, however interesting, has no place here. Everybody knows now that, although these readings were a splendid success, they undoubtedly shortened the life of the great novelist. There has been nothing like them, as regards their financial results, either before or since. Including America, the readings yielded him, in two years, the magnificent sum of thirty thousand pounds; but the earning of that large sum of money cost us the life of the most genial and popular writer that England has yet seen, or in all probability ever will see.

W. W. W.

Early Wars of Northumbria.

II.

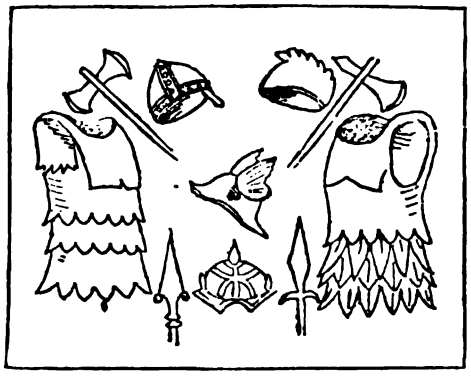
THE LAST OF THE ROMANS.

AFTER Severus had completed his astounding defensive works in the North, there was a long interval of profound peace. Not a few of the native tribes embraced the religious faith of their masters, and the entire country displayed unmistakable signs of progress. Many noble towns sprang into existence on the five great highways that the Romans had constructed; and as these important settlements contained spacious baths, handsome theatres, and highly ornamented seats of learning, the condition of the people was vastly improved. On the death of Constantine the Great, however, in 337, there was a renewal of the warlike troubles, though this time they originated from a somewhat different source. Frank and Saxon were ravaging the unprotected coasts, and the Picts and Scots—a rapidly rising power—were continually coveting possession of the Tyneside wall. After allying themselves with the Ottadini, they broke through in 367, and carried devastation far south of the barrier. Theodosius repulsed them, strengthened his positions, and for a time restored order. But the power of Rome was now decidedly on the wane. A critical state of affairs on the Continent led to the withdrawal of many of her garrisons in 403, and the Southern Britons—having been weakened by frequent drafts of their finest men to the foreign wars of their conquerors—were left to shift pretty much for themselves. In 426, the legions of the Empire, under the command of Gallio, came to their assistance for the last time, and endeavoured, though fruitlessly, to repair the grand works of Hadrian and Severus. On their final retirement, in 436, the attacks of the Northern allies were renewed more fiercely than ever; and as they were now able to swarm over the wall, or outflank it by boating expeditions across the Solway, its use for defensive purposes was no longer worth a thought. The flourishing settlements along its course were deserted, the hunted natives fled in despair, and hundreds of them perished of hunger, in the caves, hills, and woodlands to which they turned for shelter. Further south, the aspect of affairs was not less desponding. Instead of uniting against the allies of the Borderland, the Britons made bad worse by quarrelling and fighting amongst themselves. Driven at last to despair, Vortigern, their leader, addressed an abject prayer to Rome for help. "The barbarians," he pitifully wrote, "chase us into the sea. The sea throws us back upon the barbarians, and we have only the hard choice left us of perishing by the sword or the waves." Rome, however, was now powerless to help, and hence followed that cry for assistance to another land which

led to the Saxon invasion and the gradual effacement of the British race.

ADVENT OF THE ANGLES.

The invitation to these hardy rovers is said to have been given to Hengist and Horsa—a couple of chieftains who were on a piratical cruise in the English Channel—and they were allowed to land in Kent, about the year 470, as a recompense for the aid they were expected to render. It would be a long story to describe how they treacherously turned upon their British allies, sent them flying into the interior, and then, having brought over large numbers of their Jutish and Anglian friends, gradually established themselves along the entire eastern seaboard to Lincoln. It is only necessary for our purpose to refer to these invasions as the forerunner of others that speedily took place to the north of the Humber, and kept the natives constantly on the war path. The Brigantes and the Ottadini were still the most formidable races along that portion of the coast which stretches from Spurn Head to the estuary of the Forth; while the Gadeni occupied the hilly west country from the Clyde to the Mersey. When the Ottadini, about the year 470, began to be seriously molested by the Angles, they were readily joined by their neighbours in an effort to repel the invaders. So successful were they in this enterprise, that they retained their independence long after the more southerly tribes had succumbed. There is much confusion amongst historians as to the points that were first attacked, and as to the dates of the rapidly repeated inroads. The only thing clear is that for a century after the Roman departure the inhabitants of this northern land were assailed by foes who were quite as valiant as their predecessors, and that the condition of the people sadly deteriorated. The new comers possessed an abundance of good arms. Every warrior had his spear,



his battle-axe, and his sword—all of sound and well-tempered metal. Some had bows and arrows for distant conflict; some were protected by a species of leathern armour; and most of the leaders wielded ponderous clubs, pointed with spikes of iron, that were as effective in a *melee* as the better-known mace of the middle ages. Their helmets, too, were far in advance of anything previously seen. They were elaborately ornamented, mainly constructed of hard metal, and seem to have supplied a pattern for the nose-piece, or face-protector, that was afterwards so generally adopted.

IDA WINS A KINGDOM.

With such aids, and with a constant augmentation of recruits, there could be little doubt as the ultimate success of the strangers. They do not appear to have known the meaning of a reverse, and one horde followed another in ever increasing numbers. Landing at Flamborough Head, in 547, the famous Ida marched a well-disciplined force of warlike Angles towards the North. They passed, with difficulty, through the wild woodlands that covered the surface of our present Durham, and, after gaining a secure footing across the Tyne, began systematically to make themselves masters of the land. Either by sword or by torch, Ida swept away every British and Roman settlement he discovered, and earned for himself the terribly significant title of the "Flame-bearer." His career was many times checked, though only for brief periods. Urien, the hero of so many stirring legends, is said to have offered a strenuous resistance and to have wreaked vengeance on many a raiding band; but the foreign invaders, fighting with the utmost steadiness and bravery, and strengthened by vast reinforcements from Jutland, gradually won their way to a kingdom. It occupied a belt of country—about forty miles wide—extending from the Tyne to the Forth, and was afterwards known by the name of Bernicia. To overawe the natives and to secure his own possessions, the new ruler at once erected a strong castle on the cliffs at Bamborough, and from this commanding altitude, for over a dozen years, launched his thunderbolts at all who dared to question his supremacy.

THE FOUNDATION OF DEIRA.

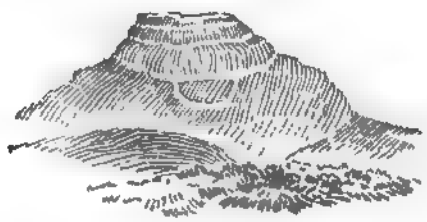
While Ida was busily engaged in establishing his authority in Bernicia, Ella, another of the Angles, also effected a landing on the Yorkshire coast. The Brigantes, in many skirmishes, disputed his passage from the sea; but, though they harried and impeded him, he drove them right back to the Pennine chain of hills, and eventually brought under his influence all the territory that lies between the Humber and the Tees. The new possession was called Deira, and included in its area the most important city that the Romans ever held in this country. At this period, the desolate district between the Tees and Tyne does not appear to have belonged to either of the Anglian conquerors. It had been studded by the camps and stations of the Cæsars; but, whether from design or accident, it now remained as a neutral zone between the armies of two powerful chieftains. With the death of Ida, in 559, Ella lost no time in seizing the hitherto neglected land, and when the frontiers of the rapidly growing states thus lost their buffer, and became contiguous, warlike operations were not long delayed.

RIVAL FACTIONS AND THEIR RAIDS.

For some years Ella is said to have waged a fierce fight against the twelve sons of Ida, and with very fluctuating results. Professor Veitch, in his "Border History," asserts that the southern leader was ultimately successful, and a large portion of Bernicia was added to the kingdom of Deira. Whether this was really the case or not—and most authorities are against him—it is quite evident that the Angles of the two principalities formed the aggressive element in the country, and were either constantly in conflict with each other or with the Britons to the west of them. In 567, Hussa, of Bernicia, took advantage of the sadly disorganised condition of the native tribes, and made several highly profitable forays into their settlements. The losses thus caused had the effect of bringing the different races to their senses. They seemed to realise, at last, that they were powerless while divided; and, therefore, as a great tribal battle near Carlisle, in 575, had established the supremacy of the hardy Gadeni, the leaders of that people succeeded in bringing about a union for mutual defence. The Britons of Lancashire, Cumbria, and the whole of the western lowlands were included in this new confederacy, and it was thenceforth known as the Kingdom of Strathclyde. It was separated from Angle-land on the north-west by the great forest of Ettrick; and by that formidable earthen rampart, called the Cattrail, which runs from near Galashiels, through the county of Selkirk, to Peel Fell on the south side of Liddesdale. Every available hill was at once strengthened by earthen terraces; stores were accumulated for the men who had to defend them; and the passes all along the frontier were placed in readiness for the decisive struggle that was so speedily to ensue.

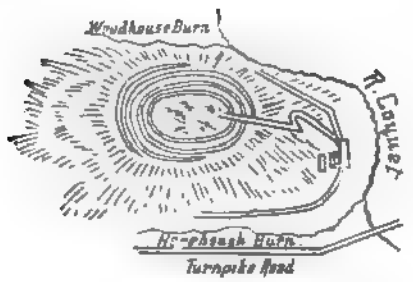
THE BATTLE OF THE CATTRAIL.

If the men of Strathclyde had boldly assumed the offensive, it is probable that a march into Coquetdale, or a determined dash down the valley of the North Tyne, would have enabled them to wrest much of their lost territory from the Anglian holders. But though secretly preparing for a great battle, they could not restrain their ardour, and a series of small but annoying raids served to acquaint their enemies with what was going forward. It thus happened that, while the Britons were gradually concentrating for an attack that should be irresistible, the Angles were made acquainted with all their movements, and were in that way enabled to take precautions against the expected onslaught. It was not until the autumn of 580 that the native allies decided upon a general advance. The harvest season had just concluded when they began to assemble in the vicinity of the Cattrail, and every British tribe was represented by its most trusty "braves." The combined force was under the command of Urien—a chivalrous old chieftain from the foot of Helvellyn—who had oft before taken the initiative against the Angles. He is reputed to have been a nephew of the Southern Arthur, and to have performed deeds that even the Knights of the Round Table had never surpassed. When he took charge of his followers in the present instance, he found a mighty array of warriors around him. They had an abundance of provisions; a numerous camp following; and made merry, over their bright and pleasantly tasted mead, in many a torchlight glen. But "the yellow beverage, though sweet, was enmearing." It made the reapers sing of war—war with the shining wing—but it was as fatal as poison in the action they were preparing to fight. It raised their courage and enthusiasm to the utmost; but it dulled the cunning of their brain. And yet they never needed their acuteness more than in the enterprise before them. The antagonist they were about to meet was the wily Theodoric, one of the most powerful sons of Ida, and a man who never lost a chance. Like his father, he also had gained an unenviable reputation as the Flamddwyn, or Flame-bearer, and his acts afforded ample justification for the title. No sooner did he learn that the Britons were leaving their homes for the rendezvous in the Cheviots, than he sent his emissaries to plunder the deserted settlements, and to destroy all that could not be carried away. But while numerous bands of his savage adherents were thus employed, he did not forget the danger which threatened his own frontier. Many of the abandoned hill retreats were quietly occupied, and, having greatly improved their defensive works,



strong garrisons were left in charge of them. Sloping entrenchments became in this way very noticeable features on every piece of rising ground, and serious obstacles they must have proved to any assailants. Having thus provided places that would check the pursuers—in case of an unexpected reverse to his arms—Theodoric headed his finely equipped forces in the direction of his carousing adversaries. He found them gathered near the fort of Guinion—which was the key to the kingdom of Bernicia on the north-west—and around this spot the clang of battle resounded for an entire week. The position of the stronghold is not very clearly defined. Some writers give the locality as on the side of Peel Hill, near the source of the Liddel; others near the head of Stanhope Burn; and others, again, at a secluded spot near the junction of the Tweed and Gala water. A few, without much evidence to sustain their contention, have asserted that the scene of the conflict was at Ewart, on the south-east corner of Millfield Plain, and that it took

place "against Ida in 570." A battle may very likely have been fought against the Britons in Glendale; but as the digging up of bronze swords appears to be the principal evidence, it is nearly certain that the date of such a struggle must be fixed a century or a century and a half earlier than the period under notice. Contact with Rome had quickly proved the inutility of bronze as a material for defensive weapons, and the Britons, even before the Saxon advance, were nearly as well armed as their piratical invaders. But there is another, and



equally strong, objection to the Ewart theory. There could be no battle with the famous Ida in 570, as that ruler died after a reign of only twelve years, and had been succeeded by Hussa and other of his sons before the advent of Theodoric. It is not wise, however, to dogmatise about an era so remote. All that can be fairly said is that the probabilities seem to favour 580 as the date of this eventful campaign, and that it was continued to its bitter end amid the splendidly fortified slopes of the Cheviots. Many of the ancient bards have dealt with its stirring incidents, and have conjured up ghastly pictures of the scenes that were enacted. Their accounts do not always harmonize—especially as to the name of the British leader—but if we accept the version of Taliessin, who was a friend of Urien, there can be little doubt that this fierce old warrior was chief among the heroes who struggled so long, and so tenaciously, for supremacy at the deep war ditch. He was the "guledig" around whom the Britons gathered at the rosy dawn, and who saw so many of them cold in death before sundown. We are told that there was a "brow covered with rage" on Urien, when he furiously attacked his foes at the White Stone of Galystein; and that many men were "gory-tinted" in front of the slanting mounds they strove to win. Both leader and lieutenants were conspicuous for heroic deeds; but it was for the grand old chief that the highest approbation of the chroniclers was reserved. Exultingly they ask—

If there is a cry on the hill,
Is it not Urien that terrifies?
If there is a cry in the valley,
Is it not Urien that pierces?
If there is a cry in the mountain,
Is it not Urien that conquers?
If there is a cry in the slope,
Is it not Urien that wounds?

But prodigies of valour are powerless against a well disciplined foe. There were doubtless many Saxons who, "with hair white-washed and a bier their destiny," would stand shivering and trembling with a bloody face. They were not alone, however, in their grief. Hundreds of stalwart Britons had dropped beside them, and were already wailing on the gravel bank of Garanwynyon, when the noble Urien fell. One of the old bards tells us how the truncated body of this hero was buried on the slope of Pennock, and how the head, with "its mouth foaming with blood," was carried in sorrow from the field. Owain, the son of this Cumbrian Bayard, also met his death at the hand of the Flamddwyn, and, when he did so, "there was not one greater than he sleeping." But the fate of the old chieftain and his son was shared by many other mighty warriors. Of the 363 tribal leaders who followed him so furiously to the onslaught, there were only two who came safely from the "funeral foss." Though they had gone forth "flushed with mirth and hope," and had dashed repeatedly through the Anglian throng,

None from Cattraeth's vale returned,
Save Aeron brave, and Conan strong.

Their golden torques, and their chains of regal honour,

were collected from the dead warriors as trophies of the hardly-won victory, and their valuable stores were plundered or destroyed. The poorer fighting men had little but their weapons to lose, and these, together with the lifeless hands that had wielded them, lay for many a long day afterwards amid the "sweet flickering play of sunshine on the grass." The survivors, utterly dispirited and demoralized, fled again to the dreary hills and moors of the west, and, for a generation at least, never again ventured to question the conquerors' sway. Like thousands of their brethren in the South, they were compelled to seek a means of subsistence far from their old homes, and leave to the stranger the wooded lands they loved so well, and for which they had "fought with such sublime tenacity."

WILLIAM LONGSTAFF.

The fortified hill, as shown above, is from a sketch in Roy's "Military Antiquities." It is known as the White Cather Thun, and is situated in Strathmore. Though not directly referred to in our article, it furnishes an admirable illustration of the class of defences which the Britons constructed so largely in all parts of the North-Country.

We are indebted for our ground plan of an entrenched hill to the "Local Historian's Table Book," by Mr. M. A. Richardson. It represents a defensive work of the Saxons—constructed probably on a site from which the Britons had been ejected—and must have been of considerable strength and importance. It is situated on the Coquet, a little below Harbottle, and doubtless played a prominent part in many of the early campaigns on the Northumbrian frontier. In addition to the splendid protection afforded by the river and its tributaries, the

triple rampires are all very formidable objects—being nine feet at the bottom and six at the top, and having a fifteen feet ditch in front of each of them. On the weakest, or west side, there is a fourth line of entrenchments; but on the north-east the face of the hill is inaccessible. The interior length of the fortress is 130 yards, and its breadth 90 yards, so that it was capable of accommodating a large number of fighting men.

The drawing of the torque is taken from a sculptured monument. The outer ring is only an enlarged view of the ornament round the neck of the figure, and it shows very clearly how the flexible bars of bronze, silver, or gold were twisted into the requisite form.

The Gaudy Loup.

IT was customary in the last century for the men of the village of Ford, every Shrove Tuesday evening, to play a football match, married *versus* single. The village at that time stood much nearer the church than it does now—in fact, under the very shadow of Ford Castle—and, we are told, the married men played towards the church, and the unmarried from it. Before commencing the match, all the men who had been married during the previous year were compelled to jump over, or wade through, the Gaudy Loup; otherwise they were not allowed to join in the game. The custom long ago fell into abeyance, and now is entirely forgotten; but another custom connected with the Gaudy Loup is yet remembered, and possibly had its origin in that connected with football, as Brand speaks of the custom in the North of England of demanding money from newly-married couples, at the church doors, for footballs.

The Gaudy Loup was a pit filled with water, and generally full of rushes, that stood somewhere on the site of the plantation known as Neville's Plantin', and in close proximity to the Delavals' cock-pit. The Castle Quarry in this plantation—so-called from its supplying the stone for the rebuilding of Ford Castle by Sir J. H. Delaval—eventually swallowed up this pit, and another and the last "gaudy loup" was found in a field on Ford Hill Farm, which field is now glebe land, on the south of Ford Rectory. Some years ago, the custom having died out, and the pit being a nuisance, Mr. Ralph Chisholm, the tenant of the farm, had it filled up. Within the recollection of old people still living, the bridegroom was required, on the occasion of a wedding at Ford Church, to jump over, or wade through, the Gaudy Loup, or forfeit money to be expended in drinking to the health of the newly-married couple.

A little picture, "Going to the Gaudy Loup," representing Lord Delaval on one of his two favourite white ponies, Abraham and Isaac, was long a memento of the custom to the villagers of Ford. When Lord Delaval returned to Ford Castle in 1803 from Seaton Delaval, where he had been married, in his old days, to his second wife, Miss Knight, some one was bold enough to remind him of the Gaudy Loup, and his lordship, taking the hint in good part, rode up the hill to view the hole; but, it is needless to say, preferred paying the forfeit, which he did in a very handsome manner. The little picture, in its black frame, hung for years over the fireplace in the cottage of Molly Swan, at Ford, until, it is said, it was presented to the Marchioness of Waterford when she went to reside at Ford Castle.

The Gaudy Loup being some distance from the church, the paten stick seems to have been eventually found more convenient. This stick was placed before the church door when a newly-married couple was leaving the sacred edifice, and the bride as well as the bridegroom was required to leap it, or forfeit the usual money. This practice not being in conformity with the ideas of the rector, he tried to discourage it. Other influence was also brought to bear, and the villagers, not wishing to give up old "rights," abandoned the churchyard for the outside of the churchyard gates. Here, on the king's highway (close to the old mounting steps for pillion riders), fearing no interruption, they tried the paten stick again; but, the stick not being long enough, a rope was substituted, either end being held at one of the gate piers. Although difference of opinion exists in the parish as to the desirability of discontinuing this custom, the young people who scramble for "coppers" on such occasions do not appear inclined to let it drop. Nor is it altogether certain that the bridal parties are averse to it, for not long since, on the occasion of a double wedding, the brides and bridegrooms seemed to enjoy the fun as much as any of those present.

CUTHBERT HOME TRASLAW.

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A "Gaudy," or "Gaady day," as it is called, is a high day or holiday familiar to the pitmen of Northumberland, as to the authorities of the University of Oxford. At the latter, the term is applied to the day when the governors dine together in their hall. This dinner happens only on the "gaudies," or feast days. Charles Lamb, in his "Recollections of Christ's Hospital," tells us how the lads there saved up for a "gaudy day." In Northumberland, a day devoted to holiday, festivals, or revelry is known by the same name.

When the pitman heard the notes of the cuckoo for the first time, there was no work that day, for all hands kept it as a "gaudy." And so the observances of Shrove Tuesday, or the festivities of a great wedding, were equally made the occasion for a "gaudy day."

The origin of the word is plainly from the Latin *gaudium*, joy. So we have "to gaud," to sport, to keep festival; "gaudery," the finery worn on such occasions; and the "gaudy loup," or leap compulsory on the festive day.

The custom of obstructing the exit of a newly-married

couple from the church until payment is made to the clamouring villagers is a very common one. In Cumberland, the gates of the churchyard are all locked, and the bridal party remain prisoners till ransom can be arranged. At Bamborough and at Holy Island, there is what is called "the petting stone," over which the bride is lifted as she leaves the church. The ceremony is said to be a specific against her "taking the pet"; but, like the "paten" or "petting stick" at Ford, the object of the obstruction is to obtain a money equivalent for commuting the ordeal.

R. Oliver Heslop.

Two Famous Waterfalls: Lodore and Colwith.

OUR Lake District is celebrated for its beautiful waterfalls. Two of them are pictured in the accompanying engravings, one of which—the Falls of Lodore—is copied from a photograph by Mr. Alfred Pettitt, the Art Gallery, Keswick.

Lodore is situate near the head of Derwentwater, and about three miles from Keswick on the road leading to Borrowdale. The locality is strikingly picturesque, and by some writers has been compared to the Trossachs in Scotland. The approach to the fall is from the rear of an hotel, past fish preserves, over a foot bridge, to a wide chasm filled with huge boulders. Above tower the rocky heights of Gowder Crag and Shepherd's Crag, both adorned with many varieties of foliage. The view of the chasm with its buttresses of rocks is the real sight of the place, and not the stream which courses through it. Seen on a summer evening, when the lights are rich and the shadows deep, the scene is grandly imposing, whatever may be the state of the stream. Lodore is oftenest visited when the water is low, and much disappointment is then experienced. To see it in its full glory the fall should be viewed immediately after a storm, when the water comes down with a thundering sound that may be heard as far away as the Friar's Crag, near Keswick. Lodore cannot be called a cascade, being an intricate series of little falls, not continuous as a cataract, but split and disjointed by rocks. It is not an easy matter to arrive at the exact height, but in the aggregate it may be about 150 feet. The instrinsic merits of the waterfall are granted by all, but it undoubtedly owes much of its popularity to the rhyming description of it by Southey, which, extravagant as it may be in language, is not far from a true description. Here is the poem:—

How does the water come down at Lodore?
  My little boy asked me thus, once on a time.
  Moreover, he tasked me to tell him in rhyme;
Anon at the word there first came one daughter,
  And then came another to second and third
The request of their brother, and hear how the water
  Comes down at Lodore, with its rush and its roar,
As many a time they had seen it before.
  So I told them in rhyme, for of rhymes I had store.
And 'twas in my vocation that thus I should sing,
Because I was Laureate to them and the King.

From its sources which well
In the tarn on the fell,
From its fountain in the mountain,
Its rills and its gills,
Through moss and through brake,

THE FALLS OF LODORE, LAKE DISTRICT.

It runs and it creeps,
For a while till it sleeps
In its own little lake,
And thence at departing,
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds,
Though meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood shelter,
Among crags and its flurry,
Helter-skelter—hurry-skurry.

How does the water come down at Lodore?
Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling:
Here smoking and frothing,
Its tumult and wrath in,
It hastens along, conflicting and strong,
Now striking and raging,
As if a war waging
Its caverns and rocks among.

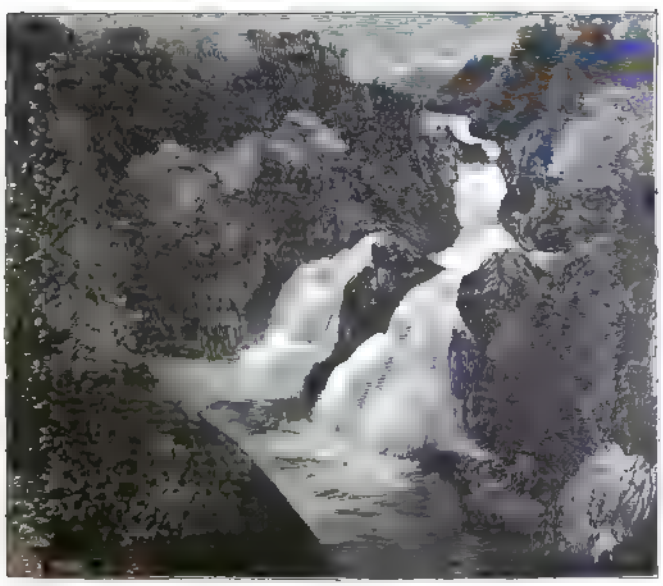
Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and flinging,
Showering and springing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Twining and twisting,
Around and around,
Collecting, dejecting,
With endless rebound;
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in;
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and growing,
And running and stunning,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And dinning and spinning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And heaving and cleaving,
And thundering and floundering;

And falling and crawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering;

And gleaming and steaming and streaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
And thumping and flumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing,—
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar—
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

Colwith force is a waterfall or series of cascades, on the Little Langdale River, situate about five miles west-south-west of Ambleside. The stream is broken by projecting rocks, rushing amongst them in four falls and intermediate cataracts to the aggregate depth of 152 feet, the last fall being about 70 feet. It is hardly possible to see the whole of the cascade from one point of view: hence the artist has been able to give only a sketch of the last fall. The view from below is very grand, the mountain known as the Wetherlam rising grandly above. Colwith force is much visited by tourists during the summer months, and a guide who keeps the key of the door leading to it generally calls attention to the remains of a bridge which was thrown across the chasm for the convenience of visitors at the suggestion of Mr. Ruskin, who regards Colwith Force as one of the finest of its kind in the Lake District. The bridge, however, was not allowed to remain intact very long, as it was thought that tourists would commit depredations in the woods on the opposite bank of the chasm: so that portion immediately adjoining the south side was destroyed. Sufficient, however, remains to afford a standpoint from which a fine view can be obtained.



COLWITH FORCE, LAKE DISTRICT.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford.

Sir Robert Brandling,

MAYOR OF NEWCASTLE, KNIGHT, AND M.P.

Like as the brand doth flame and burn,
So we from death to life must turn.
—*Ancient Brandling Epitaph.*

IF we could trust one of those "fables and endless genealogies," against which St. Paul warned Timothy, it would appear that the Brandlings of Gosforth enjoyed "the claims of long descent." For, according to an elaborate family tree, compiled by some veracious flatterer, they could be traced back, through seven English kings, three Scottish monarchs, an emperor of Germany, and a noble assortment of dukes and marquises, earls and baronets, not to mention knights and esquires, to William the Conqueror and Malcolm the Third of Scotland! But, whencesoever they came, or whatsoever may have been their relationship to the high and mighty personages above noted, the Brandlings were undoubtedly a race of strong-minded and courageous men, who, from the beginning of the sixteenth century down to our own day, helped to make local history, and to impress their works and ways upon successive generations of North-Country people. In the old times they were distinguished by strength of will, tenacity of purpose, and a kind of blustering independence which sometimes mounted to heroism and at other times degenerated into obstinacy. At a later period they were leaders in political warfare, pioneers in coal-mining and railroad enterprise, dispensers of unstinted hospitality, and either promoters or supporters of nearly every scheme that promised to bring substantial benefit to the industries of Tyneside.

Robert Brandling, who may be said to have laid the foundation of the family fortune, was one of the sons of John Brandling, Sheriff of Newcastle in 1505-6, Mayor during the first year of Henry VIII., and thrice afterwards. He commenced the active business of life as a merchant adventurer, and, interesting himself in municipal matters under the auspices of his father, was elected to the Shrievalty on Michaelmas Monday, 1524. The office of Mayor was conferred upon him in 1531, and he was chosen to occupy the same high position (being also Governor of the Merchants' Company) for the municipal year 1536-7—the year which saw the beginning of the Reformation in England, and the end, as well as the beginning, of a rebellion against it, known throughout the Northern Counties as the "Pilgrimage of Grace." At a muster of the whole population of Newcastle capable of bearing arms, taken in 1539, he appears as an alderman of four wards—Ficket Tower, Monboucher Tower, the New Gate, and Andrew Tower—able to offer for the king's service (besides himself) eight servants well furnished in all points with bows, halberts, and harness, "and more if need be." He was Mayor for the third time in 1543-4, when the Earl of Hertford, coming to Newcastle with an army for the invasion of Scotland, reported the town to be "utterly disfurnished, and unprovided of all manner of grain" suitable for the victualling of troops. About this time, too, he obtained from the master and brethren of the Mary Magdalene Hospital a long lease of their lands at the north end of the town, including a coal mine in "St. James's Close," with liberty to sink pits at "Spittel Tongs" and Jesmond Fields, and became the purchaser of the tract of land belonging at the Suppression to the Nunnery of St. Bartholomew, known as the Nun's Moor.

Occupying the important position which repeated occupancy of office and gradual acquisitions of property indicate, Robert Brandling was able to entertain at his mansion in the Bigg Market, called "The Great Inn," Lord Protector Somerset, who, upon the accession of Edward VI., brought another army to Newcastle to chastise the Scots. Somerset marched away to the victory of Pinkie Cleuch (or Musselburgh), and when in honour of that achievement he was conferring knighthoods upon the chief men of his army, he remembered his Newcastle host, and made him a knight also. On the day that the troops, facing homewards, crossed the Teviot, Sir Robert Brandling became for the fourth time Mayor of Newcastle, and shortly afterwards one of the town's representatives in the House of Commons.

It was the first Parliament of King Edward VI. to which Sir Robert Brandling was elected—a Parliament which, following the policy of the previous reign, placed at the disposal of the Crown the chantries, chapels, and lay guilds of the kingdom. Commissioners were appointed in the various counties by royal letters patent to survey and value them, and Sir Robert Brandling was one of those who acted for a part of the bishopric of Durham. The closing days of this Parliament (April, 1552) were marked by a proceeding which long afterwards was cited as an illustration of the power of the House of Commons to punish offences against its members. Sir Robert Brandling charged Sir John Widdrington, Henry Widdrington, and Ralph Ellerker with an assault, and Henry Widdrington confessing that he "began the fray upon Mr. Brandling," was committed to the Tower, his alleged accomplices being released Before the year was out Sir Robert Brandling, in a contest of a different character, received a vast addition to his already considerable territorial possessions. To understand the matter aright, it is necessary to turn back the pages of local history for the better part of half a century.

On the 26th November, 1510, Thomas Surtees, the

last of a long line of his name who had held the manors of North Gosforth, Felling, and Middleton-in-Teesdale, died. His father had been twice married. Thomas and a sister named Catherine were the children of the first marriage; from the second union came a half brother named Marmaduke. On the death of Thomas, his sister Catherine, who had married John Place, of Halnaby, claimed the estates as heir (of the whole blood) to her brother, and Marmaduke claimed them as heir (of the half blood) to his father. While these claims were pending, Robert Brandling married Catherine Place's daughter Anne, and became, in right of his wife, a party to the contention. Forty years passed away, and then, on the 5th October, 1552, the suit ended in Sir Robert Brandling's favour.

The acquisition of these fruitful estates, while they added to his wealth and importance, did not improve Sir Robert Brandling's position at Court. He was not a Reformer, or a friend of Reformers, and when, in the beginning of 1553, a new Parliament was ordered to assemble, and the King's Council "recommended" suitable persons to the constituencies, Robert Lewin and Bertram Anderson were elected members for Newcastle. Their tenure of office was not of long continuance, though it was marked by the annexation of Gateshead to Newcastle, and the division of the bishopric of Durham. Queen Mary came in during the summer, and the Reformers went out. Her Council, adopting the tactics of their predecessors, "recommended" their nominees so strongly that "very few Protestants were chosen," and Sir Robert Brandling regained his seat.

Twice more—in 1555, under Queen Mary, and in 1563, under Queen Elizabeth—the lord of Gosforth and Felling was sent to represent his native town of Newcastle in the House of Commons; once more—in the municipal year 1564-5—he was elected Mayor of the town and Governor of the Merchants' Company. Between whiles he served on commissions and inquisitions, and discharged the various duties attaching to his office as an alderman and magistrate. From a complaint made against him at the Privy Council by Cuthbert Bewicke, it would appear that in March, 1562, he was accused of treason; if so, the charge must have broken down, for it was in the following December that he received the honour of election for the last time to Parliament.

Shortly after the feast of Pentecost, 1568, when his younger brother, Henry, was Mayor of Newcastle, Sir Robert Brandling died. He left no lawful issue, and he had made no proper will. A paper writing, purporting to be a testamentary deed, but apparently a forgery, was exhibited by the Mayor at the Consistory Court of Durham, and the examination which followed led to some remarkable and not very creditable disclosures respecting family affairs, all of which may be read in "Depositions and other Ecclesiastical Proceedings from the Courts of Durham," published by the Surtees Society. William Brandling, nephew of Sir Robert, who was away at the time, having "suddenly, upon a displeasure, departed into Flanders," was declared to be the true and undoubted heir to his extensive possessions, and he obtained them, and held them in spite of the efforts of his relatives to dislodge him. About this somewhat obtrusive member of the Brandling family, his drunken brawl in St. Andrew's Churchyard, and other immoralties, there is enough, and more than enough, in the same Surtees Society's volume.

Robert Brandling,

THE TURBULENT SQUIRE.

> Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
> Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
> That has a name. *Shakespeare.*

William, son of Thomas Brandling, who, as we have seen, succeeded in 1569 in establishing his claim to the estates of his uncle, Sir Robert, did not long outlive his victory. Having sown his wild oats, and married a daughter of the Newcastle family of Heley, he settled down to enjoy his fortune. But he had been no more than six years lord of Gosforth and Felling when he died. On the 2nd October, 1575, he was buried at Jarrow, leaving a wife with two infants, a girl and a boy, to succeed him. The younger born of the two children, a boy aged nine months at the date of his father's death, inherited the property, and, unfortunately, he inherited at the same time a large share of his father's quarrelsome disposition. "Robert Brandling, heire of Felling," as the baptismal register of Jarrow names him, grew up to be an exceedingly headstrong, wilful, and turbulent personage—a man who terrified the clergy, astonished the populace, and disturbed everything and everybody that came within the range of his influence.

When he was about thirty years of age, Robert Brandling did homage for his manor of Felling to the Dean and Chapter of Durham. In 1610 he obtained from King James I. a grant of the site of the Abbey of Newminster; six years afterwards he added the ancient patrimony of the Lisles in South Gosforth to his North Gosforth manor, and about the same time obtained the fertile lands of Alnwick Abbey. The shrievalty of Northumberland came to him in 1617; he was elected M.P. for Morpeth in 1620; from which date his public life and noisy career may be said to have begun.

One of his early manifestations involved the Corporation of Newcastle. The journals of the House of Commons report that on the 26th March, 1621, he moved that the patent of Newcastle coals might be brought in "whereby they have received £500,000, and the hostmen impose 2d. upon a chaldron, whereby they have raised £200,000." This was a hostile movement against a local monopoly. It did not succeed at the moment, but within a month the Commons had included the "coal monopoly by Newcastle" in a list of grievances which they sought to have redressed. Meanwhile, the Mayor

and Aldermen revenged themselves by reporting, as conservators of the Tyne, that they had failed to obtain reformation of abuses at Felling Wharf, which was in a state of decay, and had had soil thrown upon it, some of which had fallen into and obstructed the river. Then he set the Government at defiance, for, being appointed in 1629 for the second time High Sheriff of Northumberland, he refused to serve, and fled into Scotland. From thence he returned, and, making his peace with the Privy Council, accepted the office, in order, as was believed, to annoy the burgesses of Alnwick and the ecclesiastical authorities, with whom he had been for some time at variance. Among other high-handed proceedings, being lay impropriator of the parish of Alnwick, he claimed the pews on the north side of the chancel of Alnwick Church, and went and occupied the seats of the Duke of Northumberland—defying both the duke and the churchwardens to remove him. For this and similar offences he was excommunicated—a penalty which he held in contempt and openly disregarded. Then he dragged sixteen burgesses of Alnwick before the Star Chamber, and they in return went the length of petitioning the Privy Council to take him in hand, alleging that not only did he abuse the Church and Churchmen, but had "several times laboured to take the life of his own children." He had become, in fact, unmanageable and unbearable, and the whole county rang with his offences and misdemeanours.

What these were may be gathered from the "Acts of the High Commission Court at Durham" (Surtees Society, vol. 34.) He was cited to appear before the Court on the 9th of August, 1633, charged with various offences. Remarkable evidence was given against him. For example, at Shilbottle Church, one Sunday after prayers, he called the vicar a "scabt scounderell, priest, or fellow." To Alnwick Church he took a Scotchman, and insisted upon his preaching there, and when the curate remonstrated he called him "base rascall, idle, druncken rogue," and did "jumpe him on the breast with a little staffe," and struck him over the shoulder. Another clergyman of Alnwick he abused in the street, telling him he was a "drunoken rogue, rascall, hedg-rogue, and the sonne of a hedg-rogue," and that he would draw both him and his father "at horse tayles and banish them the countrie." To Lesbury Church, where venerable Patrick Makilvian (who lived to be a centenarian) was vicar, he went on a Sunday afternoon, and laying claim to the chancel, ordered the clerk's stall to be pulled down. The vicar told him that no one had a right to displace the clerk but the Bishop and his court, to which Brandling answered that the proudest bishop in England durst not meddle with his inheritance, and if the vicar interfered he would pull down his seat and reading pew, and as for the "usurping bishops" and their courts they were but "bawdy" courts to oppress people and get money for themselves, while the High Commission Court at Durham was "the most wicked court in England." He further abused him, calling him a "Gallaway rogue," and threatening to "ly him in prisonn till he sterved and stincked." The Dean of Durham he called "Mr. Devill of Durham," and so on. All the evidence went to show that this degenerate descendant of Sir Robert Brandling was a most quarrelsome, abusive, and immoral man.

It does not appear that the delinquent paid much attention to the proceedings of the Commission. He appeared at one or two of the early sittings, and, being contumacious, was committed to gaol; but he broke the prison, and set subsequent citations at defiance. So witnesses were examined, and the judgment of the Court was pronounced in 1634 in his absence. The Commissioners sentenced him to imprisonment during the king's pleasure, to be excommunicated, to make public submission in the church of Alnwick, and in St. Nicholas', Newcastle, on several Sundays, and to pay a fine of £3,000 and costs.

Whether Robert Brandling paid the fine, or whether he remained contumacious to the last, are questions that cannot be answered. Crown and Church had soon more serious matters on their hands than the punishment of a reprobate Northumbrian, and it is possible that, in the troubled times which followed, the delinquent and his delinquencies were overlooked and forgotten. The date of his death is also unknown. One "Robert Branling" was buried in St. Nicholas' Church, Newcastle, in 1636, but there is no evidence to identify him as the turbulent squire, and conjectures are useless. All that can be said for certain is that, having been twice married, first to Jane, daughter of Francis Wortley, of Wortley, and secondly to Mary, daughter of Thomas, Baron of Hilton, he left six sons, the eldest of whom, afterwards Sir Francis Brandling, of Alnwick Abbey, succeeded him, and that none of them inherited, in any marked degree, their father's propensities.

Charles John Brandling,

M.P., AND FOUNDER OF THE N.N.V.C.

Brandling for ever and Ridley for aye,
Brandling and Ridley carries the day:
Brandling for ever and Ridley for aye,
There's plenty of coals on our waggon way.
—*Pitman's Song.*

Sir Francis Brandling, eldest of the six sons born of the marriages of the quarrelsome Alnwick squire, was elected M.P. for Northumberland during his father's lifetime. He sat in the last Parliament of King James I., and the first Parliament of King Charles I. (Feb., 1624, to Aug., 1625), and in 1627 was High Sheriff of the county. Like his father, he was twice married. Like him, also, he had six sons. There was no immediate fear, therefore, of the race dying out. His heir, Charles Brandling (1) wedded Annie Pudsey, of Plessy—an heiress, whose mother was a Widdrington. The third son of this marriage, Ralph Brandling, sold Alnwick

Abbey to John Doubleday, a Quaker, and brought (by marriage) the estate of Middleton, near Leeds, into the family. Dying without progeny, as two elder brothers had done before him, he left Middleton to the next heir—his brother Charles Brandling (2), who had married Margaret, daughter of John Grey, of Howick, ancestor of Earl Grey. Ralph Brandling (2) the only son of Charles Brandling (2) inherited Felling, Gosforth, and Middleton, and transmitted them to his second son, Charles Brandling number three.

A considerable interval of abstinence from public affairs on the part of the Brandling family had occurred since Sir Francis held high office in the county of Northumberland. Charles Brandling the third was destined to end it. He was united on the 1st September, 1756, to Elizabeth, heiress of John Thompson, of Shotton, and shortly afterwards, finding the old seat of the Brandlings at Felling inadequate to his ideas of a family residence, he erected Gosforth House, and took up his permanent abode there. During twenty years, surrendering most of his time to local business, and making himself useful and popular in town and county, he prepared himself for more responsible duties. In 1784, having a couple of years earlier filled the office of High Sheriff of Northumberland, he was elected with Sir Matthew White Ridley to represent Newcastle in Parliament. Opposition to his return had been threatened by Stoney Bowes, the profligate husband of Lady Strathmore, who had represented the town in the previous Parliament, but it did not reach the polling booth. Such was the influence of the united names of Ridley and Brandling in Newcastle, that for many years no one ventured upon a hostile candidature. When Mr. Brandling retired, at the close of 1797, the seat was taken, as a matter of course, by his son, Charles John, born February 4, 1769.

Charles John Brandling entered public life with every possible advantage in his favour. The family influence was far-reaching; the family relationships were wide-spreading. Four of his sisters were married—Eleanor to William Ord, of Fenham; Margaret to Rowland Burdon, of Castle Eden, the builder of Wearmouth Bridge; Elizabeth to Ralph William Grey, of Backworth; Sarah to Matthew Bell, of Woolsington. He himself had been united, four years previous to his election, to a daughter of the ancient house of Hawksworth, of Hawksworth in Yorkshire. His wealth, too, if not profuse, was abundant. Improved methods of cultivating the soil and a growing demand for mineral fuel were increasing the revenues of his inheritance; and Gosforth and Felling were taking their place among the most profitable estates upon Tyneside. Riches, county influence, and the unbounded confidence of a powerful borough constituency form admirable stepping stones to a useful and prosperous career. Possessing all these, young Mr. Brandling became the rising hope of the Tory party in this district; justifying their expectations, he was returned unopposed to three successive Parliaments—those of 1802, 1806, and 1807. It does not appear that he made any great figure

Chas Jno Brandling.

in the House; but he kept his party well together in Newcastle, and became a recognised leader of Conservative thought and feeling in Southern Northumberland.

At the dissolution in 1812, when he had been fifteen years M.P. for Newcastle, Mr. Brandling withdrew from Parliament. Not that he was tired of political life, for he continued to inspire the local adherents of his party, and to guide them by his counsel as before. But other and equally important matters demanded his attention. All over the North of England men's minds were occupied by the growing power of steam—perplexed by problems, and sustained by possibilities, of applying that subtle and potent agent to purposes of locomotion, both by land and water. At the Yorkshire collieries of the Brandlings John Blenkinsopp was already, as we have seen, working his patent "iron horse"; nearer home George Stephenson and William Hedley were experimenting in the same direction. It was evident that with every fresh application of steam to engineering more coal would be required, and Mr. Brandling found it necessary to curtail his Parliamentary course in order to watch over his great mining enterprises, and prepare for their extension and development.

. George Stephenson lived at this time, and for many years afterwards, at the village of West Moor, adjoining the eastern entrance to Gosforth House. Mr. Brandling was a watchful observer of his proceedings, and became one of his earliest friends and supporters. A disastrous explosion at Mr. Brandling's Felling Colliery, in 1812, led to the invention of the safety lamp, and when the rival claims of Sir Humphrey Davy and George Stephen-

son to the honour of that invention were being discussed, Mr. Brandling took the side of his humble neighbour. A sum of £2,000 had been presented to Sir Humphrey, and one hundred guineas to Stephenson—a distinction which gave the friends of the latter offence. Mr. Brandling was consulted, and advised Stephenson to publish a statement of the facts upon which his claim was founded. The latter, with the aid of his son Robert, drew up a narrative, and when it was finished, after many corrections, and fairly copied out, father and son, Dr. Smiles tells us, set out to put the joint production before Mr. Brandling at Gosforth House. Glancing over the letter, Mr. Brandling said, "George, this will never do." "It is all true, sir," was the reply. "That may be, but it is badly written," and, taking up his pen, the squire revised the letter and fitted it for publication in the local newspapers. He took the chair at a public meeting which followed, and when a subscription for Stephenson, amounting to £1,000, had been raised—towards which he and his various partners contributed 275 guineas—he presided and made the presentation. The *Newcastle Chronicle*, reporting the proceedings, adds:—"The cheerful and convivial spirit displayed by the chairman soon infused itself into the company, and rendered this meeting, from its commencement till its close, a scene of festivity and good-humour seldom witnessed."

The "convivial spirit displayed by the chairman" was a characteristic of the English gentleman in those roystering days of the Prince Regent. People dined together, not wisely perhaps, but well and often; and there were public gatherings and patriotic demonstrations, which always meant unlimited health-drinking and song-singing—the "feast of reason and the flow of soul." In this way every year, by organizations called Pitt Clubs, "the immortal memory of William Pitt" was revered. Of the Northumberland and Newcastle Pitt Club, started in 1813, Mr. Brandling was a founder and the first President.

The martial ardour that found expression at these convivial clubs was consolidated shortly after their formation by commercial depression and general discontent. Riot and tumult broke out all over the country, and the moneyed classes feared a general insurrection. To allay these fears and prepare for eventualities in the North of England, there was formed in December, 1819, under Mr. Brandling's command, "The Northumberland and Newcastle Volunteer Cavalry," to which was attached a troop of dismounted yeomanry raised in Newcastle. Before, however, the movement could be made effective the death of George III. involved a dissolution of Parliament, and Mr. Brandling's military aspirations were engrossed in political warfare. At the previous general election (1818) Mr. Thomas Wentworth Beaumont had been returned, in succession to his father, as the colleague of Sir C. M. L. Monck, in the representation of the county, and his conduct in Parliament had given his Conservative supporters good ground for dissatisfaction, for, as explained in the sketch of that ardent politician (*Monthly Chronicle*, vol. ii., p. 194), Mr. Beaumont, instead of supporting the Conservative Government, voted frequently with the Whigs. It was determined, therefore, that a candidate whose views and votes could be trusted should be brought out to oppose him. No one was considered so capable of overcoming the territorial influence of the Beaumont family as Mr. Brandling, and he was induced to come out of his retirement and fight for his principles and his party. Preparations were made for a severe contest but the call to battle had barely become audible when Sir Charles Monck declined to renew his candidature, and Mr. Brandling was returned to Parliament as the colleague of the man whom he had intended to exclude.

On the 13th of December, 1823, the Town Moor of Newcastle was the scene of an interesting event. The Volunteer Cavalry assembled there at an extraordinary parade, and with admiring ladies and civilian friends massed around, Major Sir Charles Loraine, presented "the lieutenant-colonel commanding, Charles John Brandling, M.P.," with a copy of "the celebrated Warwick vase, found in Herculaneum," weighing "upwards of three hundred ounces," and, adds the chronicler, with visions of conviviality flitting through his brain, capable of holding "about eight quarts"! This was almost his last public appearance. In little more than two years afterwards, within three days of his fifty-seventh birthday, he was summoned to a higher court than the High Court of Parliament, and a few days later his remains were buried at Gosforth.

Summarising Mr. Brandling's political and social life, the editor of the *Newcastle Magazine* for June, 1826, states that, although he never made any pretensions to literary power, his conversation was that of a man of cultivated taste, and of an enlarged and well-informed mind. He was remarkably quick in his perception of genius in the fine arts, and equally eager to patronise it. To William Nicholson he gave commissions to paint groups of old servants, portraits of friends, and pictures of favourite animals. He purchased Henry Perlee Parker's painting of celebrated characters in Newcastle, and employed him to paint a companion picture of a merry-making in the servants' hall at Gosforth House, introducing portraits of the domestics. In private life, his hospitality and his urbane and generous disposition were proverbial. "His manly and candid manner, his courteous behaviour to his friends and acquaintances, and his affable demeanour to all ranks were such as it would be difficult to parallel amongst men of similar wealth and connexions. His was the unostentatious and expansive and all-embracing hospitality of an ancient English Baron. He carried you back to the welcome and the cheer of feudal times, without reminding you of their servility."

Mr. Brandling left three brothers, the eldest of whom, the Rev. Ralph Henry, succeeded to the property. To this clerical representative of the Brandlings came the misfortune of seeing the estates, which his family had held for 300 years, pass into the hands of strangers. He outlived his younger brother, Robert William, projector of the Brandling Junction Railway, chairman of the coal trade, and one of the receivers of Greenwich Hospital; outlived also his brother John, Sheriff of Newcastle in 1828-29, and Mayor in 1832-33; and died in Newcastle on the 26th of August, 1853, at the venerable age of 81 years —"the last of the long roll of Brandlings" of Gosforth and Felling.

Chollerford.

CHOLLERFORD is a hamlet in the township of Humshaugh and parish of Simonburn thirteen minutes' ride by rail N.W. from Hexham, on the Waverley Route to Edinburgh. It stands on the west side of the North Tyne, in the midst of lovely scenery. The village itself has nothing particular about it, but it is much frequented by anglers, and the inn, which is a conspicuous object in our engraving, is one of the most comforable in Northumberland. Moreover, Chollerford is a capital starting point for tourists bent on surveying the Roman Wall, and particularly the neighbouring station of Cilurnum, or Walwick Chesters, the proprietor of which, Mr. John Clayton, has unearthed a "rowth" of Roman antiquities such as is scarcely to be met with anywhere else.

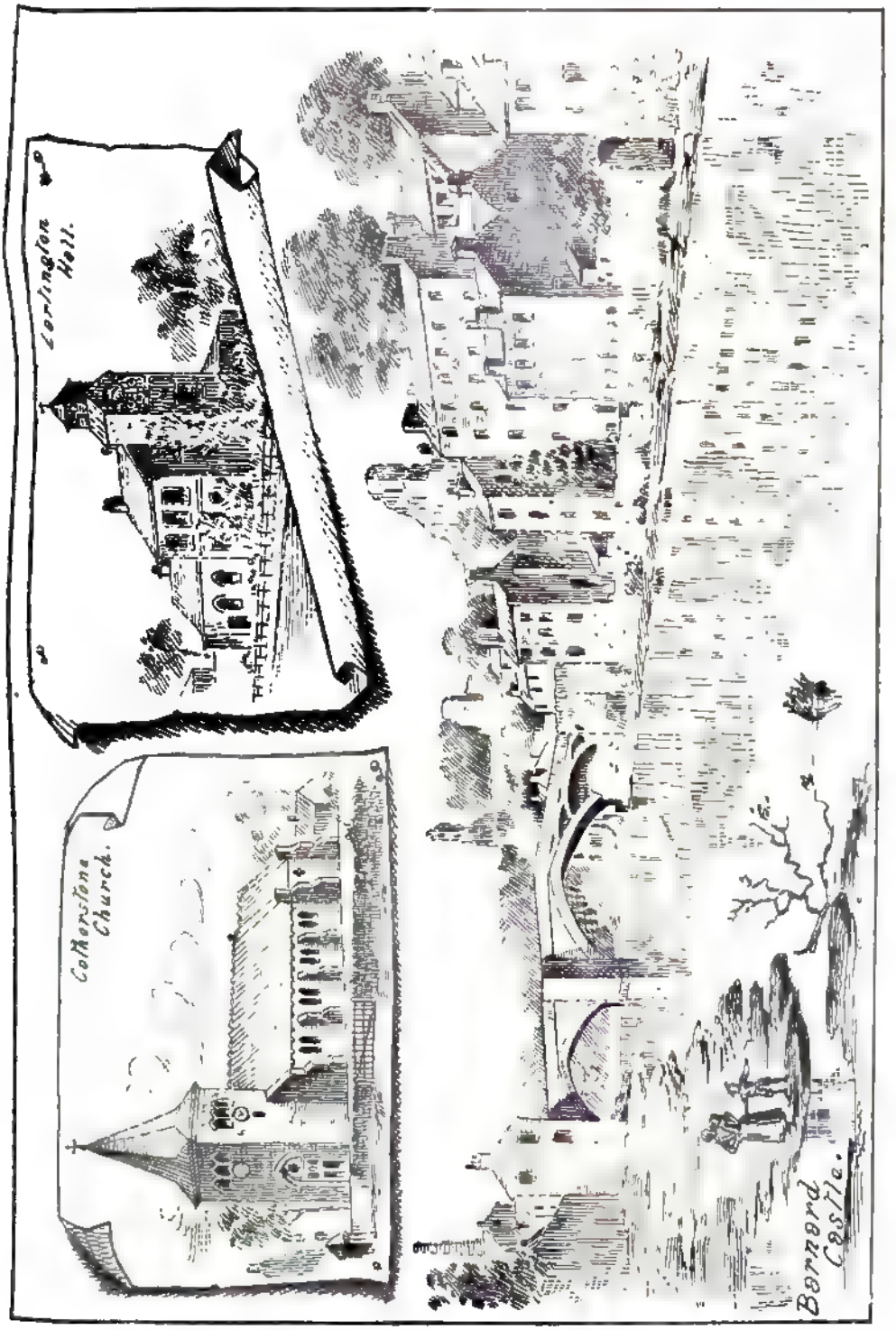
The modern name Chollerford is a mere modification of the ancient British appellative of the place—Coill-uirin, "wood and water," corrupted by the Romans into Cilurnum—and with the Anglian "ford" added. In long-past, pre-historic times, sun and moon worship must have been prevalent here, for the Romans, whose usual practice it was to incorporate in their theology and place in their pantheon the gods whom they found worshipped in the lands they conquered, raised altars at Cilurnum to the Moon goddess, known to the Britons as Comh-bhanteinne, Latinized Coventina, "the lady companion of the God of Fire," the Sun.

As the Tyne is subject to sudden floods, which come down almost like a wall of water, with little or no warning, when there has been heavy rain up among the fells, the fords and stepping-stones by which it could ordinarily be crossed must have been always unsafe; and so the provident Romans would lose no time in setting about the building of a bridge, by which to keep open their communications east and west in all seasons and weathers. It had long been known that the vestiges of a Roman bridge were to be seen in the river opposite to Cilurnum, and within a short distance south of the modern village; but the land abutment on the eastern side, which is by far the most striking feature of the work, was not discovered till the year 1860. Successive beds of sand and gravel had for ages encumbered it; and at the time of its discovery a fir plantation grew upon this deposit, which had the fallacious appearance of a moraine, or glacier-debris heap. The river, too, which runs very rapidly, and is subject, as already observed, to great floods, forsaking for some distance at this place its ancient bed, had left the abutment dry, completely submerging the corresponding work on the opposite side. Dr. Bruce tells us that it was at the suggestion of Mr. William Coulson, of Corbridge, that Mr. Clayton engaged in the explorations which revealed to archæologists this fine specimen of the engineering skill of the Romans. Alexander Gordon, in his "Itinerarium Septentrionale," published in 172b, describes the bridge as he saw it in the beginning of last century; and a plan of the whole structure, and a bird's-eye view of the eastern abutment, is given in Dr. Bruce's great work on the Roman Wall. There were three water piers, the foundations of two of which are still easily discerned when the water is low; and the third, lying under the east bank of the stream, was some time ago partly exposed; but to prevent the river from encroaching upon the erections immediately behind it, it was found necessary to restore the bank to its original state.

Agricola is believed to have first formed the adjoining station, and also to have thrown some sort of bridge across the Tyne; but the works were certainly reconstructed or partly repaired by the Emperor Lucius Septimus Severus and his undutiful sons, in the beginning of the third century. The Notitia place the prefect of the second wing (ala) of the Astures at Cilurnum; and these "Sons of Somebody" (hidalgos) from the skirts of the bleak snow-clad Vinnian Mountains, in Northern Spain, would find here, though in a latitude twelve degrees nearer the Pole, a climate milder than their native air, and scenery unsurpassed for beauty by any to be found in their native valleys. That it was an important station plainly appears from the number of Roman roads that converged upon it, and the great variety of inscribed stones, altars, votive tablets, &c., dug up on its site. Some have conjectured that it was here the Emperor Alexander Severus was murdered by the mutinous soldiers in the year 235, and that Elfwald, King of Northumbria, called by Simeon of Durham "a pious and upright king," was slain in A.D. 788; the locality, at any rate, was "near the Wall," and Elfwald was buried at Hexham.

During the troublous times that succeeded the fall of the Roman Empire, the bridge over the Tyne at Cilurnum must have been destroyed; and, when better days at length dawned on Northumberland, another bridge on another site was erected. In the reign of Richard II., Bishop Skirlaw granted a release from penance, for thir-

CHOLLERFORD, NORTH TYNE, NORTHUMBERLAND.


Corbridge Church.
Corbridge Church.
Corbridge Church.

teen days, to all who would contribute by labour or money to the repair of this bridge, which had fallen into decay "by the inundation of the waters," "whereby the inhabitants of the neighbourhood" were "in great danger." It would seem that an appeal had been made on behalf of the bridge three years before, but that it had nought availed. Repaired, however, it now must have been; and it continued to be serviceable down till the year 1771, when the ever-memorable great flood carried it away, along with most of the other bridges on the Tyne. Four years afterwards, the present structure was raised. It consists of five arches, four of which are seen in our view.

Barnard Castle.

THIS ancient seat of the proud Norman family of the Baliols is finely situated on the north or Durham bank of the river Tees. The ruins occupy more than six and a half acres. The rock on which the keep of this superb relic of feudal grandeur stands is eighty feet perpendicular from the bed of the river. From the highest part of the ruins the visitor enjoys a commanding, beautiful, and most extensive prospect in every direction. Immediately adjacent to the river the banks are thickly wooded; at a little distance they are more open and cultivated; but, being interspersed with hedge-rows and isolated trees of great size and age, they still retain the richness of woodland scenery. The river itself flows in a deep trench of solid rock, chiefly limestone and marble.

The oldest part of the ruins is believed to date from at least the eleventh century; and tradition ascribes the erection of the castle to Count Bernard, son of Guy Baliol, who came into England in the train of William the Conqueror. He is said to have been famous for feats of arms against the Saracens, and was the ancestor of the short and unfortunate Baliol dynasty, which succeeded to the Scottish throne at two different epochs, under the patronage of the first and third Edwards, kings of England. The castle often changed masters during the Middle Ages. Upon the forfeiture of the unfortunate John Baliol, Edward I. seized the place, as well as the other English estates of his refractory vassal. Bishop Bek laid claim to it, as belonging to the regalia of his Palatinate; but Edward, instead of allowing the validity of his pretensions, seized upon the Palatinate itself, with all its pertinents, and bestowed Barnard Castle upon Guy Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, in whose family it continued for five generations, till it passed into the hands of the Nevilles, on the marriage of Anne of Warwick to Richard Neville, the King-Maker. Warwick's daughter Anne brought the castle once more into the hands of the Crown, through her marriage with the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III. This over-ambitious prince made it his chief residence, and strengthened its fortifications for the purpose of bridling and suppressing the Lancastrian faction in the Northern Counties. Richard's cognizance of the "bloody and devouring boar" still appears, not only on the walls of the castle, but in several parts of the adjoining town.

During the reign of Henry VII., an Act of Parliament was passed enacting that "Barney Castelle," which was "in the Kyng's enheritaunce," but was "a lawless place," in consequence of the disputed jurisdiction which the bishopric of Durham and the counties of York and Northumberland claimed over it, should in future be deemed to be within the county of York only, "that ys to sey parcell of the Northryddyne of the same countie, any use, custom, privilege, or other matter or thynge to the contrarie notwithstandynge." This Act, however, does not appear in any of the statute books, but a copy of it on parchment is preserved in the Harleian Collection in the British Museum. How long it remained in force does not appear.

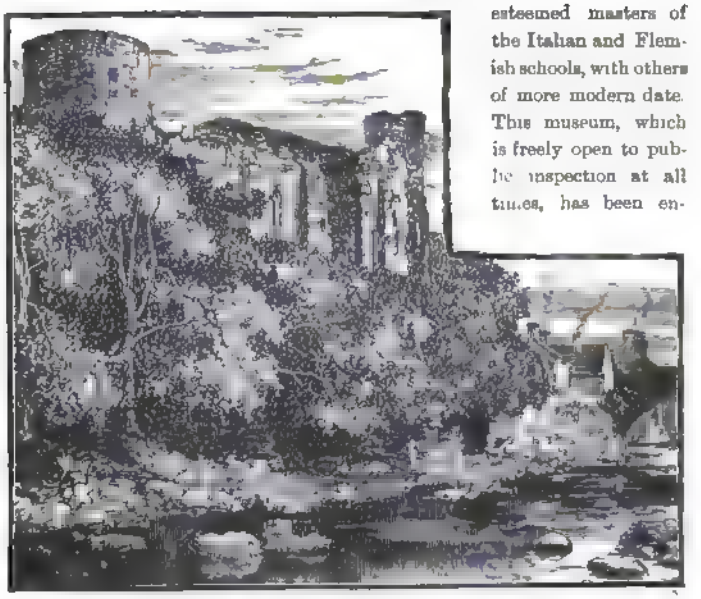
In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the castle was amongst the wide possessions of Charles Earl of Westmoreland; and on the rumour of his and the Earl of Northumberland's rebellion, known as "the Rising of the North," Sir George Bowes, of Streatlam, possessed himself of the fortress, and resisted the whole power of the insurgents for eleven days, surrendering at length on honourable terms. The bridge over the Tees leading to Startforth, which consisted in Leland's time of three arches, is said to have been broken down during the siege, and the present bridge, consisting of two arches only, was subsequently built, dating from 1569. The castle was afterwards leased to Sir George Bowes; but James I. granted it, on the expiry of the lease, to his guilty and unhappy favourite, Robert Viscount Bransepeth and Earl of Somerset, on whose attainder it again reverted to the Crown, and was appropriated for the maintenance of the Prince of Wales's household. For this purpose it was demised to Sir Francis Bacon, attorney-general (the celebrated Lord Bacon), and others, for a term of ninety-nine years, in trust, to empower them to grant leases of the lordship or manor for twenty-seven years, or three lives, under certain rents, for the prince's benefit; and the survivors of these grantees afterwards assigned their rights to Sir Henry Vane, cofferer to the king, who obtained, in the year 1635, from Charles I., a grant of free warren, with the offices of Master-Forester and Chief Warden of all Forests and Chases within the demesne of Barnard Castle, for him and his heirs. Four years later, he had sundry additional privileges conferred. William III., in 1699, created Barnard Castle a barony, and it now supplies one of the titles of its holder, the Duke of Cleveland, who, besides being Earl of Darlington and Baron Raby of Raby of Castle, is likewise Viscount and Baron Barnard of Barnard Castle.

During the Civil Wars, the castle was held for King Charles, but Oliver Cromwell forced the garrison to surrender, having, by the advice of a deserter from the royal army, erected batteries on a commanding eminence on the Yorkshire side of the Tees, called Towler Hill, whence he levelled the engines of destruction with such effect as to render a prolonged resistance out of the question.

The ruins now show the remains of four courts, enclosing the space stated above, a considerable portion of which is occupied by the gardens of a neighbouring hotel, laid out with great taste, so as not to interfere with the characteristic features of the place. The west or strongest side of the castle, crowning the lofty cliff, seems to have contained the state chambers. The south court is cut off from the others by a deep moat, and a wall forty feet high. The second or north-east court is in like manner separated by a moat and wall from the two smaller courts which lie on its west side. The third court, entered by a bridge from the second, lies on the east side of the castle, between the south court and the fourth court or citadel, from which it is also separated by a moat. A small oriel window, overlooking the Tees, still bears the boar of Richard III., carved within; and at the north-east angle of this court is a great round tower, known as Baliol's Tower, about fifty feet high, and one hundred and fifty feet above the river, forming the principal feature in almost every view of the castle. It bears every mark of great antiquity, and is remarkable for the curious construction of the vaulted roof. It is said to have been greatly injured during the last French war by the operations of some persons to whom it had been leased for the purpose of making patent shot. The area of the castle contains Brackenbury's Tower, formerly used as a dungeon. It has a large arched vault, with cells, and an opening at the top for letting down provisions to the wretches immersed therein. The inner and outer moats, with the sluices, and the situation of the drawbridges, may still be traced. In the adjoining grounds, called the Flatts, a large reservoir, called the Ever, was formed, and the water collected in it was conveyed thence in pipes for the purpose of supplying the garrison, as well as the cattle enclosed within the walls of the outer areas, in times of public danger, for which protection the adjacent lands paid a rent, called Castle-guard-rent. The ruinous state in which the great fortress now exists is said to be mainly due, apart from the natural decay through time and neglect, to that Sir Harry Vane from whom Cromwell prayed the Lord to deliver him.

Lartington.

Lartington, which is one of the prettiest villages in Britain, or indeed anywhere else, and which enjoys the rare privilege of not having a single public-house within its bounds, is situated on the south side of the Tees, about a mile from Barnard Castle. It is fortunate, likewise, on account of the adjoining hall being the property and residence of a family which may be said to have been for several generations exceptionally considerate of the highest interests of the people within the scope of their influence. The Withams, of Lartington Hall, originally from Lincolnshire, but settled for about two centuries in the North, and adhering, like so many of the County Palatine and Northumbrian gentry, to the Catholic religion, have intermarried with the Howards, Stapletons, Silvertops, Salvins, Dunns, &c., but are chiefly remarkable as having been, many of them, very warm friends of popular education, and patrons as well as cultivators of science. To Henry Thornton Maire Witham, who died in 1844, the town of Barnard Castle is indebted for its Mechanics' Institute, as well as its first Infant School; and previous to the erection of the incomparable Bowes Museum, one of the chief attractions to intelligent visitors was the Witham Testimonial Hall, in the Market Place, raised as a memorial to that gentleman, who had been president of the institute and a liberal contributor to its funds. Mr. Witham, who was distinguished for his love of scientific research, laid the foundation stone, in 1831, of a building attached to Lartington Hall, intended for a museum, which he furnished with an extensive collection of geological and mineralogical specimens, as well as a valuable collection of paintings by the most esteemed masters of the Italian and Flemish schools, with others of more modern date. This museum, which is freely open to public inspection at all times, has been en-



BARNARD CASTLE, FROM THE TEES.

entirely remodelled under the superintendence of the Rev. Thomas Witham, who has spared no expense to make it one of the most attractive and interesting institutions of the kind to be found in England. The building shown in our sketch is the school-house of the village.

Cotherstone.

The village of Cotherstone is not far from Lartington. Near it, on a steep, verdant knoll called the Hagg, overlooking the junction of the Balder and the Tees, is a fragment of the mouldering wall representing the old castle of the Fitzhughs, Lords of Romaldkirk, the last of whom is said to have been killed by falling, with his horse, over a stupendous rock rising from the riverside high above the encircling trees, and known as Percy Myre Castle, as he was returning at night from hunting in Marwood Chase. This is only one of the traditions and legends with which the neighbourhood of Cotherstone abounds. Indeed, it is the very centre of a rich folk-lore district. Another tradition relates to a solitary rock on the adjoining moor, called "the Butterstone," at which it is told that during the Plague of 1636, when the fairs in the district were all "cried down," and the grass grew in Newcastle streets, a kind of market was held, the country people, who were afraid of visiting Barnard Castle for fear of catching the infection, bringing their butter, eggs, and so forth to this stone, leaving them there, and retiring, whereupon the townspeople came in their turn and took away the articles, leaving the purchase money in a bowl of water, its passage through which liquid was supposed to do away with the risk of contagion. Down to quite a recent date Cotherstone formed part of the parish of Romaldkirk, but it is now constituted into a separate ecclesiastical district, with a fine church, of which we give a view. The village is most noted, however, for its being one of the last places in the country where the old custom, once general, of christening the young cattle and horses survived; so that at one time, when its name was mentioned, you would hear it said, as if proverbially—"O, aye, that's Cotherstone where they kirsen cauves." Cotherstone cheese rivals that of Stilton in flavour. The village is largely colonised by members of the Society of Friends.

Barnard Castle Tragedies.

THE ancient town of Barnard Castle has been the scene of several dark tragedies, one of which, shrouded in hitherto impenetrable mystery, stands as a notable exception to the popular belief that "Murder will out."

Sixty years ago, the youths and maidens of the town and neighbourhood were in the habit of making frequent pilgrimages to the parish churchyard at Startforth, on the Yorkshire side of the Tees, to visit the grave of the hapless Hannah Latham. This poor girl belonged to Lartington. She was an orphan, nineteen years of age, and lived as farm servant in the immediate vicinity. Being induced to visit Barnard Castle, she got into a dancing-room in a public-house, where she remained till a late hour. A villain volunteered to see her home, and on the way thither, at a lonely part of the road, he took advantage of the poor girl's helplessness, committed a brutal outrage, and, maddened by her stout resistance, maltreated her in such a way as to cause her death. In the morning her dead body was found at the road side. Singular to say, the miscreant was never discovered. In memory of a tragedy so shocking and so mysterious, a pretty obelisk was erected. The traveller from Barnard Castle to Bowes, Stainmoor, or Brough may see it from the road as he passes. There is an inscription on the stone to this effect:—

This pedestal is raised by voluntary donations to the memory of Hannah Latham, who fell the victim of a sanguinary villain on the Brignall Road, within a mile of this place, on the 1st of January, 1813, and in the 19th year of her age.

Ill-fated orphan, though no parent's tear
Was fondly shed in anguish o'er thy bier.
Yet shall thy murderer, while on earth, remain
The victim of remorse, despair, and shame.

A much older story of crime is recorded in "The Barnard Castle Tragedy" of local collectors, Joseph Ritson having giving it that title in his "Bishopric Garland," from whence the ballad has been copied into the legendary division of Richardson's "Local Historian's Table Book." This ballad shows how one John Atkinson, of Murten, near Appleby, servant to Thomas Howson, miller, at Barnard Castle Bridge End, courted Howson's sister Elizabeth; how, after he had gained her affections, he paid court to another; how he married this other by the treacherous advice of one Thomas Skelton, who, to save the priest's fees, performed the ceremony himself; and how Elizabeth, upon hearing the news, broke her heart, and bled to death on the spot. The writer of the ballad, after relating Atkinson's deceit, proceeds thus:—

Then he made all alike, Betty's no more his dear;
Drinking was his delight, his senses to doze,
Keeping lewd company, when he should repose;
Her money being spent, and they would tick no more,
Then with a face of brass he asked poor Betty for more.

He at length met with one, a serving maid in town;
She for good ale and beer oft time would pawn her gown,
And at all-fours did play, as many people know—
A fairer gamester no man could ever show.

Tom Skelton, ostler, at the King's Arms does dwell,
Who this false Atkinson did all his secrets tell;
He let him understand of a new love he'd got,
And with an oath he swore she'd keep full the pot.

Then for the girl they sent, Betty Hardy was her name,
Who to her mistress soon an excuse did frame:
"Mistress, I have a friend at the King's Arms doth stay,
Which I desire to see before he goes away."

Then she goes to her friend, who she finds ready there,
Who catch'd her in his arms—"How does my only dear?"
She says, "Boys, drink about, and fear no reckoning large,"
For she had pawned her smock to defray the charge.

They did carouse it off till they began to warm;
Says Skelton: "Make a match! I pray where's the harm?"
Then with a loving kiss they straightway did agree,
But they no money had to pay the priest a fee.

Quoth Skelton, seriously: "The priest's fee is large;
I'll marry you myself, and save all the charge."
Then they plight them both unto each other there,
Went two miles from the town, and goes to bed, we hear.

Then, when the morning came, by breaking of the day,
He had some corn to grind, he could no longer stay;
"My business is in haste, which I to thee do tell"—
So took a gentle kiss, and bid his love farewell.

Now when he was come home, and at his business there,
His master's sister came, who was his former dear;
"Betty," he said, "I'm wed, certainly I protest,"
Then she smiled in his face—"Sure you do but jest."

Then within few day's space his wife unto him went,
And to the sign o' the East, there she for him sent.
The people of the house, finding what was in hand,
Stept out immediately, let Betty understand.

This surprising news caus'd Betty fall in a trance,
Like as if she was dead; no limbs she could advance.
Then her dear brother came; her from the ground he took:
And she spake up and said:—"O my poor heart is broke!"

Then with all speed they went for to undo her lace,
Whilst at her nose and mouth her heart's blood ran apace;
Some stood half-dead by her, others for help inquire;
But, in a moment's time, her life it did expire.

"This story," says Ritson, "being both true and tragical, 'tis hop'd 'twill be a warning to all lovers."

Barnard Castle was the scene of a more authentic tragedy in 1845. On the 9th of August, in that year, a tailor, named Joseph Yates, who had been drinking the whole day, fell in the evening into the company of three young men, named George Barker, Thomas Routledge Raine, and John Breckon. These youths, having discovered that Yates had some money in his possession, determined to rob him of it. So, about midnight, when he was in company with a woman named Catherine Raine, the three lads, with a girl named Ann Humphreys, followed him to a place on the banks of the Tees known as the Silla. There, after a short scuffle, they took his money, and then threw him into the river, where he was drowned. Returning over the bridge into the town, the men urged the women to swear to secrecy; but as Raine would not accede to their request, she was seized, thrown over the parapet, and was drowned also. Humphreys then swore to keep the matter a secret, and was permitted to go home. The bodies were found a few days afterwards.

Humphreys kept her oath inviolate for nearly a year, and it was not till near the end of July, 1846, that any arrests were made. Barker was apprehended at Shildon; Raine at Ecclefechan, in Dumfriesshire; and Breckon in Durham Gaol, where he was confined on another charge. All three denied any knowledge of the affair.

The case against them came on for trial at the York Assizes, August, 1846, when Ann Humphreys gave evidence to the above effect, fully inculpating the three prisoners with the double murder; but, inasmuch as her testimony was not supported by other witnesses, there was some doubt in the minds of the jury as to the prisoners having actually committed the capital crime, and a verdict of "Not Guilty" was consequently returned.

Further evidence was, however, afterwards obtained to corroborate that of Humphreys, and the three prisoners were arraigned on April 7, 1847, before Mr. Baron Rolfe, for robbery only. The grand jury having brought in a true bill, counsel for the defence put in a special plea of *autrefois acquit*, which, however, was disallowed. The trial, consequently, proceeded.

Several witnesses testified to seeing Yates in an intoxicated condition in the streets of Barnard Castle, to seeing Yates with Raine, and to seeing Yates and Raine afterwards with the prisoners. But the evidence of Ann Humphreys was of the most remarkable character. As summarised in the statement of Mr. Bliss, the counsel for the prosecution, it was to the following effect:—

She went to bed, she stated, between twelve and one o'clock, her sister, her father, and her child being then asleep. Being restless and uneasy, from some unaccountable cause, she, without disturbing the rest of the family, dressed herself again, and went downstairs. While standing at the door, she saw Yates and Catherine Raine together. Then the three prisoners joined them, as did Humphreys herself. All six crossed the bridge over the Tees to the Yorkshire side of the river. Yates and the girl Raine walked before, followed by Ann Humphreys and Thomas Raine, Barker and Breckon bringing up the rear. As they were going along Raine said to Humphreys:—"Yates has some money. How must we do to get it from him?" She replied:—"Poor little fellow! do not meddle with him. He will spend it all among you." When they had proceeded about two hundred yards along the Sills, Barker began to quarrel with Yates relative to a coat which the former had been charged with stealing on information given by the latter. Barker asked Yates if he was going to appear against him on account of the coat. Yates answered that he was. Barker then struck Yates several times, whereupon all three of the prisoners pounced upon him, rifled his pockets, and threw him into the Tees, which was in high flood at the time. The two girls, naturally horrified, ran back towards the bridge, shouting "Murder!" The prisoners ran after them, stopped them, and silenced their outcries. They threatened that they would murder them likewise, if they would not swear secrecy. Raine refused to keep silence, and said she would tell the police; and so she was seized and thrown over the parapet of the bridge. Humphreys begged for her own life, which was spared on her swearing most solemnly never to divulge what she had seen.

The jury, at the close of the second trial, returned with a verdict of "Guilty," and Mr. Baron Rolfe, in passing sentence, used the following emphatic language:—

It is impossible for any one who has witnessed the proceedings of this trial, not to feel that you have been guilty of two of the most barbarous murders that perhaps the annals of crime ever furnished. You have succeeded, undoubtedly, in defeating the ends of justice hitherto; and I presume that, upon the first trial, material circumstances that have now come out in evidence were not brought forward, either because they had not come to light, or were not known to exist; for I am perfectly certain any jury which has heard what has been detailed on this occasion could not have the remotest doubt but that you barbarously, and not merely, as I suspect, for objects of plunder, but from some motives of revenge, murdered that young man, and followed up that with equal barbarity in murdering the young woman; and I see enough to convince me that you formed the desperate plan of murdering Ann Humphreys also. I confess I feel somewhat ashamed that the law is not able to reach you further than it is. But this I will say to you, that whether your lives shall, by the pleasure of God, be terminated early or protracted late, you will live the objects of abhorrence and detestation even among your guilty associates amongst whom you will be placed, who will be ashamed and contaminated at being with you. The severest sentence which the law allows me I shall pass upon you, and it is that you be severally transported across the seas, to such place as her Majesty, by the advice of her Privy Council, shall direct, for the space of fifteen years.

And with the expatriation of the three prisoners this singular case closed, so far as the British public was concerned. The two trials, Latimer tells us in his continuation of Sykes, cost the county of York £1,309.

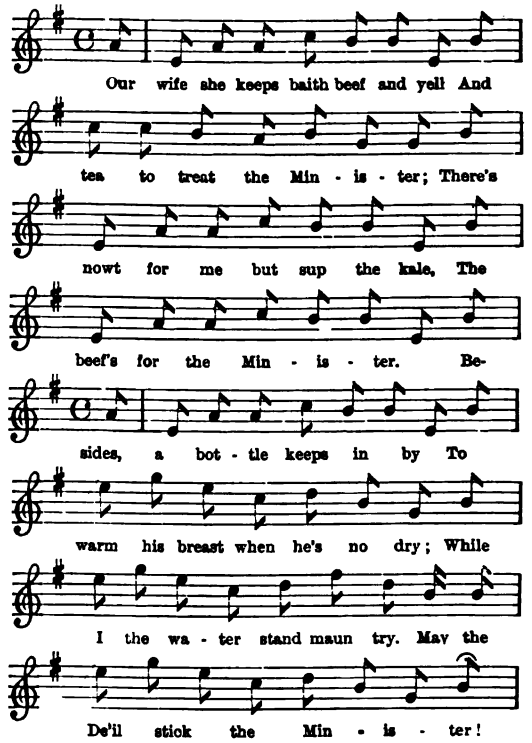
The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stokoe.

THE DE'IL STICK THE MINISTER.

FROM the earliest ages, satire has been one of the most powerful instruments in the hands of poet or writer to lash those against whom they owed a grudge, or who afforded a subject on which to exercise their talents; and priests and ministers of religion have been perhaps more than any other class the butts at which the bolts of sarcasm or raillery have been launched.

"The De'il Stick the Minister" is a tune which has enticed the fancy of more than one rhymster to fit it with appropriate verse; but the song which is here given, and which, we believe, was composed by Mr. John Farrer, of Netherwitton, was very popular about sixty years ago in Northumberland. It is, too, a felicitous example of that class of song which, pourtraying the characteristics of some well-known individual, and wedded to an air which everyone knew, was readily adopted and sung by the community. The tune is a well-known Northumbrian air, and is from an old MS. book dated 1764, now in the possession of the Antiquarian Society of Newcastle.



Our Minister he's now fawn sick:
  Waes me, the Minister!
Wha'll save us now fra Auld Nick,
  Gin the Lord tak' the Minister?
Left to oursels, we ken fu' weel
The brent upstairs we canna spiel:
We'll just turn back and meet the De il,
  Gin the Lord tak' the Minister.

Our Minister he has nae pride,
  Ne'er a bit, the Minister;
He just sits by our fireside,
  Kin' he war no' the Minister.
He taks the gudewife by the hand,
Says, "John, man, sit: what maks ye stand?"
Has a' the bairns at his command—
  He's a holy man, the Minister.

The covenant he can explain—
  He's a wise man, the Minister;
Thinks na religion like his ain—
  We maun think like the Minister.
The Papists are a wicked sect,
They no belang the Lord's elect;
Gin Parliament their claims accept,
  May the De'il stick the Minister!

Our Minister, he's aft in want;
  He's a puir man, the Minister;
Whate'er he wants we a' mun grant,
  We maun supply the Minister.
And aft to him a horse we lend;
His wife and bairns on us depend,
Tho' our ainsels can hardly fend.
  May the De'il stick the Minister!

Yet still he's useful in his place;
  He's a braw man, the Minister;
At ilka feast he says the grace,
  Nane fitter than the Minister;

And when the glasses come in view,
He says, "We'll drink, but no get fou',
Sic deeds the Lord does not allow."
Yet fou' gets the Minister.

He preaches loud; he saft does pray;
This says the Minister—
"Ye need no fear your dying day,
Gin ye be like your Minister.
Ye'll get abune, ye needna fear;
Be sure that after me ye speer."
But faith we doubt, when we get there,
We'll no see the Minister.

A Roxburghshire Poet.

By Sir George Douglas, Bart.

ON the evening of the 21st December, 1888, in the Cottage Hospital at Hawick, at the age of sixty-one, there passed away a man (he was a wood-turner by trade) whose name is probably by no means generally known throughout his native county. I have good authority—that of one, himself a professional man of letters, who knows the Colonies well—for stating that in Canada, Australia, and probably the United States, the name of James Thomson and his poems of "Hairst" and the "Wee Croodlin Doo" are household words. A certain amount of local reputation Thomson did, no doubt, enjoy; still it is difficult, in his case, to avoid recurring once more to the hard saying concerning a prophet in his own country. This is perhaps scarcely the time or the place to enter upon a critical estimate of Thomson's poetry. As a poet he has no breadth of range, little originality in his choice of a subject, and perhaps, in a general way, as little in his method of treating one. Yet, in spite of all these disadvantages, the fact remains that much of his book—"Doric Lays and Lyrics," published by Dunn and Wright, of Glasgow—is what another local poet in my hearing described it to be, "real poetry." In proof of this assertion, note in particular the passages which speak of children and the life of children. Again, if they be not "real poetry," by what means have Thomson's lyrics succeeded in winning their way to vast numbers of hearts in which exile has perhaps only rendered more acute the sentiment of home? It is, of course, undeniable that a poet must be born, and cannot be made; but it is no less certain that a man who has been born a poet may be *made* a much better one. James Thomson of Hawick—with reverence and regret let his name be spoken—owed all his poetry to his birth. "Should any of these simple rhymes," he wrote in the preface to his book, "be the means of touching a chord in the heart, or kindling a smile of happiness or enjoyment at the fireside of the sons of toil, the author will be amply rewarded." Such was the end which he proposed to himself; and he attained it. Below is reprinted one of the best known of his poems:—

HOGMANAY.

Up fra their cosie beds
Afore the break o' day,
Skippin' round the corner,
Brattlin' down the brae;
Hearts a' sae happy,
Faces blithe and gay,
A merry band o' bairnies
Seek their Hogmanay.

Careless o' the blast sae bleak,
Snawy drift or shower,
Though the roses on their cheek
Turn like the blaewort flower—
Frae ilka door they're jinkin'
To hail the happy day;
And they a' gang a linkin
To seek their Hogmanay.

Bonny bairnies, come awa',
It's little I've to gie,
But ye shall ha'e my blessing a',
And sae babee.
When manhood's care comes o'er ye,
Ye'll mind the merry day
When, happy-hearted bairnies,
Ye sought yer Hogmanay.

The Streets of Newcastle.

Grainger Street.

AGAIN we find ourselves at the Grey Monument, but this time we mean to saunter along the noble street to which has been assigned the name of Newcastle's greatest architect. We are within a stone's throw of Richard Grainger's birth-place in High Friar Street, just behind the present Dispensary. We have gazed on the magnificent work of the poor widow's son—fortunate enough to win a rich wife, though—as we have strolled down Grey Street. Let us see now what there is to interest us in its worthy companion and rival—Grainger Street.

Grainger Street, like Grey Street, is emphatically one of shops, and very handsome shops too. But our readers would scarcely thank us if we were to make an inventory of them. We are at the principal entrance to the Central Exchange Art Gallery and Reading Room. Shame upon us if we pass its door indifferently, for it is one of the sights of Newcastle.

The history of the room is interesting. Grey Street had been laid out; Grainger Street planned out also; what was to be done with this considerable triangle of waste land left between them? Grainger's first idea was to erect a Corn Exchange, which, being covered, should enable merchants and their customers to transact their business in greater comfort than before. For at that time the corn market was held in the open air in St. Nicholas' Square (where the cabs now stand) on Tuesdays and Saturdays. At eleven o'clock on these days, a man

who lived in Drury Lane stationed himself at the head of it as the "Major" proclaimed the hour, and rang his bell, whereupon the merchants opened their sacks, and the business began. Grainger, then, built the Exchange with this object in view. But the Corporation of that day would not fall in with it. They listened to the protests of the shopkeepers in the neighbourhood of St. Nicholas' Square; moreover, the occupants who were beginning to settle in Market Street declared that corn-laden carts would be unsightly before their doors.

Well, in consequence of opposition of this sort, the Corn Exchange project had to be abandoned. It occurred then to Grainger that a place where the purposes of a news room could be combined with those of a commercial exchange was one much needed in Newcastle. Accordingly, in 1839, this building was opened as an Exchange and News Room. Subscribers to the number of 1,132 had been obtained; there was, of course, the inevitable dinner, to which some four hundred sat down, and thereat the Mayor, Mr. John Fife, presided; and so the scheme was continued until December, 1869.

In that year it was found impossible to keep open the institution any longer. The rent was too heavy; the support accorded was inadequate. With an enterprise and a courage worthy of the highest praise, Messrs. T. P. Barkas and W. Tweedy—the reputation of the latter as a wood carver was then at its height in this North-Country—came gallantly to the rescue. They determined to carry on the News Room and the Exchange, but to add attractions in the shape of an Art Gallery and occasional Industrial Exhibitions. There was a general feeling of relief when these public-spirited townsmen announced their intention; for it was felt that the conversion of so noble a building into a vulgar casino, or anything of that sort, would have been a downright calamity. Messrs. Barkas and Tweedy re-opened the building on the first of June, 1870, commencing with about 700 subscribers, which have since, under the management of Mr. Barkas (now Mr. Alderman Barkas) and his son—Mr. Tweedy having retired—very largely increased.

The interior of the Exchange (see page 82) is striking enough. Twelve massive pillars, arranged in semi-circular order, mark the limits of the news room proper; all else is open to the general public at a fixed charge per head. Here are the pictures, curiosities, articles of vertu, and so forth; here, too, are held the concerts, &c. The exterior is in architectural harmony with the rest of Grainger's buildings in the neighbourhood. The corners are rounded off, and surmounted by domes, beneath which are massive Corinthian columns. Few places of mere business can boast of more elaborate embellishments than can the shops in this part of the town.

We may now leave the Exchange. Opposite us is Nelson Street, chiefly notable for its Lecture Room, which has been the scene of many animated political and theological meetings. So far back as the year 1843, in the

month of January, Robert Owen expounded his peculiar system here at great length. An Irishman present attempted to reply to the lecturer, but was at once unceremoniously ejected. He speedily returned, reinforced by a large number of his countrymen, who were indignant at the roughness displayed towards him. The doors being barred against the mob, they were attacked with sticks, broken bed-posts, chair legs, &c., until at length an entrance was forced, when the audience beat a hasty retreat by means of the doors and windows. Fortunately, no serious personal injury was done to anyone concerned in this foolish affray. Then, in the month of July of that same year, John Bright addressed a crowded meeting here on the then burning question of the Corn Laws. In May, 1857, John Frost, the Chartist, was presented in this room with an address of congratulation from a number of sympathising supporters of his views.

But it would be impossible to go at length through the list of public men who have stood on the platform of the Lecture Room, without writing, substantially, a history of the Radical Reform party in Newcastle for the last half-century, and that would be foreign to the purpose of these papers. Here, amongst others, Charles Attwood proclaimed his sturdy Radicalism, and David Urquhart aired his characteristic views on the diplomacy of Lord Palmerston. Here Charles Larkin often thundered against the Tories, and George Thompson brought an indictment against other forms of slavery than that which befel the negro, whose constant friend he was. Mr. Joseph Cowen was a familiar figure on these boards from his early years; and, later on, he was in the chair when Mr. Joseph Chamberlain first addressed a Newcastle public meeting here. Sir Charles Dilke delivered from this platform the speech on the Monarchy which created so much stir at the time. Mr. James Watson, bookseller, Mr. James Gilmour, photographer, and Mr. Thomas Gregson, watchmaker, represented the more purely local Radicalism of Newcastle in this room on many and many an occasion; all three have passed into the silent land. Theological opinion of all sorts has found expression here, from that of Father Ignatius and Thomas Cooper to that of Mrs. Annie Besant and Mr. Charles Bradlaugh.

Above this room is another, formerly known as the

THE BUTCHER MARKET, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

Music Hall. Here Gavazzi has more than once declaimed against the teachings of Rome; here, too, Charles Dickens came, on his second visit to Newcastle, to give some of his popular readings from his own works. He would not go back to the Town Hall on any account; indeed, he is said have denounced its internal arrangements with Saxon force and emphasis. A little further along is a Primitive Methodist Chapel, the foundation stone of which was laid by the Rev. W. Clowes, of Hull, on November 21st, 1837. It was finished in the following spring, and will accommodate about a thousand persons. A little further along still is the Cordwainers' Hall, whose motto was that "oppression's iron hand should ever be legally resisted." The opposite side of the way is devoted to satisfying bodily wants in the eating and drinking line. Here also is located the Working Men's Club—a very deserving and creditably managed institution. The corner shop at the Grainger Street end was long known as "Barlow's shop," occupied for many years by the late Joseph Barlow, bookseller and news-agent.* We are now at the corner also of what is always called emphatically, *The* Market; and thereby hangs a tale.

We have seen already how Grainger made a clean sweep of the old markets of our town when he took in hand the formation of Grey Street. We may now see what he built in the place of what he had knocked down. In a sense, the architect was an iconoclast; but he was not one altogether. He pulled down only that he might rebuild and restore; and this market building—certainly one of the finest in England, perhaps the very finest, all things considered—is an excellent instance in point. It was finished and ready for its purposes on the 22nd of October, 1835. Great were the rejoicings of the public on that great day. A grand dinner was held in the Vegetable (division of the) Market, and the then Mayor, Mr. J. L. Hood, occupied the chair. Nearly two thousand persons sat down; many more would have liked to have kept them company. It was very sensibly resolved by the organisers of the feast that the charges should be moderate on such an occasion; and, accordingly, the guests at the lower part of the avenue were only charged a couple of shillings a-head, whilst those who sat at the upper or north-east end were required to pay five. So great was the demand for tickets, however, especially of the latter class, that many of them were sold for ten and even fifteen shillings a-piece. Altogether nine hundred tickets were thus disposed of.

Whilst the lords of creation were thus feeding, the fair ladies, according to our amiable insular custom, were graciously permitted to look down upon them from a gallery specially erected for the purpose. About three hundred took advantage of these seats. Dinner over, the speech-making began, and some appropriate addresses were given by Mr. Ord, M.P., Mr. John Clayton (Town Clerk), and Mr. John Dobson. But the hero of the day, of course, was Richard Grainger himself, who, on rising to say a few words, was received with round after round of enthusiastic cheering. Of this famous dinner in our modern local history, Mr. John Adamson, the learned biographer of the poet Camoens, is reported to have said, maybe with some pardonable enthusiasm:—"Nothing was like it since the days of Belshazzar; but instead of a prophet predicting impending destruction, we had a Mayor and Corporation that made the welkin ring with shouts of coming prosperity." The banquet was held on the 22nd; the Market, in its various departments, was opened for business on the following 24th.

CENTRAL EXCHANGE ART GALLERY, NEWCASTLE.

Figures are not, as a rule, very attractive reading; yet we fancy that two or three here may prove interesting to the good people who throng from all parts of the town, and from the surrounding country-side also, to "The

* Mr. Barlow, whose cheerfulness of temper was not affected in any way by the loss of his eyesight, died in Northumberland Street, on October 15, 1886, in his seventy-eighth year. (See next page.)

Market." Let it be set down, then, that this temple of trade comprises an area of 13,906 square yards, or about two acres. Its length is 338 feet 3 inches; its breadth, 241 feet 7 inches. In the Butcher Market proper there are four avenues, which contain 183 shops, some of them, however, devoted now-a-days to the sale of other wares. Of these shops, no less than 157 were taken by butchers before the building was opened—a strong proof of their confidence in the stability of the enterprise. There are 360 vertical windows, and 60 skylights in the eastern avenue alone. The original Vegetable Market is now mainly given up to the vendors of second-hand books. In this hall, as it was originally called, there were 56 shops and 104 windows. It is 318 feet long and 57 feet wide.

The Corporation paid £36,290 for the Markets; but, as a set-off, they received £15,000 on account of the old market which had been demolished; so that the net cost of the building to the ratepayers came to £21,290. On the opening day, the meat offered for sale exceeded anything previously known in the North of England; whilst the Green Market (for so was the Vegetable Market generally called) was distinguished by an "almost boundless profusion" of exhibits.

Of course so notable an event in the history of our town did not escape the local poets of the time. It may amuse the reader to transcribe one of their "screeds"—to use one of their own favourite words. It runs as follows:—

THE NEW MARKETS.

(Tune—"Canny Newcassel.")

Wey, hinnies, but this is a wundorful scene,
Like some change that yen's seen in a playhoose;
Whe ever wad thowt that the awd Major's dean
Wad hev myed sic a capital weighhoose?
Where the brass hez a' cum frae nebody can tell,
Some says yen thing and some says anuthor;
But whe ever lent Grainger 't as knaa varry well
That they mun hev, at least, had a fother.

About Lunnen, then, divvent ye myek sic a rout,
For there's nowt there ma winkers te dazzel;
For a bell or a market, there issent a doot,
We can bang them at canny Newcassel.

Wor gratitude Grainger or sumbody's arl'd,
Yet still, mun, it myeks ye a' shuther,
Te see sic a crowd luiking eftor this warld
Where the Nuns used te luik for the tuther.
But te yor awn interest dinna be blind,
Tyek a shop there, whatever yor trade is;
Genteeler company, where can ye find,
Than wor butchers, green wives, and tripe ladies?

Ye see the wives naggle aboot tripe and sheep heeds,
Or washing their greens at a fountain,
Where the young Nuns used to be telling their beads,
And had nowt but thor sins te be countin';
There the talented lords o' the cleaver and steel
May be heard on that classicull grund, sor,
Loudly chanting the praise o' their mutton an' veal,
Though they're losin' a happ'ny a pund, sor.

When them queer Cockney folk cum stravagin this way,
(Though aa've lang thowt we're gettin aboon them),
They'll certainly noo hae the mense just to say,
That we've clapt an extinguisher on them;
It's ne use contending, they just may shut up,
For it's us can astonish the stranger;
They may brag o' their lords and their aad king te boot,
What's the use on't?—they hevent a *Grainger!*

To the student of character, the Saturday scenes in the Market are often full of interest. Thousands pass and repass; buxom housewives and rosy lasses jostle against sisters who have only too clearly the wearing marks of poverty. Each tradesman, every saleswoman is on the alert for customers, particularly if the goods are perishable. One class of visitors always attract attention when they perambulate the Market, namely, the brides, bridegrooms, and bridesmaids from the outlying country villages. With these it seems to be the rule to "leuk

JOSEPH BARLOW.

throo the Mairkit." On their appearance they are the observed of all observers. Nor do they seem to care a button for the good-humoured chaff which is occasionally addressed to them, especially if any of the party are recognised as acquaintances or customers. Indeed, they rather seem to like the obtrusive attention thus paid them. What wonder? Why should they be angry or we surprised? Was there ever woman yet that wouldn't turn her head to look at a bride, and then to criticise the husband?

Returning to Grainger Street, we notice on our left Market Street, with its huge drapery establishments, where you may buy anything you want in that line, from a pennyworth of tape to a bishop's lawn sleeves or a duchess's sables. Shop after shop of more or less handsome dimensions are passed till we come to West Grainger Street. Near the end of this substantial addition to Newcastle streets, we find ourselves between St. John's Church and graveyard on our left, and the Savings Bank on our right. Of the latter it is only necessary to record here that it was founded in January, 1818. The business was at first conducted in the Mayor's

Chamber (or Parlour) in the Guildhall; then at the end of the Tyne Bridge; then in the Arcade; and now where we see it. Crossing Westgate Road, we pass by the Douglas Hotel, an imposing architectural pile, and, on the other side, the County Hotel, which is an enlargement of an earlier (but substantially the same) building, and find ourselves in front of the Central Station.

So come we to the end of this street of shops. But we must not forget to remind the reader that the part of the street we have just left is the palatial successor to a narrow and not particularly inviting thoroughfare, known as St. John's Lane, sometimes Copper Alley, because wages were there often paid in coppers.

The Miser of Retton.

ABOUT the middle of last century, one of the most familiar figures at Barnard Castle and Richmond markets was John Wardell, or Weardale, then tenant of Ketton, a farm in the township of Brafferton, two or three miles south from Aycliffe, on the left bank of the Skerne. He was commonly known by the nickname of the Miser of Ketton.

There being no market at Darlington for corn in those days, Johnny, as he was called, had to take his wheat and other grain further afield; and as the roads were very bad—for the most part mere horse tracks, and for carts quite impassable—the produce had to be carried on the backs of pack horses, each of which bore something like a couple of bolls. With six or eight such horses, Johnny was wont to march in procession, riding upon the foremost, with a very primitive saddle, made of coarse sack-cloth, stuffed with straw, and known as Sods-and-Sunks; and the rest of the cavalcade followed close behind, tied in tandem fashion, with a lad similarly mounted on the hindmost horse. Wardell thus travelled, as occasion served, to Barnard Castle on the Wednesdays, or Richmond on the Saturdays, leaving home some time the night before, so as to be ready when the market opened. As soon as the horses had been divested of their loads, they were taken back to the nearest convenient place outside the town, and left there in charge of the lad, till his master had got his marketing made. In this way Johnny was saved the expense of stabling and baiting his steeds, and no Boniface in either town ever saw a penny of Johnny's money, for both the lad and he carried thick slices of home-made "maslin" bread (a mixture of wheat and rye), and "kitchen" to it, in the shape of skim-milk cheese, which they could moisten at their discretion with a drink of water.

On these occasions Johnny was clad in a homespun grey coat, manufactured from the wool of his own sheep by his wife and daughters, the whole of whose leisure time was filled up with spinning on the long wheel, and woven by one or other of the country weavers who were then to be found in every village. His feet were covered with rough tacketed or hobnailed shoes, and his legs with coarse woollen hoggers, which came up to above his knees. His knee breeches had been worn by his father and grandfather before him. They were made of well tanned or tawed sheepskin, and, having descended with other heirlooms to himself, they had become, in the service of three generations, so thickly engrained with grease and dirt, that, with the assistance of an old rusty nail, they served at market the purpose of a Roman wax tablet for the calculation of Johnny's accounts.

It was in this queer trim that Mr. Wardell appeared at the sale of Stickabitch, a property situated between the road from Blackwell to Croft and the River Tees, and began to make biddings for it, in competition with some of the big-wigs from Darlington and Durham, who were there expressly to be buyers. These gentry eyed Johnny with supreme contempt, and rudely questioned his ability to pay even the arles, or earnest money, for confirming the bargain, in case the property were knocked down to him. But Johnny, to the astonishment of all, drew forth from his ample coat pocket an old stocking foot filled with guineas, many of which had King Charles the Second's head on the obverse and an elephant on the reverse, showing that they were of the original mint. The result was that the property was knocked down to Mr. Wardell, who tabled, there and then, not merely the arles, but the whole price, and received a receipt in full, with an obligation by the agent of the vendor to complete and hand over to him the necessary deeds within a given time.

But Stickabitch was not the only one of Mr. Wardell's purchases. He also owned High Beaumont Hill, in the township of Whessoe, Aycliffe Wood, and Chapel House, opposite Gainford. Ketton belonged to Sir Ralph Milbanke, and Johnny, as one of his chief tenants, had a place of honour assigned to him at the half-yearly rent dinners at Halnaby, when it was his habit to give the toast of his landlord's health in the following terms:—"I'll gie ye a worthy and respectable gentleman, Mr. Sir Ralph Milbanke, Esquire, Knight and Baron-Knight. I'm certain showr ye'll all drink it heartily, with all the honours, as we're all in duty bound. Lang may he leeve, and be a blessing to every yin connected wi' him, and when he's called upon at length to his last account may he get a full quittance for ony mistyeaks he may have made, and get a front seat i' heevin."

But Johnny's ideas of another world were somewhat gross and earthy. He was once heard to say:—"They may talk of heevin as they will, but gie me Ketton Greens, on which a man can grow seven crops o' yits i' seven years, all good gift, corn and straw, and I'd be content to stay here for ever, if it were God's will, for I've

always held that a bird i' the hand is worth two in the bush, and I never was a good hand at singing."

A friend once suggested to Johnny that he was merely gathering money for his heirs to spend, and hinted that he would be a much wiser man if he sat still and enjoyed himself in his old age, now that he had far more than he could ever get through in any reasonable way; but Johnny replied with an air of complete contentment, "Beins, man, if they have as much pleasure in spendin' 't as I have in gatherin' 't, e'en let them be deun'." Yet, though he thus professed indifference with regard to what his heirs might do after he was dead and gone, he could not bear the idea of waste in any department occurring under his eyes, nor had he the least grain of toleration for the expensive follies of his more fashionable contemporaries. His neighbour, Mr. Stephenson of Brafferton, kept a pack of harriers, and one day, when he heard the hounds passing through that gentleman's estate, he said to those about him, "Beins, lads, de ye hear them jowlers yonder? Dunnot ye hear they're cryin' esh and yak?" meaning ash and oak; for he foresaw that the cost of the pack would by-and-by have to be met by the sale of the timber on the estate. And when some time afterwards he heard a new Lincolnshire pack, of a deeper and louder tone, going past, he exclaimed, "Beins, lads, de ye but hear 'em? They're roarin' out land and all, land and all!" And, sure enough, Stephenson's folly before long made complete havoc of timber, land, and all he had.

Mr. Wardell's grandsons, if all tales be true, verified the old saying, "Gear hardly won is lightly spent," for, instead of following their grandfather's example, they spirited his estates through the air as soon as they had got them into their own hands; and as, according to the French proverb, "Play (gaming) is the offspring of avarice," so they became keen betting men, and are even said to have associated with George the Fourth when he was the leading man of the day on the turf, and the "First Gentleman in Europe." The result may easily be imagined.

We have heard that, when farmers in South Durham want a handful of straw to stop a hole in a corn sack, one may still occasionally hear them say, "Run away, lad, run away, and bring me one of Johnny Wardell's clouts," or varying the metaphor, "Bring me here a Barney-Cassel wisp."

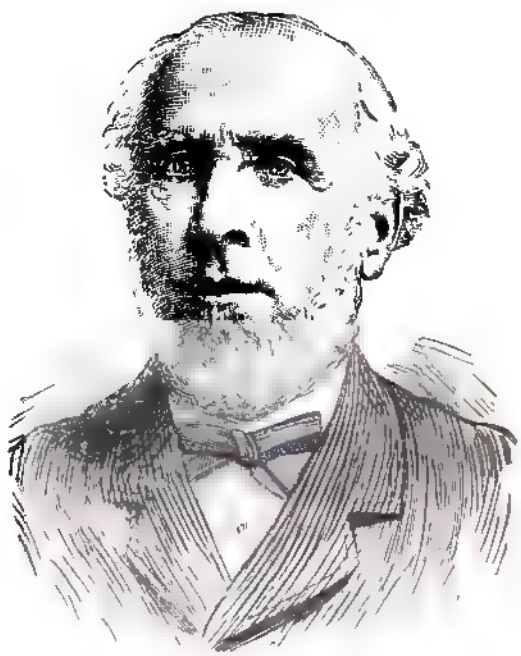
Mr. Wardell was succeeded at Ketton by the celebrated Mr. Charles Colling, who first introduced the improved Durham shorthorn breed of cattle into the district.

W. B.

A Cumberland Worthy.

MR. GEORGE ROUTLEDGE, founder of the great publishing firm which is associated with his name, who died on December 13, 1888, will always be remembered as one of the pioneers of cheap literature in this country.

Born at Brampton, Cumberland, so long ago as 1812, Mr. Routledge had reached the advanced age of 76. His first step in business was in Carlisle, where he was apprenticed to Mr. Charles Thurnam, bookseller. On the



termination of his indentures, he went to London, where he entered into the service of Messrs. Baldwin and Cradock, a firm of booksellers of the old type. Three years afterwards he started in business on his own account, though in a very modest way, in Ryder's Court, Leicester Square. It was not till 1836 that he attempted publishing upon an extended scale. His first attempt was with "The Beauties of Gilsland Spa," but it was a failure. He was more successful in 1843, when he published "Barnes's Notes on the Old and New Testament," in 21 volumes. Five years later appeared the first of the great series of "The Railway Library," of which more than a thousand volumes have been issued. This was the commencement of the era of cheap literature. Then came Fenimore Cooper's works, followed by the novels of Bulwer Lytton, for the copyright of which Mr. Routledge and his partner (for he had taken a partner) paid the

author £20,000. Altogether the novelist received no less than £40,000 from this firm alone. Another of Mr. Routledge's successes was with Mrs. Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," of which his company sent out ten thousand copies in a single day, the total sale by this one firm being upwards of half a million copies.

Retiring from business in January, 1888, Mr. Routledge was entertained at dinner by his numerous friends. In the course of a speech on the occasion, he related some of his business experiences. The following extract will be found interesting :—

In 1855 we published a beautiful edition of Longfellow's poetical works, with one hundred illustrations from drawings by Sir John Gilbert, engraved on wood by the Brothers Dalziel, with a portrait on steel by Samuel Lawrence. We spent over £1,000 on these illustrations, and £283 more on future editions. We published similar books to this for several years after as Christmas books, but the novelty having gone off, they became less remunerative; the production being so costly, we had to discontinue them. In 1857 we commenced publishing Shakspeare in 50 1s. monthly parts, under the editorship of Howard Staunton, for which he was paid £1,000; the drawings on wood, about one thousand in number, were made by Sir John Gilbert, and engraved by the Brothers Dalziel. The plant of this work cost £10,000. This is without the cost of printing and binding. In February, 1859, we brought out Part I. of an extensive work on Natural History, in five large volumes, by the Rev. J. G. Wood, the drawings on wood by Wolfe, Zwecker, Harrison Weir, and other well-known artists on natural history subjects; the drawings were engraved by Dalziel Brothers. The plant of this work has cost £16,000, and has paid us very well. From this date we have published a great number of juvenile books, and several hundred novels and other standard works. In 1868 Longfellow visited this country, bringing with him an unpublished work, "The New England Tragedies." We gave him £1,000 for this small volume, and £500 for the translation of Dante, and with other poetical works published at intervals, he has received about £3,000 for copyrights in this country. In April, 1883, we commenced the Universal Library, edited by Professor Henry Morley, in 1s. monthly volumes, bound in cloth, comprising standard works of the best old authors, such as Sheridan, Dante, Emerson, Homer, and others. Fifty-eight volumes of this series have been published up to this time, and the sale has exceeded our expectations. In 1836 one book only was published, but at this date the number exceeds over 5,000; so that for fifty years I can say that I have published 100 books each year, or two a week.

The later years of Mr. Routledge's life were in part devoted to the acquisition of certain estates in Cumberland which had at one time belonged to his ancestors. Every year he went to reside at Cumrenton, where these estates were situated. As a matter of fact, he never lost his interest in the place of his birth. He was made a Justice of the Peace for Cumberland in 1877, and was afterwards appointed Deputy Lieutenant. In the year 1882-3 he served the office of High Sheriff.

Mr. Routledge was twice married, his first wife being Miss Warne, by whom he had three sons and three daughters; his second wife was Miss Mary Bell, sister of Sir Isaac Lowthian Bell, by whom he leaves one son and one daughter.

We are indebted to the London Stereoscopic Company, 54, Cheapside, for permission to publish the portrait which accompanies this notice.

The House Sparrow and the Hedge Sparrow.

THE house sparrow (*Passer domesticus*), even more so than the pert and confiding robin, is familiar to the residents of town and country alike. Like the poor, they are "always with us," especially if the weather be extra severe, when they gather, with other small birds, at our doors and in back yards in search of food. At such times a party of say half-a-dozen sparrows are often bullied by a single robin, and driven away from the food, only to return again a minute or so afterwards. The cock and hen sparrow, even the young, are handsome, well-marked birds when they reside in the country; but in towns, owing to the dust and smoke, they always look draggled and dingy, though in all conditions they are invariably pert, cheerful, and pugnacious. The latter peculiarity is most observable in the pairing season (Mr. Duncan's drawing shows a

cock sparrow in its nuptial plumage), when a dozen birds may sometimes be seen fighting together at once, even in the middle of a busy road or street. But at all times of the year, except in cold, wintry weather, they may be found quarrelling.

From time out of mind the cheery and cheeky sparrow has been hotly persecuted by agriculturists and horticulturists as a destroyer of grain and fruit. But, where not unduly numerous, these familiar and omnipresent birds, despite what has so often been said to the contrary, do a vast amount of good in fields and gardens by destroying the grubs and insects which prey on the produce. In summer, when sparrows are rearing their young—though in mild weather I believe some of them breed nearly all the year round—they may be seen in numbers in gardens hawking after and catching butterflies almost as nimbly and successfully as the spotted flycatcher. Mr. John Hancock, the eminent Northern ornithologist, has a good word for these birds. As Mr.

Hancock remarks, undoubtedly the sparrow takes grain when he can get it, which is only during the time of harvesting, but "our sociable little friend ought to be credited with devouring also the seeds of weeds, and thus materially assisting in keeping the land clean."

Our little friend has a wide European range, and latterly he has established himself in America and Australia. Moreover, I have seen him at Simla, in India, close to the Himalayas.

The hedge sparrow *(Accentor modularis)* is not really a sparrow. Though resident with us, it is a member of the warbler family, and it may often be heard in song very early in the year, and even in severe weather, if the warm rays of the sun enliven the wintry scene. It has many common names in various parts of the country; but its most descriptive and appropriate name is the hedge warbler. It is also known as the shuffle-wing, winter fauvette, hedge creeper, hedge chanter, dunnock, hempie, bluey, and hedgie. The latter, so far as I know, are the most common names of the bird in the North of

England and South of Scotland. This modest, unassuming, and highly useful bird feeds almost exclusively on worms and insects, and is of great service to gardeners and agriculturists. It is an all-the-year-round resident with us, and in very severe winters many perish through cold and lack of food.

The bird figured in our second engraving is found over the most parts of Europe, from Italy to the Scandinavian countries, as also in Asia and Asia Minor. Its song is sweet and cheery, and almost as loud as the more self-assertive robin. It is an early-breeding bird, and when the hedgerows are just commencing to bud, its nest is only too easily detected by the marauding schoolboy, who too frequently cannot resist the temptation of appropriating its beautiful greenish-blue eggs.

The cuckoo not unfrequently selects the nest of the hedge sparrow (but more frequently that of the meadow pipet) in which to deposit her egg. When the eggs are hatched, the greedy young cuckoo hustles the legitimate nestlings out of the nest. The old "hedgies" feed the young gourmand as if it was their own offspring, and even carefully tend and feed it after it has left the nest, and till it can procure its own food. Aristotle, who was employed by Alexander the Great as a naturalist during his protracted campaigns, asserted that the young cuckoos eventually destroyed their foster parents; and the fool in Shakspeare's "King Lear" seemed to be of the same opinion when he referred to the poor old monarch's unfilial daughters :—

> The hedge sparrow fed the cuckoo so long
> That she had her head bit off by her young.

As the young cuckoo has a very large gape—I have heard a Northern boy say "the beggor was aall gob"—it may occasionally kill its foster parents, when feeding it, but not intentionally, I think.

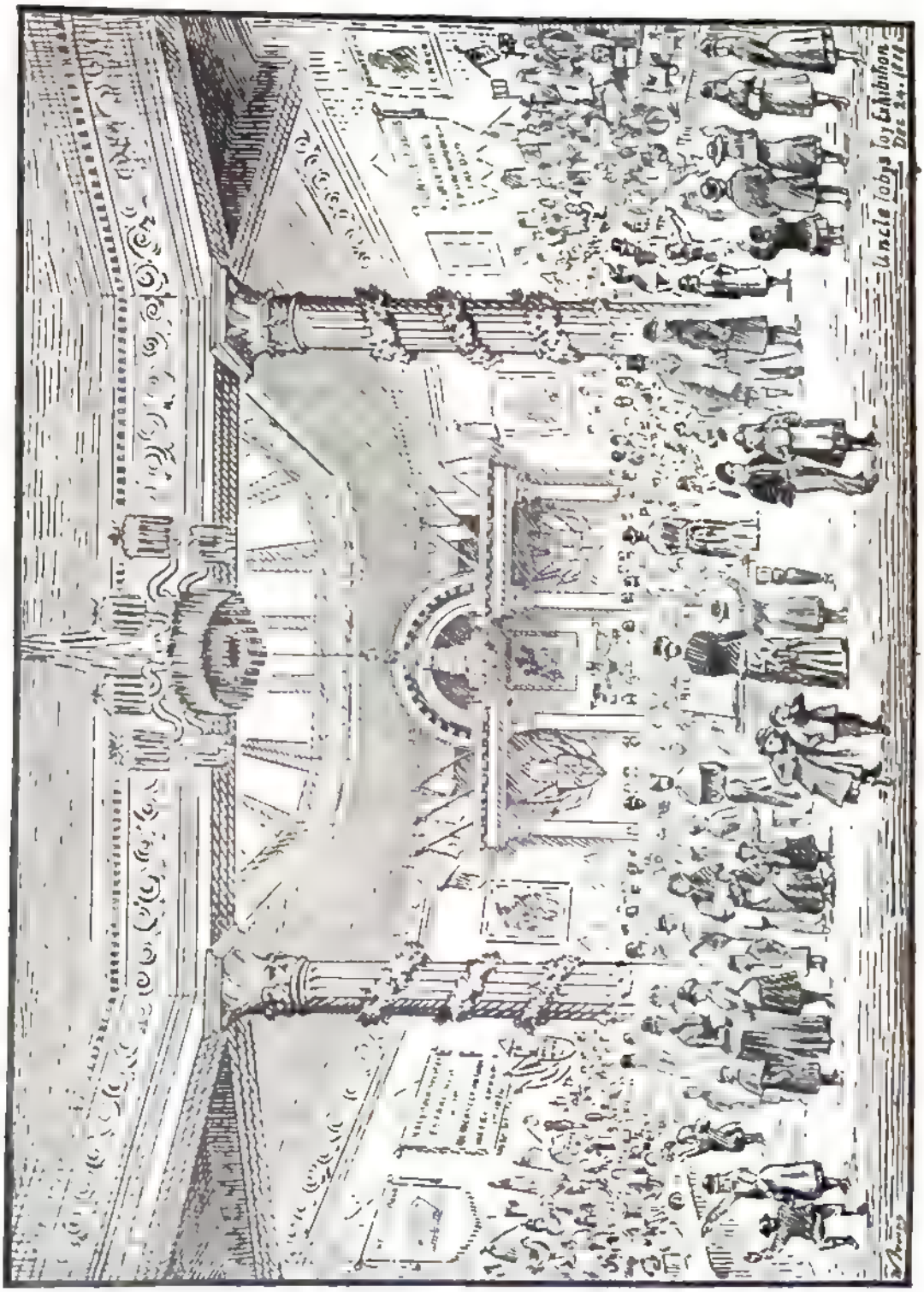
The nest of the hedge sparrow is usually found in hedges, hedge bottoms, or detached thorn bushes; but occasionally I have found its nest in low trees, and even amongst the rafters of a lonely cattle shed in the fields. It has also been known to build in a disused garden roller, and in other rather eccentric and unusual situations. The nest is generally well-built and symmetrical, the inside warmly lined with grass, wool, or hairs. Two broods, except where accidents or robberies occur, are usually reared in the season, the first occasionally as soon as the middle or end of March. Sometimes, however, three broods may be reared in an early and favourable season. The young birds are lighter in plumage than the old ones, until the moult takes place about August. The nest plumage is much mottled, and tufts of down may be seen adhering to the young birds, especially about the head, for some time after they leave the nest and are fairly strong on the wing. The male bird is from five to six inches in length. The female in plumage closely resembles the male, but is rather smaller, and the lower part of the back is slightly more olive-coloured.

HENRY KERR.

Uncle Toby's Exhibition of Toys.

AN interesting exhibition of toys, contributed for poor and sick children by the members and friends of the Dicky Bird Society, in response to an appeal made by Uncle Toby, conductor of the Children's Corner in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, was opened in the Academy of Arts, Blackett Street, Newcastle, on Monday, December 24, 1888. The collection, which was admirably arranged by a number of volunteer assistants, and presented an exceedingly varied and attractive display, consisted of 7,615 articles, in this total being included 2,500 packets of sweets presented by Uncle Toby himself.

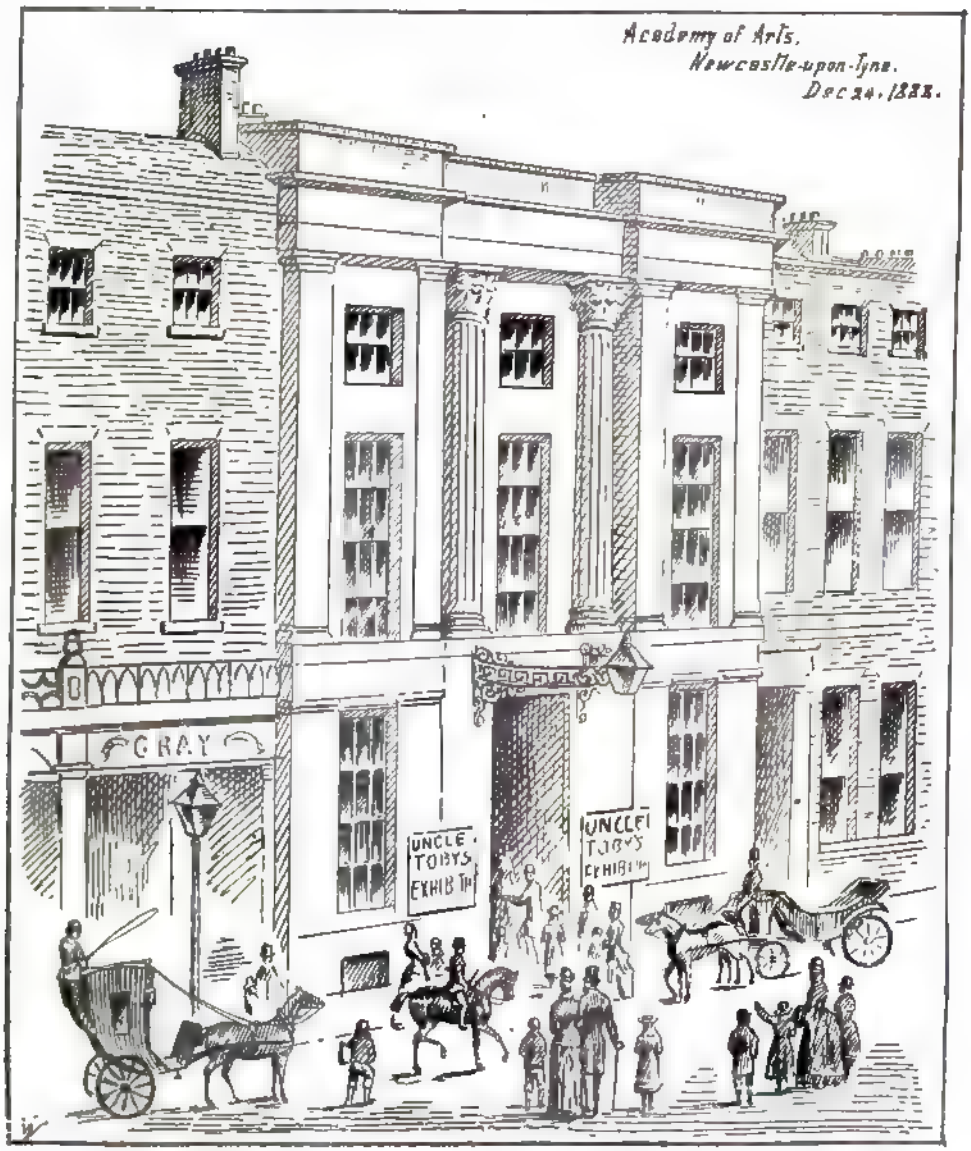
The inaugural ceremony was performed by the Mayor of Newcastle (Mr. Thomas Richardson), who alluded


Uncle Toby's Exhibition
Dec 24. 1711

to the origin and growth of the Dicky Bird Society, which at present had an aggregate of 164,000 members. Addresses expressive of sympathy with the objects of the movement were also delivered by the Sheriff (Mr. William Sutton), the Rev. Dr. Bruce, the ex-Mayor of Newcastle (Mr. W. D. Stephens), the Rev. Canon Lloyd, vicar of Newcastle, Dr. Rutherford, the Rev. Canon Franklin, and the Mayor of Gateshead (Mr. Alderman Lucas).

The articles again remained on view on the 26th, and on the evening of that day the closing address was delivered by Mr. Alderman Barkas, who expressed a hope that the company would all be ready to co-operate with Uncle Toby and his coadjutors in a similar undertaking next year. The exhibition, during the two days, was visited by nearly 20,000 persons, and, so far as the management knew, not one article was destroyed or removed. The presents were despatched to the various institutions on the following day.

The sketch of the interior of the Academy of Arts which accompanies this article was taken before it was found necessary to construct additional tables, running the entire length of the room, to accommodate the whole of the contributions Uncle Toby had received. Our drawing, however, gives some idea of the interesting spectacle.



The Academy of Arts.

Half a century ago, Thomas Miles Richardson, the celebrated local artist, established an annual exhibition of pictures by British artists, first carried on under the title of the "Northumberland Institution," in Brunswick Place, Newcastle, and afterwards (in conjunction with Mr. H. P. Parker, another distinguished local painter) in the Academy of Arts, Blackett Street.

The building which is shown in our view, and in which Uncle Toby's exhibition of toys was held, was designed by Mr. John Dobson, and erected by the well-known builder, Mr. Richard Grainger. Building operations commenced on September 15th, 1827, and the edifice was opened to the public on June 11th, 1828, the occasion being an exhibition of works of art, including costly models of St. Paul's, London, and St. Peter's, Rome, which were lent from the museum at Ravensworth Castle. The total number of oil paintings and water-colour drawings on view was 315; there were a dozen models, busts, and studies, and eleven pencil drawings; making a total of 338 objects of art. The principal exhibitors were T. M. Richardson, who sent 15 pictures; and H. P. Parker, who was represented by no less than 23. Among the other local artists who sent pictures were:—G. Balmer, Jun., J. W. Carmichael, E. Landells, G. B. Richardson, (brother of T. M. Richardson), T. M. Richardson, Jun., C. Terrot, J. R. Ryott, R. S. Scott, J. Bouet, and W. Wailes. The following non-residents were also represented:—J. M. W. Turner, A. W. Calcott, F. Danby, John Wilson Ewbank, Copley Fielding, G. Lance, J. Linnel, W. Mulready, and R. Pickersgill. The exhibition closed on the 13th of September the same year.

The building was again opened on October 6th following for the "exhibition of pictures by the most celebrated ancient and deceased masters, selected from the best collections," and an exhibition of water colours was held on the 31st October, 1831.

Under date September 3, 1832, we find the following in Sykes's Local Records:—"The Northern Academy of Arts in Blackett Street, Newcastle, having been disposed of in shares of twenty-five pounds each, and its title changed, the following notice of its opening was given to the public:—'The Newcastle-upon-Tyne Institution for the General Promotion of the Fine Arts.—The shareholders and the public in general are respectfully informed that the above institution for the exhibition of pictures and sculpture, &c., will open for the first season on Monday, the 3rd day of September.—By order of the committee of management, KEENLYSIDE and WALTON, secretaries.'"

The next event of any importance in connection with this building was the Polytechnic Exhibition, held on April 6, 1840. We gather from Mr. Latimer's continuation of Sykes's Local Records that the affair was intended for the benefit of the Mechanics' Institutes of Newcastle and Gateshead, and the North of England Fine Arts Society. The exhibition, which was of the most extensive character, was entered by the Academy of Arts, Blackett Street, where a number of beautiful paintings were exhibited. The Joiners' Hall, entered from the last-named apartment, was fitted up for the exhibition of a large microscope and other optical instruments. A temporary gallery thrown across High Friar Street connected the rooms in Blackett Street with others in Grainger Street and Nelson Street. In the Victoria Room (now the Northumberland Hall) the articles displayed were so numerous and splendid as almost to defy description; but Mr. Orde's racing trophies, won by Beeswing, a marvellous collection of English manufactures in porcelain, bronze, steel, silver, and glass, a series of beautiful coats of mail, and a great variety of ornithological specimens by Mr. Hancock, may be particularly enumerated. A short staircase led from the Victoria Room to the Music Hall, which was almost entirely devoted to machinery and manufactures, and to which the continual movement of so many articles imparted great animation. This brilliant exhibition was finally closed by a soirée on Wednesday, September 2, when the receipts were found to have reached £4,458 15s. 1d., leaving a clear surplus, for the benefit of the three institutions, of upwards of £1,500.

On April 24, 1848, another Polytechnic Exhibition was held in the building, when the arrangements were almost precisely similar to those made for the previous exhibition in 1840.

The Academy of Arts was afterwards let to an auctioneer, the late Mr. Charles Brough, who found its large space eminently suited to the display of his customers' goods. It is now occupied by Messrs. Davison and Son, auctioneers, having been acquired by purchase in 1874 by the junior member of the firm, Mr. Joseph Davison, Jun.

Notes and Commentaries.

THE MARGETTS MYSTERY.

Mr. Conrad Haverkam Greenhow, writing to Robin Goodfellow, the conductor of the local gossip department of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, has thrown some fresh light on the mysterious disappearance at North Shields which was described in the first volume of the *Monthly Chronicle*, page 58. Mr. Greenhow says:—

The facts are these:—John Margetts was a paid assistant of my father's. At five o'clock one morning in February, 1826, he went out with some medicine to deliver to a Mrs. Gaunt's in Tyne Street, and never was heard of again. I happened to be at home at the time, and in company with the Rev. Mr. Neal, of South Shields, tried to find a clue to the mystery. We found that a Mr. Profit, a mason, who lived opposite the end of Church Street, heard, early in the morning, a scuffle

in Tyne Street, and someone cried, "What are you doing with me?" The parties passed along Tyne Street, and the watchman at Chapman's Bank in Howard Street saw two men leading another down Union Street. The watchman thought the third man was drunk, and so took no notice. We next found that Mrs. Cornforth, of the Whitby Arms, in the Low Street, near the New Quay, hearing a cry of murder between five and six o'clock, looked out, and saw two men dragging another along. Now, they never got on to the New Quay, as a watchman at the Northumberland Arms saw nothing of them: so we concluded that they had gone down the lane leading to Brown's flour mill. We got a warrant to search, and, in a dilapidated attic, found a leather neck collar, torn, evidently in a scuffle. A man known by the name of Joney Aird, who had a stall on the New Quay, kept his things there. Aird disappeared soon after, and on the arrest of Burke and Hare at Edinburgh for the murder of the Italian boy, my father sent Mr. Park, who had a painter's shop near, and knew Aird, down to Edinburgh, to see if Aird and Hare were the same man. Mr. Park at once identified Hare as Aird. And I have not the slightest doubt that Aird (or Hare) had made away with Margetts, and sold his body at Edinburgh to be dissected, as Burke, before execution, confessed to having killed many for that purpose.

The following letter in reply to Mr. Greenhow's statement was subsequently addressed to Robin Goodfellow:—

Grosvenor Place, North Shields, Dec. 27, 1888.

Dear Robin,—Having read in your issue of last week Mr. Greenhow's letter, in which he mentions Mr. Park, painter, going down to Edinburgh to identify Hare or Aird as being concerned in the disappearance of Margetts, I beg to offer some corrections in the matter. From correspondence belonging to my deceased father, in reference to my grandfather's visit to Edinburgh, I find that this Aird, who was a great bird fancier, and had a stall in the old fish market, North Shields, disappeared about the same time as Margetts. My grandfather, who took a great interest in birds, was on very friendly terms with Aird, who often paid a visit to his place of business in Clive Street. On the arrest of Burke and Hare in Edinburgh, as mentioned in Mr. Greenhow's letter, my grandfather did go to Edinburgh to see if Hare was the said Aird, but did not identify him, as he had been liberated two days before he arrived, his delay being by the coach in which he travelled either happening an accident or by storm. Burke was executed the morning of my grandfather's arrival. As, however, he had travelled so far, the warder in charge of the body asked him if he would like a piece of the murderer. My grandfather assenting, he cut off one of Burke's ears! The memento is still in possession of the family.—I am, &c., WILLIAM HARLE PARK.

THE INVENTOR OF THE STEAM PLOUGH.

The Rev. William Fisken, minister of the Presbyterian Church of England at Stamfordham, Northumberland, died in the early part of 1884. Mr Fisken was a septuagenarian, and had laboured for 37 years a few miles from Wylam, on the banks of the Tyne, where George Stephenson was born. Mr. Fisken, who was a native of Perthshire, alongside the study of theology, diligently pursued mechanics. In this latter science his brothers, Thomas and David, were equally proficient. Mr. Fisken will be remembered by posterity, as he well deserves to be, and especially by agriculturists, as having been one of the two inventors of the steam plough, the other being his brother Thomas, a schoolmaster at Stockton.

Several years ago an important trial came off at Westminster upon the merits of the invention. The parties were the Messrs. Fisken and the Messrs. Fowler, the eminent implement makers at Leeds, and the finding of the jury was that the Presbyterian minister at Stamfordham and the schoolmaster at Stockton-on-Tees were the original discoverers. It is somewhat singular that the appliance which perfects the plan of the brothers, who had been working together at the steam plough, suggested itself to each of them independently and simultaneously. The late Mr. William Chartres, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, the solicitor employed by the Fiskens, used to tell how the two brothers wrote to him on the same day about the final discovery, but that he received William's letter first.

Mr. Fisken also invented a potato sowing machine, an apparatus for heating churches, and the "steam tackle" which has helped to render the steam plough of so much practical use.

The foregoing, from one of my note-books, may be worthy of insertion in your pages. NIGEL, York.

A HIGHWAYMAN TRAGEDY.

The notice of Drummond, the Sunderland highwayman, in the *Monthly Chronicle* (vol. ii., p. 317), reminds me of the following incident:—My great-uncle, Joseph Revell, Madras Civil Service, was crossing Bagshot Heath in a post-chaise, or carriage, with a friend, Mr. Mellish, when they were stopped by two mounted men, who deprived them of their purses and watches, and then rode away. After passing, one of the highwaymen fired his pistol into the back of the carriage. Mr. Revell addressed some observation to Mr. Mellish, but, receiving no answer, looked at him, and found he was dead! The ball had passed through the woodwork of the chaise, and entered the back of Mr. Mellish's neck.

BLACKETT REVELL, London.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

CHRISTENING THE CALVES AT COTHERSTONE.

Two tourists from Durham were lately approaching the village of Cotherstone in Teesdale (which both knew very well), when they met a native, out of whom one of them decided to "take a rise." The following exchange took place between them:—Tourist: "Hey, my man, what village is that there?" Native: "That be Cotherstone, sor." Tourist: "Isn't that where they christen the calves?" Native: "Aye, sor, but it's eftor fower o'clock on Friday efternuin, an' they doant chrissen on Satorday nor Sunday; thoo'll hae te wait till Monday morn for thy torn!"

A PITMAN'S DREAM.

A pitman residing at Windy Nook takes pleasure in repeating his dreams. One evening, some quarrymen, desirous of having a joke with him, asked Geordy to tell them a good one. After some little persuasion, he complied as follows:—"Wey, lads, aa dreamt the

other neet aa wes deed, an' wes tyaken doon belaa—ye knaa whor aa mean. When aa gets te the gates, the little imp that minds them says:—'What's yor trade?' 'A pitman,' says aa. 'Whor de ye come frae?' 'Windy Nyuk,' aa tells him. 'Come in, lad,' he says, 'thoo's the forst pitman frae thor, but we're swarming wi' quarrymen!'"

SEEING IS BELIEVING.

In one of our neighbouring villages lives a miner, who is much addicted to strong liquor. His wife and children often suffer great privations through his drunken and impecunious habits, although he can generally manage to bring some dainty morsel from the "toon" for his own supper. One Saturday night he returned in a merry mood with a pound of sausage, which he ordered his wife to fry. As the cooking proceeded, Geordy slept; and the poor woman, to whom necessity knew no law, shared the treat with her children, and liberally besmeared the mouth of her sleeping spouse with the fat. Presently he awoke, and demanded his sausage. "Wey, thoo's eaten't," said his wife, and as a proof showed him his greasy face in a looking-glass. "Beggor, aa must hev," said Geordy, "seein's believin!"

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

The other day, a hawker, plying his vocation in Gosforth, knocked at the door of a cottage; the lady of the house came, and, discerning that he was about to offer some article of common use for sale, tartly remarked: "Aa nivvor buy owt at the door!" "Ah, weel," said the hawker, "then aa'll sell ye summat at the windor!"

THE ACTOR AND THE BUZZER.

Some time ago, a company of travelling actors were playing Macbeth at a colliery village within the proverbial hundred miles from Newcastle. All went well until the last scene, where Macbeth was being pursued by Macduff. Macbeth enters breathless with excitement, and in a tragic manner places his hand to his ear in a listening attitude, exclaiming, "Hark! what noise is that I hear? Enemies are on my track!" Just then the buzzer at the colliery was blowing, notifying that the pit would be idle the next day. A pitman in the back seats shouted out at the top of his voice: "It's the buzzor, ye beggor! The pit's off the morn!"

BROWN ROLL.

A house painter being asked by his employer if he had ever worked in London, replied: "No, aa nivvor think o' gannin' thor; wey, ye cannot git broon rowl in London—it's aall shag!"

TWINS.

The other day a young man, who has a twin brother, went with his mother into a certain butcher's shop in Shieldfield. Seeing himself in a looking-glass, the young man exclaimed: "Muthor, thor's wor Tommy in the shop." The good lady looked for Tommy, but failed to find him. At last the truth dawned upon her, and she said to her son: "Wey, it's yorsel'; ye divvent knaa yor aan fyce from Tommy's!"

North-Country Obituaries.

Mr. Matthew Young, a gentleman prominently connected with several local bodies at Berwick, died in that town on the 10th of December, 1888, at the age of about 66 years.

On the 11th of December, Mr. Matthew Carter, formerly builder, farmer, and manager of Smith's Charity, died at Hartlepool, at the advanced age of 76.

On the 13th of December, Mr. William Hedley, J.P., colliery owner, died at Burnhopeside Hall, Lanchester, in the 81st year of his age. He was the last survivor of the four sons of the late Mr. William Hedley, who it is claimed was the inventor of the locomotive engine. The father became connected with collieries in the county of Durham, and was assisted by some of his sons, who eventually succeeded him. They were partners in the firm of Thomas Hedley and Brothers, Quayside, Newcastle, and owned South Moor, Craghead, and Holmside collieries. The second son, Thomas, brought the name of the family prominently before the public some years ago by his munificent legacy towards the fund for the establishment of the Bishopric of Newcastle, of which he was thus practically the founder. Mr. William Hedley, like his relatives, was also distinguished for many works of charity and philanthropy. The deceased gentleman, among several other local bequests, left £1,000 to the Newcastle Royal Infirmary.

On the same day, the Rev. Dr. Maclennan, vicar of Brampton-in-Cleveland, and formerly assistant chaplain of St. Thomas's, Newcastle, died at the age of 60.

Colonel the Hon. Augustus Liddell, late Deputy-Ranger of Windsor Forest, and uncle to the present Earl of Ravensworth, died on the 14th December, at his residence at Eaton, aged 76 years.

Dr. Horan, a well-known medical practitioner at Sunderland, died there on the 18th of December, at the age of 64 years.

On the 19th of December, Mr. George Young, senior member of the firm of Messrs. Young and Sons, contractors, Monkwearmouth, and a familiar figure in Sunderland, died at Bishopwearmouth. He was 69 years of age.

On the 20th of December, it was announced that Mr. John Sewell, a native of Bishop Auckland, and formerly master of the Herrington Wesleyan School, Sunderland, had been killed by coming in contact with a rock while bathing at Gatton, Queensland, on the 28th of October. He was only 30 years of age.

About the same date was reported the death of the Rev. John Broadbent, a Wesleyan minister formerly identified with Sunderland, but who had latterly been removed to Richmond, in Yorkshire.

Mr. Jonathan Priestman, J.P., a well-known coal-owner, died at his residence at Derwent Lodge, Shotley Bridge, on the 21st of December. He was the youngest son of the late Jonathan Priestman, of Benwell House, near Newcastle, and his father was a very influential citizen of Newcastle, being engaged in the tannery busi-

ness, and specially in the production of morocco and other fancy leathers—a calling which he followed with considerable success. This gentleman was the first president of the Newcastle Temperance Society. The deceased filled the position of manager of the Consett Iron Works with much ability for some time, being succeeded by Mr. Jenkins, the present manager. Mr. Priestman afterwards devoted more attention to the coal trade, and he had been for a number of years prominently connected with the commercial life of Newcastle. He was managing owner of Ashington Colliery, Northumberland, and through his instrumentality many improvements were effected at that place. He was also head of the firm which owned the Victoria Garesfield, near Winlaton. Mr. Priestman was a member of the Society of Friends, and was brother-in-law to Mr. John Bright, M.P., his eldest sister having been married to that distinguished statesman; but she died in 1841, and Mr. Bright married a second time in 1847. The deceased gentleman took an active part in the promotion and management of the Newcastle Royal Jubilee Exhibition, and he was a member of the Finance Committee of the local Coal Trade Association. Mr. Priestman was chairman of the Lanchester and Consett bench of magistrates, and was 63 years of age.

On the 31st of December, Mr. Michael Spencer, a member of the firm of John Spencer and Sons, Newburn Steel Works, died at his residence, Walbottle Hall, near Newcastle.

The Rev. Mother Mary Aloysius O'Connell died, in her 73rd year, in the St. Bede's Convent of Mercy, Sunderland, on the 31st of December. The deceased lady was a cousin of the great Daniel O'Connell.

Mrs. Lough, widow of John Graham Lough, the eminent sculptor, died at her residence, 42, Harewood Square, London, on the 29th of December. She was upwards of seventy years of age, and had survived her distinguished husband eighteen years. She was a daughter of the Rev. Henry North, domestic chaplain to the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, and she was married to Mr. Lough in 1832. The deceased lady, in compliance with the oft-expressed wish of her husband in his lifetime, presented the original models of his principal works to Newcastle, and they were afterwards placed in Elswick Hall, the collection having been inaugurated by Mr. Joseph Cowen, then senior member for the borough, on the 24th of October, 1877. Mr. Lough was a native of Greenhead, near Minsteracres, Northumberland, where he was brought up as a working mason.

On the 3rd of January, 1889, the Rev. Thomas Russell, one of the co-workers with Hugh and James Bourne in founding the Primitive Methodist Connexion, died at Dover, in the 83rd year of his age. The rev. gentleman travelled in the Stockton circuit during the last severe visitation of cholera, and in 1853 he was stationed at Darlington.

Mrs. Clark, wife of Mr. Edward Clark, solicitor, died suddenly at Portland House, Benton, on the 5th of January. The deceased lady was a daughter of Mr. George Stanley, formerly lessee of the Tyne Theatre, and during the brief period she spent as an actress she gave proof of considerable talent.

Mr. Robert Newlands, a gentleman largely interested in business matters in Jarrow and South Shields, and father of Messrs. Newlands, solicitors, died in the former town on the 8th of January.

Mr. Leopold Charles Martin, the only surviving son of John Martin, the famous painter, who was a native of Haydon Bridge, Northumberland, died in London on the 8th of January. His life had been spent, for the most part, in the public service. Through the interest, it is stated, of Sir Robert Peel—a warm admirer of the artist—Mr. Leopold Martin obtained a post in a Government office, and was thus furnished with a career congenial and suitable to him, though he still kept up his relations with the world of art, science, and literature. Mr. Martin married a sister of Mr. John Tenriel, the inimitable *Punch* "cartoonist," and some of his leisure was devoted to literary labours. "Illustrations of British Costume from William I. to George III.," "Gold and Silver Coins of all Nations," and "The Literature of the Civil Service," are among the works published by him at various times. There had just been commenced in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, from the pen of the deceased gentleman, the publication of a series of personal reminiscences of his distinguished father. The articles having been completed before the author's death, their publication was continued from week to week. For accounts of the different members of the Martin family—John, William, and Jonathan—see vol. i., pp. 343, 418, 434; vol. ii., p. 43.

A Cambridge University correspondent, on the 10th of January, recorded the death of Mr. Ernest Temperley, bursar and assistant-tutor of Queen's College, who was born in 1849, and was educated at Newcastle Grammar School.

On the 13th of January, Mr. John Charlton, licensed victualler, Drury Lane, Newcastle, died at his residence, in Northumberland Street, in the 71st year of his age. He had carried on business in the town for the long period of about forty years, and was much respected by the very large number of people who knew him. The deceased gentleman was a brother of Mr. James Charlton, of Chicago, a well-known authority in the railway world of America.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

DECEMBER, 1888.

10.—The Senate of Durham University decided to admit evening students of the College of Science in Newcastle to the titles and degrees of the university.

—At the Durham Convocation, Mr. Edwin Codling, the first artizan who had obtained that distinction, received the degree of Bachelor of Science in the University of Durham.

—Mr. G. T. France was elected chairman, and the Rev. A. F. Riley vice-chairman, of the Gateshead School Board.

—The committee of the Bedlington Mechanics' Institute celebrated the 38th anniversary, by planting a number of trees in the ground in front of the large building in Front Street.

11.—The first marriage was solemnized in St. George's Church, Newcastle, the bride being Miss Elizabeth Ada

Swan, daughter of the late Mr. William Swan, of Walker, and the bridegroom Dr. Arthur Brumell, of Morpeth.

—Mr. Thomas Cooke, of the firm of Messrs. Hedley, Turnbull, and Cooke, was elected representative of St. John's Ward in the Newcastle City Council, in the room of Mr. J. G. Youll, recently elevated to the position of alderman.

12.—Mr. Richard Fynes, of the Theatre Royal, Blyth, was presented with an illuminated address and an album by his friends of Newsham and New Delaval.

13.—The Rev. Robert Brown, of Erskine Presbyterian Church, and for upwards of thirty years a minister in Newcastle, announced his acceptance of a call to Brampton, in the Presbytery of Carlisle. Previous to his departure, the rev. gentleman was presented with an illuminated address, two oil paintings, and a purse of gold by members of his old congregation and friends. He was inducted into his new charge on the 1st of January, 1889.

—The Rev. A. L. Laird, M.A., was inducted to the pastorate of Arthur's Hill Presbyterian Church, Newcastle.

—A destructive fire occurred at Messrs. Graham and Co.'s saw mill and timber yard, at the west side of Tyne Dock, South Shields, the damage being estimated at several thousand pounds.

14.—A scheme of amended and extended representation was adopted by the Newcastle Board of Guardians.

—Mr. Joseph Dodds, accepting the Chiltern Hundreds, retired from the representation of Stockton-on-Tees, for which he was the first member, and for which he had sat in the House of Commons since 1868. There came forward as candidates Sir Horace Davey, Q.C. (Liberal), and Mr. Thomas Wrightson (Conservative). The election took place on the 21st, the result being—Davey, 3,889; Wrightson, 3,494. Sir Horace Davey was consequently returned.

16.—A woman, named Jane Rigg, died in Victor Street, Monkwearmouth, from the effects of injuries alleged to have been inflicted by her husband, William Rigg, on the 9th.

—The chancel of St. Nicholas' Cathedral, Newcastle, was re-opened by the Bishop of Derry.

17.—The new Theatre Royal, Blyth, erected for Mr. Richard Fynes, was opened in the presence of a large audience.

—It was announced that, during some ploughing operations, a circular-built grave, supposed to be of Roman origin, had been unearthed on the farm of Unthank, near Berwick.

18.—William Waddle, who murdered Jane Beadmore, at Birtley Fell on the 22nd of September, 1888, was executed in Durham Gaol, Berry being the executioner. (See vol. ii., pages 526, 573.) The convict had, a day or two previously, confessed his guilt of the crime to Dr. Lake, Dean of Durham.

19.—The Tees shipbuilders gave notice for an advance of 12½ per cent. in their wages.

—A new Surgical Home, in connection with the Throat and Ear Hospital, was opened at the corner of Brighton Grove and Stanhope Street, Newcastle.

—The inaugural address was delivered by Mr. George E. Shotton, president, to the members of the National Association of Draughtsmen in Newcastle.

20.—It was announced that the Rev. S. E. Pennefather, vicar of St. George's Church, Newcastle, and the Rev. Christopher Bird, vicar of Chollerton, had been installed as honorary canons of the diocese of Newcastle.

21.—A home for waifs and stray children was opened at Gosforth by Mr. W. D. Stephens, J.P.

22.—John Boulton, a man well known in aquatic circles, and 36 years of age, committed suicide by hanging himself, at Gateshead.

—The Christmas pantomime of "Sindbad the Sailor," the libretto being by Mr. W. Morgan and Mrs. Howard, was produced for the first time at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle. The subject of the pantomime at the Tyne Theatre, in the same city, was "Puss in Boots," which was presented for the first occasion on the 26th.

24.—A theatrical license for twelve months was granted to St. George's Hall, Newcastle.

26.—Twenty-two men, forming part of the crew of the screw-steamer Storm Queen, of Newcastle, which had been wrecked in the Bay of Biscay, on the 22nd, were landed at Dover by the Norwegian barque Gulnare, by which they had been rescued. The captain (Mr. Jaques) and other five hands were drowned.

28.—Sir Edward Grey, M.P., presided at the annual dinner of the North of England Commercial Travellers' Association, held in the Assembly Rooms, Newcastle.

—Mrs. Lowrey, residing at 12, City Road, Newcastle, gave birth to three children—two males and one female. This was the second case of triplets which had occurred in the same city within a few weeks.

31.—A boy named James Moore, aged 15, was fatally stabbed in Railway Street, Sunderland; and John Mc. Donald, another lad, 14 years of age, who was suspected of having inflicted the injuries, was arrested on the charge. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against him.

JANUARY, 1889.

1.—New Year's Day was ushered in by the customary interchange of good wishes and other observances; but in Newcastle remarkable quietness prevailed, and during the night only six persons had been taken into custody.

—Park Terrace Presbyterian Church, Windmill Hills, Gateshead, of which the Rev. J. Anderson Watt is minister, was opened by the Rev. J. B. Meharry, B.A., of London.

—Notice was issued by the Iron Shipbuilders' Society to the Employers' Association on the Tyne and Wear, asking that at the expiration of January, an advance of 12½ per cent. in wages should be granted. A similar notice had been served on the masters in the Tees district, which includes the Hartlepools. On the 8th, the employers, in the latter case, decided to close the yards after the 16th, such men as might be retained being engaged from day to day. The men of the Tyne and Wear eventually agreed to accept the offer made by the masters of an advance of 5 per cent. on piece prices and 1s. per week on time wages, dating from the first week of February, and another like advance dating from the first pay in July.

2.—An inquiry on behalf of the Local Government Board was held at South Shields by Mr. Thomas Codrington, in reference to an application by the Corporation to borrow £3,375 for public improvements and other purposes.

—A fog of great density prevailed on the Tyne and along the Northumberland and Durham coasts, considerably impeding the navigation and traffic.

3.—Mainly through the instrumentality of Mr. Thomas Stamp Alder, about 3,000 poor children were fed in Newcastle.

—Nominations were officially received for the Newcastle School Board, the triennial term of which was about to expire. Forty-one gentlemen, in all, including the fifteen retiring members, were nominated. As no important question affecting the past policy of the Board was involved, an effort was made to avoid a contest by a friendly arrangement. With this view, a meeting was held in the Council Chamber on the 5th, under the presidency of the Mayor (Mr. Thomas Richardson), and another, by adjournment, on the 6th; but on neither occasion was a compromise arrived at. With the exceptions of Messrs. William Hill, John Laidler, and Alexander Stewart, working men, the whole of the persons nominated, apart from the retiring members, eventually withdrew. The three persons above named, however, refused to retire, so that an election was rendered inevitable. The election took place on the 14th, and the result was declared next day as follows:—

John Robert Wood (Catholic)	15,740
Thomas Keenan (Catholic)	14,743
Alexander Stewart (Workman)	13,784
John Laidler (Workman)	13,683
William Hill (Workman)	13,604
J. H. Rutherford (Unsectarian)	11,496
A. T. Lloyd (Churchman)	10,654
G. Luckley (Unsectarian)	9,045
R. S. Watson (Unsectarian)	8,478
J. C. Laird (Unsectarian)	8,462
W. R. Plummer (Churchman)	8,413
S. E. Pennefather (Churchman)	8,368
R. G. Hoare (Churchman)	7,888
W. H. Stephenson (Unsectarian)	7,867
John Thompson (Unsectarian)	7,828
Benjamin Barkus (Churchman)	7,569
George Bell, Jun. (Unsectarian)	7,104
J. Shepherdson (Unsectarian)	6,570

The first fifteen on the list were declared to have been elected.

—A handsome organ erected in Jesmond Baptist Church, Newcastle, and presented by Mrs. Potts, was opened by a concert of sacred music.

4.—A deputation, headed by Lord Armstrong, and representing the local committees appointed to consider the proposals of the Admiralty and the War Office for the defence of the Clyde, the Forth, the Mersey, the Tyne, and the Tees, had an interview with the Marquis of Salisbury, at the Foreign Office, to urge upon him that the protection of British ports and commerce connected with them was a national duty, and not a work which localities could or ought to undertake.

5.—From the final official list of the Hospital Sunday and Saturday collections made in Newcastle in October last, it appeared that the total sum realised was £3,614 3s. 1d.; places of worship contributing £1,810 1s. 2d., and manufactories £1,804 1s. 11d. In the previous year the relative amounts were—from churches and chapels £1,971 0s. 5d., and from works £1,545 15s. 2d., making together £3,516 15s. 7d.

—The quarterly certificates of the accountants in the Cleveland iron trade showed the price to be 33s. 3·58d. per ton, making the tonnage rate of 9·41d., or an advance of ·13d. per ton.

—The result of the election for Tynemouth School Board was made known, the eleven members returned being—the Rev. Father Stark, Mr. L. M. Johnson, Mr. Ellis, the Rev. T. Brutton, Mr. Isaac Black, Mr. R. D. Scott, the Rev. David Tasker, Mr. Joseph Garrick, the Rev. Mr. Horton, Mr. Grant, and Dr. J. M. Robson.

—An offhand match was rowed on the Tyne, from the High Level to the Redheugh Bridge, between George Bubear, of Putney, the English professional champion, and George Norvell, of Swalwell. The stakes were £20 a-side, and the Swalwell oarsman eventually won by a length and a half.

7.—The new Hall and Sunday School for St. Philip's Parish was opened in Longley Street, Newcastle.

—The Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker, of the City Temple, London, preached in the Town Hall, Hexham, that town having been the place of his birth. On the following evening, he lectured at Sunderland on "Clocks and Watches."

—An international draughts match—James Smith, of Spennymoor, against Charles F. Barker, of America—was brought to a close at Spennymoor, in the county of Durham, and ended in a decisive win for Barker, who scored five games against one by his opponent, with 23 draws.

8.—Mr. Gainsford Bruce, Q.C., M.P., was entertained to a banquet, given by the Newcastle Conservative Association and the local Conservatives, in the County Hotel, Newcastle, in honour of his return to Parliament for the Holborn Division of Finsbury. The chair on the occasion was occupied by Sir M. W. Ridley, M.P.

—Strangers were brought to fill the places of sailors and firemen who had struck work at Seaham Harbour, the point in dispute being the mode of shipping and unshipping crews. The strike was settled on the 11th, and the men resumed work next day.

9.—The election of members of the Sunderland Schoo Board took place, with the result that the state of the parties remained unchanged, the fifteen seats being filled by eight Unsectarians, six Churchmen, and one Roman Catholic.

—Mr. T. Milvain, M.P., formally opened the new premises of the East End Working Men's Conservative Association, in High Street, Sunderland.

—Clarghyll Hall, situated about two miles from Alston, was partly destroyed by fire, and the Rev. Octavius James, the occupant of the house, perished in the flames. The reverend gentleman was 71 years of age, held the living of Kirkhaugh, and had been a justice of the peace for the county for about 40 years.

10.—It was announced that the will of Mr. William Isaac Cookson, of Worsop Manor, Notts, and Newcastle-on-Tyne, had been proved, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £585,000.

—The wife of Mr. R. B. Crow, butcher, Hylton Road, Sunderland, gave birth to three children, all girls. On the 12th of the same month, the wife of Mr. Finlay, 3, Hammond Street, Newcastle, was delivered of three children at a birth.

—Mr. Brewis Elsdon, of the firm of Elsdon and Dransfield, solicitors, Newcastle, acting on instructions received from the Secretary of State, proceeded to Alnwick, and made application before the Rev. Canon Trotter for four summonses against four persons for conspiracy in the famous Edlingham burglary case, when Brannagan and Murphy, who have since been released, were sentenced

to penal servitude for life at the Northumberland Assizes in 1879.

12.—Messrs. Bell Brothers, Limited, ironmasters and salt manufacturers, Port Clarence, Middlesbrough, issued a circular, announcing that they had disposed of their salt property to the Salt Union, Limited.

13.—Mr. T. Humphry Ward, husband of the author of "Robert Elsmere," and himself attached to the literary staff of the *Times*, delivered a lecture this evening, in the Tyne Theatre, on "Matthew Arnold."

14.—It was announced that the Rev. Theodore Charles Chapman, M.A., of St. John's, Lowestoft, had accepted the living of Jesmond Church, in Newcastle.

General Occurrences.

DECEMBER.

14.—An election took place at Maidstone in consequence of the death of Major Ross. The result was as follows:—Fiennes Stanley Wycham Cornwallis (Conservative), 2,050; John Barker (Gladstonian), 1,865; majority, 185.

16.—Death of Prince Alexander of Hesse, aged 64, at Darmstadt.

18.—Much anxiety was felt about this time on account of the reported capture of Mr. H. M. Stanley and Emin Pasha by the Madhi; but subsequent information was to the effect that two other whites had fallen into the Madhi's hands, and this led to the error.

—The result of an election at Colchester of a member of Parliament, in the room of Mr. H. J. Trotter, deceased, was declared as follows:—Lord Brooke (Conservative), 2,126; Sir William Brampton Gurdon (Gladstonian), 1,687; majority, 439.

20.—A force of 4,000 men, composed of British and Egyptian soldiers, attacked a body of Arabs who had for some time been threatening Suakim, on the Red Sea. The Arabs were driven from their trenches with a loss of about 400 killed and wounded. The British loss was very slight.

21.—In consequence of the violent and abusive language used by Dr. Tanner, M.P., during the sitting of the House of Commons on the Appropriation Bill, he was suspended from the service of the House.

—The body of a woman was found in Poplar, London, under circumstances which led to the belief that she had been strangled. She was afterwards identified as Lizzie Davis, an unfortunate. No clue was obtained to the person or persons supposed to have committed the crime.

—Death of Mr. Laurence Oliphant, aged 60, well known as a diplomatist and author.

24.—The House of Lords and House of Commons were this day prorogued.

—Death of the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Southey, vicar of Askham, near Penrith, son of the poet Southey, aged 70 years; also of Mr. Philip Henry Muntz, formerly M.P. for Birmingham, aged 78 years.

26.—Death of General Louis Melikoff, a famous Russian soldier, aged 65 years.

27.—A Native Indian Congress was held at Allahabad.

28.—Death of Elizabeth Pritchard, Newport, aged 104 years; also of Lord Eversley, who was Speaker of the House of Commons from 1839 to 1857, aged 93 years.

—Execution of a desperate character, Prado, in Paris, for the murder of a woman named Marie Aguétant.

31.—A boy named John Gill, eight years of age, was found dead within a stone's throw of his parents' house in Bradford. The body was horribly mutilated. No clue could be found to the mystery. A milkman was arrested and charged with the murder, but was subsequently liberated.

—An extraordinary hoax was perpetrated in Mexico. A report was sent to all quarters of the globe giving particulars of a rising in Mexico, in which seventy-two priests were killed by the Government forces, and two hundred others ordered to be executed. This was afterwards proved to be a stupid joke.

JANUARY, 1890.

6.—A young man named Jenkins, an artist, enticed his sweetheart, Emily Joy, into his studio, at Godalming, Surrey, where he violated and murdered her. Jenkins afterwards gave himself up, and confessed the crime.

7.—A British force routed a force of Red Karens in Burmah.

—Terrible storms occurred in the United States, many persons being killed and injured.

12.—The British steamer Priam was wrecked off the Lisargas Isles, Spain, when over one hundred persons were drowned.

14.—William II. opened the Prussian Diet. There was, he said, a great improvement in the economic situation, in industry, and in the position of the working classes.

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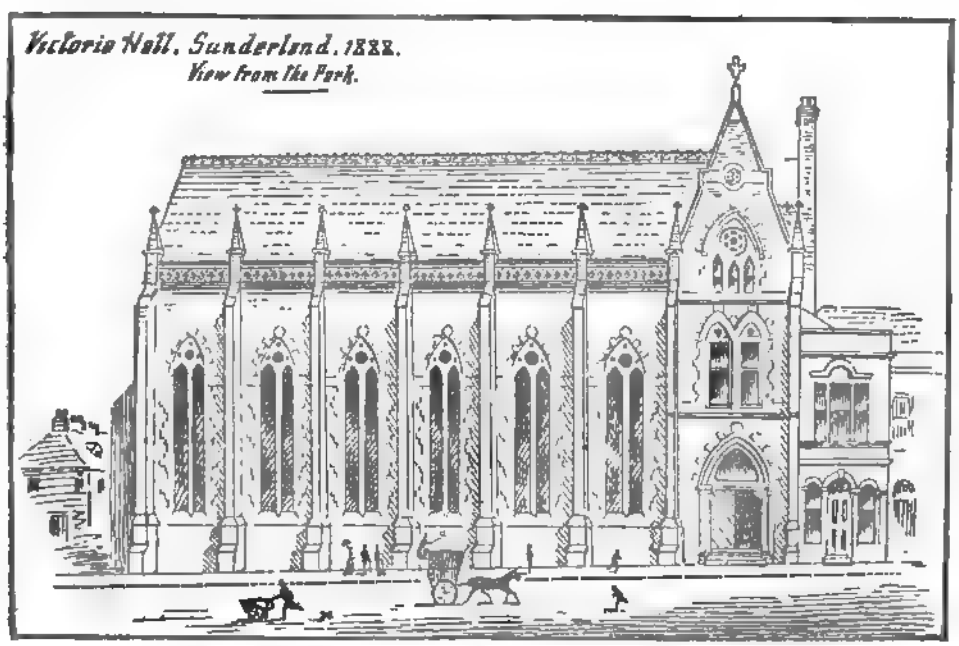
The Victoria Hall Disaster, Sunderland.

STANDING on the terrace in front of the Winter Garden, Sunderland, the spectator will note that one of the most striking buildings in sight is the Victoria Hall. It was here that the sad and never-to-be-forgotten calamity occurred on the 16th of June, 1883, when no fewer than 183 unfortunate children lost their lives.

A public performer named Fay had issued notices in the early part of the week to the effect that he would give a grand juvenile entertainment at the hall on the Saturday afternoon; and, as a means of securing a good attendance, he circulated tickets admitting children at the reduced price of one penny each to the gallery. He likewise announced that prizes, in the shape of books, playthings, etc., would be distributed at the close of the performance. The entertainment commenced at three o'clock, when there were about eight hundred children in the body of the hall, eleven hundred in the gallery, and a few in the dress circle, which was otherwise empty. There were scarcely any adults

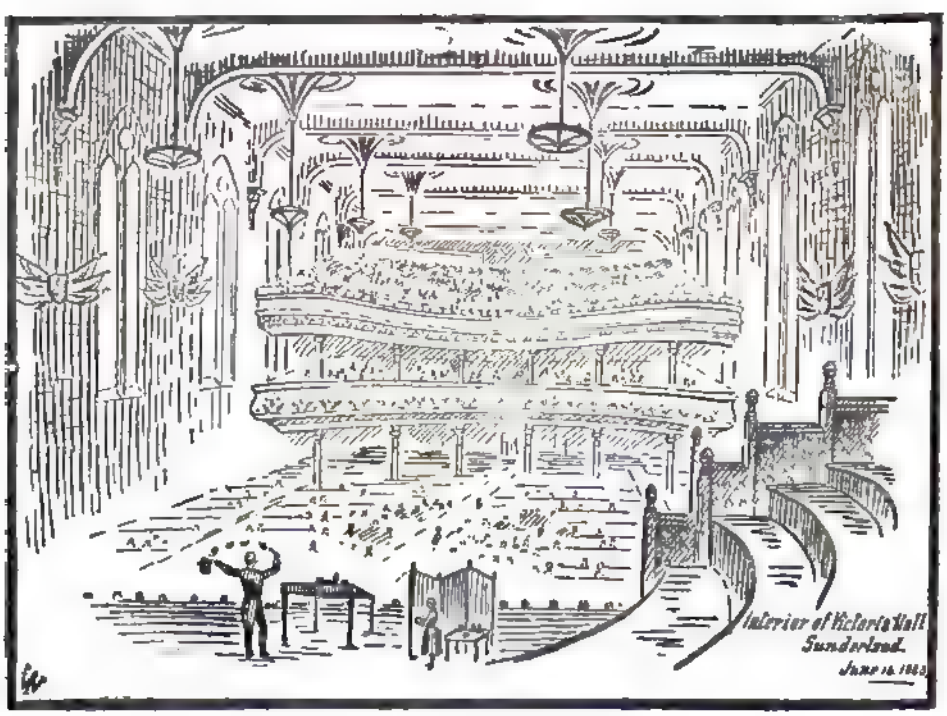


present besides Mr. Fay and his assistants, only a few nursemaids accompanying such of the children as had

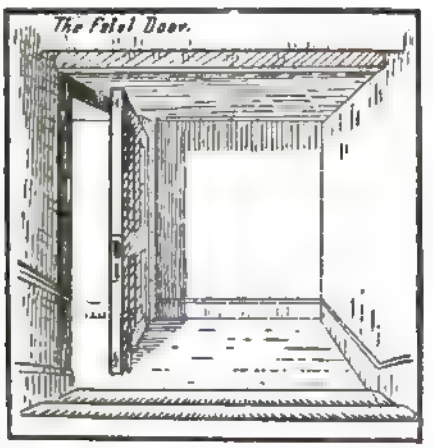
paid the full price of admission and got accommodated in the better parts of the house.

All went on well until the close of the proceedings, when the entertainers began to distribute prizes to the children downstairs. But as soon as those who were crowded together in the gallery, without any grown-up person to keep them in order, saw that the presents were being scattered about down below, they naturally became excited, and began to fear that none would be left for them. In an instant a number of the children rose to their feet, and made their way to the folding doors leading to the staircase, their intention being to run down into the body of the hall and share in the distribution of the toys.

About three parts of the way down the winding staircase was a door which opened inwards. This door had for some unexplained reason, or perhaps quite accidentally, been fastened partly open by a bolt in the floor, leaving for egress a width of about two feet only—barely sufficient for one person to pass at a time. The foremost of the eager youngsters dashed impetuously through the folding doors, and swept in a living torrent down the first two flights of stairs. So long as the way was lighted and clear they passed on safely enough, until, streaming down from landing to landing, and passing the doors and windows of the dress circle into the corridor, they approached the doorway above mentioned. The winding stair prevented those who were rushing down, with all the eagerness of children in a hurry to participate in the fun, from seeing what was actually happening in their immediate front. Those who were in advance were pushed forwards to the



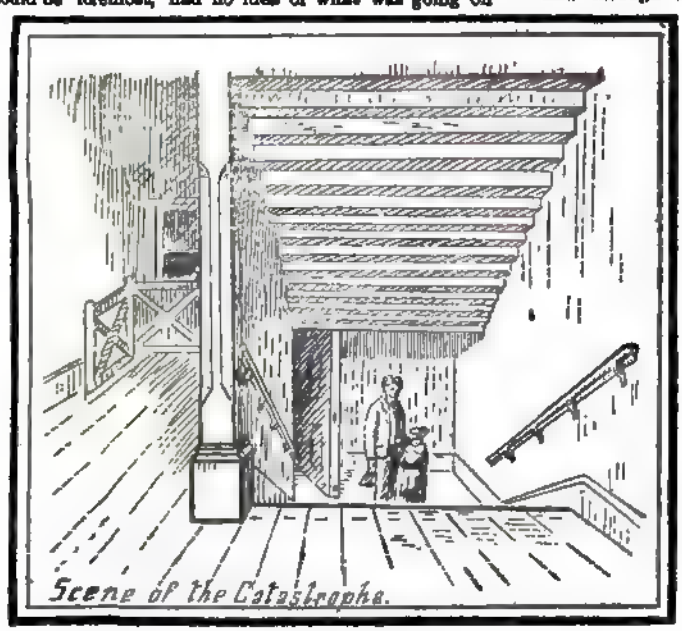
door by the crowd behind them, without the possibility of resisting the pressure. The narrow exit between the half-open door and the door-frame was speedily choked up, one spectator averring that he saw nearly twenty of the poor little creatures one above another struggling to get



out; and as the rush was still coming incessantly down like an avalanche from a mountain side, the children in front had not the least chance of escape. Some fell against the door; others were forced upon them by the pressure behind; and the lower part of the staircase was filled in an instant of time with a heap of helpless children whom it was physically impossible to rescue or relieve. Those who were still rushing down the stairs in tumultuous haste, cheering as they came on, and struggling who should be foremost, had no idea of what was going on below. So, quicker than one can tell, a dense pile of bodies was crushed in the fatal trap, between the door and the wall, such being the amount of pressure to which the frames of the hapless little ones were subjected that the strong wrought-iron bolt, whose presence did the mischief, was bent by the force of the compact of the shrieking and struggling mass of humanity, literally heaped up in tiers.

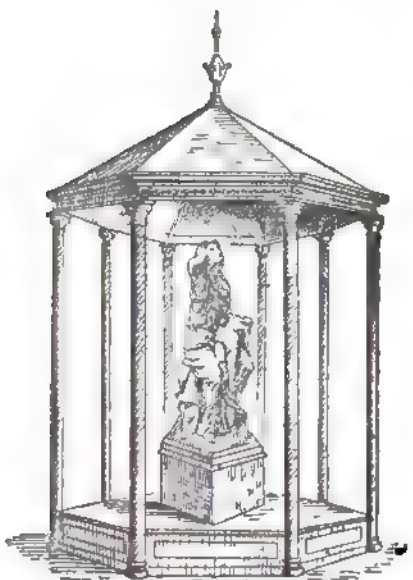
It was evident that before the life was crushed out of them they struggled desperately; for when the death-bolt was at length raised, after the bodies of the dead and the dying had been extricated, and the living had been hurried away from the appalling scene, the landing and the flight of stairs leading down to it were seen to be covered with pitiful evidences of the tragedy. Little caps and bonnets, torn and trampled, were lying all over the place; buttons and fragments of clothing littered the floor; here lay the fragment of blue ribbon which had tied up some little girl's hair; there lay a child's garter; on another spot the sole of a little boy's boot torn from the "uppers," furnishing mute but significant evidence of the violence of the death-struggle.

The caretaker of the hall, Mr. Frederick Graham, was the first who became aware that something dreadful had happened. When he got to the lobby, at the foot of the gallery stairs, he found a number of children lying there. After he had got them cleared out with no small difficulty, he proceeded from the outside towards the fatal door, being attracted thither by the groans and cries of such of the sufferers as were still alive. Mr. Graham at once perceived that the bolt had caught in such a way that the door could neither be opened nor shut entirely, and through the aperture, about two feet wide, thus formed, he caught sight of a writhing mass of human forms. He made one frenzied but futile effort to force back the door, and then rushed upstairs by another way into the dress circle, from which position by strenuous efforts he succeeded in stopping the further flow of children to the staircase. He then hurried back to the door, when he saw at once that the only means of rescue was to pull the bodies one by one through the aperture. With the assistance of a gentleman named Raine, a railway clerk named Thompson, and a police-constable named Bewick, he commenced the ghastly task. Further help fortunately soon arrived in the person of Dr. Waterston and others. As soon as a body was pulled out, it was rapidly examined, and, if dead, laid out in the area or dress circle; while if the little sufferer still lived (and the signs of



vitality were often very difficult to detect), the child was at once conveyed to the Palatine Hotel, the Infirmary, or some other house in the neighbourhood, where Drs. Beattie, Dixon, Murphy, Walford, Lambert, Harris, and other medical men, who were promptly on the spot, devoted themselves ungrudgingly to the work of mercy. The conduct of the cabmen of the town was also beyond all praise. They flocked to the hall with their vehicles, and rendered valuable help in conveying the injured to the Infirmary and elsewhere.

Meanwhile, the dreadful news had spread like wild-fire through the town, and the hall was soon besieged by thousands. The excitement was indescribable—mothers screaming for their children, and fathers fiercely striving to force their way into the building. It was, however, deemed prudent not to admit anyone until the work of



The Victoria Hall Memorial.

rescue had been completed; but the gentlemen, all of them full of sympathy and compassion, who volunteered to assist in the necessary but thankless work of keeping back the excited crowds, found it a most difficult task. When, at length, those claiming to be the parents of missing children were admitted in batches to the area and dress circle, the scene inside baffled all description. The children were laid out in rows, terrible to behold, many with blackened faces, swollen cheeks, and parched lips. As parents identified their children, their shrieks were most distressing. In some cases they fell upon their dead children, clasped them in their arms, and cried aloud over their dear ones. In many instances the mothers swooned away, and had to be carried to one side, where others, whose children had escaped, sought to restore and console them. One affecting case was that of a poor woman whom Mr. Errington, a member of the Town Council, was sympathetically assisting in her search. As she accidentally touched a corpse with her dress, a man said to her, perhaps somewhat roughly, "Don't stand upon them," when she replied, "Good God! I have too many of my own to stand upon them." The unfortunate woman, a few minutes afterwards, discovered three of her own children amongst the dead! Another instance is related of a man who, with his wife, pushed his way into the hall, and eagerly scanned the faces of the dead. Without betraying any emotion, he said, with his finger pointed and with face blanched, "That's one."

Passing on a few yards further between the rows of little ones, he said, still pointing with his finger, "That's another." Then, continuing his walk till he came to the last child in the row, he exclaimed, as he recognised the third little one, "My God! all my family gone."

Among the many distressing features in connection with the affair, that of mistaken identity was not the least agonising. A number of children taken away in the excitement of the moment were afterwards returned to the hall, the poor people having been misled as to the identity of the shapeless little masses of humanity. In

one case, a parent took home a little boy by mistake, and after arriving there found it was the body of a neighbour's child. Meantime, his own boy had been recovered alive, and was treated with all skill and care possible, though the little fellow died subsequently from his injuries.

The victims of the disaster comprised 69 girls and 114 boys. It was found by analysis that the greatest number were between the ages of 7 and 8 years. The following shows the numbers and ages :—

Ages.....	14	13	12	11	10	9	8	7	6	5	4	3
Victims...	1	1	6	13	26	23	37	36	19	14	5	2

In some families the whole of the children were swept away, and there are known cases where the broken-hearted parents have gone to their last home, never having recovered from the shock.

The disaster was the subject of talk and comment in every household in the land for more than the proverbial nine days ; and for many and many a year to come it will remain in the memories of fathers and mothers as the most lamentable event in their lives. But it evoked, too, a spontaneous and noble outburst of humane sentiment, as is always the case when the heart of the community is touched. Money poured in from all sides, and a sum was subscribed for which there was no immediate direct need, as no bread-winners had been lost. Out of the amount promised, nearly £5,000 was received, and with this the expenses of most of the funerals were paid ; but unfortunate dissensions hindered the remainder from being put to use for building and endowing a Convalescent Home for Children, as at first intended ; and, with the exception of the sum paid for the statue in commemoration of the event, which has now found a resting-place in the People's Park, it still remains unappropriated.

The view of the exterior of Victoria Hall is taken from a photograph by Mr. Paul Stabler, of Sunderland ; that of the interior is from a sketch by our own artist. The sketch of the staircase where the disaster occurred is from a drawing by Mr. Robert Jobling. Our other sketches show the Laura Street entrance to the hall, and the fatal door with the bolt in the socket. We also give sketches of the memorial group, and of the group in its glass case, erected in Sunderland Park.

Lottery Offices in Newcastle.

THE first public lottery in England occurred in the year 1569, and the profits were devoted to the useful purpose of making harbours, repairs of public works, &c. It is generally believed to have been the Genoese Government that conceived the idea of using lotteries as a means of adding to its revenue, and the example was soon followed by other nations, England amongst the rest. Little more than sixty years ago, the State lottery was one of the regular institutions of this country, the profits yielding the national exchequer more than a million a year. Every newspaper, London and provincial, teemed with advertisements appealing to the gambling instincts of the people. The usual number of tickets in a lottery was 20,000, each of the value of £10. These tickets were first thrown open to the competition of contractors, which brought an advance of £5 or £6 each. After the contractors were supplied, they in turn offered them to the public at a profit of £4 or £5, or fairly double the price of the first issue. Of course the poorer class of the people—always the vast majority—had no such sum as £20 to risk in a game of chance ; and, to accommodate this class, the tickets were divided into halves, quarters, eighths, and sixteenths, the usual price of a sixteenth being £1 11s. 6d., so that the agent must have pocketed a big profit, as the sixteenth of £10 is only 12s. 6d. Lotteries were finally abolished in England by Act of Parliament in 1826.

We have recently met with a number of advertisements, songs, fly sheets, &c., issued by the lottery agents in Newcastle seventy or eighty years ago. E. Humble & Son, Mosley Street, and Watson & Sons, Edinburgh Tea Warehouse, Newcastle, appear to have done a great business in lottery tickets, and their numerous and tempting inducements to gamble, which they issued profusely, are even now very amusing to read. Here is an enticing advertisement, printed in 1810 :—

All in one day—8th June, 1810. Grand State Lottery—4 of £20,000, 4 of £5,000, 12 of £1,000, 20 of £500, &c., &c. Four Extra Prizes of 100 Tickets each, to be drawn next Friday, 8th June, 1810. £200,000 in Prizes. Only 5,000 Numbers, a single Ticket may gain £100,000. Tickets and Shares are Selling by Messrs. Watson & Sons, Edinburgh Tea Warehouse, Newcastle-on-Tyne. By the above salutary measure, every doubt is removed respecting Lotteries being injurious to the morals of the people, and the principle placed beyond the reach of censure.

We can scarcely understand where "the salutary measure" comes in, unless it be the one-day drawing, which places everything "beyond the reach of censure."

Like Silas Wegg, the agent not seldom dropped into poetry, and of this we give a specimen culled from a new song to the tune of "Derry Down" :—

To those who want riches this song is address'd,
For of all plans to get them, sure this is the best,
To try in the Lott'ry, now pray do attend,
And I'll teach you the way how your fortunes to mend.
Derry down, down, &c.

The drawing begins twenty-eighth day of June,
Which you all must allow will be here very soon ;
Then purchase with speed, if you take my advice,
For tickets will certainly get up in price.
Derry down, down, &c.

Here is the last verse of another "New Lottery Song,' to the tune of "Chapter of Kings" :—

On the eighth day of March Dame Fortune intends
To distribute a part of her gifts to her friends ;
Ye who wish to partake, don't a moment delay,
But to Humble's famed office pray hasten away.
Yet barring pother of this, that, or t'other,
You all must get prizes in turn.

We quote next from a tiny little bill (five inches by three), the calm, convincing logic of which would satisfy the most sceptical as to the great advantage of speculating in a lottery ticket :—

One Fact is worth a hundred arguments, and one Lottery Ticket may be worth a Thousand Prizes in the ensuing Lottery, if purchased before the 12th of April next, for the first drawn Prize above £15 must gain 1,000 whole tickets whose worth is incalculable!

Exceedingly tempting, too, is another little hand-bill, which runs to this effect :—

The dawn of old England's good fortune by sea, in the American war, began 12th April, 1782, a day to be held in grateful remembrance by every lover of this happy country; but with what gratitude will the fortunate possessor of the first-drawn prize above £15 be impressed, the 12th of April next, when 1,000 whole tickets are presented to him, which may gain upwards of £100,000!

Sometimes the hesitating speculator is stirred up by a warning or threat like the following :—

In a few hours, the unsold Tickets or Shares now remaining in this town must be returned to London; and amongst them, perhaps, several of the large Prizes. If you wish to make your Fortune, you must be quick—there is No Time to be Lost!

Emphasis is always given to the statement that "the State Lottery is all drawn in one day," which seems to have been considered a great advantage. "Therefore (says one of Messrs. Humble's advertisements) Expedition is necessary in your application at the truly Lucky Office of Edward Humble & Son, Mosley Street, Newcastle, where the only Prize of 40,000 pounds ever known was sold. Both the Five Thousands in the last Lottery were sold at the above office, to which you must quickly repair if you wish for a chance in the present Grand Scheme, it being limited to one Day's Drawing. God Save the King!"

But all this is not enough, it would seem, to induce the weak, the foolish, and the mercenary to embark in the scheme; so, like Mrs. Jarley, the agents seek the aid of comic songs, interspersed here and there with "spoken" between the lines. We will quote a small sample of one of these effusions, "spoken" and all :—

There were Four and Twenty Lotteries all in a row.
There were Four and Twenty Lotteries all in a row.

Spoken—There was five thousand all in one day. Five thousand what, sir? Tickets, sir, to be sure; not one blank among them, and a Prize four times over, every time the wheel turns round, to make the poor rich, and raise the humble from the bottom to the top of the ladder of Fortune, where they may sit

And look so proud
Above the crowd
That's down below.

For it's a lucky lottery, and therefore we'll be merry.

Who could withstand all this wit and humour, these coaxings and blandishments? E. Humble & Son tried every means by which to tempt the cupidity of the public—poetry and prose, pictures, epigrams, conundrums. Indeed, the extent and variety of the printed matter which they threw out at this time were amazing. Here's something to make a speculator's mouth water :—

A person sprung up in this town who predicted that the only Prize of Forty Thousand Pounds ever known was then on Sale at E. Humble & Son's truly lucky office, in Mosley Street. Wonderful to relate, this was the case! The golden opportunity was embraced by a lady [a lady worth embracing!] who is now enjoying the fruits of her speculation. The same wiseacre who predicted that the Forty Thousand would be sold by Humble & Son, now foretels that one, at least, of the Twenty Thousand in the next Lottery will be added to the Lists of Capitals sold by them.

Coloured pictures, and not badly done either, were also pressed into the service of the lottery dealers. The following, we suppose, was considered very funny by our grandfathers seventy years ago:—Two swells of the period, strolling along, wholly ignore a poor fellow out at elbows, who is trying to attract their attention. "Come along, Jack," says one, "or we shall be bored to death. That fellow has no gratitude. When he had money, I took infinite pains to teach him to spend it like a gentleman—now it's gone, he is always teasing me with his wants—it annoys me exceedingly." On the other side we find that things have changed, a lucky lottery ticket enabling Jack to give his quondam friend a Roland for his Oliver. Jack, fashionably attired, is again met by Tom and his friend, who courteously salutes him with "Jack, my dear fellow, won't you stop and let me congratulate you upon your good fortune? I heard you had obtained a Prize in the Lottery, and it gave me much pleasure." Jack replies—"Did you speak to me? I don't recollect—I'm in haste, and to be bored thus *annoys me exceedingly!*"

W. W. W.

The Streets of Newcastle.

Blackett Street and New Bridge Street.

BLACKETT STREET, to which we now turn our attention, is one of the modern thoroughfares of Newcastle. It is associated in the local mind with the earlier results of the architectural genius of our great townsman, Richard Grainger, who built thirty-one of its houses, and the fine quadrangle of Eldon Square into the bargain. Of his many undertakings, this of Blackett Street was one of the first, though it ought to be added, on the authority of Mackenzie, that the "commodious and elegant plan" of the street was "furnished by Mr. Dobson, architect." To both these men of mark, indeed, Newcastle is indebted for much of its present architectural beauty.

The street was constructed in the year 1824. Prior to that date the locality was an unwholesome one indeed. Along its south side, now occupied by substantial houses, ran the town wall, close beside which were pigstyes, stables, sheds, and a few straggling houses. On the other

side were gardens, so called; but such gardens! It would be more correct to call them a pestilent waste, devoted to the reception of all kinds of garbage and rubbish. And hereby hangs an amusing tale.

On one occasion, when the place was in this desolate condition, some countrymen, engaged in carting manure from it, made a terrible discovery. Amongst the rubbish

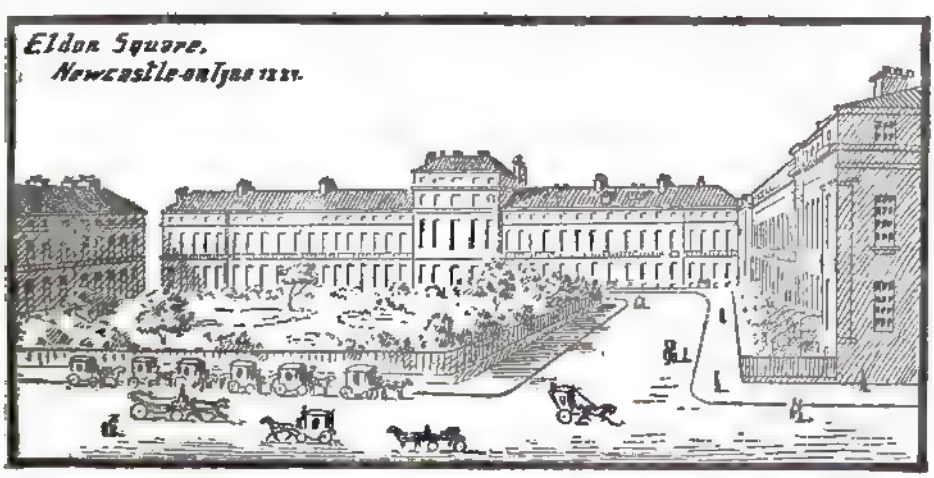
RICHARDSON'S SHOP, CORNER OF BLACKETT STREET, 1839.

they found the body of a child. Information was conveyed to the coroner, and a jury was summoned forthwith. Solemn "crowner's quest" was held, in the course of which one sapient juryman, after touching the corpse, observed that it was very putrid—as well it might be, considering the place it came from! The coroner, however, chanced to be a surgeon. He examined the body, and found it to be no other than a wooden doll! But how came it to found where it was? Well, the explanation was simple enough. This said doll was Alonzo's child, carried by Rollo in Kotzebue's play of "Pizarro," at that time a very popular piece; and when Stephen Kemble retired from the management of the theatre, this "property," amongst other things, had been sent from his house in Newgate Street and thrown into the common receptacle. Thus was spoilt one sensational mystery.

Such, then, was the condition of Blackett Street "before it was made," to parody the humorous saying concerning the Highland roads of old. But in 1824 the town wall in the neighbourhood was removed, with its unsavoury surroundings, and the street formed. It obtained its name from Alderman John Erasmus Blackett, father of Lady Collingwood, and was of course regarded as a great improvement. The street runs from the head of Pilgrim Street to the foot of Gallowgate; let us stroll along it in that direction.

But first let us note the shop at the corner on our left, with some of its windows in Pilgrim Street and others in Blackett Street, occupied of late years by an enterprising city councillor—the first Scotchman, it is said, that has held the office of Sheriff of Newcastle—Mr. William Sutton. Half a century ago this was the printing and publishing office of M. A. Richardson and his gifted son, George Bouchier Richardson. From it issued in parts and sections most of that rich collection of local history and biography, tradition and legend, which bears the name of "The Local Historian's Table Book." There, also, Mr. Richardson sold State Lottery Tickets, an announcement of which was painted upon the board which, in the annexed engraving, is seen running the length of the premises. It was a notable place at that time; it is a busy corner still.

On the same side, about midway between Pilgrim Street and the Monument, is the new building which occupies the site of the old Mechanics' Institute, and nearly opposite is the scene of that dreadful tragedy



which, on the 1st October, 1861, deprived Mark Frater of his life, and robbed Newcastle of a useful citizen. There, too, for many years, was the famous book shop of George Rutland—a market for local literature the like of which has never been adequately provided in Newcastle since his retirement.

We pass the Monument and come to the building known until recently as St. James's Chapel, but now in the possession of the Young Men's Christian Association. It was built in 1826, and had at one time a massive portico of four columns, supporting a simple pediment, as is dimly seen in the foregoing sketch. This was removed, and a front more in the Grecian style was adopted. It may be remembered that the St. James's people originally worshipped in Silver Street as Scotch Presbyterians; when they came to the chapel now before us—which, by the way, had Mr. John Dobson for its architect—they adopted by degrees the Congregational form. They now assemble in another and much larger church in Bath Road, erected a few years ago.

On the opposite side of the way is the United Presbyterian Church. A brick edifice was erected on the site in 1821. But on the formation of Blackett Street, the building was discovered to be not in line with it; and the Corporation offered the congregation £100, on condition that they would build a new front, which was done. In 1858, however, the whole edifice was pulled down, and the present one, which is an ornament to the street, and boasts of a lofty spire, was put up according to the plans of Mr. Thompson. Nearly forty years ago, the then minister (the Rev. D. C. Browning) and his congregation got to loggerheads, with the result that the former bade good-bye not only to his people, but to this connection, and took orders in the Church of England.

The Academy of Arts next engages our attention. But a history of this building, accompanied by a couple of sketches, was given in the *Monthly Chronicle* for February. (See page 89.)

Crossing the street, we arrive at Eldon Square, the domestic paradise of some of our eminent doctors. Towering above the other houses in the quadrangle (allowing Blackett Street itself to represent the fourth side) is the centre one on the north side—the Northern Counties Club. The middle of the square has now been formed into a pleasant little pleasure ground. But why Eldon Square? The reason for the name is that it was originally intended to erect a figure of Lord Eldon within the enclosure. That has never been done; nor does it seem likely that the work will now be taken in hand.

Retracing our steps to the head of Pilgrim Street, we see before us, stretching away to the east, the thoroughfare of New Bridge Street. The street was constructed in 1812, and was intended to answer the purpose of an alternative road to Shields by way of the Red Barns and Elwick's Lane. As we start on our saunter from Pilgrim Street, we note, first of all, on our left Trinity Presbyterian Church, a neat building in the Early English style of architecture, erected from designs by Mr. Dobson. Next to it is the Church of the Divine Unity, built in the Decorated style of Gothic architecture, also from designs by Mr. Dobson.

On the opposite side of the way is Erick Street, a short cut to the gaol. The street obtains its name from the circumstance that formerly a small stream, the Erick Burn, ran down the bank here to Carliol Croft. Carliol Street, which runs parallel with Erick Street on the same side, is so named from the ancient family of the Carlels or Carliols.

Opposite Carliol Street stands the Public Library. The western part of the building (adjoining the Unitarian Church), the foundation stone of which was laid by Sir

CARLIOL TOWER, NEWCASTLE, 1875.

George Grey in 1865, was the home of the Mechanics' Institute, removed thither, the following year, from Blackett Street, and now amalgamated with the Library. Over this said Library there were many searchings of heart a few years ago. There were earnest partizans on both sides; and keen was the controversy as to whether Newcastle needed such an institution. There were also difficulties as to a proper site. Several were suggested, but in 1873 the present site was definitively fixed upon, and Mr. Alfred M. Fowler, then the borough engineer, was directed to prepare plans and proceed with the building without further delay. But here came another difficulty. To make way for the new structure it was ordained that an ancient relic of the old town, in good pre-

servation, too, should be levelled with the ground. This was the Carliol Tower, which was finally pulled down in 1880. The building, which was also known as the Weavers' Tower, stood at the north-east corner of the town wall, which ran from it down Croft Street to the Plummer Tower, still standing. Between Carliol Tower and Pilgrim Street were, at one time, three smaller turrets, one of which was called the Waits' Tower, because it was formerly the meeting-place of a band of musicians maintained by the town. But all this part of the wall was pulled down in 1811. So far back as 1682, Carliol Tower had been fitted up by the Weavers' Company as their meeting-place—hence the second name. The old structure had been a silent witness of rough work in its day. In 1824, some workmen found on its north side a cannon ball, weighing more than twenty-three pounds. It had penetrated about two feet into the wall, and was probably fired when the town was stormed by the Scots in 1644.

Over the way again we pass by Croft Street, in which stands the Plummer Tower already mentioned. Next, and on the same side, we come to the Lying-in Hospital, an excellent institution. It has been in existence since 1760, being at first located in Rosemary Lane, near St. John's Church; and has been in its present premises since 1826. The inmates are required to show that they are poor married women; and the motto of the institution explains their presence there. It is the short and expressive one:—"Because there is no room for her in the inn." The elevation, details, and specifications of the several works of this hospital were all gratuitously supplied by Mr. Dobson. The style of the building is that which prevailed about the end of the reign of Henry VIII. Its cost was about £1,500, and amongst the subscribers were the Corporation, the Bishop Durham, the Trinity House, and various congregations who responded to pulpit appeals.

On the opposite side of the road is Higham Place, so named by its first proprietor, William Batson, from his estate in Ponteland parish. Not far from Higham Place, and on the same side of the way, stands the handsome little residence of the late John Dobson, architect. It was designed and erected by himself, and bears all the marks of the dignified style he gave to so many of the streets of Newcastle. For, be it understood, though the credit of reconstructing Newcastle is too often given to Grainger alone, it was Mr. Dobson who supplied the architectural features and details. Mr. Grainger was without doubt a great man in his day; but he was mainly a builder and speculator. It was Mr. Dobson who was the architect and artist of the new town. Even the Butcher and Vegetable Markets, described on page 82 of the present volume, were designed by Mr. Dobson, who was employed by the Corporation as the architect of the new buildings. The house in New Bridge Street is still occupied by Mr. Dobson's daughter, Miss Margaret Jane Dobson, who proved her devotion to her father's memory by publishing, a few years ago, a valuable memoir of the greatest architect the North of England has produced.

Of Oxford Street and Picton Place, a little further along, there is nothing particular to be said, save that St. Peter's Church stands at the head of the former. This is a modern building, and was intended originally

PUBLIC LIBRARY, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, 1885.

as a chapel of ease to St. Andrew's. The Rev. C. A. Raines still remains its first vicar.

Proceeding, we pass on our right a building originally intended to serve as a Baptist chapel, which was erected in 1839. The building has had very varying fortunes, being at one time an auctioneer's mart, at another a shop for the sale of busts and figures, and so forth. Opposite are the offices of the Blyth and Tyne branch railway, at one time a substantial private dwelling-house.

We now come to the "New Bridge" itself, from which this street is named. It was erected in 1812, to span what was then a wide, deep dene running from Pandon to the Barras Bridge. At that time this dene was emphatically a bonny place. As one stood on the new bridge and looked northward, gardens lined the ravine. Instead of the shriek of railway whistles, the sweet songs of birds filled the air in the summer months with their joyous melody from every twig and tree; an old mill, with its ancient water-wheel, lent picturesqueness to the scene; the workman, freed for a while from his toil at the bench or the forge, cultivated his little garden plot in the pure fresh air; lads and lasses strolled along in pairs, according to the old, old fashion; and, when tired, refreshed themselves in fruit and tea gardens. All is gone now.

Crossing the bridge, we are at the corner of the Shieldfield, and accordingly at our journey's end, so far as the street proper is concerned. And yet we are some distance from the Red Barns and Elwick's Lane. The explanation is, that when New Bridge Street was constructed there was open country between the Shieldfield and the Red Barns. This has now all been built upon, and the street continued right along to the Byker Bridge. Yet, although running on in the same straight line, its name has changed. As we pass the entrance to the Shieldfield, we find ourselves in Ridley Villas; yet for all practical purposes the street is still one and the same. The villas, semi-detached residences, are held by a lease of sixty-three years, or three lives, of Sir M. W. Ridley, Bart., subject to an annual ground-rent of £5 each per annum. On the opposite side of the road the houses, called Regent Terrace, are leased in a similar manner. They are built on land once the property of Lord Stowell. At the end of Ridley Villas is the Dominican (Roman Catholic) Church, a very fine and substantial building. Its foundation stone was laid by the late Bishop Chadwick, the sermon on the occasion being delivered by Father Rodolph Suffield, whose subsequent secession to Unitarianism created much distress of mind to his colleagues and co-religionists. And so we are at this journey's end.

Early Wars of Northumbria.

III.

THE DAWN OF A GREAT KINGDOM.

FOR some years after the dispersal of the Britons at the Cattrail—the battle described in our last article—the Angles of Bernicia and Deira were at war amongst themselves. The district between Tyne and Tees not unfrequently changed hands during this period, and raids even to the north and south of these rivers were by no means rare. There was no decided victory so long as the hardy Theodoric lived; but, on his death, in 587, the forces of Ella secured a succession of triumphs, and the now patriarchal king of Deira ruled for the first time over "a united *Northumbria*." The distinction, however, was of no great duration. Ella died in 589, and, as he left only a young boy to succeed him, the Bernicians got another chance. In those days, the first quality of a king was his prowess in the field, and none but hardy fighting men could reign. To no one was this fact better known than to Ethelric, the last son of Ida. Gathering his friends together, and boldly taking the initiative, he soon regained possession of Bernicia. Acting with great tact and judgment, he lost not a moment in following up his advantage, and found himself, almost without a struggle, master of Deira also. But Northumbria was not yet the powerful State it was destined to become, though events were rapidly tending in that direction. After a reign of only three or four years, Ethelric, in 593, was succeeded by his son Ethelfrith, and thenceforward there was a striking alteration in the condition and prospects of the kingdom. The new ruler—who was surnamed "the Fierce"—was a brave, ambitious, and capable soldier. Withdrawing, apparently, from the doubtful position he held in Deira, he turned his energies to the north. Scot, Pict, and Cumbrian had been showing signs of reviving activity, and Ethelfrith assailed them with all the vigour of his fiery nature He attacked in many quarters—sometimes in two or three simultaneously—and is reputed to have been the greatest aggressor on the Cymri that is known to history. The result of his early operations, as recorded by Bede, was that he made part of them tributary, seized further slices of their territory, and almost exterminated many of the smaller tribes.

THE BATTLE OF DAEGSASTAN.

It was at this juncture, in 603, that Aidan, the first consecrated King of Scotland, entered a very emphatic protest against the plunder and destruction that was going on. He had watched the harrying of his allies with sorrow and misgiving, and resolved to make a bold stroke for their protection. Gathering up a numerous and powerful army, Aidan marched with all haste

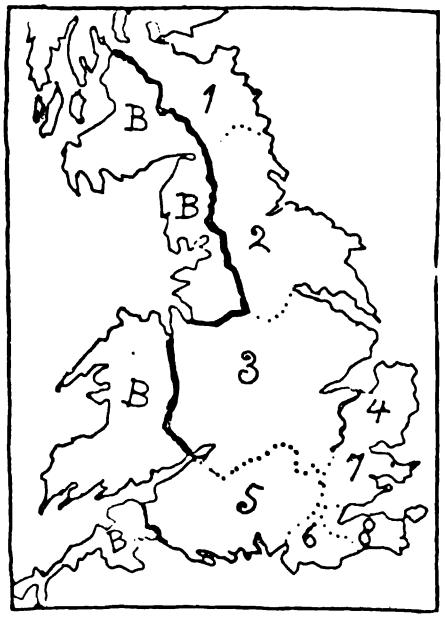
towards the Bernician frontier. Ethelfrith was not slow to accept the challenge; and, after a rapid movement across country, the two forces were brought face to face at Daegsastan, on the Jed—a site that is now generally fixed at Dawston. There are not many details of the conflict; but, seeing the cause in which the North Britons were fighting, one may readily imagine the desperate resolution with which they went into action. At the commencement of the onset, the Scots and their friends carried all before them. A brother of the Bernician king was borne down by the fury of the attack, and with him perished a whole division of the Angles. In the end, however, discipline demonstrated its unfailing efficacy. Recovering their ground with marvellous rapidity, Ethelfrith's soldiers swooped down on the now scattered allies, and literally cut them to pieces. Aidan, with a few devoted attendants, managed to effect an escape; but the bulk of the gallant tribesmen, who had stepped out so gaily in the early morning, remained in agony or death upon the beautiful slopes of the lowland dale.

FLIGHT AND EXILE OF EDWIN.

After their successful exploit against Aidan, the Bernicians—having allowed themselves a brief space for rest and recruiting—took the war path once more. This time, however, it was to renew and consolidate their relationship with Deira. Ethelfrith had never intended to sever his connection with that state permanently; and, as a consequence, no sooner was his own land safe from the assaults of the North Britons, than he began to devise schemes for re asserting his old sway beyond the Tees. Ella's son—the world-famed Edwin—was still too young to govern, and Ethelfrith recognised the importance of making his own attack while the lad was comparatively useless and unknown. His object was to get possession of the young prince, if possible, and to build up a strong Anglian kingdom over which he himself might be lord and master. Everything seemed favourable for the full realisation of his hopes, when, in 605, he headed his fine army in the direction of York. Taken at a disadvantage, the men of Deira could offer but small resistance, and Edwin and his counsellors were compelled to seek safety by a hasty flight. Having been so far successful, Ethelfrith espoused the young prince's sister, and from that time—with the gentle Acca as his consort—he directed the destinies of all the land between the Humber and the Forth.

THE FOUNDATION OF THE HEPTARCHY.

While a great power had thus been rising in the North, many other parts of the British territory had experienced similarly eventful changes. The Jutes had fought their way to a kingdom in Kent; the Saxons had formed two states to the south and one to the north of the Thames; while the Angles, in two powerful confederacies, ruled the bulk of the Midlands. These results were not accomplished without much bloodshed and many fluctuations of fortune. But the half-civilized natives, after years of valorous resistance, had either been "massacred with savage ruthlessness," enslaved by their conquerors, or driven for refuge into the wilds of Wales or Devon. The invaders, like their Northumbrian



brethren, were Pagan worshippers of Thor and Woden, and they not only "stamped out Christianity with fire and sword," but overturned and destroyed every vestige of the grandeur which Rome had created. Starting as colonisers on the coast, they gradually became conquerers and settlers in the central plateau, and finished by the different communities warring amongst themselves. First one state and then another was in the ascendant, and its chief, or king, claimed supreme power over the whole of his neighbours; but whether the Bretwalda, or Emperor—as this ambitious functionary was designated—had any real authority over the other rulers, is a question open to very considerable doubt. It is quite certain that all the monarchs of the Heptarchy engaged in warlike enterprises whenever the spirit moved them; and it is equally clear that, for many generations after the Anglo-Saxon domination, there was no single man strong enough to over-lord the entire land.

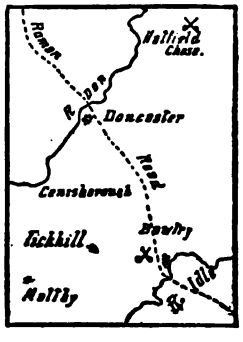
OVERTHROW OF THE BRITONS AT CHESTER.

It was towards the close of this systematic apportionment of the country that Ethelfrith made himself master of Bernicia and Deira, and the union thus brought about had a very perceptible bearing on our history. With his vastly augmented power, the unscrupulous king was capable of great deeds. Suspecting that the young Edwin had found shelter among the Christianised tribesmen of

lower Strathclyde, the Northumbrians again crossed the hills to the westward, overran the whole territory between the Lake District and the Dee, and thus broke for ever the continuity that had hitherto existed between the Britons of Cumbria and Wales. This campaign is remarkable for the illustration it furnishes of the savage justice of these early kings. In his attack on Chester, in 607, Ethelfrith gave an order which has earned him much condemnation from modern scribes. "Hard by the city," says Mr. Green in his admirable History of the English People, "two thousand monks were gathered in the monastery of Bangor, and after imploring, in a three days' fast, the help of Heaven for their country, a crowd of these ascetics followed the British army to the field. Ethelfrith watched the wild gestures and outstretched arms of the strange company as it stood apart, intent on prayer, and took the monks for enchanters. 'Bear they arms or no,' said the king, 'they war against us when they cry against us to their God,' and, in the surprise and rout which followed, the monks were the first to fall." Of the whole number, only some 50 were saved. The effect of the slaughter was marvellous. Instead of being filled with indignation at the sacrifice of their spiritual guides, the Welshmen were so completely horror-stricken as to lose their nerve. First they wavered, then they ran, and Ethelfrith gained one of the easiest victories of his career.

NORTHUMBRIA'S DEFEAT ON THE IDLE.

In spite of the carnage, the young Edwin was neither found amongst the captured nor the slain. He had been wandering in many places, and obtained hospitality in not a few; but it was not until he reached the Court of Redwald, King of the East Angles, that he secured a refuge from the storm which had so long threatened him. When Ethelfrith was made acquainted with the lost youth's whereabouts, he endeavoured in many ways to get possession of his person. Failing in these attempts, he sought to bribe Redwald to murder his unhappy guest; and because here, again, he was baulked, he had recourse to intimidation of the most terrible description. The southern king nobly declined to listen to either threats or entreaties. After thus resolving to defy his warlike and formidable neighbour, Redwald—being assured that a serious quarrel must follow—put himself at the head of a numerous army, and determined to carry the war into his enemy's country. Ethelfrith was equally active. Before Redwald had given his final response, indeed, the Northumbrian leader had been concentrating his forces, and now hoped, by a sudden advance, to catch his rival on disadvantageous terms. There was mutual surprise, therefore, when the hostile bodies came suddenly together on the banks of the Idle, in 617, at a point not far from the Nottinghamshire border. Though the Northumbrians were outnumbered, they were not discouraged. They had long been inured to hardships, were splendidly trained in the use of their weapons, and were as well disciplined as a long experience of battle grounds could make them. The impetuosity of their attack led very speedily to the discomfiture of a strong division, under one of Redwald's sons, and fortune seemed likely to smile upon them once more. But the East Anglians, fighting with remarkable steadiness, offered an impenetrable front to all subsequent onslaughts, and defied the power of the Northmen to pierce their ranks. Impatient at such resistance, and growing anxious about his own small force, Ethelfrith and a devoted band of warriors made a resolute dash at the enemy's centre. It was splendidly checked, and, in the fierce struggle that ensued, the dauntless king met a hero's death. Disheartened by the fall of their veteran chieftain, the Northumbrians slowly gave way. Being threatened on the flank, however, their orderly retreat was turned into a shameless stampede, and they fell by hundreds as they rushed madly in the direction of York. On hearing of this overthrow, the sons of Ethelfrith fled to the Scots, by whom they were hospitably treated, and the forsaken country thus lay at the mercy of its long lost prince.



GREATNESS OF THE NORTH UNDER EDWIN.

Supported by the victorious army of his well-proved friend and counsellor, Edwin at once continued his triumphant progress. It soon became apparent that the resistance to him would not be serious. Hundreds of his countrymen hastened to join the young prince in his long deferred home-coming, and by the time he reached the royal ville, at Malton, an absolutely peaceful succession was assured. Then began a reign of the most momentous description. Northward, his conquests extended beyond the Forth; and Edwinsburgh—the stronghold by which his new acquisitions were safeguarded—is still recognisable in the name of the present beautiful capital of Scotland. Southward, his aggressive career was equally irresistible; and, with the aid of a newly-formed fleet, the Isles of Anglesea and Man were added to his dominions. So successful was he—both in his wars and his politics—that, in spite of attempted assassination and secret conspiracy, he gained for his territory a supremacy over all the other kingdoms of the Heptarchy, and for himself he earned the proud dignity of Bretwalda. It was now that the greatness of Northumbria reached its height. In addition to undoubted military skill, Edwin displayed a genius for civil government, and soon evolved something like order out of the existing chaos. So marvellously quick was the betterness, indeed, that "a woman with her babe might have walked scatheless from

sea to sea." Peaceful communication was everywhere revived along the deserted highways, and the springs by the roadside were not only clearly indicated, but had brass cups attached to them for the travellers' use. It was an agreeable change for the people. For the king, too, a rest from the toils of war must have possessed an undoubted charm. Some faint traditions of the Roman past seemed to be flinging their glory round this new "empire of the English," or, "at any rate," says Mr. Green, "some of its majesty had come back with its long lost peace. A royal standard of purple and gold now floated before Edwin as he rode through the villages; a feather-tuft, attached to a spear, preceded him as he walked through the streets. The Northumbrian king was, in fact, supreme over Britain as no king of English blood had ever been before."

BATTLE WITH THE MERCIANS AT HATFIELD CHASE.

It was while in the fulness of this splendour and power that Edwin was converted to Christianity, and witnessed the extraordinary fervour with which thousands of the Anglian people accepted the new faith. It is unnecessary in this place to explain how the superstitious king was induced to listen to the teaching of Paulinus; how the heathen gods were overthrown; or how, in the brooks and water-courses of every Northern valley, the settlers gathered to be baptised. Our purpose is more with the causes that disturbed the popular security, and these, in the olden time, were never long in coming. Not satisfied with the progress made in his own kingdom, Edwin sought to secure converts amongst the subjects of his rivals. This was too much for the adherents of the old religion, and the worshippers of Thor and Woden rose to arms against Northumbria's interference with the rights of conscience. It was at this time that Mercia sprang into notoriety as the champion of the heathen gods. Penda, its savage old king, was acute enough to see that such a struggle might enable him to not only win back his independence, but to snatch the overlordship for himself. Not strong enough for a single-handed attack, however, he negotiated an alliance with Cadwalla, the Welsh king, and thus brought the Britons once more into antagonism with the Northumbrian ruler. The allies were speedily in the field; but before they could penetrate far into the Northern kingdom, they found themselves opposed to Edwin's forces. This meeting took place at Hatfield Chase, some few miles north of Doncaster, in the autumn of 633, and led to a terrible disaster for the North. During the resolute and determined battle that ensued, Edwin yielded up his useful life in the midst of the furious combatants. Around him fell his gallant son, Osfrid, and the bulk of his most honoured chieftains. In the face of such a calamity, the Northumbrians seemed powerless, and, in the rout that ensued, they were scattered far and wide across the plain. Heaps of slain were left as relics of the heathen triumph, and as indications of the fate that was soon to befall so many other bands of the faithful.

THE BRITONS AS MASTERS.

Cadwalla at once moved northward, and took possession of the fortress at York; while Penda directed his exertions against the converts of the Southern kingdoms. Success attended the allies in both directions. Among the valleys and hills of Yorkshire, as well as in the fenlands of East Anglia, their arms were borne in triumph. The march routes were broadly marked by ruined dwellings and mutilated corpses. The weakness of womanhood and the innocence of childhood were no protection. Neither age nor sex were spared, and "the barbarity of torture too frequently added bitterness to death." Paulinus fled the land, his chosen ministers dispersed, and the followers of the new doctrine hid themselves in sore tribulation. In the months of tyranny that succeeded, the so-called Christian king was, if possible, more savagely cruel than his Pagan ally. Nothing seemed to diminish his outrageous vindictiveness. The Northumbrians, strangely enough, made no attempt to exert themselves as a nation. The loss of their king had so completely demoralised them that they witnessed the division of their land without a protest. Osric, a cousin of Edwin, snatched a very doubtful position as lord of Deira; and Eanfrid, a faint-hearted son of Ethelfrith, hastened from Scotland to mount the throne of Bernicia. Both were professing Christians when they began their sovereignty; but both quickly apostatised in the hope that Penda's wrath would thereby be appeased. The expectation, however, was not realised. The King of the Mercians was far too busy to interfere, and Cadwalla's animosity was far too keen to allow of any thought of forgiveness. Seeing the utter futility of pleading, Osric, in 634, assailed the Welshmen in their stronghold on the Ouse, and paid the penalty of his rashness with his life. Eanfrid tried more gentle means, but was equally unfortunate. Taking with him a dozen stalwart soldiers, he entered the presence of Cadwalla, with all humility, to sue for union and peace. Here again there was bloodshed. The foolishly trustful stranger had scarcely made himself known before he was murdered, and Northumbria was once more dominated by a branch of the ancient race.

The divisions of the Heptarchy are shown on our map. 1 and 2 were Bernicia and Deira (better known as Northumbria); 3, Mercia; 4, East Anglia; 5, Wessex; 6, South Saxony; 7, East Saxony; 8, Kent. The first four were occupied by the Angles, the next three by the Saxons, and Kent by the Jutes. The whole of the West Coast, lettered B, was occupied by the Britons at the close of the sixth century.

The smaller map illustrates the site of two eventful battles, which, as will be seen, were both fought along the line of the old Roman road. Doncaster was an important station of the Cæsars even in the earliest days of our history, and it became later a favourite seat of the Northumbrian kings. Coningsborough, too, contained the strongest of their Southern citadels, and formed a

secure retreat in times of national danger or popular discontent. Near it is a mound that is supposed to contain the remains of Hengist the Saxon; and not far away is Tickhill Castle, a fortress that played a not unimportant part in the wars of the Commonwealth.

Mr. Sims Reeves's Early Career.

MR. SIMS REEVES having recently published his autobiography, we are able to give an extract therefrom which confirms the statement made in the *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. ii., page 234. Mr. Reeves says:—

I was born October 21, 1821, at Shooter's Hill, in Kent. My father was a musician, and it was said that at an early age I used my voice with no little skill. When fourteen years old I performed the duties of organist at North Cray Church, where I likewise had charge of the

MR. SIMS REEVES.

local choir. "Doctors differ," it is said; so, too, do singing masters. The professor under whom I studied treated me as a baritone; yes, and as a baritone I came upon the stage, and succeeded. While studying harmony and counterpoint under Mr. H. Calcott I practised the piano with John Cramer. I also learned to play more than one musical instrument, including the violin, violoncello, oboe, and bassoon; in fact, so proficient did I become as a violinist, that at the beginning of my career I not seldom undertook the duties of orchestral leader. In 1839, being then in my eighteenth year, I made my *début* at the Newcastle-on-Tyne Theatre, as the Gipsy Boy in "Guy Mannering," for the benefit of the late tenor George Barker.

Shortly afterwards Mr. Reeves secured an engagement at the Grecian Theatre, London, under the name of "Mr. Johnson," followed by an engagement with Macready at Drury Lane. In 1843, he studied in Paris, proceeding to Milan, where he made his *début* at La Scala.

Middlesbrough New Town Hall, &c.

A NEW and handsome Town Hall, to which are added an entire series of municipal buildings, was opened at Middlesbrough-on-Tees on January 23, 1889, by the Prince and Princess of Wales. Such was the interest taken in the proceedings that 150,000 people lined the route of the royal procession. The Prince and Princess during their visit to the North were the guests of the Earl of Zetland at Aske Hall.

Our sketch of the Town Hall, taken from a photograph by Mr. R. W. Gibbs, gives a complete view of this splendid pile of buildings. The Corporation, anxious to meet the growing requirements of the borough, offered prizes for the best designs, and appointed as umpire Mr. Waterhouse, of London. The first prize was awarded to Mr. George Gordon Hoskins, of Darlington, and the selection of Mr. Hoskins's design was readily endorsed by the Corporation. Mr. Hoskins evidently aimed at raising a structure which should be externally expressive of the purposes for which it is intended. His treatment is dignified and effective. He would probably describe the style as thirteenth century Gothic, suffused with the feeling and spirit of the present time. It is much the same as that adopted with marked success in the Manchester Town Hall and the Manchester Assize Courts.

The foundation stone of the New Town Hall and Municipal Buildings, which will cost about £120,000, was laid by the Mayor of the borough, Mr. Alderman Fiddler, on October 24, 1883, and the work of erection has been carried out by Mr. Ephraim Atkinson, builder, of Bradford.

The Mayor of Middlesbrough.

The Mayor of Middlesbrough, Raylton Dixon, Esq., of the Cleveland Dockyard Company and Gunnergate Hall, Marton, was unanimously elected to the office of chief magistrate, although not a member of the Corporation, as the most suitable citizen for such a post in anticipation of the Royal visit to the town. Mr. Dixon was born at Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1838, being the son of the late Mr. J. Dixon, of Wray, near Ambleside. Educated at private schools, he launched into life under the eye of Mr. Coutts, one of the earliest shipbuilders on

the Tyne. Afterwards he was with Messrs. C. Mitchell and Co. In 1859, Mr. Dixon went to Middlesbrough as manager of a branch establishment of Messrs. Richardson and Duck, of Stockton, and from that time till the present his record has been one of indomitable energy, grappling with and finally conquering the difficulties that beset the path to success. In 1863, as partner with Mr. Backhouse, he became a principal in the firm of Backhouse and Dixon, whose name was at one time a household word in the town. On the retirement of Mr. Backhouse, the interest centred entirely in Mr. Dixon, who with his brother, Mr. Waynman Dixon, now carries on the important works as Messrs. Raylton Dixon and Co. Mr. Dixon's connection with municipal life dates from the year which saw the opening of the Albert Park—the gift of Mr. Bolckow—by Prince Arthur, in 1868. When Mr. Dixon retired from the Town Council last year, he was the oldest member of that body. In politics, Mr. Dixon is a staunch Conservative, and as such he stood against the sitting member in 1885.

Mr. G. G. Hoskins, Architect.

Mr. George Gordon Hoskins, of Thornbeck Hill, Darlington, the architect of the handsome Gothic pile comprising the Town Hall and Municipal Buildings at Middlesbrough, is a gentleman well known in all the leading architectural circles of the United Kingdom. Mr. Hoskins is the eldest son of the late Captain Francis Hoskins, of the 1st Royals, his mother being Julia, second daughter of Mr. William Hill, of Temple House, near Portsmouth. His paternal grandfather was Mr. Abraham Hoskins, of Newton Park and Bladon Castle, near Burton-on-Trent, whose sister married Mr. Bass, the father of the late Mr. Michael Thomas Bass, who was for many years M.P. for Derby, and whose eldest son is now Lord Burton. Mr. Hoskins first engaged in practice in London, but subsequently removed to Darlington in the year 1864, where his abilities found early recognition. A large number of public and private buildings in Durham and North Yorkshire have been erected from his designs. Mr. Hoskins is the author of several works connected with architecture, some of which have obtained wide circulation. Our portrait is copied from a photograph by Mr. James Cooper, of Darlington.

Mr. William Fallows, J.P.

William Fallows, one of the oldest and most respected citizens of Middlesbrough, was born at the picturesque village of Sleights, near Whitby, on December 10, 1797—so that he is now in his 92nd year. Whilst an infant, his parents settled in Linthorpe, the native place of his mother. Subsequently they moved to Stockton, where Mr. Fallows's father became a schoolmaster. Young Fallows was sent to the Blue Coat School in that town. In 1811 he was apprenticed to a firm of iron and timber merchants for seven years. After completing his term, he remained in their service for several years. In 1829 he was appointed shipping agent at Stockton for the Stockton and Darlington Railway Company, and in the following year, when the railway was extended to Middlesbrough, he was promoted to the office of superintendent of the

Railway Company's shipping of coals. As Middlesbrough developed, the Railway Company constructed a dock, which has since been several times enlarged, and Mr. Fallows, notwithstanding his great age, still holds his position as superintendent. The venerable gentleman has been a member of the Tees Conservancy Commission since its formation, and has taken a prominent part in its proceedings. He was also a member of the Middlesbrough Corporation for many years, and in 1859 he was Mayor of the borough. For a long time he was one of the Guardians of the Poor, and he devoted a great deal of his active life to public work. Mr. Fallows has now and then from the rich store of his own recollections contributed scraps of antiquarian information to the columns of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*.

G. Gordon Hoskins,
Architect
Royllan Dixon.
Mayor

The Prince of Wales and the Chillingham Bull.

THE boar, the bear, and the wolf may still be hunted in continental countries; but, in England, there remain nothing more terrible than the herds of white cattle which roam through the well-wooded dells of Chillingham Park. They are said to be remnants of the stock that ran wild amid the forests and hills of ancient Northumbria, and their shaggy appearance even now is both picturesque and formidable. It is very little more. There are occasions, of course, when they forget the civilising tendencies of artificial feeding, and resort to the headlong charges of the olden time. An incident of the kind has been depicted by no less a master than Landseer, and the large painting occupies a prominent place in the dining hall of Chillingham. It appears that the present Earl of Tankerville, when a young man, was attacked while riding across the cattle enclosure, and would have sustained serious injury if a watchful gillie had not opportunely shot his incensed assailant. But in spite of this occurrence, the character of the breed is hardly bad enough to justify extreme precautions against them. The Prince of Wales paid a visit to Chillingham in the month of October, 1872, when it was announced that he would signalise the occasion by shooting the noblest specimen of the herd. His Royal Highness allowed himself to be stowed away in a hay cart that was carrying the poor creatures their breakfast, and was thus able, from the hungry and unsuspecting herd that followed him, to exterminate the king bull at leisure. The plan, no doubt, was in accordance with courtly notions of safety, and was eminently calculated to secure the object in view; but it was scarcely a feat to warrant any unusual jubi-

The Prince of Wales & the Chillingham Bull, oct. 1872

lation. Yet, as the sequel shows, the feat was highly appreciated in very distinguished circles. A few hours after the tragedy, the carcase was brought from the scene of slaughter, and carefully deposited on the castle lawn. The photographer was ready, the Prince not unwilling, and the result as shown in our sketch.

Our Roman Roads.

Ermyn Street, Devil's Causeway, Recken Dyke, Maiden Way, &c.

THE only Ermyn Street (Eormen Street) with which we have to do was that direct route which ran from Pevensey (Anderida), on the coast of Sussex, through London, and across the counties of Middlesex, Herts, Cambridge, and Huntingdon, to Lincoln (Lindum), and thence to the Humber at Ferriby, crossing that river thereabouts, converging on the central city of York, and sending out branches through the East and North Ridings, to Aldborough in Holderness (the country of the Parisii), to Malton (Derventio), Pickering (Delgovitia),, Filey Bay (Portus Salutaris), Flamborough (Ocellum Promontorium), and Dunsley Bay, near Whitby (the Dunum Sinus of Ptolemy), where a terminal station is believed to have been situated. From York northwards the main line seems to have gone on by Easingwold, Thirsk, and Northallerton—at which latter place there are indubitable traces of the Roman occupation—to the Tees, where it probably ran into the Watling Street between Stanwick and Croft, so as to cross at Piercebridge. But, if so, it shortly afterwards diverged easterly, and went on towards Durham and Newcastle, by Aycliffe, Rushyford, Chilton, Ferryhill, Sunderland Bridge, Chester-le-Street (Condercum), Birtley, and over Gateshead Fell to Gateshead (Gabrosentum) and the bridge across the Tyne (Pons Ælii). From Newcastle it may possibly have continued in the same direction, in the line afterwards taken by the Great North Road, by Morpeth, Alnwick, Belford, and Tweedmouth, to Berwick-upon-Tweed, where there was a principal station, on the site of which the remains of the castle now stand. But, if it pursued this route, all trace of it seems to have been obliterated long ago.

The Devil's Causeway is a name that was given by our ancestors to a road, likewise known as Ermyn Street, which ran across Northumberland (the country of the Ottodini), from Halton Chesters (Richard of Cirencester's Ad Murum), passing on the east side of Kirk Heaton, and thence over the Wansbeck, near the point where the Wansbeck Valley Railway crosses that river, by Thornton (Roger Thornton's birthplace), a short way to the east of Hartburn Church, in a straight course between Nether Witton and Witton Shields, to where the ruins of Brinkburn Priory now stand. It crossed the Coquet a little below the priory, at a place where the remains of the piers of the Roman bridge were perfectly distinct some years ago (and perhaps still are), "particularly the ashlar work on the north side, covered with elm trees," as a learned correspondent wrote to Mackenzie in 1824. There were likewise on the hill above the priory evident traces of a Roman villa, a few yards from the military way, the rampart and ditch across the neck of land being very apparent, likewise the foundations of houses and lines of the street; but the stones had undoubtedly been all used for building the priory. After passing Brinkburn the Causeway proceeded over Rimside Moor, crossed the Aln below Whittingham, passed Shawdon and Glanton (where it was locally known as the Deor or Deer Street), to the Till, near Fowberry, then by Horton Castle, Lowick, and Ancroft, to the Tweed, which it crossed, according to some authorities, at a place called the Corn Mills, near West Ord, a little above Berwick; but, according to others, crossing the river at Tweedmouth, and thence passing by Ayton and Cockburnspath over the Lammermoors into East and Mid Lothian, where several Chesters, as near Spott, Drem, &c., would seem to mark its route, though there are no other existing traces. The Devil's Causeway was constructed, like the other Roman roads, with large stones in the centre and smaller ones at the sides. It was fully eight yards broad and two yards high, with four ditches, owing to there being a carriage road in the middle, and a narrow road on each side for foot passengers; and so solidly was it constructed, that the great original ridge still in several places remains unbroken, as stated in Maclauchlan's survey, executed at the cost of the Duke of Northumberland. The road was connected with the Watling Street by two branches at least. One of these started from Bremenium, and went off in a north-westerly direction by the Dudlees, Branshaw, and Yardhope to Campville, close to Holystone, where Paulinus, as recorded by the Venerable Bede, converted and baptised several thousand Pagans. Then, passing the Coquet near Sharperton, it went past the Trewitts to Lorbottle, Callaly, and Eslington to Barton, where it joined the Devil's Causeway before it crossed the river Aln, to the north of which stands Crawley Tower, built upon the east angle of a Roman station on an eminence near the road, which has been considered to be the Alauna Amnis of Richard of Cirencester. It is probable that this road was continued from Barton, by Alnwick, down to the port of Alnmouth, during the Lower Empire, since great quantities of grain were shipped from Britain to supply the Roman armies and garrisons on the Rhine. The second branch seems to have been formed to connect a chain of forts running round from the Watling Street, near Troughend, by Elsdon, Hepple, Tosson, Whitton, &c., with the Devil's Causeway.

The Recken Dyke, or Wrecken Dyke—so called in

North Durham—is supposed to be the north-eastern portion of the Rycknild Street, described in Drayton's "Polyolbion," as well as by Ralph Higden, as stretching obliquely quite across the island, from St. David's (Menapia), the most westerly point of South Wales, "to the fall of Tyne into the German Sea." Beginning at this end, Horsley, who was reckoned in his day "the prince of antiquaries," says :—"It seems to have come from the station (at South Shields), and to have crossed the marsh, then possibly a branch of the river, not far from the station. Thence it has passed most probably through, or a little to the east of, a house called Lay Gate; from thence it seems to have gone near a house called the Barns, the garden wall probably standing on it; and so on to the Draw Bridge close by Jarrow Slike. For this space, the traces of this way are very obscure and uncertain. In the field beyond this bridge, the track of it is plain, and for near the full breadth of the enclosure sensibly raised above the level of the rest of the ground, though it runs cross the ridges. On the west side of this field or enclosure there is a small descent, and in the bottom a lane, which is the highway leading from Bowdon to Shields, and a small ascent on the other side in the field joining to this lane. As the military way descends on the one side and ascends on the other, it is bent into a curve, and then falls into the right line, in which it seems to be continued all the way to Gateshead Fell, for the space of five or six miles; from thence it goes towards Lamesley and Kibblesworth, which it leaves a little to the south. It was very visible all the way, not many years ago, before Sir Henry Liddall inclosed and improved these grounds; and the gardener at Cousin's House, who had formerly wrought on Gateshead Fell, assured me he had seen and helped to dig up some stones out of Wreken Dyke, which he called Bracken Dyke, so that he was altogether of opinion that this part of it had been paved. This way passes on towards Beamish, and I make no doubt has gone forward to Lanchester. It is indeed lost on the moor beyond Beamish; nor is it any great wonder that it should be so, considering how soft and mossy it is. . . . There is a remarkable tumulus near this way, not far from Ravensworth, besides which I observed another very considerable one, about a mile from Lanchester, called the Maiden Law, and probably the military way has not been far from this tumulus." In another place Horsley says :—"It consists of firm gravel and sand, and is hard and compact, so as to make a very good way at this time, at all seasons of the year. I also believe it has a mixture of stones, or somewhat of pavement."

Horsley thinks the road must have terminated at Lanchester; but John Cade, of Durham, in a paper drawn up by him, and addressed to the Dean of Lincoln (Dr. Kaye), on the Roman roads in the County of Durham, traces the Rycknild Street from St. David's, past Old Derby and Chesterfield (Lutudarum), to York, and from thence by Thornton-le-Street, near Thirsk, to Sockburn-on-Tees, where the river was crossed by a ford, thence by Sadberge, Stainton-le-Street, Bradbury, and Mainsforth, to Old Durham, where the Romans certainly had a station, over against which, on a tall cliff now known as the Maiden Scar, stood a fortification which has received the name of Maiden Castle. From Durham the road went over Chester Common to Chester-le-Street, and thence by the Black Fell, Usworth, Fellonby, Simonside, and Laygate, to South Shields station on the Lawe. That such a road was carried by the Romans through the central parts of the County Palatine, on the line here indicated, or near to it, the existing names of the places would not permit us to doubt, even were there no vestiges remaining on the surface at this day. The obvious similarity of name between Reckon and Rycknild disposes us to think that there was but one great transverse line of road leading from the south-west coast to the mouth of the Tyne which received this appellation; but the authorities are so confused and contradictory, and the positive information they convey so meagre, that it is impossible to come to any satisfactory conclusion on the point.

The etymologies of Rycknild and Wrekin, given by Horsley, Hutchinson, Bertram, and other antiquaries, are quite conjectural, and of no value. Burton, in his commentary on Antoninus's Itinerary through Britain, reads Icknel instead of Rycknild, and derives the word from the Iceni, who inhabited Norfolk and Suffolk; others point to the Wrekin in Shropshire, over or near which the Watling Street passed, as possibly affording some clue to the meaning of the name. For our own part we conceive that the original term must have been Reken or Recken Dyke, meaning the "Giant's Dyke." In Icelandic "regin" is used in the Eddaic poems for the gods, as in "blith regin" the blythe gods; "uppregin," the powers above, the celestial gods; "ragnarock," the twilight of the gods, the last day. And in Hugo von Togenberg's "Runner," a curious German poem of the fourteenth century, we are told :—

> How Master Dietrick fought with Ecken,
> And how of old the stalwart Recken
> Were all by woman's craft betrayed.

The Maiden Way was the name given by the natives to a great causeway which turned off from the Watling Street, a little beyond Catterick, and went by Greta Bridge, where there is a small but very distinctly marked Roman camp, situated in the field close behind the Morritt Arms Inn, to the more important camp of Bowes (Lavatræ) and Roy, Rey, or Rere Cross, the Cross of the Kings, on Stainmoor, at the summit of the pass from Yorkshire into Westmoreland. The cross standing there marks the spot (so tradition says) where William the Conqueror and Malcolm Canmore met in arms, but wisely resolved to settle their dispute amicably, and accordingly set up a stone to mark the boundary of the two kingdoms. Holinshed thus states the conditions on

which the kings concluded peace:—"That Malcolm should enjoy that part of Northumberland which lies between Tweed, Cumberland, and Stainmoor, and do homage to the King of England for the same; and that in the midst of Stainmoor there should a cross be set up, with the King of England's image on the one side, and the King of Scotland's on the other, to signify that one is to march to England and the other to Scotland." From thence the way went on to Brough (Vertere or Verteris), Appleby (Galacum), Kirkby Thore (Brovonacæ), Temple Sowerby, Brougham Castle (Brocavium), Penrith (Voreda), and Carlisle (Luguvallum), where it fell into the great north-western line leading into Scotland, by Netherby, Middleby, Castleover, Lanark, &c., to Paisley and Dumbarton (Theodosia).

From Kirkby Thore, the Maiden Way struck off in a different direction from what it had previously followed, over the skirt of Cross Fell into the valley of the South Tyne, near Alston, to the station at Whitley Castle (Alione), the site of which is nearly opposite Kirkhaugh Church, and on the north side of Gilderdale Burn. From that place it proceeded eastwards to Whittonstall, between Ebchester and Corbridge, where it ran into the Watling Street. There was most likely an easterly continuation of it, by way of Hedley, Coalburns, Winlaton, &c., connecting it with the Reken Dyke, which ran to Jarrow and South Shields, and also with the road leading to Gabrosentum and Pons Ælii. Local tradition bears this out; but all trace of the road seems now to be obliterated.

The north portion of the Maiden Way struck off from the line of the Roman Wall at the station of Birdoswald (Amboglanna), a little to the westward of the place where the Wall crosses the Irthing; and it proceeded nearly direct north, crossing the summit of the mountain ridge called Side Fell, and descending into the vale of Bewcastle, passing that place to the east of the station, the Roman name of which is matter of dispute (like that, we may remark cursorily, of many other stations), Horsley believing it to have been Apiatorium, Hodgson Banna, and Maughan Galava. From Bewcastle, it ascended the rising ground on the north side of the Kirk Beck, to a place called Raestown. Between this place and the Scottish Border the line is not easily traced, owing to parts of the way being covered with moss, and in other places through the occupants of the ground having carried away the stones to build fences. But after crossing the White Lyne, a tributary of the Esk, it ran past the Grey Crag, keeping to the right of Christenbury Crags, to a camp at Cross. It then crossed the Black Lyne, near its junction with another small stream, where there has been a strong position. Next it crossed the Skelton Pike, forded the Kershope Water, and entered Scottish ground. The Maiden Way between the Wall and Bewcastle is described as being above twenty-one feet broad, and made with sandstone. The stones are laid on their edges, and generally in the centre; on the sides they are found lying flat. Where streams of water cross the path, they are carried below it by means of culverts, covered with large flags.

There are several other Maiden Ways in different parts of England, all so called, we fancy, from their being "made," that is, raised or elevated above the surface of the grounds through which they ran.

After crossing the Border, the Maiden Way received another name—the Wheel Causeway—doubtless from its being the only road in the district it ran through that was practicable for wheeled carriages. Proceeding northward a little to the west of Muirdykes, now a station on the Waverley route, it passed one of the sources of the Liddell, at a place called Bagrawford, and then went on past the Peel and the Wheel Church to the table land which divides Liddesdale from Teviotdale, crossing between Wheeling Head on the right and Needs Law on the left. Then it bends away to the northward, a little to the west of Ravenburn, and makes for the eastern slope of Wolfleehill, thence by the west side of Mackside to Bonchester Hill, on the Rule, where there was a principal station. From this point there are but few traces left of the road, which seems, however, to have branched out into several ways, and in particular towards and past Jedburgh, in the direction of Crailing and Eckford, and also of the Watling Street at Street House, as indicated by a chain of forts or strengths running eastward from Bonchester, including Chesters, Camptown, and Cunziertown, near the station at Street House, and thence probably by Chesterhouse, near Hownam Law, Morebattle, Linton, and Lempitlaw, to Kerchesters, in the parish of Sprouston, where it would run into the road skirting the south bank of the Tweed from Cornhill, opposite Coldstream where there are very extensive earthworks—the most remarkable possibly north of the Wall—past Wark, Carham, and Maxwellheugh, to Roxburgh, at the junction between the Tweed and the Teviot, and so on to the Watling Street at Lilliard's Edge. But it would be endless to pursue further the problematical ramifications of these Wheel Causeways, which seem to have permeated the whole country immediately north of the Cheviots, but of which the traces now remain only in the names of such places as Chesters, Blackchesters, Rowchesters, Chesterhalls, &c.

A name applied to several parts of the Watling Street running from York and Catterick to Corchester was the Leaming Lane, an appellation the memory of which is still preserved in the names of many places along the line, in Yorkshire, Durham, and Northumberland, such as Leaming, Leamside, the Leams, &c. In all probability the word is just a corruption of the Latin "limes," a boundary.

Another name current in sundry localities is the Stane Street, about the interpretation of which there is no doubt. One of these Stane Streets or Stanegates afforded

a direct line of communication between Cilurnum (Chesters) and Magna (Caervoran), for the accommodation, doubtless, of those whose business did not require them to call at any intermediate point. It passed near the modern village of Newbrough, and skirted the north gate of the station at Vindolana (Chester Holm).

WILLIAM BROCKIE.

A Fatal Balloon Ascent from Newcastle.

ON the evening of Monday, August 15, 1859, an immense number of people were assembled in the old Cricket Ground, Bath Road, Newcastle, to witness a balloon ascent, the aeronaut being a man named William Henry Hall, better known as "Captain Hall," who had a great reputation as a gymnast. The entertainment, or "grand gala" as it was called, was a speculation of Mr. Smith, the first lessee of the Victoria Music Hall, Grey Street, and as regards attendance the affair was certainly a success. Special trains were run to Newcastle, not only from many places in the locality, but from even as far as Berwick. As the evening was very fine, everything promised to pass off pleasantly. It took three hours to inflate the balloon; but at ten minutes to seven the ascent was made amidst the crash of music and the loud cheers of the spectators.

When at the height of about a thousand feet, Hall got out of the car, and began a series of most extraordinary gyrations on a trapeze, holding on first by his hands and then by his feet, while he performed his sickening exploits. Women screamed, and even strong men averted their faces in terror, so that it was quite a relief when the acrobat again took his seat in the car. Shortly after this, attention was called to the apparent eccentricities of the balloon, which at times descended quite low, and again shot up suddenly to a great height, until it appeared no larger than an ordinary hat. Finally, it passed out of sight, and the people in the grounds became interested in the music of the bands and other entertainments provided for them.

Soon after ten o'clock, the cab which had been engaged to follow the balloon and its occupant arrived at the Cricket Ground. The driver had a sad story to tell. He reported that the poor "captain" had fallen from the car, and was then lying in a critical condition at the residence of Mr. Hugh Lee Pattinson, Scots House, near the Felling. Mr. Smith, accompanied by a surgeon, immediately drove to the scene of the accident. Some men who were working in a field when the balloon descended, stated that it came down slowly and steadily, and that Mr. Hall was just in the act of stepping out when it rose again with great velocity. Hall's feet became entagled in the ropes, and for some seconds he hung suspended head downwards, and then fell a distance of fully 120 feet. He was taken up unconscious, placed upon a couple of corn "stooks," and carried into Mr. Pattinson's house. That gentleman did all he could for the sufferer; and on the arrival of Mr. Smith with medical assistance, it was found that no bones were broken, nor were there wounds of any kind to be seen. Mr. Pattinson provided a spring cart, which was made as comfortable as possible with cushions, &c., and the injured man was conveyed to Newcastle. On his admission into the Infirmary, he was attended chiefly by Dr. Gibb, who from the first did not take a very cheerful view of the case, and it soon appeared that the doctor was right in his diagnosis. Poor Hall lingered until Thursday, 18th August, when he succumbed to the effects of his terrible fall. The funeral took place on the following Sunday, at Elswick Cemetery, an immense crowd being present at the ceremony.

Two or three incidents in this fatal balloon ascent are worth recording. When Hall fell from the car, the ground was deeply indented in two places; and yet his watch was quite uninjured, and continued to "go" until it had run down. A favourite little dog, of great intelligence, was in the car with his master, and was at his heels ready to jump when the balloon escaped from the grapplings. Much pity was felt for the poor dumb animal, which was never seen afterwards. Nor was the balloon itself ever re-captured.

Langley Castle.

LANGLEY CASTLE, the capital seat of the barony of Tynedale in the feudal times, can be approached either from Haydon Bridge, distant about a mile and a half, or from Hexham, eight and a half miles off, by the Hexham and Allendale Railway. It is described in Turner's "Domestic Architecture of the Middle Ages" as a fine example of a tower-built house of the latter half of the fourteenth century. Built about 1360 by Sir Thomas de Lucy, probably on the site of an older residence of the Tindales, it was destroyed in 1405 by Henry IV., as he advanced into Northumberland to put down Archbishop Scrope's rebellion, which the Earl of Northumberland had joined. "Its ashlar stone work," says Mr. W. J. Palmer, in his "Tyne and its Tributaries," published in 1882, "appears as sharp and good as though it had only just been put up; but neglect and abandonment have deprived its upper parts, windows, and openings of some of the masonry, the interior, with its fittings, having been destroyed by fire at some remote period." "On approaching it for the first time," he adds, "we seem to see the old stronghold very much as it must have appeared when it

was the habitable seat of the barony of Tynedale. It has a strong tower or turret at each of the four corners, and immensely thick walls. Its position is not much raised above the plain, and there has been no moat round it, or external defence, the founders having relied on the strength of its walls and the garrison behind them." In Hodgson's "Topographical and Historical Description of the County of Northumberland," contributed to that standard work of reference, "The Beauties of England and Wales," we find the following description of Langley Castle:—

It is well situated on the south bank of the Tyne, and though it has of late years been barbarously handled, it is by far the most perfect ruin of the kind in the county. It is in the form of the letter H, its walls near seven feet thick, its inside twenty-four feet by eighty, and the towers, one at each corner, about sixty-six feet high. The rooms remaining are all arched with stone; those in the towers are fourteen feet square, and the four small fire rooms on the east each eleven feet by thirteen. The ground rooms, on the east and west, four on each side, have been much injured by being used as farm offices. The windows which have lighted the great hall, kitchens, &c., are large; those in the chambers mostly small, and built at an angle that would prevent the entrance of an enemy's arrow. The stone of which this fabric is built is yet so remarkably fresh as to exhibit in their primitive sharpness the characters of the masons. The whole of the inside is red with marks of fire.

What here has been said of the old stronghold must be understood to apply to its condition a few years ago; for Mr. Cadwallader J. Bates, its present proprietor, has since made such changes and restorations as have rendered the place habitable.

The manor and barony of Langley were held by Adam de Tindale, of King Henry I., by the service of one knight's fee; and his grandson, of the same name, had livery of them in the sixth year of King Henry III. (A.D. 1222), by paying a hundred shillings for a relief, according to the tariff then established, which was at the rate of *centum solidi* for every knight's fee. This Adam left only two daughters, his co-heirs, one of whom, named Philippa, became the wife of Richard de Bolteby, who, upon the division of his father-in-law's estate, obtained the barony, which continued for some generations in his family. But male issue failing, it passed by marriage to Thomas, son of Adam de Multon, who had assumed the name of Lucy, from his mother, one of the co-heirs of Richard Lucy, of Egremont. This Thomas Lord Lucy (so designated by Wallis, copying an inquisition in the Tower of London, of the 33rd year of King Edward I.), became the husband of Isabel, daughter and one of the co-heirs of the last Adam de Bolteby, and therefore acquired the Langley lordship. A stirring event in the history of one of his immediate successors is thus related:—In the year 1323, by order of King Edward II., Anthony Lord Lucy seized Andrew de Hercla or Herkley, Earl and Governor of Carlisle, for high treason, in the castle of Carlisle. He was assisted in the affair by Sir Richard Denton, Sir Hugh Lowther, and Sir Hugh Moriceby, knights, and four esquires. Sir Richard killed the porter of the inner gate who attempted to shut it against the party; but one of the earl's servants escaped to the Peel, a castle at Heihead, High Head, or as it was anciently written *Pela de Hivehead*, the seat of his lordship's brother, Michael Hercla, who by that means was informed of the disaster, and fled into Scotland with Sir William Blount, a Scottish knight, and others of his faction. In reward for his service, Lord Lucy was made governor of the castles of Carlisle, Appleby, and Egremont; and, in the following year, he obtained a grant in fee of the castle and honour of Cockermouth, for which, as also for the manor of Langley, he procured the privileges of free warren, "for the preservation of hares, conies, partridges, and pheasants, or any of them."

The hero of this adventure left Langley to his son Thomas, who in his turn left it to his son Anthony; and he, dying without male issue, and his daughter and heir Johanna surviving him only five years and three-quarters, and dying unmarried, was succeeded in his baronial honours and estates by his sister Matilda, wife of Sir Gilbert de Umfraville, Earl of Angus, after whose death she married Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, upon whom and his heirs male she settled her whole fortune, under the easy condition that, as their hearts were, so the arms of the two noble families might be united, for a memorial of her affection.

Langley Castle and estate continued in the Percy family until the attainder of Henry Earl of Northumberland by King Edward IV., after the battle of Towton, in which he fell, leading the van of the Lancastrians, sword in hand. They then came into the possession of John Nevil, Marquis of Montacute, who held them six years, and he resigned them to Sir Henry Percy, Lord Poynings, on the latter being restored to his position and dignity, on subscribing an oath of allegiance to the Yorkist king in his palace at Westminster. The Percies kept possession of the castle and manor for about two centuries, but lost it in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when Thomas Percy, seventh Earl of Northumberland, being involved in some of the intrigues for restoring Mary Queen of Scots, was driven into rebellion in 1569, and forced to fly into Scotland, whence he was, for a sum of money, betrayed to death in the hands of the Lord Hunsdon, by the Regent, James Douglas, Earl of Morton, who had formerly, during his exile in England, been much indebted to Percy's friendship. Langley afterwards became the property of the Ratcliffes, with whom it continued till it was forfeited by James, the last Earl of Derwentwater, in 1745, when it was transferred, with the rest of his valuable estates, by Act of Parliament, to the Commissioners of Greenwich Hospital, by whom it was sold, in October, 1882, to Mr. C. J. Bates, the present proprietor.

Chipchase Castle.

THIS famous old fortalice is distant about nine and a half miles north-north-west from Hexham, four miles north-west from Chollerton, and one mile or thereabouts from Wark, which lies on the opposite side of the North Tyne. Leland calls "Chipchase a praty towne and castle, hard on the easte parte of the arme of Northe Tyne." Sir Ralph Sadler, in a letter to Secretary Cecil, says, "The most apte and convenyent places for the keeper of Tindale to reside in on all the frontiers are Hawgston, Langley, or Chipchase, in one of which iij placis men of service have alwayes been placed, and especially for the well executing of that office of Tyndale." "The old tower," says Hodgson, "still remains. Its roof is built on corbels, and has openings through which to throw down stones or scalding water upon an enemy. The grooves of the portcullis, the porter's chamber above it, and tattered fragments of Gothic painting on the walls, are exceedingly curious." The following more detailed description is by the Rev. C. H. Hawthorne, in his "Feudal and Military Antiquities":—"The pele, properly so called, is a massive and lofty building as large as some Norman keeps. It has an enriched appearance given to it by its double-notched corbelling round the summit, which further serves the purpose of machicolation. The round bartisans at the angles add to its beauty, and are set in with considerable skill. Over the low winding entrance door on the basement are the remains of the original portcullis, the like of which the most experienced archæologist will in vain seek for elsewhere. The grooves are also visible, and the chamber where the machinery was fixed for raising it is to be met with, even as at Goodrich, where the holes in which the axle worked, and the oilway that served to ease its revolutions, may be seen; but at Chipchase there is the little cross-grated portcullis itself, which was simply lifted by the leverage of a wooden bar above the entrance, and let down in the same manner."

Chipchase was anciently a member of the manor of Prudhoe; and in the reign of King Henry II. it was the property of Odonel de Umfraville, who gave the chapel there to the Canons of Hexham, but the manor to his son and heir, in whose family it remained for several generations. The Umfravilles, however, it would appear, had only a little fort on the present site. Godwin, in his "English Archæologist's Guide," says the tower was built by Peter de Insula about the year 1250. This Peter is supposed to have been the ancestor of the Delisle family, or at least of a sept of that name. It came afterwards into the hands of a branch of the noble family of the Herons of Ford Castle. One of those Herons, Sir George, was slain in the Raid of the Redeswire; another was seven years High Sheriff in succession; and to a third, Cuthbert Heron, we owe the modern structure, it having been built for him in 1621, as testified by the initials of his name, C. H., cut in stone on each side of his coat of arms, with the date, above the south entrance.

The last of the Chipchase Herons sold the estate to George Allgood, Esq., who, in his turn, disposed of it to a cadet of the Troughend family, John Reed, Esq., who was High Sheriff of Northumberland in 1732. At this gentleman's decease, in 1754, the property was inherited by his nephew, Christopher Soulsby, who assumed the name of Reed, and married the eldest daughter of Francis Blake, Esq., of Twizell. It afterwards, in consequence of the failure of the Northumberland Bank, with which the Reeds were concerned, came into the possession of Ralph William Grey, Esq., sometime member for Tynemouth, and subsequently (1861) passed into the hands of Hugh Taylor, Esq., who represented the same borough for several years.

The Rev. George Rome Hall, F.S.A., contributed to the Transactions of the Natural History Society in 1877 a "Memoir on the History and Architecture of Chipchase Castle," from which we take the following extracts:—

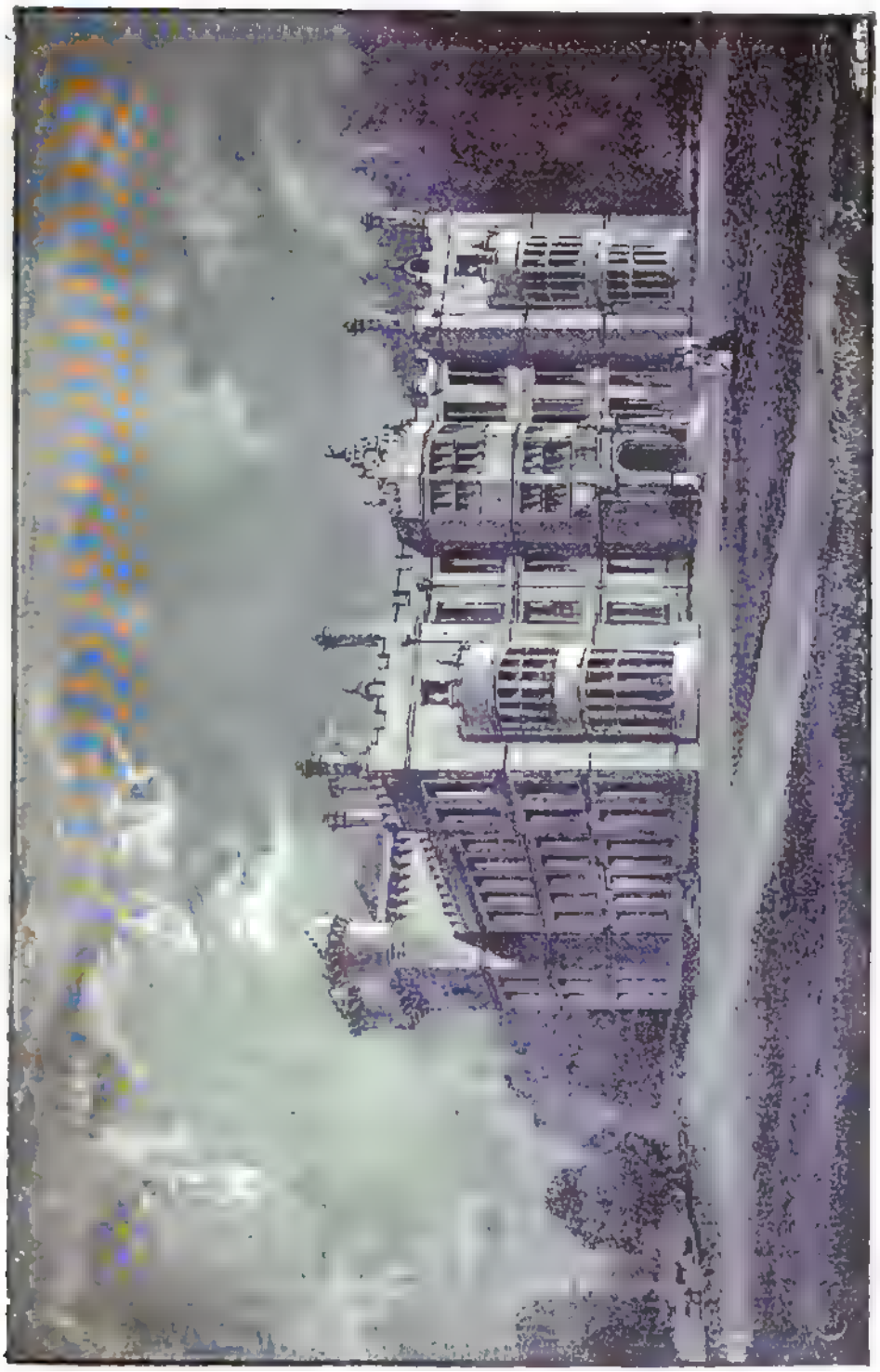
The name of *Chipchase* takes us back to ancient times, when a village of Chipchase already existed on the south side of the present park, close to the bridge that leads to the mill and the ancient ford of the river. Scarcely a vestige now remains of it, but we can trace the foundations of two or three dwellings on each side of the hollow track-way. The ancient village of Chipchase was, no doubt, much earlier than the great pele-tower, and would be occupied in Saxon times. Its name is derived directly fron the Old-English word *Cheap*, a market; Anglo-Saxon, *ceapian*, to buy; *cypan*, to sell; and *cheap*, price or sale, which occur in Cheapside and East-Cheap, the old market-places of London, and in the numerous *Chippings* scattered throughout England, denoting ancient market-places and early seats of commercial activity.

The second part of the name of Chipchase comes from the Norman-French *chasse;* French *chasser*, to hunt, signifying a place of hunting, ground abounding in game, such as the various species of deer, the wild boar, bears, wolves, and smaller objects of the chase. The "forest," like William the Conqueror's New Forest in Hampshire, seems to have been the most extensive kind of hunting ground; next to this came the "chase," like Hatfield Chase, in Yorkshire; then the "hunt," like Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire; and last, and smallest of all, the enclosed "park."

Thus the meaning of Chipchase is the "market" within the "chase" or hunting-ground of the Lords of Prudhoe, the great family of the Umfravilles, who held it as a detached manor of that important barony when the light of history first dawns upon Chipchase.

It might be thought that many traditions, supernatural and otherwise, connected with the old historic tower at Chipchase, ought to cluster around the grey time-worn building, which bore the brunt of Border foray and Scottish invasion for so many centuries. Though there is no ghostly visitant, like "the White Lady of Blenkinsopp," to vainly endeavour to guide mortals to the treasure she took so much pains to hide in her lifetime; yet there is one legendary story at least connected with the ruinous pele-tower, similar to that of the Mother and Child of Chillingham Castle. It tells of an unfortunate knight, Sir Reginald Fitz-Urse, who, being forgotten by the lord of the castle and his retainers, perhaps intentionally, as was not uncommon in those barbarous times, perished by starvation in one of the dark prison-chambers of the great keep. For hundreds of years, it is said, the ill-fated Sir Reginald has "re-

LANGLEY CASTLE, NORTHUMBERLAND, 1884.



CHIPCHASE CASTLE, NORTHUMBERLAND, 1870.

visited the glimpses of the moon," and the scenes of his own miserable end; revenging himself first on his cruel captors, and then on their successors, by haunting the old pele, where the startled passer-by may yet sometimes hear the clang of armour mingled with groanings of a dying man, issuing from its dreary recesses at the weird midnight hour.

As with most of the ancient Border towers and abbeys, there is here a popular tradition of an underground passage, or secret mode of egress from the castle, which, in this case, seems to be founded on fact. A low subterranean way has been traced from the level of the present cellar for a considerable distance southward, beneath the carriage drive at the front, and leading towards the site of the ancient village of Chipchase. This is the traditional direction which recent research has quite lately verified. In case of siege (though the pele-tower is said to have been twice besieged, but never taken), such a mode of egress would be most desirable, and would certainly be resorted to on extreme occasions.

It may be added that Edward I. (the greatest of the Plantagenets, perhaps of all our kings), on one of his journeys into Scotland, is traditionally said to have remained at Chipchase Castle for one or two nights. If he did so, it must have been on his way northwards into Scotland, on the same occasion as that on which he heard mass at the head of the vale of North Tyne, above Keilder, in the "Bell Chapel," which is now entirely demolished.

The scene of the popular story of the "Long Pack" is, by tradition, laid at Chipchase, although Lee Hall, near Bellingham, is also supposed to have been the place where the tragical incident happened which James Hogg, the famous Ettrick Shepherd, took for the foundation of his tale.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford.

John Brown B.D.,

VICAR OF NEWCASTLE, POET, AND MAN OF LETTERS.

Fanciful as was the genius of Warburton, it delighted too much in its eccentric motions, and in its own solitary greatness, amid abstract and recondite topics, to have strongly attracted the public attention, had not a party been formed around him, at the head of which stood the active and subtle Hurd; and amid the gradations of the votive brotherhood, the profound Balguy, the spirited Brown, till we descend,—"To his tame jackal, parson Towne." *Isaac Disraeli: "Quarrels of Authors."*

THE "spirited Brown" of the foregoing extract was one of the most celebrated, and at the same time one of the most unfortunate, of the many divines who have held the chief cure of souls in Newcastle. He was born, in 1715, at Rothbury, where his father (afterwards Vicar of Wigton) was curate. He was educated at Wigton public school, and in May, 1732, was sent to St. John's College, Cambridge. After taking his bachelor's degree, in 1735, he was ordained by the Bishop of Carlisle, and four years later, obtaining his degree of M.A., was admitted into priest's orders, and received a minor canonry and lectureship in Carlisle Cathedral. Being reproved for omitting to read the Athanasian Creed, he threw up his preferment, and remained in comparative obscurity till the rebellion of 1745. During the siege of Carlisle, he acted as a volunteer, and when, a few months later, some of the rebels were tried there, he preached two notable sermons "On the Mutual Connection between Religious Truth and Civil Freedom, and between Superstition, Tyranny, Irreligion, and Licentiousness." These discourses brought him under the notice of Dr. Osbaldiston, who induced the Dean and Chapter to give him the living of Moreland, in the adjoining county, and in 1747, when Dr. Osbaldiston was raised to the see of Carlisle, he made him one of his chaplains.

Mr. Brown had ventured into print in 1743 with a poem on "Honour," which did not attract much notice; but his next effort, an "Essay on Satire, occasioned by the death of Mr. Pope," drew the world of letters around him. The essay "breathed the very soul of Pope," and gave so much

Dr Brown.

delight to Warburton, the literary colossus of his day, that he prefixed it to the second volume of his edition of Pope's Works. "Liberty, a Poem," followed, and added to his reputation. Warburton, writing to Hurd (30th January, 1749-50), says:—

Mr. Brown has fine parts; he has a genius for poetry, and has acquired a force of versification very uncommon. I recommended to him a thing I once thought of myself—it had been recommended to me by Mr. Pope—an examination of all Lord Shaftesbury says against religion. Mr. Brown now is busy upon this work.

Warburton's suggestion bore fruit in "Essays on the 'Characteristics' of the Earl of Shaftesbury"—a clear and vivacious book, in which the author maintained the impropriety of applying ridicule to the investigation of religious truth, asserted the religious principle to be the only uniform and permanent motive to virtue, and defended the credibility of Gospel history and Scripture

miracles. The volume was issued by Bowyer in 1751, and the following year his faithful friend Bishop Osbaldiston presented him to the vicarage of Lazonby. There he began to woo the muse afresh, and produced "Barbarossa, a Tragedy," which was acted in London on the 17th December, 1754. Garrick wrote both prologue and epilogue, and spoke the prologue himself in the character of a Cumberland chaw-bacon, supposed to be the author's servant. In this play occur the oft-quoted lines :—

> Now let us thank the Eternal Power; convinced
> That Heaven but tries our virtue by affliction,—
> That oft the cloud which wraps the present hour
> Serves but to brighten all our future days.

And in the prologue is the equally well known couplet, put into the mouth of the Cumberland lad seeking his master:—

> He must be there among you—look about;
> A weezen, pale-faced man; do find him out!

The play was a success, and with the plaudits of the theatre ringing in his ears the author took his doctor's degree, and wrote another tragedy—"Athelstan"—which, however, was not so successful. In 1757 appeared his most famous work—"An Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the Times." It was a strong philippic against national vices, and created a great clamour. Cowper, in the "Table Talk," says that it "rose like a paper kite and charmed the town." Seven editions in little more than a year marked the height of public excitement, and testified to the power and genius of the writer. A second volume followed, but failed to attract the same amount of attention, and "An Explanatory Defence of the Estimate," &c., which the author put forth later, exhausted public interest in the subject.

Just before the publication of the "Estimate," through the influence of Warburton, Lord Royston conferred upon Dr. Brown the living of Great Horkesley, near Colchester. Resigning his Cumberland preferments, he took up his residence at Horkesley, and republished Walker's "Narrative of the Siege of Londonderry, a Useful Lesson to the Present Times." There, also, he wrote a "Dialogue of the Dead, between Pericles and Aristides, being a sequel to a Dialogue of Lord Lyttelton's between Pericles and Cosmo," "The Curse of Saul —a Sacred Ode," set to music, and performed as an oratorio, and "A Dissertation on the Rise, Union, and Power, the Progressions, Separations, and Corruptions of Poetry and Music." His ministry at Horkesley was not a long one. He managed to offend his patron, and to create a coolness with Warburton, who, in the meantime, had been consecrated Bishop of Gloucester. While matters were in a state of tension, on the first of June, 1760, the Rev. Thos. Turner, vicar of Newcastle, died, and his good friend the Bishop of Carlisle placed the living at Dr. Brown's disposal. Soured by his troubles at Horkesley, disappointed at receiving no higher reward from the Whig party, whose faithful servant he had been, he hesitated about accepting the offer. It was not until after six months of vacillation that he finally made up his mind, and it was not until the 7th of January, 1761, that he was formally inducted at St. Nicholas' by the Rev. Mr. Dockwray, and entered into residence as vicar of the chief town in his native county.

Local history has little to tell about Dr. Brown's career in Newcastle. He was absorbed in literary pursuits, and took but faint interest in public life and work. He had hoped for better things, and was, therefore, a discontented, reserved, and, at times, a melancholy man. His only diversion was music, and he certainly tried to assist his friend Charles Avison—whose essay on "Musical Expression" he had probably prepared for the press—in raising the standard of musical taste in the town. Adding a room to the old vicarage, he and Avison started a series of Sunday evening concerts there, which Dr. Rotherham, Ralph Beilby, Mrs. Ord of Fenham, and other amateurs helped to make popular and useful.

Baillie, the Nonconformist historian of Newcastle, states that Dr. Brown was "passionately fond of music," and a "very considerable master in that enchanting science." But to all his acquirements were joined "uncommon pride and weakness." "He was a High Churchman, and, of consequence, intolerant to Dissenters, and rigorous in the exaction of his dues. Though aspiring to a mitre, yet could he not avoid treating his inferiors with contempt, and his superiors with insolence." William Hilton, a local poet ("Works," vol. i., 218), defending the doctor from some public lampoon, declared, on the other hand, that—

> Approv'd, his early numbers rose,
> All own his pure, his nervous prose;
> All own the heighth his sense can reach;
> All own how justly he can preach.
> Even some who prize not truth or song
> Have felt the magic of his tongue.

Dr. Brown published in Newcastle the following works:—"The History of the Rise and Progress of Poetry through its Several Species," being the portion relating to poetry in the "Dissertation" previously quoted (J. White and T. Saint, 1764); "Thoughts on Civil Liberty, on Licentiousness, and Faction" (White and Saint, 1765); a sermon "On the Natural Duty of a Personal Service in Defence of Ourselves and Country," preached at St. Nicholas' on the occasion of a riot at Hexham (I. Thompson, 1761), and another "On Female Character and Education," preached before the guardians of the Asylum for deserted female Orphans, May 16, 1765; "Twelve Sermons on Various Subjects" (White and Saint, 1764); and a "Letter to Dr. Lowth" in reply to an attack which Lowth had made upon him as a creature and sycophantic admirer of Warburton. In these latter works he announced the intended publication of "Principles of Christian Legislation, in Eight Books, being an Analysis of the Various Religions, Manners, and Politics of Mankind, &c., the Obstructions thence arising to the General Progress and Proper Effects of Christi-

anity, and the Most Practicable Remedies to these Obstructions"; but this design, though begun, was never realised.

The closing scene of his life ill corresponded with its brilliant beginning. Dr. Dumaresque, a former chaplain to the English factory at St. Petersburg, had been asked by the Empress of Russia to assist in preparing regulations for some schools she was about to establish, and he, hearing through a friend in England that Dr. Brown was a proper person to consult, wrote to him on the subject, and the correspondence being communicated to the Prime Minister at St. Petersburg, led to an invitation for Dr. Brown to join the ex-chaplain on the banks of the Neva. The doctor accepted, and receiving an answer from the Minister signifying that the Empress was greatly pleased with his decision, and had sent £1,000 to defray the expenses of his journey, he prepared for his departure. He left Newcastle in high spirits, made all his arrangements in London, and was on the eve of embarkation, when he fell ill with a sharp attack of rheumatic gout—a disorder to which he had been frequently subject. Whether it was this illness, as some have asserted, or whether it was a polite intimation that his services were not required, that prevented the fulfilment of his intentions, may never be accurately known. In either case his disappointment was intense. He fell into one of those melancholy moods which had so often afflicted him, and could not rally. Bequeathing the property in his books and MSS. to the Rev. William Hall, M.A., of Newcastle, and arming his right hand with a razor, at his lodgings in Pall Mall, September 23, 1766, he terminated his existence.

Our portrait of Dr. Brown is copied, by permission of Canon Lloyd, from an oil painting in St. Nicholas' vestry, placed there probably by the doctor's executors —the Rev. Nathaniel Clayton and Mr. George Ord.

Lancelot Brown,

LANDSCAPE GARDENER AND ARCHITECT.

Him too, the living leader of thy pow'rs,
Great Nature! Him the Muse shall hail in notes
Which antedate the praise true Genius claims
From just posterity. Bards yet unborn
Shall pay to BROWN that tribute, fitliest paid
In strains the beauty his own scenes inspire.
Mason's "English Garden."

Lancelot Brown, the most eminent landscape gardener of his day, who, from his constant use of the phrase "this spot has great capabilities," became known as "Capability Brown," was a native of Northumberland. He was descended from the Browns of Ravensdeugh, near Eladon, and was born at Kirkharle, the ancestral home of the Loraine family, where he was baptised on the 30th of August, 1716. At Cambo School he received the rudiments of his education, and while yet a boy, developing a taste for gardening, he was taken into the employment of Sir William Loraine, who, at the time, was making extensive improvements in the surroundings of his mansion. From Kirkharle he went to Benwell, as gardener to Mr. Robert Shafto, and in 1739, or soon after, he entered the service of Lord Cobham, as one of the gardeners at his princely residence of Stowe, near Buckingham. There he had the opportunity of studying the improvements that, just before, had been effected by William Kent, painter, sculptor, and architect, and there it was that he married, and commenced his career as an artist gardener, architectural designer, and improver of pleasure grounds.

Upon the death of Lord Cobham, in 1749, Mr Brown settled at Hammersmith, and became the oracle of taste

in all matters relating to his profession. The owners of ancestral piles, and the possessors of wide-spreading estates, sought his advice and carried out his plans o improvement. Under his supervision some of the great houses of the kingdom were renovated, or rebuilt, with tasteful regard to comfort and convenience, and their environments of wood and water, garden and pasture, were thoroughly transformed. Straight walks and sullen ditches gave place to winding ways and glittering cascades; rectangular flower plots and clipped arcades were replaced by stately terraces and undulating shrubberies; everywhere that which had been commonplace and formal was supplanted by something novel, something unexpected. His reputation brought him under the notice of George II., who, although no special friend of art in any shape—for he liked neither "poetry" nor "painting"—had sufficient taste to recognise the improvements which "Capability Brown" was effecting, and made him his head gardener, with a resi-

dence at Hampton Court. This post, being one of honour rather than of servitude, did not require the holder to curtail his professional work, and he continued to plan, devise, and superintend extensive schemes of building and planting as before. For thirty years he reigned supreme as the arbiter of fashion in landscape gardening, and, adding to genius graceful manners and good sense, was honoured and trusted, admitted to confidence and friendship by men of distinction in the highest ranks of society.

Like every other innovator, Mr. Brown had to face criticism and to suffer reproach. Old-fashioned people saw with regret the trim Dutch gardening to which they had been accustomed ruthlessly replaced by clumps and belts and mazy walks, and they shook their venerable heads at the reckless expense which seemed to be involved in the change. Cowper expressed the feeling of many others when, in the third book of the "Task," he thus satirised the all-powerful gardener :—

Improvement too, the idol of the age,
Is fed with many a victim. Lo! he comes—
The omnipotent magician, Brown, appears.
Down falls the venerable pile, the abode
Of our forefathers, a grave whisker'd race,
But tasteless. Springs a palace in its stead.

. . . . . .

He speaks. The lake in front becomes a lawn,
Woods vanish, hills subside, and valleys rise,
And streams, as if created for his use,
Pursue the track of his directing wand,
Sinuous or straight, now rapid and now slow,
Now murmuring soft, now roaring in cascades,
E'en as he bids. Th' enraptured owner smiles.
'Tis finish'd! and yet, finish'd as it seems,
Still wants a grace, the loveliest it could show,
A mine to satisfy th' enormous cost.

Against Cowper's detraction may be set an anecdote related to the Rev. John Hodgson by one of Mr. Brown's disciples :—

A young nobleman sent for him to give him a plan for improving the scenery about his house. After noticing that his employer had a numerous family, for whom he showed great affection, and walking with him over his grounds, he observed, "My lord, your place has high capabilities, but your lordship must pardon me for saying that I cannot promise to effect as much as is wished, without requiring a sum which I am sure, from the great parental affection your children have bestowed upon them, your lordship on their account will not be inclined to expend." The hint was received with kindness and gratitude, and Mr. Brown went away unemployed.

Lord Orford, in the supplement to "Pilkington's Dictionary," describes Mr. Brown as the "restorer of the science of architecture," the "father of modern gardening," and "the inventor of an art that realises painting and improves Nature." Repton states that Brown's fame as an architect was eclipsed by his celebrity as a landscape gardener, and that "if he was superior to all in what related to his own peculiar profession, he was inferior to none in what related to the comfort, convenience, taste, and propriety of design in the several mansions and other buildings which he planned." Nearer home, Hodgson, describing Kirkharle in his "History of Northumberland," adds :—"The situation is low, and shaded by a hill to the south; but the magic hand of Brown contrived to throw the sweetest charms into the fields of the place of his nativity, and to convert the landscape around the mansion of their lord into a woody theatre of stateliest view."

Mr. Brown was appointed High Sheriff for the counties of Huntingdon and Cambridge in 1770, and filled the office with dignity and credit. His friendship with the noblemen who had employed him in renovating their family houses and country seats continued till his death. One evening in 1783, as he was returning from an evening party at Lord Coventry's, he fell in the street, and died. Lord Coventry raised a monument to his memory at Croome, and Mason, the poet, wrote his epitaph, with this ending :—

But know that more than Genius slumbers here,
Virtues were his which Art's best pow'rs transcend;
Come, ye superior train, who these revere,
And weep the Christian, Husband, Father, Friend.

Michael Bryan,

FINE ART CONNOISSEUR AND AUTHOR.

Michael Bryan, an eminent dealer in pictures, and the compiler of a well-known dictionary of painters and engravers, was born in Newcastle on the 9th April, 1757, and received his education at the Royal Free Grammar School, under its great head-master, the Rev. Hugh Moises. Arrived at man's estate, he went to London, and devoted himself to the study of the fine arts. In pursuit of this object he accompanied one of his brothers to Flanders, where he met the Hon. Juliana Talbot, one of the numerous sisters of Charles, sixteenth Earl of Shrewsbury, to whom, on the 7th June, 1784, he was united in marriage.

Mr. Byran resided in Flanders till 1790, and spent most of his time in visiting and studying the masterpieces of art which were somewhat profusely scattered among the chief towns of that province. Returning to England, he settled in London, paying occasional visits to his native town, it would appear, for Thomas Bewick, in his autobiography, mentions that, when he was preparing his "History of British Birds," Mr. Bryan lent him a book of Buffon's to read. But his fervid admiration of art soon sent him back to the Continent. Being in Holland when an order came from the French Government to stop all the English residents, he was detained at Rotterdam. While there, he made the acquaintance of M. L'Abord, who, a little later, negotiated through his influence a sale of the Italian portion of what was known as the Orleans collection of pictures to the Duke of Bridgewater, Lord Gower, and the Earl of Carlisle, for £43,500. Eneas Mackenzie, in his "History of Newcastle," states that "his judgment of pictures was of the

first order, his information extensive, and his enthusiasm for the sublime and beautiful in works of art of boundless fervour. His opinion was consequently looked up to as decisive of the merit or demerit of paintings, whether derived from the ancient masters or from the easels of modern genius."

Through the influence of the Duke of Bridgewater Mr. Bryan was sent to Paris in 1801, by royal authority, to buy such pictures from the cabinet of a celebrated collector, M. Robit, as he should consider worthy to be brought into England. Amongst his purchases on this

MICHAEL BRYAN.

occasion were two well-known pictures by Murillo—"The Infant Jesus as the Good Shepherd," and "The Infant St. John with a Lamb." Three years later he left the metropolis, and, as was supposed, finally settled down with a brother in Yorkshire. But the fine art fever again claimed him, and in 1812 he went back to London and resumed his place in the world of pictures. This time he launched out into literature, and, between 1813 and 1816, published in two volumes quarto, the "Biographical and Critical Dictionary of Painters and Engravers" with which it is identified. Soon after it was completed Mr. Bryan entered into a fine art speculation which proved disastrous, and threw a cloud over the sunset of his life. He died at his house in Portman Place, London, from an attack of paralysis, on the 28th of March, 1821.

John Bruce,

SCHOOLMASTER.

At the beginning of the century, few places were better supplied than Newcastle with private schools for the education of the middle and lower sections of the community. At the Barras Bridge the Rev. William Turner, and in Pilgrim Street the Rev. Edward Prowitt, had flourishing boarding-schools for boys; in Saville Row, in Westgate Street, and in Pilgrim Street, again, were half a dozen for girls; while of day schools for boys (taught by men with the familiar names of Tinwell, Somerville, Askew, Murray, &c.), there were a score, and for girls about half that number. Thirty-six private academies in Newcastle, besides the Royal Free Grammar School and the charity schools of the various parishes, at a time when the population of the town was little over 28,000, testify to the earnestness of our forefathers in the matter of education.

Adding to the number of teachers, and increasing the efficiency of the instruction given, there came to Newcastle from Alnwick two young men—Edward and John, sons of Edward Bruce, of that town, mason. As youths, they had taught a school at the foot of Pottergate, not far from the paternal home, where one of their pupils was a boy who afterwards became a famous Methodist Reformer and antiquary—the Rev. James Everett. But Newcastle offered a wider field for enterprise, and in the year 1795, when Edward was nineteen and John eighteen years of age, they migrated from the banks of the Aln to the shores of the Tyne. So far as can be learned, they engaged themselves chiefly in private tuition—giving lessons at the great houses in the neighbourhood. Gradually they made friends among the local gentry, and were employed by such well known families as those of Bigge, Ibbetson, Collingwood, Rowe, and Ingham. When a sufficient connection had been formed, they opened a school at West House, Byker.

Under the Act of Uniformity every schoolmaster who was not a member of the Church of England was required to take the oath of allegiance. Edward, being the elder brother, made the usual declarations, and received the customary permit; John devoted himself more particularly to the out-door connection, and taught in schools and families. In one of the schools which the latter attended—that of Mrs. Wilson, in Saville Place (now the home of the Young Women's Christian Association)—he found a wife. The object of his affections was Mary, daughter of Mr. John Jack, of Golden Square, London, to whom he was united at St. Andrew's Church, on the 14th of June, 1804. The marriage proved to be a happy one in every respect. Amiable and clever, Mrs. Bruce was admirably fitted to be a helpmate to an earnest and accomplished man. The pair settled down in Newcastle with bright prospects, for John Bruce's industry and enterprise had already procured for him the

respect and approval of prominent people in the town, who were able and willing to render him good service. He had become a member of the Newcastle Loyal Associated Volunteer Infantry, and was learning to serve his country at an important crisis; he was a frequent contributor to the Gentlemen's and Ladies' Diaries, and was gaining reputation as a skilled mathematician at a time when martial ardour gave additional interest and value to mathematical studies.

When John Bruce had been married a couple of years, his brother Edward died, and he proceeded to carry out an idea which he had long cherished. He determined to expand his school into an establishment which should provide for sons of the local gentry and commercial community of Tyneside an education approaching to that which was given at Winchester and Eton, Westminster and Harrow. Mrs. Bruce entered heartily into the project, and on the 18th of June, 1806, a circular was issued announcing the commencement of a new Academy in Newcastle, in "that large and airy house in Percy Street, at present occupied by Mr. Fishwick."

Mr. Bruce, although, so to speak, a born schoolmaster, united to skill in teaching an uncommon capability for business. While, therefore, happy tact and gentle firmness secured the goodwill of the pupils, diligence and punctuality won the confidence of parents. In no great while Bruce's School became one of the best known, because one of the most successful, educational institutions in the town. There "county people," wealthy merchants, and successful tradesmen placed their sons, and there the lads received an education which fitted them for college, the Quayside, or the counter. Among them, at Midsummer, 1815, George Stephenson, engineman at Killingworth Colliery, placed his son Robert, then about twelve years old, and in after life the great engineer was accustomed to say that to Mr. Bruce's tuition and methods of modelling the mind he owed much of his success, for from him he derived his taste for mathematical pursuits, and the faculty of applying it to practical purposes.

Not only was Mr. Bruce a skilful teacher and sound man of business. He had another quality which helped his fortunes. He was an educational enthusiast. About the time that Percy Street Academy began to prosper, public interest in the matter of popular education was riding upon the crest of a long and wide-rolling wave, which (if the simile will bear it) Lancaster and Bell may be said to have set in motion. Every movement which tended to reduce into practical shape the crusade against ignorance had his earnest support. When, as a mark of gratitude and loyalty, it was determined to commemorate the fiftieth year of the reign of George III. in Newcastle by providing for the unsectarian instruction of "the lower orders of youth," he acted as co-secretary with the Rev. William Turner in the arrangements out of which the Royal Jubilee School reared its massive pediment above the New Road. He officiated in the same capacity to the committee of management of the school, subscribed to its funds, and in the second year of its existence made the handsome proposal to admit into his academy for twelve months the boy who most distinguished himself in the school each year—showing thereby that his zeal in the cause of intellectual progress was of that practical sort which involves sacrifice. Another educational institution with which he identified himself was the Literary and Philosophical Society, then in the height of its fame and usefulness. He read few papers, and delivered no lectures, but he was an active member of the committee, and by his experience of teaching, and his knowledge of books, helped to make the institution the centre of intellectual life in Newcastle. In conjunction with his brother, he wrote an admirable school-book, entitled "An Introduction to Geography and Astronomy, by the Use of Globes and Maps; to which are added, the Construction of Maps, and a Table of Latitudes and Longitudes." Other publications of his were an "Historical and Biographical Atlas," and a life of his friend Dr. Charles Hutton. If time had permitted, he would probably have made other contributions to local literature; but, devoted to his profession, Mr. Bruce rarely sought change or relaxation outside the special work which fell within its scope. He became a member of the Society of Antiquaries, but took no prominent part in its management or in its deliberations. He was an elder of Clavering Place Chapel, but abstained from participation in the religious controversies of the time. Although an ardent advocate of the abolition of slavery in the West Indies, he kept aloof from political

conflict. To educate youth was his mission; to that object he devoted all his time and all his energies.

Mr. Bruce died on the 31st October, 1834, at the age of 59, and was buried in the Nonconformist cemetery at the top of Westgate Hill, which, a year or two before, he had helped to establish, and of which he was a trustee. The *Newcastle Chronicle* of the 8th November following paid this striking tribute to his genius, his piety, and his success:—

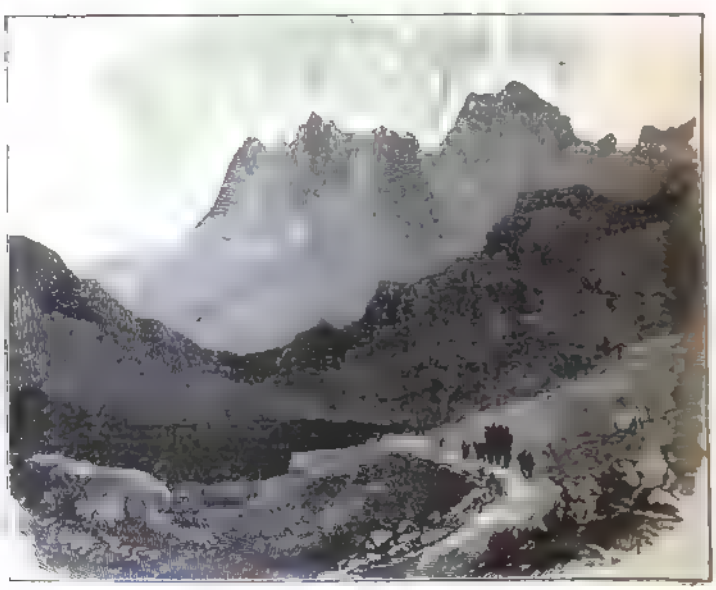
> The deceased possessed an enlarged and cultivated understanding, and had the comparatively rare faculty of communicating every variety of learning to every variety of intellect, in a manner which at once secured the respect and affection of the pupil; and so eminently successful has he been as a public instructor, that a considerable portion of those persons who are now filling influential and respectable situations in this district of the country have been his pupils, and acknowledge with gratitude their obligations to their departed preceptor. In private life he was eminently distinguished for the sincerity and constancy of his friendships, and for the exhibition of those charities which adorn and sweeten the family circle; and whether we contemplate him in the character of a husband, a father, or a master, he affords an example which few reach, but which it is desirable all should follow.

A few days after his interment a public meeting of friends and pupils was held in Newcastle, at which it was resolved to perpetuate his memory by the erection of a monument, which should "express the loss society has sustained by his death, and stimulate posterity to follow his bright example." Upon the committee appointed to carry the resolution into effect were such well-known men as the Revs. William Hawks, James Pringle, Richard Pengilly, and James Everett, Dr. Wightman, Messrs. Thomas and James Annandale, Thomas Cargill, R. R. Dees, John Fenwick, James Finlay, William Kell, William Nesham, and Joseph Watson. Their deliberations ended in the beautiful monument which, from a commanding position in Westgate Hill Cemetery, overlooks the eastern end of Elswick Road, and records the successful labours of a man who, "possessing an unquenchable ardour in the pursuit of knowledge, stored his capacious mind with the learning which could expand the intellect, invigorate the character, and promote the happiness of mankind," enjoyed "the satisfaction of seeing many of his pupils occupying dignified stations in the professional and commercial sections of the community."

The fame of Percy Street Academy was upheld and widely expanded for nearly a half century after Mr. Bruce's death by his illustrious son and successor, now the venerable Dr. John Collingwood Bruce, historian of the Roman Wall, fellow of various learned societies, and promoter of innumerable schemes of philanthropy and benevolence. No small portion of the father's genius fell also upon a younger son, George Barclay Bruce, who, having learned the profession of an engineer under Robert Stephenson, and filled high positions among great undertakings, has recently received the honour of knighthood.

Blea Tarn.

THERE are three mountain lakelets of this name in the English Lake District. One is at the head of the Watendlath valley, and another is in Patterdale; but it is that which nestles in a deep rocky hollow at the head of Little Langdale to which attention is now drawn. It is the Blea Tarn *par excellence*—the others being in no way comparable to it either for scenery or poetic associations. The name is derived from "blaae," a Danish word meaning blue; or the Swedish word "bla," having the same signification. The view from the road looking towards great Langdale, is most impressive, the Langdale Pikes forming a background hardly excelled in any other part of England. The highest peak is known as Harrison Stickle, next is the Pike o' Stickle, whilst the small cone to the left of the mountain group is the Gimmer Crag, having an almost unbroken descent of over 2,000 feet. The immediate surroundings of Blea Tarn were formerly destitute of foliage. This would seem to have been the condition of the district even as late as the time of Wordsworth. Now, however, a number of larches are flourishing near the tarn, and on the



BLEA TARN.

hill side, near a small farmhouse, are many trees, though somewhat stunted in growth. The house is certainly in a desolate spot. How the dwellers therein fare in the depth of winter can only be imagined. Wordsworth looked at the scene with a poet's eye, and selected it as the home of the Solitary in his "Excursion." His standpoint—not the same as that selected by the photographer of the accompanying view, Mr. Alfred Pettitt, of Keswick—is supposed to have been on a ridge to the north of the road. It is known as "Wordsworth's seat," and is pointed out to visitors by the farmer who occupies the cottage. The view hence is scarcely less striking than that depicted in our engraving, including, as it does, a fine prospect of Bow Fell, and its frowning neighbours—that is providing the weather be propitious, which is not always the case in these higher latitudes, as the traveller often finds to his cost. The tarn itself presents no feature of interest. It is a still, solemn pool of oval shape, which has been described as "reflecting nothing but crags and clouds by day, and crags and stars by night." Here is Wordsworth's description of the scene in the "Excursion":—

Behold!
Beneath our feet a little lowly vale,
A lowly vale, and yet uplighted high
Among the mountains; even as if the spot
Had been, from earliest time, by wish of theirs,
So placed, to be shut out from all the world.
Urn-like it was in shape, deep as an urn;
With rocks encompassed, save that to the south
Was one small opening, where a heath-clad ridge
Supplies a boundary less abrupt and close;
A quiet, treeless nook, with two green fields,
A liquid pool that glittered in the sun,
And one bare Dwelling; one Abode, no more!
It seemed the home of poverty and toil,
Though not of want: the little fields, made green
By husbandry of many thrifty years,
Paid cheerful tribute to the moorland house.
—There crows the cock, single in his domain:
The small birds find in spring no thicket there
To shroud them, only from the neighbouring vales
The cuckoo, straggling up to the hill tops,
Shouted faint tidings of some gladder place.

The Skylark.

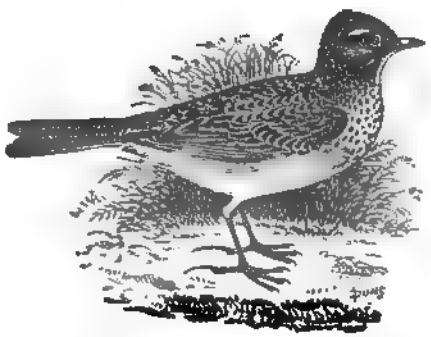
ONE of our best, earliest, and most persistent songsters, the skylark *(Alauda arvensis)*, is almost as great a favourite of poets and naturalists as the nightingale. It commences to sing quite early in the season, and can be heard in late autumn, when other birds are mute, and when the migrants have departed for the South. Some years ago I heard a lark in song at half-past one o'clock on a fine moonlight summer's morning, fully an hour before the song thrushes and blackbirds commenced to tune up.

Unlike many of our favourite birds, the lark has but few common names. In England it is known as the lark and skylark; in Scotland it is the laverock of the common people and the poets. Scottish schoolboys propound a kind of "guess," or conundrum, as to the dual names of the lark, cuckoo, and snipe, thus:—

The cuckoo and the gowk, the laverock and the lark,
The heather-bleat, the mire-snipe, how many birds is that?

Although six names are given, only three birds are indicated—cuckoo, lark, and snipe.

The lark is a resident, or rather partial resident, in the Northern Counties. When severe weather sets in, many of them retreat southwards, and their places are occupied by birds of the same species from more Northern localities, or from the Scandinavian countries on the other side of the North Sea.



The bird is a native of the whole of Europe. It does not seem to penetrate as far north as the Faroe Islands, Iceland, and Greenland, but it is found in Asia Minor and North Africa. In winter, the migratory larks are snared in vast numbers along the North, North-East, and East Coasts, as also inland, and in the large towns they are sold by thousands for the wretched mouthful of food they furnish. Some time ago a large poultry and game dealer informed me that the bulk of his winter lark supplies were from the Yorkshire, West Lancashire, and Lincolnshire coasts, though both Northumberland and Durham contributed no small quota of slaughtered songsters to tickle the palates of epicures. Many thousands also come from Ireland and the Continent.

The "manners and customs" of the skylark, with its finely brownish-mottled plumage, are well known to most country residents, and its song in summer's prime is a "joy for ever." Mr. Duncan's drawing is a most life-like representation. In early spring the birds separate into pairs, and are soon looking out for suitable nesting places in the meadows and pastures. Two broods are usually reared in the year—the first about the middle of June, or earlier if the weather be favourable; the second brood in late July or August. The male is rather larger and longer than the female, and is distinguished from its mate by the well-known crest on the top of the head, which is raised and depressed at will. As most schoolboys know,

the simple nest—not, however, so easily discovered—is placed in a hollow of the ground, usually in a grass field, and on the moorlands amidst the tawny bent grass. The nest is composed of dry grasses, the finer inside, the coarser outside. The eggs, usually four in number, vary much in form, size, and markings. Some, especially in the rich lowlands, are of a greyish white colour, with a tinge of purple, freckled all over with brownish spots, the darker colour being mostly concentrated at the larger end; but in moorland districts they are almost invariably dark-coloured, and marked very like those of the meadow pipit, which, like the lark, nests amidst the dry bent grass.

Skylarks manifest great attachment to their nests and young, and, when incubation is in full swing, the hen will almost allow herself to be lifted from the nest rather than fly off. The bird never rises from or descends on to its nest. When the nest is found, there may generally be seen a narrow beaten track, extending often a good way from it, by which the birds leave and return.

Professor Wilson (genial Christopher North) gives the subjoined delicious word picture of the skylark and its associations:—"Higher and higher than ever rose the tower of Belus, soars and sings the lark, the lyrical poet of the sky. Listen, listen! and the more remote the bird, the louder is his hymn in heaven. He seems, in his loftiness, to have left the earth for ever, and to have forgotten his lowly nest. The primroses and the daisies, and all the sweet hill flowers, must be remembered in the lofty hill region of light. But just as the lark is lost—he and his song together—both are again seen and heard wavering down the sky, and in a little while he is walking, contented, along the furrows of the braided corn, or on the clover lea that has not felt the ploughshare for half a century."

HENRY KERR.

Garibaldi's Sword.

AFTER the failure of the Roman Republic of 1849, in whose service he had performed prodigies of valour, General Garibaldi betook himself to America, where he worked as a journeyman for some time in the candle manufactory of Signor Meucci, at Staten Island. He afterwards joined a few of his countrymen and went to Panama. Five or six times he crossed the isthmus between the Atlantic and the Pacific, but found nothing to do. Then he departed for Lima, where he got the command of a vessel, in which he made some voyages—to Hong Kong, the Sandwich Islands, and to Australia, and then round from Valparaiso to Baltimore, where he obtained the command of another ship, the Commonwealth, a fine American clipper vessel of above one thousand tons burthen, carrying the American flag, and registered in New York, but owned by Italians. In this ship he sailed for Europe in the month of February, 1854, and in the course of the voyage he put into Shields Harbour, where the Commonwealth lay moored for a considerable time, taking in a cargo of coals for Genoa.

Garibaldi having declined any public demonstration—for, like all heroes, he was as modest as he was brave—it was resolved, at a meeting held in the Lecture Room, Newcastle, on Tuesday, March 28th, to present him with an address of welcome and sympathy, accompanied with a sword and telescope, to be purchased by a penny subscription. The proposal, when made public, was received with great enthusiasm, demands for subscription lists coming from all parts of Tyneside. The presentation took place on board the Commonwealth, at Shields, on Tuesday, April 11th, the day before she sailed. The following gentlemen attended as a deputation:—From Newcastle, Thomas Pringle, Martin Jude, Joseph Cowen, jun., James Watson, James Charlton, John Kane, Josiah Thomas, Angus McLeod, William Newton, William Hedley; from South Shields, Soloman Sutherland, Robert Miller; from North Shields, Robert Sutherland, Thomas Hudson; from London, G. Julian Harney; also Constantine Lewkaski, Polish exile. Mr. Pearson, the general's broker, likewise accompanied the deputation. The sword was a handsome weapon, with a gold hilt, on which this inscription was engraved:—"Presented to General Garibaldi by the people of Tyneside, friends of European Freedom. Newcastle-on-Tyne, April, 1854." The telescope—made by Mr. Joseph English, Grey Street, Newcastle—bore the same inscription.

The deputation being introduced by Mr. Joseph Cowen, jun., that gentleman said:—

General,—We are here a deputation appointed by a meeting of the friends of European Freedom in Newcastle, to express to you the gratification we have experienced at seeing you amongst us, and to assure you of our profound sympathy for that noble cause with which you have cast the fortunes of your life. It is as distasteful for us to indulge in any complimentary apologies as I am sure it is for you to listen to them, yet we feel it necessary to offer a word or two in explanation of our proceedings. As soon as it became known that you were to visit the Tyne, an unanimous and enthusiastic desire was expressed by those who sympathised with the heroic struggles of your countrymen for their nationality and independence, to give you a welcome worthy of your great and well-won reputation as a soldier of freedom, and befitting this important district to offer. Your modesty would not permit you to accept such a demonstration. We could well understand your personal dislike to such a display, yet we would have rejoiced at having had such an opportunity as the occasion would have afforded of urging our Government to regard the insurgent peoples, and not the absolutist and reactionary potentates of Europe, as their most legitimate and faithful allies in the coming conflict, and of demonstrating to these said sovereigns the little regard entertained by Englishmen for their characters and calling; yet we felt that in such a matter you were first and alone to be consulted, and at your request the proposition was abandoned. But, being unwilling to permit you to leave without some memorial of your visit, we have chosen this private and more acceptable, but we trust no less significant, mode of expressing to you the deep and earnest sympathy entertained by the people of Tyneside for your country and cause.

Mr. Cowen then read the following address :—

General,—Your presence in Newcastle affords an occasion for a pleasure and a duty. It is indeed a pleasure for us to welcome to our town the glorious defender of the Eternal City, the Italian patriot and hero, the friend and worthy helpmate of Mazzini in the holy work of Italian emancipation. We do welcome you right heartily. And in offering you with this welcome, the assurance of our most profound respect, we do not pretend to be conferring any honour upon you. The hero always honours the place of his sojourn. Neither do we care, by any enumeration of your gallant deeds, to justify our estimate of your worth. Your life and character are well known to Europe, and the mere name of Garibaldi is sufficient passport to the admiration of his contemporaries and the undying praise of history. Your example may also keep us in mind of our duty, the never-ceasing duty of at least encouraging by sympathetic words, if we cannot help by deeds, all who, like yourself and your compatriots, are ably engaged in the struggle for the Right. We pray you to believe that the heart of England is with your Italy. We, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, may take upon us to say so much. Whatever bargains may be made by Cabinets, whatever may be the unhappy complications of diplomacy, whatever may be our popular ignorance of foreign affairs, the people of England can never willingly be a party to any policy which would sacrifice the Italian nation to imperial or kingly interests. We would not so give the lie to our own worship of freedom. You, General, have not to be told that even a people which is free from foreign mastery may yet not be so much its own master as to always rule its course in the way its feelings and its conscience point. Yet be sure of this: England hopes for Italian independence. England may yet help it, when our hope ripens into earnest will. And when they who drive out the Austrian build up again a Republican capitol upon the Seven Hills, the heirs of Milton and Cromwell will not be the last to say, even from their deepest heart, God speed your work!

After reading the address, Mr. Cowen went on to say :

General,—Along with this address I have to ask you to receive this sword and this telescope. The intrinsic value of these articles is but small, and to a Republican chieftain who is accustomed to animate his compatriots by deeds of personal prowess such a sword my be more ornamental than useful. But when I tell you that it is purchased by the pennies of some hundreds of working men, contributed not only voluntarily, but with enthusiasm, and that each penny reprepresents a heart which beats true to European freedom, it will not, I think, be unworthy of your acceptance and preservation. We are not versed in the polite phraseology of diplomacy; of the refined conventionalisms of courts we are ignorant; representatives of the people, we have no costly presents to offer for your acceptance; but with that simplicity which best befits Republicans, we ask you to receive as a token of our esteem the articles before us.

Garibaldi, who was much moved by this spontaneous expression of good-will, replied as follows :—

Gentlemen,—I am very weak in the English language, and can but imperfectly express my acknowledgments for your over great kindness. You honour me beyond my deserts. My services are not worthy of all the favours you have shown me. You more than reward me for any sacrifices I may have made in the cause of freedom. One of the people—a workman like yourself—I value very highly these expressions of your esteem—the more so because you testify thereby your sympathy for my poor, oppressed, and down-trodden country. Speaking in a strange tongue, I feel most painfully my inability to thank you in terms sufficiently warm. The future will alone show how soon it will be before I am called on to unsheath the noble gift I have just received, and again battle in behalf of that which lies nearest my heart—the freedom of my native land. But be sure of this—Italy will one day be a nation, and its free citizens will know how to acknowledge all the kindness shown her exiled sons in the days of their darkest troubles. Gentlemen, I would say more, but my bad English prevents me. You can appreciate my feelings and understand my hesitation. Again I thank you from my heart of hearts, and be confident of this—that whatever vicissitudes of fortune I may hereafter pass through, this handsome sword shall never be drawn by me except in the cause of liberty.

An interesting conversation on the aspect of affairs in Europe then took place between Garibaldi and his visitors. Subsequently, Mr. Cowen proposed the health of "General Garibaldi, and may the next time he visits the Tyne be as the citizen of an united Italian Republic," Mr. Lewkaski adding that be hoped the next time he met him would be on the banks of the Tiber, and not the Tyne—a wish which the General very warmly reciprocated. Mr. Harney proposed in fitting terms the health of "Joseph Mazzini, the illustrious compatriot of Garibaldi," which was drunk with great enthusiasm. The deputation then surveyed the vessel, exchanged friendly greetings with the patriot crew, and left for South Shields, three hearty cheers being given for Garibaldi and the good ship Commonwealth as the boat passed under her bows.

The crew of the Commonwealth were all exiles—most of them Italians who had fought under their captain in Rome and the Banda Oriental. Though they sailed under the star-spangled banner, none were American citizens.

The following letter was penned just as the writer left the Tyne :—

Ship Commonwealth, April 12th, 1854.

My dear Cowen,—The generous manifestation of sympathy with which I have been honoured by you and your fellow-citizens is of itself more than sufficient to recompense a life of the greatest merit. Born and educated as I have been in the cause of humanity, my heart is entirely devoted to liberty—universal liberty—national and world-wide—'ora e sempre' (now and for ever). England is a great and powerful nation—independent of auiliary aid—foremost in human progress—enemy to despotism—the only safe refuge of the exile—friend of the oppressed; but if ever England, your native country, should be so circumstanced as to require the help of an ally, cursed be that Italian who would not step forward with me in her defence. Your Government has given the Autocrat a check and the Austrians a lesson. The despots of Europe are against you in consequence. Should England at any time in a just cause need my arm, I am ready to unsheath in her defence the noble and splendid sword received at your hands. Be the interpreter of my gratitude to your good and generous countrymen. I regret, deeply regret, to leave without again grasping hands with you. Farewell, my dear friend, but not adieu! Make room for me in your heart.—Yours always and everywhere, G. GARIBALDI.

P.S.—At Rio de la Plata I fought in favour of the English against the tyrant Rosas.

The Rev. H. R. Haweis, writing of the Battle of the Volturno, and quoting the words of an actor in that conflict, speaks of Garibaldi "drawing his famous English sword and leading the decisive charge which turned the fortunes of the day." This was the sword which was presented to the patriot by his friends on Tyneside. An old Garibaldian, one of the famous Thousand of Marsala who effected the conquest of Sicily, states that his great chief in all his Italian battles constantly carried the weapon whose history we have here related.

Charms for Venom.

NOT many years ago it was a popular belief that a stone brought from Ireland possessed the virtue of curing cattle that had the misfortune to have been envenomed by the bite of an adder or similar reptile. Not only were Irish stones held in high estimation as charms, but Irish sticks were alike prized. The farmer who dwelt in a valley infested with adders was fortunate if he possessed an Irish horse or an Irish cow; a tooth of the former would as effectually neutralise a sting as an Irish stone or stick, and a touch from the cow was equally as efficacious. If a native of Ireland made a circle with his finger around a reptile, it died. According to Pliny, a serpent cannot escape out of a circle drawn around it with an ash rod, a belief held in Devonshire. In Germany the sap of the ash tree is drunk as a remedy for serpent bites, whilst in Sweden the touch of a hazel-rod deprives serpents of their venom. The Irish charm-stone, however, was the most popular reptile remedy throughout the North of England and in Scotland, and the belief in its virtue may be said to yet linger in the secluded dales north of the Humber.

The following evidence of the belief in the virtue of the Irish charm in the North of England has been gathered by the writer, and may be considered the remnants of a deeply rooted superstition in the localities referred to. In the month of October, 1884, I handled a once famous Irish stone which was in the custody of a good dame, residing beneath the shadow of the Old Abbey of Blanchland, in Northumberland. On inquiry being made for the charm, a search was made in the corner of a drawer, and a bag, yellow with age, was carefully brought out, unfolded, and its contents—the Irish stone—exhibited. The good lady was seventy-eight years of age, and the charm was in the house when she married into it, forty-nine years before. It was the property of her husband, who died about twenty-nine years since, and she had heard him say that the stone belonged to his father. During her time it had been lent "all up and down" to individuals who had got envenomed, or had cattle so suffering, and she could testify that its application stopped inflammation, as she remembered effectually rubbing the face of her husband, who had been stung by a bee. The charm which, as she had heard them tell, came from Connaught, is a water worn flint, lentiform, of a dark colour, blotched with white. This Blanchland charm had not been used for several years, but within the good lady's remembrance it was of considerable repute, it being the only Irish stone in the district. According to popular belief, there is probably no place north of the Humber where a "charm for venom" could be of more use than at Blanchland. The banks of the river, the Derwent, a tributary of the Tyne, are said to be greatly infested with adders. They are curiously enough called the "Earl of Derwentwater's adders," and thereby hangs a tale, which, if not so poetical as the legend of St. Patrick and the reptiles, is interesting in its way. Previous to the unfortunate earl suffering death no adders or other reptiles, so the story goes, haunted the banks of the Derwent. However, immediately the head of the earl rolled from the block in 1715, adders appeared in abundance on the river's banks almost from the source of the stream to where it enters the Tyne. The Derwent partly bounds some of the Derwentwater estates, and here adders are at the present day particularly numerous. Hence the Blanchland charm was held in very high estimation, numerous applications being formerly made for it.

An "oldest inhabitant" at the head of the Wear valley, in the County of Durham, once informed me that he had had his arm rubbed with an Irish stone. When a boy and helping his father to build a stone wall in the fields, he had his thumb envenomed by some kind of a reptile. His father, a shrewd Scotchman, had previously procured a stone brought from the Emerald Isle by a wandering native. This charm stone was brought out and applied, commencing at the shoulder from whence the rubbing with the stone was gradually brought down the arm, until the pain was driven out. My informant was an intelligent resident who died five or six years ago at the age of 92 years. At Stanhope, in Weardale, a similar charm was kept by a Mrs. Clarke, who applied it to all comers with envenomed limbs. The Stanhope stone, as described to me by a person who once had his hand rubbed with it to cure a sting, was about two inches square and about an inch thick. A few years ago a friend informed me that an Irish stone existed in a house on the banks of the Tees, near the town of Middleton-in-Teesdale, and was kept expressly for the purpose of curing venom. Both of these charms have their history of wonderful cures.

Irish sticks were also held in high estimation for their healing powers in the Northern dales. Seventy years ago Weardale possessed one owned by a person named Morley. An elderly woman, now dead, gave me the following particulars respecting herself and this wonderful stick:—When a scholar at the village school she had a ring-worm on her arm, and the mistress of the school rubbed the part affected with her gold wedding ring, a supposed remedy; but the wedding ring charm failed, and the scholar was despatched to Morley's. The famed stick, which had a great reputation in the valley, was brought into operation and as far as my informant could remember a cure was affected. Sixty odd years ago an innkeeper's daughter, at St. John's Chapel, got stung in the hand, whilst working in the garden. The hand was cured by the application of an Irish stick, which was about five inches long and an inch

thick. It was well polished, through repeated operations, and the charm remained at the public-house for many years, having almost as much practice as the village doctor. My informant, who died a few months ago, was eye witness to the operation, and was a brother of the young woman who was thus cured.

The teeth of an Irish horse were evidently as efficacious as stones and sticks. Seventy odd years ago peats were largely used as a fuel by the dwellers in the higher reaches of the Wear valley. A Weardale resident informed me that he remembered a lead miner's wife, who, whilst stacking peats, or in local parlance, *mooing* peats, in the yard, had her hand envenomed by some reptile which had been amongst the peats when brought in from the moors. A neighbour, hearing of the good woman's misfortune, sent an Irish horse tooth with instructions to rub it over the envenomed hand. The order was obeyed, a cure was effected, and the tooth, having added to its reputation as a charm, was kept as such for many long years afterwards. A farmer in the same district informed me that an Irish horse tooth was for many years kept on his premises as a charm for venom.

An Irish cow possesses the hidden virtue according to the following:—A friend in Teesdale informs me of a person who was envenomed by the bite of an *adder*. His hand and arm swelled to such a degree that he could not get his *neif* through his great coat sleeve but with difficulty. Though this was alarming, a remedy was looming in the distance. In Holwick village, on the Yorkshire side of the Tees, a farmer kept an Irish cow reputed to be of the right kind for working a cure. Thither posted the suffering man. On the patient nearing the farmstead, the sympathising animal trotted to meet him, and energetically licked his hand. The cure was miraculous. A relation of mine witnessed some sixty years ago an extraordinary result of this virtue in Irish cattle. Large herds of these animals are driven through Northumberland to the Southern markets. They were frequently depastured for a night at Redesdale in one particular pasture which was infested with adders. One morning, after a *drove* of Irish cattle had departed, hundreds of dead adders, as witnessed by my friend, were found on the ground. The belief is that if an adder gets on to where an Irish cow has been lying it cannot get off, but dies. As previously stated, adders abound on the banks of the Derwent in Northumberland. At a place called Ackton, close to this stream, cows frequently get envenomed in the pastures. A dweller, having a cattlegate on a neighbouring farm, called Winnoshill, bought an Irish cow, and, fortunately for the owner, no reptile would touch it. My informant was an observing man. He had seen eight young adders bolt into the mouth of their parent and disappear on being suddenly surprised!

WILLIAM MORLEY EGGLESTONE.

The Delaval Papers.

MR. JOHN ROBINSON, a tradesman of Newcastle, was fortunate enough, in the course of the year 1888, to rescue from destruction a large mass of documents which throw more or less light on the history and doings of the famous Northumbrian family of the Delavals. Some account of this family has already been given in the *Monthly Chronicle* (see vol. i., p. 437); but we are concerned now with what we may fairly describe as the Delaval Find.

The finder himself has explained to the Society of Antiquaries the nature of the documents he has saved from oblivion. The late Dr. Charlton, about twenty years ago, made mention, in an interesting lecture on "Society in Northumberland in the 17th Century," of the thousands of papers belonging to the Delaval family which were preserved at Ford Castle, among which were letters from nearly all the principal families of the North of England, as well as from the leading literary men of the last century. Ever since the delivery of Dr. Charlton's lecture, said Mr. Robinson, local historians had longed to have an opportunity of inspecting the collection at Ford. Yet during all these years there had been a vast pile of letters, despatches, and old records lying in a roofless warehouse at Old Hartley, not a dozen miles from Newcastle. Some few of these had been reduced to a decomposed mass of pulp, through the action of the winters' snows and summers' rains of more than fifty years. It was only by a portion of the roof falling upon the old papers that any of them had been preserved. Among these were the great seal of Henry VII., the privy seal of James I., an autograph of Queen Anne, and an autograph of the ill-fated Earl of Derwentwater.

It was through the courtesy of Mr. Lumsden, agent to the Marchioness of Waterford, that Mr. Robinson was allowed to collect what he thought would be of any interest. He began his labours among a vast collection of ledgers, tabulating the wages paid to the various workmen engaged in constructing Seaton Sluice a hundred years ago; but, as he turned over ledger after ledger and countless piles of vouchers, he began to pick up packets of private letters of the Delavals, Irish State papers, and Admiralty despatches to Capt. Delaval, with innumerable receipts for legacies and annuities paid to almost every family in Northumberland of any importance, together with the cost of cows bought at Hexham and Morpeth in the year 1590, as well as receipts for the daily articles used in castle and cot from time immemorial.

The following is an extract from one of the family letters written by Mrs. Astley (Rhoda Delaval), probably in 1751:—

Yesterday se'nnight we were all at Newcastle assembly.

There was a great deal of good company. It was the day of the Mayor's feast. Ridley is Mayor. My Lady Blackett was there, and made many inquiries after you. My Lord Ravensworth dined here the other day. We have pitched the tent by the sea-side. It is placed in the great oval in the garden, all the warm weather, where we drink tea every afternoon. I imagine you have heard that Mr. Bailey is dead. Mrs. Symms says he left ten thousand pounds. He died of a fever. It is surprising to know what great cures have been done by Dr. James's powders. Here a sad fever has gone round the country. All who have taken it have recovered. I believe I told you that Sir John Grey is quite well, and seven more at Hartley that have taken the powders are cured of very sad fever after they had been light-headed some days.

The same lady writes again :—

Tinmouth and Cullercoates are much in fashion ; not a room empty. My Lady Ravensworth and my Lady Clavering were a month at Cullercoates bathing. My Lady Swinburne and Miss Swinburne are gone to live at York. I must leave off, as it is chapple Sunday, though I am in a very scribbling humour. We shall have a very thin congregation to-day. It is the first Sunday divine service has been performed at Mr. Ridley's chapple at Blyth, and curiosity will carry most of the people thither.

The old letters abundantly confirm the popular stories about the amusements at Seaton Delaval. George Delaval, writing to his brother Thomas in February, 1753, says :—"It was in the *Daily Advertiser* that upwards of four thousand gentlemen and ladies had been assembled at Seaton Delaval to see the rope dancers." Mrs. Astley writes in December :—"Bob has undertaken to entertain us with a pantomime entertainment of his own composing these Christmas holidays. He has taken in most all the people in the house as performers. I fancy it will be a very curious sight." Later, she informs her correspondent how the affair had gone off :—"Bob has performed his pantomime entertainment before a great number of county folk, who showed their approbation by great fits of laughter."

Much theatrical and other gossip of the time is contained in the following letter from Foote, the actor and dramatist of Dr. Johnson's day :—

London, March 13.

In the North. What d'ye do in the North when you are wanted in the West? On the 24th instant appears a Farce of your H'ble Servant, which without the powerful aid of such Freinds as Mr. Delaval will I fear encounter a most disastrous Destiny.

The Recorder of your Town of Newcastle has lately occasiond a small inflammation at Court. About four months since he dind with Ld. Ravensworth, and takeing up a newspaper which mentiond the Bishop of Glouscester as the Bishop of Chichesters successor in the Prince of Wals's family, declard that was the seocnd great officer about the Prince whom he had formerly known to drink treasonable Healths, Andrew Stone being the other.

Ld Ravensworth made a Report of this to the Cabinet Council, which the two delinquents with the Solicitor-General, he being equally culpable, were ordered to attend ; sundry examinations were had, of what nature has not transpird ; the result of all is that the subsequent loyal attachment of these Gentlemen should obliterate the stain of their former principles, and the prosecution be branded with the ignominious titles of groundless, trifling, and vexatious.

There is no news but what the papers will bring you, but we have long and pompous accounts of the Tilts, tournements, tumblings, and Bull-baitings at Seaton. Your Uncle Price says Mr. Pelham has hired the two dancing Bears to transmitt to your Brother by way of keeping him in the country till the Parliament is up, and Chitty swears that the coliers at Billinsgate imploy all their Leizure hours in flinging of Somersets. You must expect the Wits to be arch, but I dont know how to take your calling me one, in your last, as I know in what light you men of Busness regard that Character, but I give you leave to think of me as you please in every other respect, provided you do me Justice in one Article, that I am & ever shall be Dear Mr Delaval's

Most obligd & obedt Servt

SAML. FOOTE.

Another letter of Foote's, as ill-spelt as the one just quoted, is addressed to Mr. John Delaval. It will be seen that the dramatist mixes up some scandal with his theatrical small talk :—

* Pal Mal, Jany. 17th.

I am sorry Dear Mr. Delaval should suppose he wants a subject to interest and entertain me, whilst he has it in his power to communicate his own happiness, &c., and that of his family. To the latter you have this morning a collateral addition by the birth of a Son to Miss Roach.*

The Theatres have each produced a pantomime. That of Covent Garden is the Sorcerer, revivd with a new piece of Machinery that is elegantly designed and happily executed. The subject is a Fountain. The Genii of Drury Lane has some pretty contrivances, but the Inspector complains of its being barren of Incidents, defective in the plan, and improbable in the Denouement. We have had no new Comedys but one given by Mr. Weymondsel and his Lady. Jo. Child is gone to France, the frail fair one turnd out of Doors, and a suit for a Divorce commencd. Francis's Tragedy called Constantin is to be acted at Covent Garden. A Comedy called the Gamester is soon to be played at Drury Lane. I am writing the English Man at Paris for Macklyn's benefit. The Attorney General is to be made a Peer, the Solicitor Attorney, and York Solicitor General.

This is all the news I have now to offer, and, indeed, all that I have to say, except that

I am most sincerely yours,

SAML. FOOTE.

The scale and magnificence of the private theatricals given by the Delavals can be best understood by the cost of one of the entertainments at Seaton Delaval. Here is a financial record which Mr. Robinson has discovered among the wreckage at Hartley :—

ESTIMATE OF EXPENCE ATTENDG PLAY AT SEATON DELAVAL FEBR. 1, 1792.

	lbs.	£	s.	d
6 Hams Ornamented, at a mean 20lb. each,	120 at 7d...	3	10	0
2 Do. Swann and Boar's Head, 20lb. ea.	40 at 7d...	1	3	4
6 Turkey pyes, calculated at 12s. each		3	12	0
6 Ox tongues ornamented, 2s. 6d. p.		0	15	0
2 Do. plain, Do.		0	5	0
2 Fillets Veal, 5lbs. each, 10lbs. at 6d.		0	5	0
8 Plates of Collard Beef, at 1/6 p.		0	12	0
4 Aspeaks, contg 40 smelts in strong sauce, 3s. p.		0	12	0
52 Fowls includg Baisting, &c., compd 1/6 p.		3	18	0
12 lbs. Butter, estimated for ornamentg Hams, &c.		0	12	0
6 lbs. Hog's lard for Swann, &c., 8d.		0	4	0
12 Lobsters, at 9d. p.		0	9	0
16 Plates of Jellys, 2/6		2	0	0
14 Do. Blomonge, 2s.		1	8	0
7 Large and small Savoy Cakes, at 5s. p.		1	15	0
10 Apple Tarts, 1/6		0	15	0
80 Cheese Cakes, 1d.		0	6	8
30 Apricot Tartletts, 3d. p.		0	7	6
24 Strawberry do. 2d. p.		0	4	0
40 Raspberry do. 2d. p.		0	6	8
Confectionery acct. for cakes and Sundry sweetmeats, mottos, &c., &c.		4	0	0
Cakes charged by Mr. Nuthwaite		0	17	6
200 Golden pippins, 8s., and 89 oranges, 10s. 6d.		0	19	6
10 Plates of Blanched Almonds and Raisins, 1s. 6d. p.		0	15	0
24 do. of Figs, French Plumbs, &c., at 4d p.		0	8	0
White Bread used and crumbled away, &c., 2d. p. for 120		1	0	0
		31	0	2

* See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1888, p. 283.

				£	s.	d.
1 Pye left nearly whole	0	10	0			
1 large Savoy Cake	0	7	0			
1 Tongue	0	2	6			
Swann and Boar's Hd. nearly whole	1	0	0			
Abt. ¼ of the Confectioner's Articles left	1	4	6			
Jellys, none of consequence.				3	4	0
				27	16	2
Beef for Gentlemen's servts., drivers, &c., abt. 112 lbs. at 4d.				1	17	4
Bread for do. do., abt. 4 loaves 2s. p.				0	8	0
				2	5	4
Hay for abt. 80 horses, computed 8d. p.				2	13	4
Oats for do., 3d. p.				1	0	0
				3	13	4
4 lbs. Wax Candles for Dining Table extra, 2s. 10d.				0	11	4
5 lbs. Sperm, for Chandelliers, &c., 2s. 6d.				0	12	6
3 lbs. do. for Side Tables, &c.				0	7	6
				1	11	4
12 lbs. Mold Candles for stage Candlesticks, &c.				0	8	4
20 lbs. Tallow for Lamps, &c.				0	10	0
				0	18	4
Musicians supd. wages	4	14	6			
Painter and Horse hire, about	1	11	6			
Chaise Hire for Musicians, about	0	15	0			
				7	1	0
Woman in kitchen, meat & wages, 6 days, 1s. 6d. p.				0	9	0
Do. in house 3 days, do.				0	4	6
3 Joiners, 1 Day, each 2s.				0	6	0
3 Labrs. taking care Horses, &c., 1s. 6d. p.				0	4	6
2 Turners Waiters supd. will have £1 1s. p.				2	2	0
Mr. Carr abd.				–	–	–
Geo. Boiston 3 days assisting in House, 1s. 6d. p.				0	4	6
				10	11	6
2 Fidlers for the dance after supper				1	1	0
				47	17	0
Sundry Wines, Spts., & Ale, &c.				17	4	9
				66	1	9
¾ lbs. Tea, 10s.				0	7	6
2 lbs. Coffee, 4s.				0	8	0
5 lbs. Sugar for Mull'd Wine, at 13d.				0	5	5
3 lbs. Do. for Tea, Coffee, &c., upstairs, 16½d.				0	4	1½
8 lbs. Do. for Negus, 13d.				0	8	8
12 Lemons for Do., 1½d.				0	1	6
3 lbs. Moist Sugar for Coffee, 9½d.				0	2	4
5 Quarts Cream, 9 p.				0	3	9
24 Eggs				0	1	6
				2	2	9½
				67	4	6½
6 lbs. Com. Canda. Extra for House, Stables, &c.				0	3	8
				67	8	2½
14 Own Fiamy. Supr. 14s. & Tea 7s. dedt.				1	1	0
neat Expence				£66	7	2½

The last letter from Mr. Robinson's collection it is necessary to quote here was evidently written by a poor Grub Street hack. Thomas Switzer's grovelling appeal for the honour of a bow from the wealthy Mr. Delaval is of a piece with his boast that he is already in great reputation from having been seen to walk with him in Vauxhall.

13th May.

Sr,—I have brought two of my Friends, Collins and honest master Randolph, to wait on you. I hope you will find something in the former as a Lyric; and (if I have a right notion of your taste) am confident that, notwithstanding the quaintness of the times, in which Donne and others his contemporaries *hew'd* out every line they wrote, you will desire a better acquaintance with the latter. A good critic in beauty can discover many fine features under the monstrous ruffs and farthingales with which all our old pictures are crouded and disgraced.

As G. Hervey's letter to Sr. T. Hanmer is difficult to be met with, I have ventur'd to make him of the partie; and if you can have the patience to read a morceau of mine written when I was a mere boy, under a love disappointment, I shall be glad to know whether you can find any drift or meaning in it, for I seriously declare, after having perused it lately (for 'twas by mere accident I recover'd it) two or three times, I cannot find out what I aim'd at by such a reverie.

I have read the Goosequill twice since I have seen you with very great satisfaction, and agree with Dr. Hill, that the Monody is as fine a piece of ridicule as has lately appeared. I am to spend a classical hour or two with him this week, and we both wish you wou'd be so kind as to give us the favor of yr company. If you shou'd come to Vauxhall any night this week, yr chariot must of necessity pass by My lodgings which are at Mr. Robts. Carsan's, Surgeon in Lambeth, where I shou'd be obliged to you for a Bow as you go by the window. I am already in great reputation, from having been seen to walk privately with you in the Gardens.

I am Sr
Yr most oblig'd & obedt. Sert.
THOMAS SWITZER.

HINT TAKEN FROM THE GOOSEQUILL.

A Lady sent lately to one Dr Drugg
To come in an instant and clyster her pugg,
As a Fair-one commanded he came at the word
And did the grand office in tyewig and sword.
The affair being ended so sweet and so nice
He held out his hand with—a—you know M'em my price;
Yr price? says my Lady—why Sr 'tis a brother,
And Doctors must never take fees of each other.

The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stokoe.

CAPTAIN BOVER.

DURING the greater portion of the eighteenth century, when all the nations of Europe were in deadly conflict with each other, conscription enabled the Continental Powers to provide soldiers for their armies, while the English Government had in turn to resort to the "Law of Impress" to procure seamen to man their ships of war, the Royal Navy being then, as now, the right arm of England. This oppressive and unpopular law, when brought into operation, naturally created an uneasy sense of individual danger amongst the sailors, keelmen, and all workers on Tyneside whose avocations partook of a nautical character, and were made still more hateful by the arbitrary and cruel acts of the officials to whom had been entrusted the carrying out of these laws. Determined resistance, resulting in rioting and bloodshed, often followed the arrival of a vessel of war in the Tyne "On His Majesty's Service" on the commencement of a press.

Only a few songs expressive of the popular feeling on the doings of the press gang have survived the days of their interest, and these are nearly all in an incomplete form; but the short ballad of Captain Bover is one of the best.

The following account of the press gang, and of its chief, by Mr. Richard Welford, appeared not long since in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*:—

The first commission for the impressment of seamen

was issued in the reign of Edward III. (1355), and upon occasions of emergency the practice continued down to recent times. Upon the Tyne, where the oversea coal trade furnished an excellent training ground for seamen, the system of forced service fell with remarkable severity. Local annals teem with records of riot and violence occasioned by the proceedings of the press gang at Shields and Newcastle. Performing obnoxious duties, aided by spies and informers, the officers and men of the impress service were hated by the seafaring and riverside people with an intensity of abhorrence that knew no limit. "Retaining a vivid recollection of the scenes of impressment which I have witnessed in my youth in the streets of this very town," writes Mr. Salmon ("South Shields: Its Past, Present, and Future"), "the screams of the women and the shouts and imprecations of the men, and the curses of the press gang who were tracking like bloodhounds the flying steps of some unhappy sailor, just returning perhaps in joy and expectation to his wife and children after an absence of years, I cannot wonder at the abhorrence of the impress service which always prevailed among the North-Country seamen." To drub the gang, to outwit it, to escape from its clutches, to tar and feather its minions, were considered highly meritorious achievements, which often found expression in stirring rhyme and thrilling narrative.

During the war with America, the Regulating Captain of the port of Newcastle, as the head of the impress service here was officially designated, was John Bover. He had been a captain in the Royal Navy, had seen service, and was a brave and gallant officer. While he remained in office, the barbarous system over which he presided was carried out with tact and discretion. Aided by his lieutenant, Cuthbert Adamson, father of John Adamson the antiquary, he made the forces under his command respected as well as dreaded, for, although he could not at all times restrain the eagerness of his subordinates to rescue men, he did his spiriting gently, and accompanied by as little hardship as the nature of the service permitted. With the one exception of the song, no ill-feeling towards Captain Bover displays itself in Tyneside literature; no local annalist associates his name with discreditable incidents; no local poet perpetuates disagreeable episodes of his life in scathing rhyme. Among the official classes, the municipal authorities, and the leading people in Newcastle, he was held in high estimation.

When he died (May 20, 1782), aged 68 years, he was honoured by a public funeral, "as a testimony of his meritorious services to his king and country." Sykes informs us that the East York and Westmorland Militias, with their bands joined, marched from the parade to the house of the deceased in the Bigg Market, where the rank and file divided and lined the street to St. Nicholas' Church. First came Grenadiers with reversed muskets; the beadles of St. John's and St. Nicholas' with covered staves; bands playing the "Dead March," with covered drums; the boatswain and crew of the deceased's barge; then the corpse, the pall borne by eight naval officers; Lieut. Adamson, R.N., chief mourner, and other mourners; the ensigns of the militia, and of the 26th Regiment from Tynemouth; lieutenants, captains, and colonels, General Beckwith and Lord Adam Gordon; the Sheriff, Aldermen, and Recorder of Newcastle; the Mayor, with his attendants, and a battalion. In the churchyard the Grenadiers fired three volleys, "and thus," adds Sykes, "did navy, military, and civil, with many thousands of people of all ranks, with the most minute decorum, pay the last tribute to the remains of a good and gallant officer, and a worthy man."

Captain Bover was Regulating Captain of the Port of Tyne for twenty-four years at least. There is in Mr. Joseph Crawhall's possession a letter from the War Office to the Commander of the Land Forces at Newcastle, as follows:—

War Office, 19th May, 1759.

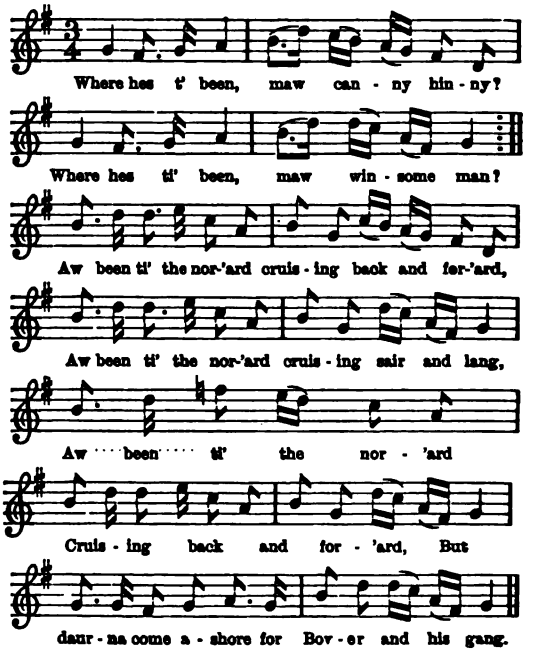
Sir,—The Right Honble. the Lords of the Admiralty having represented to me that Capt. Bover, who is employed in raising men at Newcastle, will soon have a sufficient number of Men to send round, and their Lordships having desired that he may have a Party of Soldiers, consisting of a Sergeant and twelve Men to go up with them, in case the Men should be mutinous, I desire you will be pleased to comply with their Lordships' request, when applied to by Capt. Bover for that purpose.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

BARRINGTON.

To Major-General Whitmore, Newcastle.

The Rev. Dr. Bruce informed the writer some years ago that he had heard Captain Bover was of French extraction, and that the family name was "Bouvier."

The tune was taken down by the late Mr. Thomas Doubleday from the singing of a street musician, but he was unable to recover more than one verse of the ballad. In his opinion the melody was undoubtedly Northumbrian, and he thought could be traced back as far as the latter part of Queen Anne's time or the accession of the Hanover family. It is a tender and beautiful air, enough to deserve the best efforts of a Burns to fit it with appropriate verse.



Whitton Tower, Rothbury.

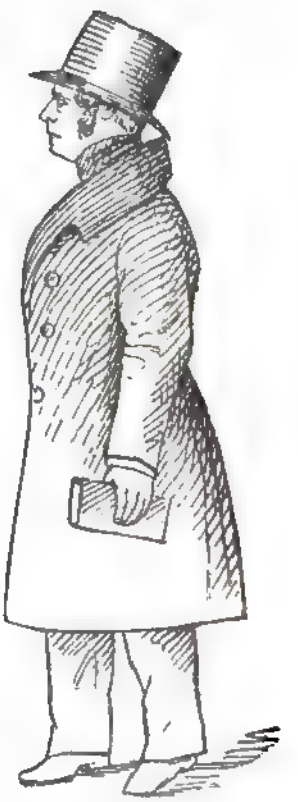
WHITTON TOWER, anciently Whetton, which has long been the residence of the Rectors of Rothbury, stands at a short distance west from the small but pleasant village of Whitton, about half a mile south from Rothbury. Like several other parsonage-houses in Northumberland, it was formerly a very strong castlet, and formed part of a range of

towers which extended from Hepple, about five miles further west, to Warkworth at the mouth of the Coquet. These towers are now all in ruins except Whitton, which has always been inhabited. In 1361, Earl Gilbert Humfranville or Umfraville died possessed of the manor in which it is situated, and which his widow conveyed in

marriage to the first Lord Percy, by one of whose descendants it was given in exchange to the Rectory of Rothbury for the old hall and glebe of that benefice, "which lay intermixed through the demesne of Rothbury." The walls of the tower, at the foundation, are eleven feet thick; in the kitchen, nine; in the bed-chambers, six. A vaulted cellar beneath is supposed to have been used as a refuge for the cattle in the event of a Scottish inroad or border raid previous to the Union of the Crowns. In this cellar there is a deep well, which supplied the inmates with water when the place was besieged or blockaded. The tower has been frequently repaired and beautified, and is now an elegant and commodious edifice. The Rev. John Thomlinson, Dr. Thomas Sharp, the Rev. William Birdmore, and the Rev. Dr. Drummond, who successively held the living during the last century, expended many thousands of pounds in enlarging the building and beautifying the surrounding grounds; and the two Vernon-Harcourts, sons of Edward, Lord Archbishop of York, made many improvements about the place during their incumbencies, at a cost, it is said, of something like four thousand pounds. The Rector of Rothbury (now the Rev. A. O. Madd) is lord of the manor of Whitton by virtue of his office, and entitled by ancient custom to "command the freeholders to work for him so many days in the year at the hay and corn harvest."

Rector Gray: a Sunderland Worthy.

A VISIT to Sunderland Church cannot fail to recall the memories of half a century back, when the Rev. Robert Gray, M.A., was interred in the old churchyard. Mr. Gray had held the rectory of Sunderland for eighteen years, during which time he was indefatigable in his pastoral labours, so as to merit and obtain the most sincere respect of the whole body of his parishioners, whether they belonged to the Established Church or not. During the terrible cholera visitation, he showed an example which only few of his clerical brethren were



The Revd Robt Gray, M.A.

brave enough to follow, visiting the filthy slums where the plague prevailed most fatally, and ministering to the material as well as the spiritual wants of the poor patients to whose bedsides he came without shrinking. No wonder that the common people, who found in him a warm friend, ever ready to sacrifice his own ease and comfort for their special welfare, looked up to him with feelings surpassing common reverence, and that the name of Rector Gray is still current

amongst them as designating one who was a model of sacerdotal excellence.

Mr. Gray's father was a jeweller in London, into whose debt the Duke of York ran deeply, and who at length got his bill settled out of a Parliamentary grant voted to that illustrious scapegrace. Mr. Gray himself came to the North in 1816, as evening lecturer to his uncle, Dr. Gray, Rector of Bishopwearmouth; and he acquitted himself so well in this comparatively humble capacity that when he got the presentation to Sunderland parish, from Bishop Barrington, in 1819, on the death of the Rev. John Hampson, the people all congratulated themselves on having so earnest and diligent a man as he was to labour amongst them, "in season and out of season," as they felt sure he would do. And they were not disappointed. An old lady (now ninety-three years of age), relates that she has seen him carrying a lantern and a basket, on a round of visits to the poor families at night, when few people could have faced the stormy and inclement weather; and many an aged person, who may have been cheered by these kindly visits, or whose relatives may have benefited by them, could, doubtless, tell the same tale. Mr. Gray married a lady belonging to Sunderland, daughter of Mr. Rowland Webster, of the Deptford Patent Ropery, and sister of Mr. Christopher Maling Webster, of Pallion Hall.

This benevolent and popular clergyman died of a fever, caught in visiting the sick, on the 11th of February, 1838, aged forty-eight years. His funeral took place on the 20th, and old residents say that "there never was such a funeral in the town as Rector Gray's." The *Sunderland Beacon* wrote of it as follows:—"There could not be less than between twenty and thirty thousand individuals assembled on the solemn occasion. The working classes appeared in their best apparel; and all classes and degrees seemed impressed with feelings of deep emotion, as the solemn and sublime spectacle moved slowly along." The funeral train was composed of upwards of seven hundred of the principal inhabitants of the town, a great number of carriages of the neighbouring gentry, and a detachment of the 30th Regiment then quartered in the barracks. Both Jews and Catholics marched amongst the mourners. A subscription was commenced shortly afterwards for erecting a memorial to the deceased, and the sum received amounted to nearly £800. One-third of the fund was expended on the erection of a statue of Carrara marble, which was placed in the church entrance, under the tower, in March, 1840. The remainder of the fund was invested as an endowment for the Sunderland Parochial Schools, situated round by the Moor, which were thenceforth called the "Gray Schools."

The sketch which accompanies this article is copied from a portrait (the only one we have seen) made by a wandering artist at the time the Rector was living. It originally belonged to Mrs. Burton, one of the aged inmates of the old Almshouses, Church Street, Sunderland.

Notes and Commentaries.

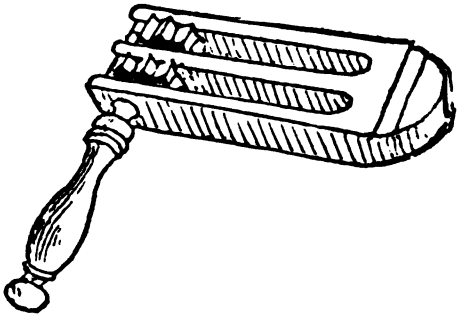
THE GREENHOW AND MARTINEAU FAMILIES.

In the January number of your interesting *Monthly Chronicle*, I observe, on page 44, an error in the paragraph regarding the Greenhow family. As the daughter of Dr. Thomas Michael Greenhow, perhaps you will permit me to state that his youngest sister, Sarah, became the wife, not of a *brother*, but of a *cousin*, of Mrs. T. M. Greenhow and Harriet Martineau. Mr. George Martineau was a son of *David*; the two ladies were daughters of *Thomas* Martineau. David and Thomas were, respectively, the second and the youngest sons of David Martineau, of Norwich, a physician of Huguenot descent.

FRANCES ELIZABETH LUPTON, Leeds.

THE WATCHMAN'S RATTLE.

The need of the watchman's rattle which is shown in the accompanying sketch is well enough illustrated



in the following lines taken from an old bacchanalian song:—

> We'll break windows, we'll break doors,
> The watch knock down by threes and fours,
> Then let the doctors work their cures,
> And tinker up their bruises;
> We'll beat the bailiffs out of fun,
> We'll make the mayor and sheriffs run;
> We are the boys no man dares dun,
> If he regards a whole skin.

The sound of the rattle, harsh and loud, could hardly fail to bring assistance if law-abiding folks were within hearing.

The particular instrument figured above has been presented to the Sunderland Museum by Mr. John Moore, of Beckenham. Some "old Charley" of the year 1820 had been obliged to give it up during a row at the foot of George Street (in High Street), Sunderland. A watch-

man's box was placed somewhere near the present Exchange, and more than once it was found turned on its face, with the tenant underneath. The number of "the watch" was but small, and the men employed were old, and sometimes portly, thus giving special advantages to young fellows "out for a lark." J. G. B., Sunderland.

ALNWICK CORPORATION.

A correspondent calls my attention to a misstatement which occurs in the paper on "Football in the North," p. 55, as to the borough of Alnwick being still unreformed. I confess that I must have been "oblivious," like Dominie Sampson, when I wrote to that effect. For Alnwick was one of the places to which the Commissioners, appointed in 1876 to inquire into such municipal corporations as were not subject to the Municipal Corporation Acts then in force, considered that these Acts should be applied. In pursuance of this recommendation an Act was passed (46 and 47 Vict., c. 18), cited as the Municipal Corporations Act, 1883; and in accordance with its provisions "the chamberlains, common council, and freemen" of Alnwick were reconstituted as a corporate body, in the same way as if they had been mentioned in schedule B of the Municipal Corporations Act, 1835. But this corporate body possesses no magisterial authority, the town being still within the jurisdiction of the county magistrates.

W. B.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

A TERRIBLE FRIGHT.

A boiler explosion occurred recently in the neighbourhood of Dunston, happily unattended by injury to any of the workmen. A man who happened to be very near the scene of the accident got a terrible fright. Rushing up to one of his mates, he exclaimed in his terror:—"Is aa onny warse?" to which his mate replied: "No, thoo's aall reet." Whereupon he added: "Man, aa thowt aa wes deed!"

FLIGHTING PIGEONS.

A pitman was about to "flight" a favourite pigeon near the Central Station, Newcastle, when a policeman came up and told him no pigeon had to be flighted there, because of blocking the road up. The miner, pulling out his watch to see the time to a second, said to his pet bird, as he threw it on the flags, "Mind, Bessy, ma bonny bairn, thoo hes not to flee: se waak hyem, and say it's aall Bobby if thoo dissent win!"

SHAMPOOING.

A few days ago, in Blyth, two or three young ladies met while out shopping, and the conversation turned on the all-important event, to them, of the annual full and fancy dress ball. Said one young lady to another: "I suppose you and your sister will be going?" "Oh! yes," was the reply. "Who is going to chaperone you?" "I beg your pardon?" "Who is going to chaperone you?" A pause—then, suddenly seeing it, as she thought—"Oh! we always do our own hair!"

SLOW LOCOMOTION.

An express train in a fog is, of course, anything but an expeditious vehicle of travel. The other day, a market woman, with her basket of butter and eggs, was heard grumbling aloud to herself, as the train cautiously felt its way on the line from South Shields to Newcastle. "Stopping agyen! A bonny express! It's waaking noo; onnyway, aa could waak as fast!" As the train approached Gateshead, it jolted over the points, whereupon she laughed and said: "It's trotting noo!"

THE MARTYRED UNCLE.

An old lady, known as Jenny Latimer, resides not a hundred miles from Newcastle. One day a friend, referring to her name, asked her if she was any relation to Latimer the martyr, who was burnt at the stake. "Wey," said she, "aa's not sartin aboot it; but aa had an uncle whe wes aythor scaaded or bornt!"

North-Country Obituaries.

Mr. John James Clay, a prominent member of the Masonic body at Sunderland, died on the 16th January, at Ventnor, Isle of Wight, whither he had removed for the benefit of his health. The deceased, who was 48 years of age, was a son of Mr. John Clay, of Herrington Hall.

On the 20th of January, Mr. Benjamin Carr Lawton, at one time an extensive contractor, died at his residence, Fern Avenue, Newcastle, at the age of upwards of 70 years. A native of Dewsbury, he came to this district when a young man, as a member of the firm of Rush and Lawton, who constructed part of the Newcastle and Berwick Railway. Subsequently he obtained the contract for the masonry work in connection with the High Level Bridge and its approaches, and afterwards was engaged in making the branch railway between Haltwhistle and Alston. The most important undertaking with which Mr. Lawton was associated, however, was the construction of the piers at the mouth of the Tyne; but after the works had been in progress for several years, differences arose, and the Commissioners assumed the control themselves. These disputes led to a long and most costly arbitration, resulting in a verdict for Mr. Lawton for a large sum. The last contract upon which the deceased gentleman was engaged was that for the construction of the Team Valley Railway between Gateshead and Durham.

Mr. Thomas Kay, who had been a member of the Middlesbrough Town Council since 1872, and an alderman from 1886, died at Linthorpe on the 20th of January.

On the 24th of January, Mr. Alderman Edward Lucas Pease, of Mowden, Darlington, died from the effects of injuries received by an accident in the hunting field about a week previously. The deceased, who was 50 years of age, was a son of Mr. John Beaumont Pease, of North

Lodge, Darlington, and was a member of the Society of Friends. He had been a member of the Darlington Corporation since its formation; he had also held the office of Mayor, and had for a long time been chairman of the Waterworks Committee. He was a magistrate of Durham, and of Radnorshire, of which latter county he was High Sheriff some years ago. Mr. Pease had come forward as a candidate for the Durham County Council; and on receipt of information of his death, the poll in the Darlington (4th) Division, in which there was a contest, was closed after it had proceeded two or three hours. A fresh election was thus rendered necessary.

On the 26th January, there died at his residence, Western Hill, Durham, Mr. John Reed Appleton, a member of several local learned bodies. He belonged to the Surtees and nearly every other antiquarian and archæological society in the North, and was a fellow of the Society of Antiquaries of England. He possessed considerable literary ability, and was the author of a number of poems, which were collected and published, with other works, by Mr. Tweddell, of Stokesley. Mr. Appleton was 64 years of age.

On the same day, died in Newcastle, Mr. James Macdonald, who was well known in the theatrical profession as actor and manager in the North. During his career, he was manager for the famous Sam Roxby at Shields, Scarborough, and Hartlepool. He was one of the principals in the direction of Drury Lane Theatre in the time of Chatterton, and played one of the Dromios on the classic boards of "Old Drury" in the great production of "The Comedy of Errors." The deceased was a native of Newcastle, and was 60 years of age.

Mr. Archibald Singers, of the firm of Singers and Co., vinegar manufacturers, Newcastle, died on the 31st of January, at an advanced age.

On the 20th of January, Mr. Henry Philip Archibald Buchanan Riddell, C.S.I., late of the Bengal Civil Service, died in London, at the age of 69 years; and on the 30th, in the same city, died his sister, Jane Buchanan Riddell, aged 77. Both were members of one of the oldest and most respected families in the North of England.

Mr. James Stott, nurseryman, died at Alnwick, at the advanced age of 90 years, on the 31st of January. He was a pupil and friend of the late Rev. William Turner, the eminent Unitarian minister, of Newcastle, and for nearly half a century he acted as pastor of the Unitarian Church at Alnwick.

On the 1st of February, there were interred in Earsdon Churchyard the remains of Mr. William Short, for fifty years foreman engineer at East Holywell Colliery, who had died at the age of 85 years.

Mr. Robert Utterson, cashier and court-keeper at the Newcastle County Court, died on the 4th of February, at the age of about 33 years.

On the 5th of February, Mr. James Outterside, a leading shipowner in the palmy days of wooden vessels, and a prominent member of the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows, died at South Hylton, in the 78th year of his age.

On the 5th of February was announced the death, as having taken place at Chicago, U.S., on January 12, of Mr. Andrew Paxton, formerly of Blaydon-on-Tyne, in the county of Durham.

Dr. John Coatsworth Watson, a well-known medical practitioner at Sunderland, died in that town on the 5th of February.

In the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* of February 7 was announced the death, which had taken place a few days previously in America, of Mr. George Searle Phillips, a gentleman at one time resident in this district. Better known by his pseudonym of "January Searle," he was born at Peterborough, Northamptonshire, in January, 1815, or 1816. Mr. Phillips took the degree of B.A. at Cambridge. When he left the University, he gave himself up to literary pursuits, and, proceeding to America, he wrote occasional articles for magazines and newspapers. He did not, however, stay there long. Returning to this country, he was, for a short time, connected with the *Leeds Times*. But about the year 1845, he was appointed secretary to the Huddersfield Mechanics' Institution, which was then one of the most prosperous societies of the kind in England. Under Mr. Phillips's energetic directions it achieved still greater success. When he was at Huddersfield he associated himself with Dr. F. R. Lees in the editorship of *The Truth Seeker*, and some of his best writing is to be found in that magazine. After leaving Huddersfield, he lectured in connection with the Yorkshire Union of Mechanics' Institutions, and afterwards as agent for the Northern Union of Mechanics Institutions. A notable feature of his appearance was the presence of a big black dog, which he had christened "Satan," and which invariably accompanied him on the platform. His first visit to Tyneside was about the year 1848, but it was only a short one. He came back again afterwards, and resided two or three years, lecturing at many of the Mechanics' Institutes, and writing for various publications, local and national. Some special contributions as to the social condition of the people were written by him for the *Newcastle Chronicle*. When he left Newcastle he joined for a season a gang of gipsies. He embodied his impressions of them in an interesting volume entitled "The Gipsies of the Dane's Dyke." A favourable offer having been made to him by some of his American acquaintances, he returned to the States, and held a variety of appointments in connection with the press there. About 1870, however, he had a severe affliction, from the effects of which he never recovered. In 1873, he was taken to Trenton Asylum for the Insane; but his case being declared to be hopeless, he was transferred, three years afterwards, to the Morristown Lunatic Asylum, in New Jersey, where he ultimately died.

Dr. Matthew Brumell, who for a long time had been at the head of the medical profession at Morpeth, died, at the age of 77, on the 8th of February.

On the 9th of February, Mr. Jasper Stephenson, who was widely known throughout the North of England for his breeding and feeding of black-faced sheep, died at the residence of his son, Mr. Thomas A. Stephenson, Mill Hills Farm, near Haydon Bridge. He was about 70 years of age.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

JANUARY.

14.—A sculling match was decided on the Tyne between George Phillips Telford, of Newcastle, and Henry Follett, of Richmond, London, for £50 a-side, the course being from Dunston Gangway to Scotswood Suspension

Bridge. The Metropolitan rower ultimately won by half-a-length.

—At the final meeting of the executive committee of the Bishop of Durham's Special Church Building Fund, at Durham, it was stated that the sum raised in connection with the fund had reached the grand total of £134,915 15s. 6d.

15.—Mr. F. W. Wyndham, co-lessee of the Theatre Royal, Newcastle, was entertained to a dinner, previous to his departure on a visit to Australia. Accompanied by Mrs. Wyndham, he left Newcastle on the 30th.

— A widow, named Louisa Gillespie, 32 years of age, committed suicide by drowning herself in a vat of beer in a brewery at Gateshead.

16.—The polling in connection with the election of members of the Northumberland County Council took place. The following is a complete list of the sixty gentlemen composing the first Board :—

Mr. Adam Robertson, Alnwick
Mr. Albert Grey, Embleton
Earl Percy, Lesbury
Rev. J. Bowron, Warkworth
Mr. R. H. Taylor, Bamburgh
Mr. G. D. A. Clark, Belford
Mr. W. O. Charlton, Bellingham
Mr. R. B. Sanderson, Otterburn
Ald. A. Darling, Berwick
Captain Forbes, Berwick
Mr. James Gilroy, Tweedmouth and Spittal
Mr. J. E. Black, Islandshire
Mr. R. Nicholson, Norhamshire
Mr. H. N. Middleton, Belsay
Mr. S. H. Farrer, Gosforth
Sir M. W. Ridley, Ponteland
Mr. J. W. Spencer, Walbottle
Mr. Jacob Wilson, Chatton
Mr. Watson Askew, Crookham
Mr. George Rea, Wooler
Mr. W. Hudspeth, Haltwhistle
Mr. J. Thompson, Plenmellor
Mr. T. Carrick, Allendale and Haydon Bridge
Mr. Hugh Fenwick, Corbridge
Mr. R. Stainthorpe, Hexham
Mr. J. M. Ridley, Humshaugh
Mr. G. A. Fenwick, Bywell
Mr. M. Liddell, Prudhoe
Mr. S. Stobbs, Slaley
Mr. R. Nicholson, Morpeth
Dr. James Trotter, Bedlington
Mr. And. Fairbairn, Bedlington
Mr. Geo. Groocock, Longhirst
Mr. J. B. Cookson, Netherwitton
Mr. W. Millons, Widdrington
Mr. W. Forster, Harbottle
Lord Armstrong, Rothbury
Mr. J. W. Pease, Benwell
Mr. R. M. Tate, Tynemouth
Mr. J. T. Davison, Tynemouth
Mr. J. P. Spencer, Tynemouth
Mr. J. L. Gracie, Tynemouth
Mr. J. M. Winter, Tynemouth
Mr. Aaron Watson, Tynemouth
Mr. S. Morrison, Tynemouth
Mr. J. Eskdale, Tynemouth
Mr. R. Walton, Tynemouth
Mr. H. Richardson, Backworth
Mr. G. B. Forster, Blyth
Dr. Alex. Trotter, Cowpen
Mr. James Routledge, Cowpen
Mr. R. O. Lamb, Cramlington
Mr. M. Dodd, Longbenton, Westslade, and Willington Quay
Mr. J. Simmons, Longbenton, Westslade, and Willington Quay
Mr. Jos. Snowball, Longbenton, Westslade, & Willington Quay
Mr. R. E. Ornesby, Seghill
Mr. J. W. Richardson, Walker
Col. H. F. Swan, Walker
Mr. H. H. Aitchison, Wallsend
Mr. L. W. Adamson, Whitley

The first meeting of the Council was held in the Moot Hall, Newcastle, on the 24th of January, when Sir Matthew White Ridley, M.P., was unanimously elected Provisional Chairman. The twenty gentlemen elected as aldermen were :—

Sir M. W. Ridley
Mr. J. M. Winter
Mr. A. Darling
Mr. R. M. Tate
Mr. J. L. Gracie
Rev. Dixon-Brown
Mr. L. W. Adamson
Mr. George Rea
Mr. John Crasster
Mr. Watson Askew
Mr. J. R. Carr-Ellison
Sir Edward Blackett
Mr. John Carr
Mr. James Black
Mr. Adam Robertson
Mr. George Anderson
Mr. L. C. Chrisp
Mr. H. H. Scott
Mr. R. Stainthorpe
Mr. W. O. Charlton

The second meeting of the Council was held in the Nisi Prius Court at the Moot Hall, Newcastle, on the 14th of February, when, on the motion of Earl Percy, seconded by Lord Armstrong, Sir Matthew White Ridley, M.P., was unanimously elected chairman for the first year.

—Efforts to bring about a compromise having failed, the shipyard workmen at Stockton and the Hartlepools ceased work. On the 5th of February, however, an amicable settlement was effected, the masters conceding an advance of 7½ per cent. in wages on all piece work, and 1s. 6d. per week on time wages. Work was recommenced next day.

17.—A new water supply for Hexham, drawn from the Ladle Well Springs, ten miles distant from the town, and provided at an estimated cost of £10,000, was turned on at the source by Mr. J. T. Robb, chairman of the Local Board.

18.—The Durham Salt Company, Limited, was registered at Somerset House, with a capital of £80,000, the field of operations being 63 acres of freehold land adjoining Haverton Hill.

—It was officially announced that St. Mary's School, Ryehill, Newcastle had been closed, under a recent local Act of Parliament.

19.—A deputation of the Northumberland miners made formal application for an advance of 10 per cent. in wages; and a joint committee, representing masters and men, was appointed to deal with the question. The masters subsequently offered a sliding scale, but this was rejected by the men. The owners, on the 12th of February, offered an advance of 7½ per cent. and another advance of 2 per cent. on the standard in a month's time. This proposal was submitted to the vote of the men by ballot.

—At an aggregate meeting of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers in Newcastle, a resolution was unanimously passed approving of the action of the Grand Committee in applying for an advance of 2s. per week in wages, to come into operation on the 4th of February. An amicable compromise was arrived at between masters and men.

20.—Damage, to the extent of nearly £8,000, was caused by a fire which broke out in the grocery department of the Co-operative Stores, Newgate Street, Newcastle.

—Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, M.P., lectured to an immense audience in the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, on the British Government of India.

21.—Fifteen persons were injured by a railway collision at Carlisle.

—On this and the following day, Mr. J. H. Blackburne, the famous chess-player, gave exhibitions of his skill in the Art Gallery, Newcastle.

22.—Lady Eleanor Lambton, sister of the Earl of Durham, was married to Lord Robert Cecil, third son of the Marquis of Salisbury, the ceremony taking place in St. George's Church, Hanover Square, London.

23.—Arrangements were concluded for the installation of the electric light at Cowpen.

—The Prince and Princess of Wales visited Middlesbrough for the purpose of opening the new Town Hall and Municipal Buildings. (See page 111.)

24.—It was announced in the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* that a communication had been received from the relatives of Mrs. Lough, widow of the eminent sculptor, intimating that, in accordance with the last wishes of the deceased lady, the whole of the remaining models and statuary forming her private collection would be presented to the city of Newcastle, for addition to the Lough Models in Elswick Hall.

24.—A terrible tragedy was enacted at Wrekenton, a village at the extreme boundary of the borough of Gateshead. The victim was John Graham, a member of the Gateshead police force stationed at that place, who was suddenly set upon by Edward Wilkinson, a butcher, who first stabbed him, and then beat him to death with his own truncheon.

On the morning of the same day, the man Wilkinson had been fined at Gateshead for disorderly conduct, on evidence given by the unfortunate officer. The perpetrator of the shocking crime was arrested at a late hour in the evening at South Hylton. On the 30th a verdict of wilful murder was returned by the coroner's jury against Wilkinson, whom the magistrates, on the 1st of February, committed for trial on that charge.

—The 130th anniversary of the birth of the Scottish poet Robert Burns was celebrated by a dinner, held under the auspices of the Newcastle and Tyneside Burns Club, at the County Hotel, the chair being occupied by Mr. Councillor Adam Carse.

25.—The election of members for the Durham County Council took place, there being 72 divisions, each returning one councillor. The following gentlemen were returned:—

Mr. Theodore Fry, Darlington	Mr. Thos. Nelson, Stockton
Mr. Ed. D. Walker, Darlington	Mr. Jos. Richardson, Stockton
Mr. Arthur Pease, Darlington	Mr. Timothy Crosby, Stockton
Mr. J. L. Wharton, M.P., Durham	Mr. J. Lingford, Bp. Auckland
Mr. Francis Greenwell, Durham	Mr. George Pears, Shildon
Mr. T. Richardson, Hartlepool	Rev. E. A. Wilkinson, Spennymoor
Mr. John Horsley, Hartlepool	Mr. W. Lishman, West Auckland
Major Gray, West Hartlepool	Mr. W. R. I. Hopkins, Witton-le-Wear
Mr. Jonathan Samuel, Stockton	Mr. Thos. Douglas, Hunwick
Mr. J. A. Pease, Crook	Mr. Ralph Peverell, Eldon
Earl of Durham, Lambton	Mr. N. B. Lamb, Coundon
Lt.-Col. Sheppee, Birtley	Mr. James Lisle, Washington
Mr. C. E. Hunter, Edmondsley	Mr. T. Robson, Chester-le-Street
Mr. John Feetham, Aycliffe	Mr. S. Galbraith, Brandon
Mr. Wm. Robinson, Sherburn	Mr. A. W. Elliott, Willington
Mr. G. H. Wraith, Tudhoe	Mr. John Shiel, Elvet
Marquis of Londonderry, Seaham	Mr. R. Armstrong, Easington
Mr. Wm. Armstrong, Thornley	Col. J. A. Cowen, Blaydon
Mr. W. F. Hall, Haswell	Major R. Burdon, Greatham
Lt.-Col. A. S. Palmer, Felling	Mr. Frank Stobart, Houghton
Mr. W. W. Pattinson, Felling	Mr. John Wilson, Herrington
Mr. J. B. Simpson, Ryton	Mr. Lindsay Wood, Hetton
Earl of Ravensworth, Whickham	Mr. V. C. S. W. Corbett, Rainton
Mr. Jas. Annandale, Benfieldside	Mr. Wm. Jenkins, Consett
Mr. J. A. Curry, Collierly	Mr. George Nicholson, Leadgate
Mr. W. J. Joicey, Tanfield	Mr. Utrick A. Ritson, Lanchester
Mr. C. F. Forster, Hebburn	Col. Leadbitter, Esh
Mr. Thos. W. Stewart, Hebburn	Mr. William Morson, Ferryhill
Mr. R. J. J. Browell, Westoe	Mr. E. G. Marshall, Sedgefield
Mr. J. W. Page-Pease, Norton	Mr. W. Palmer, Bishopwearm'th.
Mr. Robt. Thompson, Southwick	Mr. L. A. Gregson, Ryhope
Mr. W. T. Scarth, Teesdale	Mr. W. Watson, Barnard Castle
Mr. W. H. Richardson, Jarrow	Mr. Thos. Livingstone, Stanhope
Mr. Richd. Handyside, Jarrow	Mr Joseph Ridley, Wolsingham
Mr. A. M. Palmer, Jarrow	Mr. W. J. Oliver, Darlington.*
Mr. C. Furness, West Hartlepool	
Mr. W. H. Fisher, W. Hartlepool	

The first meeting of the Council was held on the 7th of February, in the Court Buildings, at Durham. Mr. John Lloyd Wharton was unanimously elected Provisional Chairman. The Council then proceeded to the election of the 24 aldermen, the result being as follows:—

Sir H. Havelock-Allan	Mr. R. Ord
Mr. H. J. Beckwith	Mr. Arthur Pease
Mr. Thomas Bell	Earl of Ravensworth
Colonel John A. Cowen	Mr. Joseph Richardson
Mr Wm. Crawford, M.P.	Mr. Ralph Richardson
Mr. David Dale	Mr. W. H. Richardson.
Earl of Durham	Mr. U. A. Ritson
Mr. Theodore Fry, M.P.	Rev. A. D. Shaftoe
Mr. Wm. Jenkins	Mr. John Shields
Mr. W. J. Joicey	Mr. John Lloyd Wharton
Mr. James Laing	Sir H. Williamson
Marquis of Londonderry	Rev. G. P. Wilkinson

26.—It was found that an advance of 1¼ per cent. in the wages of the Durham miners had accrued under the sliding scale arrangement.

27.—Under the auspices of the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society, Mr. John Augustus O'Shea, a well-known newspaper correspondent, delivered a lecture in the Tyne

Theatre, on "Explorers I have Known." The chair was occupied by Mr. Alderman M'Dermott, of Gateshead.

—Late at night, a serious fire broke out at the works of the North of England School Furnishing Company, Limited, Darlington. The premises were almost completely destroyed. About half-past ten, a section of a gable end, which the fire had not reached, fell upon the crowd standing below, killing two persons on the spot—a man named Hogg and another called Thomas Boddy, while a third man, named Thompson, died shortly afterwards. Robert Wilson, a workman in the company's establishment, died from the effects of injuries on the following day; while Lionel Stainsby, a fifth victim, succumbed on the 30th. On the 4th of February, a lad, named James Ham, died. The accident also led to a fatal result in the case of Ralph Smith, on the 7th, and in that of Robert Hall on the 9th, making in all eight deaths from the sad occurrence.

—At Alnwick Police Court, four policemen, named Harrison, Chambers, Sprott, and Gair, were charged with conspiring to give false evidence at the trial of Brannagan and Murphy, in connection with the Edlingham Burglary, in 1879. The hearing concluded on the 1st of February, when Harrison, Sprott, and Gair were committed to the assizes for trial, Chambers being discharged

30.—The lifeless body of Mr. William Robinson, rate collector, Jarrow, was found in the Felling Pit Pond.

31.—It was announced that the personalty of the late Colonel H. J. Trotter, M.P., who died on the 6th of December last, had been sworn at £66,176 19s. 10d.

FEBRUARY.

1.—On this and the following day, Lord George Hamilton, First Lord of the Admiralty, paid a visit to Newcastle, and officially inspected the Elswick Works of Sir W. G. Armstrong and Co.

—Mr. Fred L. Moir, manager of the African Lakes Trading Company, lectured in Newcastle, under the auspices of the Tyneside Geographical Society, on "The Slave Trade of Nyassaland," the chair being occupied by the Mayor (Mr. Thomas Richardson).

* This gentleman was eventually declared by the Local Government Board to have been duly elected for the South Ward, Darlington, the announcement of the death of Mr. Ald. Lucas Pease, the other candidate, having been received shortly after the poll had been opened.

2.—On this and the following day, a severe gale of wind and rain raged in Newcastle and district, and on the 3rd, the schooner Alert, of Montrose, ran ashore at Blyth, the captain, Mr. James Carr, being drowned.

3.—Professor John Stuart Blackie, of Edinburgh, delivered a lecture in the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, on

"Burns," in connection with the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society. Mr. Joseph Baxter Ellis, ex-Sheriff, presided.

—A collision took place in the English Channel, between the steamer Nereid, of Newcastle, and the Scottish ship Killochan, both vessels sinking within a few minutes of the crash. Of the 17 men composing the crew of the former, 11 were rescued. The crew of the other vessel consisted of 25 hands, of whom nine were saved, but one man—John Stephen, a negro—died shortly afterwards of exhaustion.

4.—The Right Hon. John Morley, M.P., and Mr. James Craig, M.P., addressed their constituents in the Town Hall, Newcastle, and received a vote of confidence.

5.—In the *London Gazette* was printed the text of an Order in Council constituting a new parish of Jesmond, Newcastle, to be called the District Chapelry of St. George's. On the evening of the 10th, the Bishop of Newcastle instituted the Rev. Canon Pennefather as vicar of the new parish. On the same occasion his lordship dedicated the ring of eight bells which had been presented by Mr. Charles Mitchell, of Jesmond Towers, the donor of the church. They had been manufactured by Messrs. John Taylor and Co., of Loughborough, Leicestershire.

—A report was presented at the fifth annual meeting of the Bishop Newcastle's Fund, under the presidency of Mr. Albert Grey, showing that something like £70,000 had been subscribed; and it was resolved, on the motion of Mr. James Joicey, M.P., to continue the effort, and add the other £30,000 to complete the scheme of church extension.

—Mrs. Fulton, wife of a labourer at Sunderland, gave birth to three children—two boys and a girl. One of the boys was, however, still-born, and the girl shortly afterwards died.

6.—A verdict of "wilful murder" was returned by a coroner's jury at Sunderland, against a young girl named Mary Elizabeth Stockdale, whose child, Robert Stockdale, 14 months old, had been found drowned in a pond in that town.

7.—The annual dinner of the Bewick Club was held in the large room of the Exhibition, Pilgrim Street, Newcastle, under the presidency of Mr. H. H. Emmerson. On the following evening the Exhibition was opened by the Mayor of Newcastle.

—The Rev. Frank Smith was welcomed as the first minister of the Jesmond Baptist Church, Newcastle.

8.—A terrific gale prevailed over Newcastle and the North of England.

9.—A society, to be called the United Tyne District Labourers' Association, was formed in Newcastle.

10.—The premises of Messrs. Hedley and Co., drapers and outfitters, Linthorpe Road, Middlesbrough, were destroyed by fire, the damage being estimated at £30,000.

—At the Tyne Theatre, Mr. Henry Blackburn, editor of "Academy Notes," lectured under the auspices of the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society, on "Pictures of the

Year: the Royal Academy and the Paris Salon," the chair being occupied by Mr. R. Jobling, vice-president of the Bewick Club.

—James Robinson, a boy 14 years of age, was drowned while endeavouring to rescue another lad, named John Elliott, who, on the ice giving way, had fallen into a pond at Spen Colliery, Elliott being afterwards saved by some men.

11.—The Claimant in the celebrated Tichborne case appeared and delivered an address in the Gaiety Theatre, Newcastle.

General Occurrences.

JANUARY.

16.—A German mission station at Tuga, Zanzibar, was attacked by Arabs. Many missionaries were killed and barbarously mutilated.

18.—An explosion occurred at Hyde Colliery, near Chester, when nearly thirty men lost their lives.

—An election of a Parliamentary representative in the place of Sir William Pearce (Liberal Unionist) took place at Govan. The result was as follows:—John Wilson (Gladstonian), 4,420; Sir John Pender (Liberal Unionist), 3,349; majority, 1,071.

24.—Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., was to be tried at Carrick-on-Suir, Ireland, for offences under the Crimes Act. Owing to a disturbance, the magistrates ordered the court to be cleared. A disorderly scene ensued, in the course of which Mr. O'Brien left the court, despite the efforts of the police to prevent him. Mr. O'Brien eluded capture till the 29th, when he was arrested in Manchester, and thence transferred to an Irish prison.

25.—A telegram announced that an English missionary and sixteen followers had been murdered near Tanganyika, East Africa, by Arabs.

26.—General Boulanger was elected for the Department of the Seine, France, by a majority of 81,550.

—Death of Archduke Rudolph, Crown Prince of Austria. At first it was reported that death arose from apoplexy, but it was afterwards revealed that he had

taken his own life. The most remarkable rumours were current for a time, and the rash act was ascribed to an improper alliance with a lady.

FEBRUARY.

2.—Miss Susan Cobbett died at Farnham Villa, Wilmslow, near Macclesfield, at the age of 61. The deceased lady was the youngest daughter of the late William Cobbett, the editor of *The Political Register*. Mr. Cobbett had four sons, and three, if not more, daughters. Mr. William Cobbett, the eldest son, was well-known for his long quarrel with the law courts. He was imprisoned for contempt, and he and his wife made repeated and ingenious attempts to secure his release without complying with the stipulation of the judges. Mr. James Paul Cobbett, the second son, was a barrister. It was to him his father wrote the famous letters that constituted "Cobbett's Grammar." The third son, Mr. John Morgan Cobbett, married a daughter of Mr. Fielden, the well-known supporter of the Ten Hours Bill, and was for several years member for Oldham. Mr. Richard B. B. Cobbett was a solicitor in large practice in Manchester. The two youngest daughters, Susan and her sister, for several years lived, in modest competency, at Wilmslow. The elder of the two sisters still survives. (For an account of Cobbett's visits to the Northern Counties, see vol. i., p. 467.)

3.—During the arrest of Father McFadden, at Gweedore, Ireland, Inspector Martin, of the Irish police, was beaten to death by a mob. Several arrests were afterwards made.

5-13.—Evidence of a startling character was given before the Parnell Commission by Major Le Caron, otherwise

Thomas Willis Beach, who had been in intimate association with the Irish secret societies in America, but had had all the time been in communication with the British Government.

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The Pitman of Biddick and the Earldom of Perth.

By J. R. Boyle, F.S.A.

THE battle of Culloden decided finally and fatally the fortunes of the young Pretender. Amongst the families of the Scottish nobility who took part in this great last attempt to restore the house of Stuart to the throne of Britain was that of Drummond, Earls of Perth. This family was at that time represented by James Drummond, the sixth earl. His grandfather, the fourth earl, had been created Duke of Perth by James II.; but this was done after that monarch's abdication. So our hero was sixth earl, or, if you have Jacobite sympathies, third Duke of Perth.

At the battle of Prestonpans, and at the sieges of Carlisle and Stirling, Drummond commanded a detachment of the rebel army, and at Culloden he is said to have led the left wing of the Pretender's forces, which was principally formed of the clan of Macdonald. When swords were drawn and guns fired, the right wing, led by Lord George Murray, rushed to the onslaught. The Macdonalds considered themselves insulted by this military movement, and, in their vexation, hacked the turf beneath their feet with their swords. Drummond endeavoured to soothe their wrath, telling them that, if they fought with the bravery of their clan, they would make their left wing the right wing, and, in honour of their deeds, he would ever after call himself a Macdonald. But the fortunes of the day were against the rebel prince. The clans led by Gordon rushed forward to be slaughtered. The battle was brief, but bloody. And when, at last, the rebel ranks turned and fled, the Macdonalds and their leader fled also.

The Earl of Perth fled from the field on horseback. He rode on till the darkness of night covered the land, and then sought a hiding-place amongst friends. For a time he remained in concealment in Scotland. It is said that he even returned to Drummond Castle, where his widowed mother then resided. The castle itself was less safe than the neighbouring woods, in which he spent most of his time, always disguised, and often strangely so. He was sometimes seen, by persons who recognised him, in female dress, barefooted and bareheaded. Meantime, he and his brother, and other rebel lords of Scotland, were attainted of high treason by Act of Parliament. One day a search party came to the castle, expecting to find the earl there. Their arrival was unexpected, and he had no time to escape. At length they came to the room where he was. When he heard them at the door, he stepped into a closet in the wall, before which a domestic planted herself and stood motionless until the searchers had gone elsewhere. Drummond then came from his hiding-place, clambered through the window, and gained the trackless woods.

This and other adventures convinced him of the necessity of leaving his native land. He succeeded in reaching a vessel bound for the Tyne, and landed at South Shields. From Shields he went to Sunderland, where he remained for a time, but at length removed to South Biddick, a village on the Wear—an abode principally of pitmen, but a place noted in traditions of the past for its smuggling propensities, and for its unlicensed manufacture of spirituous liquors.

All this had occurred in less than a year from the fatal

day of Culloden. The earl's only brother, John Drummond, involved like himself in the young Pretender's rebellion, and included in the same Act of attainder, had fled to France, and was now at Boulogne. From thence he addressed a letter to his brother at Biddick, dated the 16th of April, 1747—exactly a year after the battle of Culloden—in which he said:—"I think you had better come to France, and you would be out of danger, as I find you are living in obscurity at Houghton-le-Spring." (Biddick was then in the parish of Houghton.) "I doubt that is a dangerous place yet. . . . You say it is reported you died on your passage to France. I hope and trust you will still live in obscurity." The brothers continued to correspond for a time, but John Drummond died at Antwerp in the same year, 1747, having never been married.

When the Earl of Perth settled at Biddick, he took up his abode in the family of one John Armstrong, "persons in a very humble situation, but of reputable character." Armstrong was a pitman, and the motives which led Drummond to seek a residence in his family are believed to have been, first, to allay suspicion of his rank by the humble character of his surroundings; and, second, the consideration of the facilities a pitman might afford him, in case of need, to find a secure hiding-place in the recesses of a coal mine.

Drummond, with a view to sustain his slender finances, now turned his attention to trade, and became a vendor of shoes. In this enterprise he did not succeed. Between the importunity of his creditors and the impecuniosity of his debtors, he found himself fast going to the wall, and, to avoid complete ruin, gave up his small business.

Between the Earl of Perth and the humble people with whom he dwelt a cordial and sincere friendship sprung up. To John Armstrong and his wife Drummond had entrusted the secret of his rank, and in consequence they took the most vivid interest in his forlorn fortunes. But this was not all. They had a daughter, Elizabeth, named after her mother. She is described as a girl "of exquisite beauty, and amiable disposition and manners." She had only reached about her fourteenth summer when Drummond entered her father's household. He conceived a strong affection for the girl, which she as ardently returned—a result to which her lover's romantic career no doubt contributed not a little. On the 6th of November, 1749, there was a wedding in the church of Houghton-le-Spring, and the Earl of Perth was married to the pretty daughter of the pitman of Biddick. The earl was thirty-six and the countess seventeen.

For a time the newly-married couple still continued to live in Armstrong's house; but by and bye a baby was born, and Nicholas Lambton, of Biddick Hall, who seems to have learned the story of Drummond's life, gave the unfortunate earl the Boat House of Biddick for a residence. The occupant of this house had charge of the ferry-boat which here plied across the Wear. The earl became a ferryman, and in the Boat House he established in a limited way the business of a country shopkeeper—one of those modest mercantile establishments where almost everything of small cost, in every branch of mercery, grocery, and mongery, can be purchased. With the combined profits of the shop and the ferry he brought up, in a humble but respectable way, a family of six or seven children, all born within a dozen years after his marriage. So far as the father's time permitted he diligently endeavoured to educate his offspring, and even at one time formed the ambitious project that his eldest son, James, should become a clergyman. He had not, however, the means to afford him the requisite scholastic training, but was compelled to send him to work in the coal pits.

The second son, William, was sent to sea, and, in time became mate, and afterwards master of a vessel, of which latterly he was also part owner. During a passage to London, he had the misfortune to be run down by another ship. The master and all hands were lost. The collision was characterised by details of most horrible character. The vessel which ran into Drummond's ship appears to have been practically uninjured, and might have rescued most, if not all, of the shipwrecked crew. Some of these unfortunate men swam to the surviving vessel and clambered up its sides, but were beaten off by its sailors, who, for this murderous purpose, had armed themselves with handspikes and other weapons. This worse than barbarous inhumanity was perpetrated by the crew at the command of the master, whose carelessness had occasioned the calamity, in order that no one from the wrecked ship should live to tell the story. These facts were afterwards made known by a boy who was on the vessel that escaped. Steps were taken to bring the murderers to justice; but the lapse of time and the absence of sufficient evidence rendered this impracticable.

It has been said that at the time of William Drummond's death at sea, he had with him a number of family papers and other documents which related to his father's title and claims to the earldom of Perth. If this was actually the case, they were irrecoverably lost.

The earl had been the occupant of Biddick Boat House a little more than twenty years, when a most disastrous flood occurred throughout the North of England. This was during the night of the 17th of November, 1771. The boat-house was carried away by the torrent. The lives of its occupants even were in the greatest danger. But the ferry-boat, which had been so long a means of adding to their income, stood them in good stead now. By its means Drummond carried his family to a place of safety, and their little homestead was left to its fate. When the flood had subsided, it was found that scarcely a single article of furniture had been saved. Amongst all the treasures, however, which they had lost, that which they chiefly regretted was a chest. This chest contained "a tanned leather pouch, or bag,

or paper case, with three pockets, wherein were contained his (Drummond's) memorandm book, various family papers, letters, documents, &c.; amongst which was a Ducal Patent of Nobility, as it was called when spoken of by him to the family, and also a favourite diamond ring, all which things had belonged to the Drummond family." The loss of these articles was deeply regretted, for it seems to have been at all times a hope amongst Drummond's family that the day would come when they might claim the lands of their ancient inheritance, and when these documents would be of the greatest value as evidence of their title. The "Ducal Patent of Nobility" is supposed to have been the original patent granted by James II. when he created James Drummond, the fourth earl, the Duke of Perth. So anxious was the sixth earl to recover this document that he spent many days in wandering along the shores of the Wear, hoping to find it. He was doomed to disappointment.

More than once after the earl took up his abode at Biddick, he returned in disguise to his native land, and visited the scenes of his early life. On one occasion he went to Drummond Castle, and asked the housekeeper to conduct him through the apartments. She complied with his request, humming as she went from room to room, "The Duke of Perth's Lament." When he reached the apartment which once was his own, he cried out, "This is the duke's own room," and burst into tears. At another time, when he was disguised as a beggar, he entered the house of a garrulous weaver, probably to gather up the traditions and gossip of the district. The clock struck. "What do you think of a machine like that in a poor weaver's house?" exclaimed the man of warp and woof. To which the earl, taking out his massive ancestral gold watch, replied, "What do you think of a thing like that in a poor beggar's pocket?"

Towards the close of his life Drummond was seized by a strong desire once more to visit the home of his fathers. To effect a full disguise a soldier's old red coat was purchased at Newcastle by his wife. Attired in this, he set out. In the neighbourhood of Drummond Castle he made himself known to various persons in whom he had confidence, and, amongst others, to a Mr. Graeme. His friend induced him to lay aside, at least whilst his guest, the soldier's coat, and lent him one in its place which better befitted his true rank. Throughout his career he seems to have maintained the bearing of a nobleman; for, no sooner was the beggar's disguise put off and the dress of a gentleman assumed, than a lady who was present involuntarily exclaimed, "the duke looks like himself again." It was no doubt his distinguished figure which led General Lambton, the relative of Nicholas Lambton, Drummond's benefactor, to exclaim one day on meeting him, far more in jest than in earnest, "Ah, you are the rebel Drummond; I'll have you beheaded." Nicholas himself is said to have employed a similar but milder form of greeting. "I know you well enough; you are one of the Drummonds, the rebels, but the Boat House and garden are yours for all that."

The inevitable lot of humanity came at length to the fallen Earl of Perth. He died at Biddick early in June, 1782, in his seventieth year, and was buried at Painshaw Church.

Two years after the death of James Drummond, sixth Earl of Perth, the Act of attainder passed soon after the young Pretender's rebellion was repealed, and another Act was passed to enable George III. to restore forfeited estates to the heirs of attainted persons. The Act itself, in most cases, states who these heirs were, but the heirs of the Earl of Perth had not been ascertained. It, therefore, declares only "That it shall and may be lawful to his Majesty, his Heirs and Successors, to give, grant, and dispose to the Heirs Male of the said John Drummond . . . . . all and every the lands, lordships, baronies, fisheries, tithes, patronages, and other heritages and estates, which became forfeited . . . . by the attainder of the said John Drummond." The Act was evidently framed under the belief that James Drummond, the sixth earl, had died before his younger brother John.

If, at this point in the story, the sixth earl's eldest son, James Drummond, then a pitman at Biddick, had come forward and asserted his claims, the subsequent course of events might have been very different from what it was. But he did not. He is represented as being deterred from doing this by several reasons. He was, in the first place, to a large extent, unacquainted with passing events. In addition to this he was extremely poor, and scarcely able to afford a shilling for any purpose except the maintenance of his family. But he appears principally to have been deterred from making any claim by a timidity of disposition which was probably fostered by the secluded life which his father had necessarily led. He lived to the age of 70 years, and died at Biddick on the 7th February, 1823, and was buried near his father at Painshaw Church.

During this long period, however, other claimants had not been idle. Soon after the repeal of the Act of attainder, one Captain James Drummond came forward, and represented himself as the direct lineal descendant and nearest heir male of James, fourth Earl of Perth. At this time the sixth earl and his brother were both believed to have died shortly after the battle of Culloden, and the descendants of their grandfather were, in consequence, regarded as their heirs-at-law. This Captain Drummond appears to have been able to bring forward evidence which satisfied the Court of Session that he was heir to the earldom of Perth, and on payment of a fine of £52,547 1s. 6½d., the estates of the Drummonds were granted to him by the king.

It has been asserted that this Captain Drummond attained the estates by personating an individual who died at Lisbon four or five years before

the claim was made, and who was the real heir of the fourth Earl of Perth. But as this question does not affect the claim of the pitman's family of Biddick, we need not stay to discuss it. This Captain James Drummond, whoever he might be in reality, was afterwards created Lord Perth, and died in 1800, leaving an only daughter, who afterwards married Lord Gwydyr.

The second James Drummond of Biddick left a family, of whom the eldest son was Thomas Drummond, a man of very different disposition from that of his father. He inherited the traditions of his family, and, soon after his father's death, devoted himself diligently to the accumulation of evidence of his heirship to the earldom of Perth. The first Lord Durham is known to have believed in Drummond's claim, and to have aided him in collecting evidence and pursuing his cause. In June, 1831, the case came on for hearing at the Cannongate Court Room, Edinburgh, when the jury unanimously decided that Thomas Drummond, of Biddick, was "nearest and lawful heir male of his deceased great-granduncle, Lord Edward Drummond," and so had every legitimate claim to the earldom of Perth and the estates of the Drummonds.

The time was now approaching when the case was to come before the House of Lords. The Earl of Durham was ready to exert himself in every way in the claimant's favour. Unfortunately, however, at this point, Drummond incurred his patron's displeasure. The pitman was "a tolerable performer on the violin," which he used to carry with him into public-houses, and entertain his friends with stories of his family history, interspersed with musical performances. The company freely paid for his liquor, and he ceased to be a sober man. He used to tell them that, when he came to his estates, "worth eighty thousand a year," he would set them all right. But this was not all. Drummond must be prepared to appear at the bar of the House of Lords; so a dress suit was procured for him. Anxious to impress the villagers of Biddick with his finery, he displayed himself in the lane dressed as he intended to appear before the Lords in London. Alas! the roughs of Biddick assailed him, and tore his swallow-tailed coat to shreds. The night before he was to appear at the House of Lords, the Earl of Durham's butler, in a mischievous lark, plied him with as much wine as he could induce him to swallow. The consequence was that, when he was summoned into the earl's room, he was "drunk and incapable." Lord Durham was disgusted, and refused to have anything further to do with the claimant.

The case was at length heard in the House of Lords, but the decision of the peers was against the pitman.

The claimant died on the 18th November, 1873, at the age of 81 years. Some of his descendants still live in the neighbourhood of Biddick, but have wisely refrained from reviving their claims, except perhaps in the fireside gossip of the village.

. . . . . .

I have told the story of the Earldom of Perth as it was told by the Drummonds, pitmen of Biddick. There is, of course, another version. The printed genealogies of the family state that James Drummond, the sixth earl, died on board the vessel in which he and his brother had embarked for France, shortly after the battle of Culloden. There seems, in the case printed on behalf of the Biddick claimant, to be strong evidence against this statement. On the other hand, Robert Chambers, in his "History of the Rebellion," mentions that in the chapel of the English Nuns at Antwerp, where John Drummond, the sixth earl's brother, was buried, there are elegantly expressed Latin epitaphs on both brothers. The epitaph on James Drummond, the sixth earl, is strong evidence that he was actually dead at the time when it was inscribed, which was, I take it, shortly after the death of his brother. If this be granted, there is no ground left on which to call in question the award of the Drummond estates made in 1785, unless, indeed, it be contended that the Captain James Drummond who then claimed and had his claim allowed, was a personator. But, if this even were assumed, it would in no way affect the case of the pitmen of Biddick.

J. R. BOYLE, F.S.A.

A Chartist Spear.

THE illustration of a Chartist spear, copied from a sketch kindly made by Mr. W. H. Knowles, architect, recalls to memory the political turmoil that accompanied the agitation for reform in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. In the North of England especially the "physical force" part of the movement is associated with the hardy blacksmith community which had grown up at Winlaton. The organization of the great Crowley establishment at that village* was originally carried out on lines upholding Church and King in a highly orthodox fashion. Even the celebration of the North-Country "bonefire" was altered from Midsummer Day, and made an annual festival in loyal commemoration of Royal Oak Day. But the communistic principles which had been fostered under the system of working grew apace in latter days; and "Crowley's Crew" developed a school of independent and unorthodox political thought in striking contrast with the ways of the older time.

It was thus that the movement for reform in Parliament found staunch adherents in the Blacksmith City. The Winlaton men had indeed "thews and sinews like their ancestors," and as they were also the cunningest of craftsmen in ironwork they naturally expressed their feelings and prepared to

* For an account of Crowley's Crew, see *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. ii., page 97.

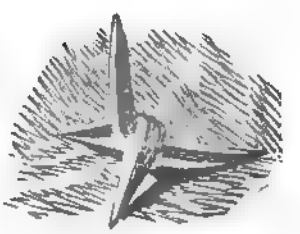
enforce their claims at the point of formidable weapons made by their own hands. These home-made arms were turned out in hundreds. Fowling-pieces were craftily acquired. *Patterteries* (the survival of the ancient *paterero*, or ship's cannon) were also obtained, and no less than fourteen of them were ready for use. Hand-grenades were ingeniously constructed from the strong stoneware material of empty blacking bottles. These were wrapped in stout canvas bags, filled with cuttings of railrods and gunpowder, and then fitted with a fuse passing through the cork. But the characteristic weapons were those forged on the anvil by the Winlaton men themselves, and these were of three kinds. The "craa's foot" (the *caltrop* of the military strategist) was produced in large quantities. It was like a spur made with four sharp points arranged in triangular form, so that when thrown on the ground three points formed the base, and left a single deadly point upright. These contrivances were intended to be sown thickly on the roads to impede the passage of cavalry. There was also the "pike," a light iron head, made like a halbert in shape, with a sharp thrusting point at the end. It had two edges, with an axe on one face, and a sharp, bent, knife-edged spur on the other. The pike had a short handle, and it could be concealed on the person. Its use was intended to be that of cutting the bridle of a cavalry soldier with the knife-like projection, and of either thrusting with the point, or giving a blow with the axe-faced side. The third weapon fabricated was the formidable arm here illustrated. It was a spear-head, and was socketed on a staff about eight or nine feet long. The one here shown was forged by Mr. George Marshall, of Winlaton, who emigrated to the United States in March, 1840. It is a really fine specimen of smith-work "off the hammer," no finish having been put upon it after it left the anvil. For fifty years this weapon has been preserved in the possession of the family from whom it was obtained for presentation to the Black Gate Museum, Newcastle, where it now rests. It is at once an evidence of the skilful handicraft of the smith who wrought it, and a vivid memento of a turbulent time gone by.

It will occur to anyone that these arms of the "physical force Chartists" were, after all, not weapons of offence, but of defence. Pike, and crowfoot, and spear were chiefly intended for protection from a charge of cavalry, and, happily, the history of the movement does not record the use of these weapons in actual conflict. That the men who bore them were resolute admits of little question, notwithstanding the many stories current to the contrary. It has, for instance, been alleged that on slight occasion panic prevailed, and that they were then in the condition of Falstaff and his army—

> Scattered and possessed with fear
> So strongly that they dare not meet each other;
> Each takes his fellow for an officer.

But the men of Winlaton were no such cowards when they appeared as a community in arms. Their preparations were made with the calmest care, and were planned with all the forethought of a well disciplined organization. Every man had his post, knew his instructions, and was exercised in the use of his means of defence. That this was the case is shown by an episode in which the agitation may be said to have culminated. It has been described as "A Memorable Night at Winlaton," and has been so graphically told by one who was there that it must be given in his own words.

The narrator is Mr. Isaac Jeavons, the respected secretary of the Blacksmiths' Friendly Society. "Late at night, or at early morning," Mr. Jeavons relates, "two of the Newcastle Chartists arrived at Winlaton. They brought news that cavalry were coming to search the village for arms. The fife and drum immediately went round the town to arouse the inhabitants. The *patereeries*, fourteen in number, were fired with blank cartridge, then loaded with grape shot, and planted on the Sandhill ready for action. Men were told off, in twos and threes, to all the roads leading into the village. Each party had a gun, and their orders were that, if they should see or hear the approaching cavalry, the gun had to be fired. This was the signal for all outlying sentinels to fall back and take up their places in the town. Two of the Winlaton leaders being marked by the authorities, were advised to keep out of the way. One of them was Edward Summerside, who had been incarcerated for selling unstamped newspapers; the other was Ellison Clark. Men with fowling-pieces loaded with ball took up allotted positions, each man in his place. Hand grenades and crow feet were all planted ready for action. All pikes and spear heads not required for immediate use, were stowed away and hidden. The places of the two leading Chartists, who had been urged away, were taken



"A CRAA FOOT."

by earnest men who were seen going about from place to place conversing in undertones with the men at their various posts. Happily, the news brought from Newcastle proved to be a false alarm, and the excitement subsided as daylight appeared. The episode, however, formed a turning point in the history of the movement at Winlaton, for after this some of the Chartists there began to lose faith in the Newcastle branch, and the agitation gradually began to subside."

Mr. Jeavons well remembers two of the general leaders of the Chartist movement. "During the agitation," he says, "Mr. George Julian Harney used to stop in Winlaton for weeks together. Mr. Harney was well known and greatly respected among the men for his genial conversation and manners. His buoyant youth, his hearty laugh, his favourite song, and the very tone and accent of his voice are recollected. The great Chartist lecturer, Dr. Taylor, was for some time concealed here, when there was a warrant out for his apprehension; but it began to be suspected that he was in Winlaton, and he was in consequence sent away to Alston or its neighbourhood, where soon after he was apprehended and imprisoned."

This narrative of an eye-witness enables us to realize vividly how near to our own days and to our own doors the peril of a civil war was laid, and it gives a reality to the memento of the times preserved in this Chartist spear.

RICHARD OLIVER HESLOP.

The Grand Duke Nicholas at Wallsend.

WHEN the allied sovereigns visited England after the overthrow of Napoleon, Alexander I., the Emperor of Russia, was accompanied by his brother Nicholas, afterwards destined to become Emperor himself. The Grand Duke Nicholas (for such was his then rank), anxious to see something of the method of working coals in this country, came down to the North to acquire the knowledge he needed.

Among the prominent people to whom he was furnished with letters of introduction was the Rev. Dr. Gray, then Rector of Bishopwearmouth, afterwards Bishop of Bristol. Dr. Gray introduced him to Dr. Clanny, showed him the bridge over the Wear, and entertained him to lunch in the Rectory. Subsequently, the Grand Duke, in company with his suite, which consisted of Sir William Congreve, the inventor of the Congreve rocket, and some half dozen Russian noblemen in military uniform, set out for Newcastle. Here he visited the Royal Jubilee School, through which he was shown by the Rev. William Turner, the celebrated Unitarian minister. Here likewise he inspected, with much curiosity and interest, several beautiful specimens of wood engraving laid before him by Mr. Thomas Bewick. The Grand Duke was invited by the Mayor (Sir Thomas Burdon) to partake of the hospitalities of the town, but these were courteously declined on the plea of other engagements. Afterwards he paid a visit to Alnwick Castle.

The "illustrious stranger" arrived at Wallsend on December 16, 1816. Mr. John Buddle, the viewer of the colliery, had received instructions to show his Highness all that was to be seen, both above and below ground, and make him fully acquainted with the mode of winning and working the coal, ventilating the pits, &c. He was taken to Mr. Buddle's residence, which was situated in the immediate vicinity of the principal pit; and there he was politely asked to take off his glittering uniform and orders, and put on the dress worn by a deputy-overman, consisting of thick flannel trousers and a jacket of the same. This metamorphosis he accordingly underwent, and was then escorted to the mouth of the pit down which he was to be lowered.

As almost all our readers doubtless know, the pits are round holes, of about 10 feet in diameter, sunk into the earth to the depth in some cases of 300 fathoms, nearly one-third of a mile, and divided by a wooden partition or brattice the whole way down, so as to form two shafts, one known as the upcast and the other the downcast. Before the general adoption of Fourdrinier's apparatus, the mode of descending a shaft was either by entering a large basket or corve used for hauling up the coals, or by putting one leg through a large iron hook at the end of the rope and clinging by the hands to the chain to which it was appended. The latter mode, contrary to what might be imagined, was the best and safest, and for this reason, that the basket was liable to catch the sides of the pit, and be thus turned upside down. Each person was provided with a short stick to keep himself from grazing the black and dripping walls as he proceeded downwards, and the rapidity of the descent was such as to render this precaution highly expedient.

Wallsend pit was at that period in the full enjoyment of its fame as sending up the finest coals in the world, and on this account it had been selected to give the Russian prince the best possible idea of what a coal pit was like, and how it was worked so profitably as to nett its owners an annual income of fifty or sixty thousand pounds. There were no coal mines of any consequence then in Russia, and Nicholas had never seen one in his life. What idea he had formed in his own mind of a coal pit it is impossible to say; but it is to be presumed that he had either thought little about the matter or been very wrongly informed on the subject. For when Mr. Buddle escorted him up the ladder leading to the platform of the pit-mouth, and introduced him to the scene of operations, he stopped suddenly short, and asked with alarm whether that was really the place to which he had been recommended to come. Upon being assured that such was actually the case, he went forward

to the very edge of the pit, and attempted to look down into the Tartarean abyss, up which a blinding smoke was rising; then, stepping precipitately back, and holding up his hands in horrified amazement, he exclaimed in French, "Ah! my God, it is the mouth of hell!—none but a madman would venture into it!" After uttering these words, he hastily retreated, made his way back to Mr. Buddle's house, and there, slipping off his coarse, vulgar flannels as quickly as he could, again assumed his splendid uniform of a Russian general, with the badges of half the military orders in Europe hung about him. Then, without a minute's delay, he left Wallsend Colliery far behind him, never to attempt the exploration of another coal mine.

The Reedwater Witches.

JAMES HOGG, the Ettrick Shepherd, though not a native of the district, was more familiar with every part of the Border country south of the Cheviots than any person to the manner born. His capital story of "The Long Pack," which is re-printed in the *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. i., p. 250, is enough to entitle him to rank among the literary lions of Northumberland. Hogg was in the habit of singing the following song to the tune of "The Laird o' Cockpen," when on a visit to his friends in Reedsdale:—

O the de'il's in the lasses, they taigle us sae,
They're sweet as the hawthorn—they're sour as the slae;
Though their souls seem as pure as the down on the swan,
They would gan to auld Nick for a gallant young man.

There were three bonny lasses that wonn'd in a glen,
They wanted for naething but gallant young men;
They had gowd in their coffers, and dwelt in a ha',
But they'd nae ane to lie between them and the wa'.

Now the brown leaves were strewn upon Otterburn lea,
And the robin was pourin' his plaint fra the tree;
And the wood flowers that late were sae bloomin' and gay,
Drooped lowly and breathed their sweet spirits away,

While these three dainty dames sat alone in their ha',
Wi' their cheek on their hand, like a rose 'mang the snaw;
O there's fifty braw fallows would hae mounted and run
Had they ken'd what thae lasses were thinkin' upon.

Then out spoke wee Annie, the youngest of a'—
Like the dew frae young rosebuds her accents did fa'—
"Charlie says that he loves me, but does na he ken
That I've seen the bud blossom these aught years and ten?"

Then Marion whisper'd—I ne'er could tell what,
'Twas something 'bout Sandy, the Laird o' Dunlat;
And Jean shook down a shower o' loose ringlets like gowd,
And said Robin was free, baith to them and the snood.*

Thae lasses were mad each to hae a gudeman,
Their aiths they hae pledged—they hae plighted their hand,
They have trysted to meet at the mirk hour o' twal',
And to learn the hail truth—tho' they wrench'd it frae hell!

They met, and their deevilish cantrips they tried,
Wi' each a lang rowan tree† wand by her side;
They shiver'd, and summon'd the spirits below
To say gin they e'er sud be wedded or no.

When, dreadfu' to sing o', three demons appear,
Wi' a black hairy hide frae their hoof to their ear,
And a tail playin' pliak their rough hurdies between,
As deevils o' credit hae always been seen!

"We ken what ye're seekin'," ae deevil did say,
But Jeanie and Annie had clean swarf'd away,
When twa o' the demons sprang out wi' a yell,
And caught the poor things to their breasts ere they fell.

O wha ever heard o' sic deevils as mine?
They leapt frae their hides in a moment o' time;
Each mounted his bride on a braw mettled steed,
And awa' for the Border at top o' their speed.

Now at Gretna thae damies awoke the next morn,
What had passed in the mirk hours I never could learn;
But when Phœbus keek'd into their chamber, he saw
That they'd somebody laid between them an' the wa'!

* The snood, or snudge, was a fillet or ribbon, the wearing of which was the mark of maidenhood.

† The rowan, roun, roan, or royne-tree, the mountain ash, was believed to be a sure preservative against witchcraft.

Norham Castle.

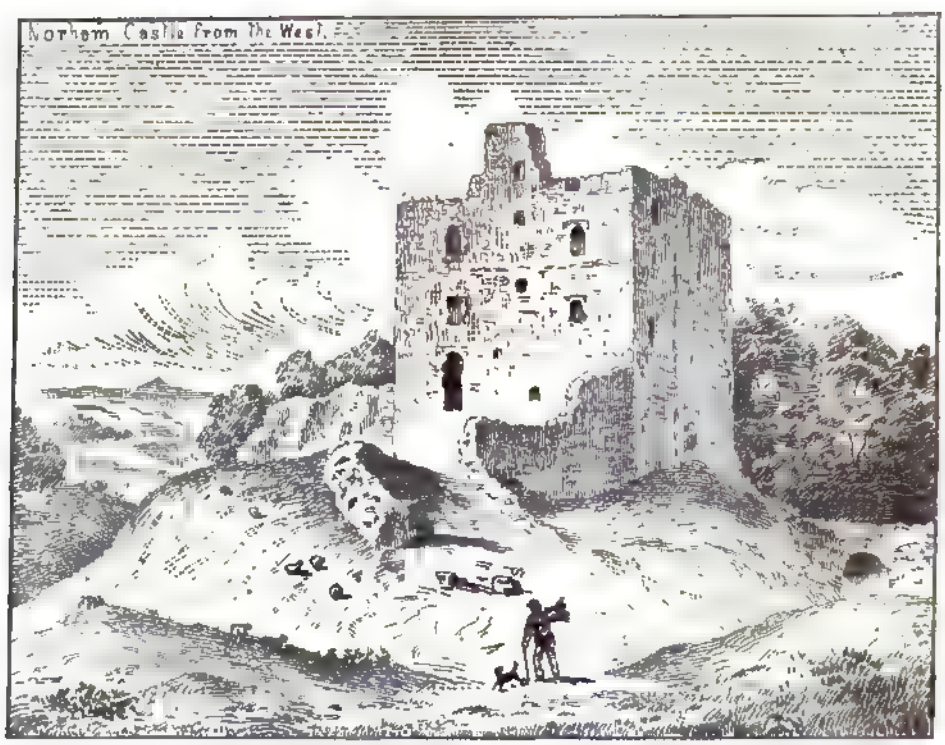
IMMORTALISED by Scott in the stirring rhythm of "Marmion," depicted with wondrous beauty and effect by Turner's magic touch, and filling many a page of history with all the charm of romance, "Norham's castled steep," as it stands beetling over "Tweed's fair river broad and deep," is an ideal scene of the Borderland. Its stern, embattled front tells the story of much strife and trouble, and still we see the "loophole grates" where captives were wont to weep; but times have changed since the real Marmion with his golden helm rode single-handed into a throng of hostile Scots, "all for the love of his ladye." Norham was then deemed "the daungerest place in England"; it is now a peaceful pastoral scene, and, under the softening hand of Time, the old keep attracts no more attention than as a monument of a martial period.

Even since Turner painted his famous picture of "Norham Castle," in which in imagination we can see the turrets shining "in yellow lustre," the aspect of the keep has altered, for trees are gradually spreading up the slope of the hill, and, viewed from the Village Cross, half a mile away, the square tower is half hidden by its umbrageous robes. Into one of the flanking walls, too, a gardener's cottage has been built, and visitors from far and near—by road, rail, or river—can bear testimony to the excellence of the gardener's fruit, and the choice flavour of his goodwife's tea, when served in the romantic shelter of the Marmion Arch. Through this archway, it is supposed, Sir William Marmion rode full tilt at his enemies; and through this archway also, in ascending the hill, the visitor obtains a pretty glimpse in perspective of the keep within. Our view given in the larger illustration—taken from a water-colour drawing by Mr. C. X. Sykes—is that selected by Landseer for his painting of the Castle, his standpoint being on a mound a little to the right of the Marmion

Arch. The smaller illustration presents the southern view of the keep, and the door to be seen at the bottom of the building affords access to the dungeon.

The Castle grounds are now kept with great care. Thanks to the artistic taste of Mr. H. E. H. Jerningham —Mrs. Jerningham, of Longridge Towers, being the proprietrix—rustic gates have been fixed in various portions of the ruins, and advantage has been taken of an outstanding portion of the works on the northern side to erect a grassy platform which commands a view of the interior of the keep as well as of the valley of the Tweed. In the gardener's cottage will be found a visitors' book, which bears many notable signatures, including the caligraphy of Count Herbert von Bismarck and M. Gambetta. The latter, however, wrote an assumed name. Mr. Jerningham, we need hardly say, is the author of the most reliable work to be had on Norham Castle. The book, which also deals with early Christianity in the North, is written in a graceful and picturesque style, and is published in a tasteful form by Mr. William Paterson, of Edinburgh.

Camden describes the Castle as having "an outer wall of great compass, with many little towers in the angle next the river, and, within, another circular wall much stronger, in the centre whereof rises a loftier tower." Part of the ruins have been undermined by the river, and little remains except the great keep tower, 70ft. high, and the double gateway, which led to the bridge over the ancient moat, now a green hollow. The Castle was originally built by Ralph Flambard in 1121, but was taken and partially destroyed by David, King of Scots, in 1138. It was subsequently restored by Bishop Pudsey, who built the great tower in 1154. King John had three conferences here with William the Lion of Scotland—one in 1203, another in 1209, and yet another two years later. That in 1209 was respecting a castle at Tweedmouth, which John had twice tried to build, and William had as often pulled down; and at the meeting in 1211 peace was ratified by the intervention of Queen Ermengard of Scotland. In 1215 King John besieged Norham to revenge the homage paid by the Northumbrian barons to Alexander of Scotland; but, being unsuccessful, he was obliged to raise the siege in 40 days. In 1286 Edward I. met the Scottish nobles at Norham, and afterwards called a parliament at Upsetlington, on the other side of the Tweed, to settle his claims to the throne of Scotland. John Baliol swore fealty in Norham. In 1318 the Castle, then governed by Sir Thomas Gray, was besieged by the Scots, but without effect, in spite of two forts which they raised against it at Norham and Upsetlington. In 1322 it was taken by the Scots, but retaken by Edward after a ten days' siege. On the night of Edward III.'s coronation, the Scots again besieged it, and took it in the following year. In



1355 it was again taken and plundered. In the time of Henry VII. it was besieged, but was relieved by Fox, Bishop of Durham, and the Earl of Surrey. It was finally assaulted just before the battle of Flodden Field, and was taken through the advice of a traitor, who urged the Scots to descend from Ladykirk Bank to Gin Haugh, a flat ground by the river, and thence to throw down the north-east corner of the wall with their cannon:—

So when the Scots the walls had won,
And rifled every nook and place,
The traitor came to the king anon,
But for reward met with disgrace.

"Therefore for this thy traitorous trick
Thou shalt be tried in a trice;
Hangman," therefore quoth he, "be quick;
The groom shall have no better price."
—*Ballad of Flodden.*

In 1603 Bishop Mathew devised the Castle to the Crown. Dr. George Carleton, the biographer of Bernard Gilpin, was born here, while his father was keeper of the Castle. "It were a wonderful processe," says Leland, "to declare what mischefes cam by hungre and seeges by the space of eleven yeres in Northumbreland; for the Scottes became so proude after they got Berwick, that they nothing esteemid the Englischmen."

An incident occurred at Norham which was not only woven by Bishop Percy into his ballad of the "Hermit of Warkworth," but also, perhaps, guided Sir Walter Scott in the choice of Marmion as his hero. Leland tells that in the time of Edward II. a great feast was made in Lincolnshire, at which a maiden brought a helm of gold to Sir William Marmion, "with a letter of commaundement of her lady, that he should go into the daungerest place in England, and there let his heualme to be seene and knowne as famous." "So," continues Leland, "he went to Norham, whither, withyn four dayes of cumming, cam Philip Moubray, Gardian of Berwike, having in his band 140 men of armes, the very flowr of men of the Scottish marches. Thomas Gray, Capitayne of Norham, seying this, brought his garison afore the bariers of the castel, behynd whom cam William Marmion, richely arrayed, as all glittering in golde, and wearing the heualme as his lady's present. Then said T. Gray to Marmion, 'Sir Knight, ye be cum hither to fame your heualme: mount upon yor horse, and ride like a valiant man to yon army, even here at hand, and I forsake God if I rescue not thy body, deade or alyve, or I myself wyl dye for it.' Whereupon he took his curasore, and rode among the throng of enemyes: the which layd sore stripes on him, and pullid hym at the last oute of his sadel to the ground. Then T. Gray, with the whole garrison, lette pryk yn emong the Scottes, and so wonded them and their horses that they were overthrowen, and Marmion, sore beten, was horsid agayn, and with Gray persuid the Scottes in chase. There was taken 50 horses of price; and the women of Norham brought them to the footemen to follow the chase."

Though several villas have sprung up of late, the village of Norham consists chiefly of a single wide street, with a green, in the centre of which stands a queer pyramidal cross. It was anciently called Ubbanford, and, being the capital of the district of Norhamshire, was the place where the bishops of Durham exercised justice and held their exchequer. The Culdees, missionaries from Iona, are said to have first preached the gospel in Northumberland in this place. Gospatrick, Earl of Northumberland, died here, and was buried in the church porch.

A church was built here by Egfrid, Bishop of Lindisfarne, and dedicated to St. Peter, St. Cuthbert, and St. Ceolwulf, and hither Egfrid caused the remains of the Royal Ceolwulf (to whom Bede dedicated his church history) to be brought from Lindisfarne. Ceolwulf's feast was kept with much solemnity, and the country people used to come on that day to make offerings at his shrine.

The feast of the translation of St. Cuthbert's body was also observed here with great splendour on the first Sunday and Monday after the 4th of September. A stone discovered in Norham bears the effigies of St. Peter, Cuthbert, and Ceolwulf. The present Church of St. Cuthbert is a handsome building, having a massive tower, with Norman zigzag arches. It was modernized 1846-52, and restored at the instance of the Rev. Canon Waite about five years ago. The nave has a Norman arcade of five bays. The church is Norman, but the east end is Early Decorated. It contains the figure of a knight under a bold Decorated canopy; also the effigy by Lough (1857) of a former rector, Dr. Gilly, author of the "History of the Waldenses." The stained glass is by Ballantine. The church had formerly three chantries, and possessed the privilege of 37 days' sanctuary.

There is a pleasant walk by the riverside. On the oppo-

site bank are the woods of Ladykirk, with the church, dedicated by James IV. to the Virgin in gratitude for having been preserved from drowning in a dangerous passage of the Tweed.

Thomas Sopwith.

MR. THOMAS SOPWITH, M.A., F.R.S., was born in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, on January 3rd, 1803, his father being a large cabinetmaker and joiner in the town. To this trade he was first apprenticed; but the bent of his mind was altogether in the direction of literary and scientific pursuits, and he soon gave up the practical part of his father's business.

When he had finished his apprenticeship, he left the cabinetmaker's bench, and studied land and mining surveying under Mr. Dickinson at Alston Moor. In these branches he became so competent and useful that Mr. Dickinson took him into partnership. He remained at Alston four years, and prepared, in conjunction with his partner, all the plans and sections of the lead mines in Alston belonging to the Greenwich Hospital. About the same time, also, he was employed in similar work for the Corporation of Newcastle and others. He found time, too, to publish an account with plans of the interior of All Saints' Church, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The etched plans and sections of the great Hudgill Burn Lead Mine, having been seen by the learned Dr. Buckland, professor of geology, led to an intimacy between the two gentlemen which ended only with the doctor's death. It was during his residence at Alston that he made the friendship of Mr. Hugh Lee Pattinson. Mr. Sopwith, though still a young man, was now beginning to make a reputation in the profession he had adopted; and in 1830 we find him established in Newcastle as a civil and mining engineer, where he soon formed an excellent and lucrative business. Amongst other important matters, he surveyed and levelled a new road between Newcastle and Otterburn, and he began to be consulted by many of the leading county gentry on matters affecting their estates. In 1832, Mr. Sopwith entered upon offices in the then newly-built Royal Arcade, where he continued until the year 1845, in which year he received the valuable appointment of agent to the W.B. Lead Mines of Northumberland and Durham.

During the thirteen years preceding his entrance upon this most important post, Mr. Sopwith was concerned in very many great undertakings. He made and prepared sections and surveys of the Forest of Dean, and showed the beds of coal and workings therein, afterwards reporting to the Woods and Forests Department of the Government. He was also occupied professionally with many great railways—the Newcastle and Berwick, London and Brighton, Newcastle and Carlisle, and the Sambre and Meuse in Belgium; likewise with works connected with the improvement of the River Tyne, &c. Whilst thus engaged he could scarcely help coming in contact with many eminent engineers, and he thus formed friendships with Brunel, Rendel, Buddle, the Stephensons, Nicholas Wood, and several other gentlemen of position in the engineering and scientific world. Besides these, he numbered among his intimate friends such men as Professors Sedgwick and Faraday, Sir Roderick Murchison, the Brothers' Chambers, of Edinburgh, and indeed nearly all the more celebrated men of science of the last fifty years. When the British Association first met in Newcastle in 1838, Mr. Sopwith contributed no less than six papers on various subjects; and on the second visit, in 1863, he was one of the secretaries of the Geological Section, besides contributing papers.

For the first years of his appointment as Mr. Beaumont's agent, Mr. Sopwith resided at Allenheads, taking great interest in the welfare of his workpeople, and especially in the education of the children. About 1857, he went to reside in London, and in the year 1871 he resigned the office of chief-agent of the W.B. Mines, which he had held for the long period of 26 years. He at the same time retired from the engineering profession, in which he had been engaged for fully half-a-century.

The many honours Mr. Sopwith gained in science and art must not be forgotten. He was a Fellow of the Royal Society, a Fellow of the Society of Arts, and a member of the Institute of Civil Engineers. His largest work, that on "Isometrical Drawing," went through several editions. "An Account of the Mining Districts of Alston Moor, Weardale, and Teesdale," had also a large sale. He was a frequent contributor to newspapers

and magazines, and wrote several educational works, books of travel, &c.

Mr. Sopwith died at his residence in London, 16th January, 1879, aged 76 years. Up to within a short time of his death, he had always enjoyed the best of health. A writer to whom we have been much indebted for a great deal of the information here given says of him:—"With his natural flow of high spirits, conversational powers, and well-stored and retentive memory, he was a genial companion and a good friend, and will be long remembered with feelings of satisfaction by those whose advantage it was to have the pleasure of his acquaintance." The same authority gives us this interesting piece of information:—"He was a ready and precise writer, as is proved by his journal, which consists of 168 volumes, containing descriptions of places and people, and numerous and amusing pen and ink sketches, which would do credit to a professional artist. This journal was begun when he was eighteen years of age, and continued to within a fortnight of his death, a period of fifty-eight years."

William Veitch, Covenanter and Farmer.

IT is simply a record of history that James I. of England, his son, and his two grandsons, laboured assiduously to overturn the Presbyterian government of the Scottish Church. Charles II., when he had sought refuge with the Scots, signed the famous Covenant which bound all subscribers to defend the true religion, to oppose all errors and corruptions, to unite for the defence of the king and his authority, and for the preservation of the religion, laws, and liberty of his kingdom. But, with that want of sincerity which was a prominent feature of the Stuart kings, he used to observe that "Presbyterianism was not a religion for a gentleman." The religious persecution which ensued as a natural result of the king's determination to establish Episcopacy by force led to a serious insurrection. The people, following their own pastors, celebrated divine worship in the fields or glens of their native country; while, on the other side, severe penalties were enacted against all who attended these meetings or conventicles.

Many ministers, distinguished for real courage and sincere piety, sacrificed their interests to their religious principles; and amongst the most persecuted of these was William Veitch, the subject of this sketch. His father, John Veitch, was minister of Roberton, near Lanark, for 45 years, and William was born there in 1640. John, the second son, was minister of Westruther, in Berwickshire, for 54 years; James was ordained minister of Mauchline in 1656; and David was minister of Govan.

William took his degrees at Glasgow University in 1650. Owing to appearances that Episcopacy was apparently to be the established religion of the kingdom, he resolved to pursue the practice of physic. This, however, he was dissuaded from following, through the advice of Mr. Livingstone, minister of Ancrum, who, showing the great esteem in which his brothers were held in the Church, besought him to follow in their steps. In 1663 he became chaplain to Sir Hugh Campbell, of Calder, in Morayshire, but was forced to leave about September, 1664, for, according to law, none were permitted to be chaplains in families, to teach any public school, or to be tutors to the children of persons of quality without the license of the Episcopal Bishop of the diocese. He, therefore, returned home to his father, who had been ejected from his living, and had taken up his residence at Lanark, and while staying under the parental roof he became acquainted with Marion Fairlie (born 1638), whom he made his wife in November, 1664.

Scarcely had two years of married life passed over their heads when the first blast of persecution fell upon them. He was persuaded by the Rev. John Welch, minister of Irongray, to join that party of Covenanters which, after having raised 1,500 men, fell upon Sir James Turner's western forces, and made their commander prisoner. Their spirits having by this enterprise been considerably elevated, the Covenanters resolved to march on to Edinburgh for the purpose of obtaining reinforcements and provisions. From Bathgate they went to Collington, where Veitch, who was a daring man, was selected to enter Edinburgh to consult with Sir James Stuart respecting the assistance and supplies they stood so much in need of. He was captured and conveyed to Lord Kingston. Policy prompted him to offer himself as a volunteer in Kingston's front rank to march against the Covenanters, and thus he found an opportunity to escape. Not easily turned from his purpose, he now entered the city, where his errand proved fruitless, and, after being nearly captured by Dalziel's horse, he returned to Collington.

An encounter in which the Covenanters were defeated by Dalziel took place on Wednesday, the 28th November, 1666, at Rullion Green, near the Pentland Hills, and here Veitch had another narrow escape from being captured. Falling in with a company of the enemy's horse, he was carried along with them—they not knowing who he was. While descending a hill he made his escape, and found refuge in a shepherd's cottage on Dunsyre Common, not far from his own house. Here he remained in hiding for some days, when he managed to escape to Newcastle, where he took the name of William Johnstone.

At Newcastle he contracted a dangerous illness, after recovering from which he returned at great risk to Scotland to see his wife, whom he advised to retire to Edinburgh, in order to avoid the annoyance she was subjected to by the soldiery who were in quest of him. During

this visit to the West Hills of Dunsyre, he had another narrow escape, but contrived to return safely to Newcastle.

Proceeding soon afterwards to London, he preached frequently there, and was on one occasion only saved from an exasperated audience by the intervention of Colonel Blood, of crown-jewel fame. He returned to Northumberland and settled at Fallowlees, in Rothbury parish, in 1671. Here he combined farming with his religious labours; and, indeed, it was absolutely necessary that something should be done for the support of his family, as the fifth child made its appearance on the 19th of July, 1672.

The persecution he suffered here induced him to retire to Harnham Hall, where many attended his preachings. The mansion house of Major Babington was given him as a residence, and part of it was used as a place of worship. The township of Harnham is about one and a half miles south-west of Bolam, in which parish it is situated. The village stands on the summit of a huge sandstone ridge, which in ancient times was crowned by a small fort. The manor was held *in capite* by Bernard de Babington in 1272, but the antiquity of this family in Britain may be traced back as far as the Conquest. Major Philip Babington was owner of the estate during Veitch's residence there. His wife, Catherine, was the widow of Colonel George Fenwick, of Brinkburn, some time Governor of Berwick-on-Tweed, and eldest daughter of Sir Arthur Heselrigg, of Nosely, in Leicestershire. On her death at Harnham, which took place some time after June, 1670, she was refused Christian burial, because she had died under sentence of excommunication for not giving due regard to ecclesiastical rule. This uncharitable treatment perhaps embittered the soul of Major Babington against Episcopacy, and may, in a great measure, explain the hospitality he displayed towards the persecuted Covenanter.

Veitch was, however, not suffered even here to reside in peace, for the clergy persuaded one Justice Lorraine, of the Kirkharle family, to issue warrants for his apprehension. Previous to putting this into effect, the justice broke his leg in a drunken fit, and was deterred from his purpose. For four years Veitch resided at Harnham Hall, but, the estate having fallen into other hands through the death of his patron, the new landlord refused to continue Veitch as a tenant.

Removing now to Stanton Hall, in Longhorsley parish, in May, 1676, he fell under more persecution, especially from Thomas Bell—a Scotchman—who had been educated out of charity by the brother of Veitch. This ungrateful countryman now occupied the curacy of Allinton, and, in revenge for an affront put upon him by the minister of Westruther, he omitted no chance of destroying the prospects of William Veitch, until, at his instigation, Major Oglethorpe apprehended Veitch on Sunday, January 19, 1679, and carried him prisoner to the town of Morpeth, where he was detained twelve days. During the eleventh day of his imprisonment he wrote a letter to his wife, stating amid the few comforting assurances he could give her, that an order from Council commanded him to proceed to Edinburgh for examination as to his alleged misdemeanours. On receipt of this letter his heroic wife set out with a man-servant through a storm of snow, for perhaps a last look on her husband, and had but a short interview with him before the drums summoned the guard which was to escort him to Edinburgh. The townspeople in Morpeth, Alnwick, Belford, and Berwick, we are told, "from curiosity ran after him to gaze."

On the fifth day after Veitch left Morpeth, Thomas Bell met his death in a peculiar manner. He had been at Newcastle, and called at the residence of the curate of Ponteland while on his road home. The night was dark, the river Pont was swollen, yet Bell was not to be turned from his resolve to reach Allinton that night. Two days afterwards he was found, shoulder deep, frozen in the river Pont, his boots and gloves much cut by struggling in the ice.

The examination of Veitch took place before the Council on February 22, and, although nothing criminal could be proven against him, he was kept in prison. Shortly afterwards an order came from the king ordering him to be handed over to the Criminal Court which met in July, in order that sentence of death upon the old charge of treason might be passed upon him. Through influence at Court, he obtained his liberation, with banishment into England.

For some time afterwards he continned to conduct services through the western parts of Northumberland. In December, 1681, he was at Berwick, but the town was in great uproar through the news of the Earl of Argyle's escape from Edinburgh Castle, and Veitch deemed it advisable to retire to Bowsden, near Lowick, where lived his friend Luke Ogle, the ejected minister of Berwick.

While there he dreamed that his house at Stanton Hall was on fire, and awoke in great consternation, with the resolve to go home in the morning. Falling asleep, he dreamed the same again; and so impressed was he that all at home was not right, that he immediately set off. When within two miles of his own house he was met by his man-servant, who told him that search had been made for him for two days, as a stranger had made his appearance seeking shelter. The stranger was Argyle!

After consultation with Argyle, the two set off for London, the earl travelling as Mr. Hope. They reached Millburn Grange, eleven miles north-west of Newcastle, where Veitch was to preach that Sabbath, and on the Monday they proceeded to a friend's house near Newburn, where Veitch left Argyle in order to go to Newcastle, where he bought three horses for the journey at his own expense. After reaching London, Argyle went

to join Monmouth and other friends in Holland, where they were shortly afterwards joined by Veitch himself, who was "wanted" in England for the share he had taken in Argyle's escape.

The English and Scotch refugees in Holland, having received offers of support from England and Scotland, determined to attempt the overthrow of the Government of James II., and, for this purpose, the Duke of Monmouth was to invade England, while the Earl of Argyle landed in Scotland. Veitch was deputed by the refugees to instruct their friends on the borders of England and Scotland of their intentions; but he was obliged to hide in the Reedsdale district till after the execution of Monmouth and Argyle, whose scheme had utterly failed. In a wood near Newcastle, he remained in concealment for some time, and then ventured into the town to see his wife, who had removed thither.

Veitch's career until the king's indemnity was published was full of narrow escapes. He then ministered at Beverley for a short time; but, receiving a call to Peebles, he preached there from September, 1690, to 1694, when he removed to Dumfries. Here he continued to minister till his death, which occurred May 8, 1722, at the age of eighty-two. The partner of all his joys and sorrows, the mother of his five sons and five daughters, died the day before him, aged eighty-four years. They had been married fifty-eight years, and were both interred in the same grave in the old church at Dumfries.

E. J. Wilson.

Dinsdale Spa.

ONE of the few spas in the county of Durham—that of Dinsdale-on-Tees—reaches the centenary of its existence this year. It was quite by accident that the spa was first discovered.

Some workmen were excavating in search of coal in 1789. When at a depth of 72 feet in the whinstone rock, they came upon a spring, which burst forth with a strong smell of sulphur, accompanied with a great deal of smoke. This unexpected flow of water, as might be expected, compelled the men to relinquish their boring operations. However, they dug a hole in the channel made by the rushing water, so as to form a sort of bath—a very primitive one as we may easily imagine. Nevertheless, it answered its purpose, and the bath was, down to 1797, greatly appreciated by the neighbouring villagers. Then a bathing house was constructed for the use of visitors, the majority of whom lodged in the village of Middleton near at hand.

When it became known that sulphur water was good for rheumatic complaints and similar maladies, the fame of Dinsdale soon spread throughout the district. The first to receive relief in this respect was a man who, it is said, had been afflicted for many years with chronic rheumatism. After judiciously drinking the water from the spring, and using the bath, he began gradually to get renewed power in his limbs, and, finally, was completely restored. So we are told.

The claims of the sulphur spring at Dinsdale were brought to the notice of the general public at the beginning of the present century by Dr. John Peacock, of Darlington, and Dr. Thomas Walker, of Hurworth. Dr. Peacock, who published his Observations in 1805, thought that the sulphur water was most beneficial in chronic affections, particularly of a rheumatic and dyspeptic character, diseases of the liver and spleen, and "a whole host of cutaneous disorders."

Although, however, Dinsdale Spa has many advantages, very few people visit the place now. Indeed, it was more appreciated half a century ago than it is at the present day, notwithstanding the apparent inclination of well-to-do folks to seek rest and quietness in the vicinity of sulphur springs.

An interesting article in *Diet and Hygiene* gives some information anent the village of Dinsdale itself, including the owners of the estate. From this periodical we make the following extract:—"Very extensive Roman remains have been unearthed in the immediate vicinity of the manor house, and it is not improbable that, nearly eighteen centuries ago, Roman warriors availed themselves of the facilities for bathing in the water derived from the Dinsdale sulphur springs. At the side of the road leading toward the manor house, there is an ancient elm tree, said to be 700 years old, the survivor of two which formerly stood in that position, known as the Abbot's elms. The church of Dinsdale is very ancient, and has of late years undergone complete restoration. The church and lands connected with it were given by one Ralph Surtees and his wife to provide lights for the altar of St. Cuthbert. The manor and estate of Dinsdale are still in the hands of the Surtees family, who have been connected with Dinsdale since the Norman period. The family name is itself derived from the banks of the river on which the estate is situated. In old chronicles, we find the name of Ralph Dittensdale, also described in the bad Latin of that date as Ralph de Super-Teysam—Ralph of On-Tees; otherwise, in Norman French, Surteys, which has become modernised into Surtees."

Dinsdale Hall, which was erected fifty years ago, or thereabouts, by the first Earl of Durham, at a cost of £35,000, is a large mansion, and was formerly used as an hotel, when it numbered among its distinguished patrons the Duke of Wellington and the Baroness Burdett Coutts.

An amusing story, printed in the magazine quoted above, shows the effect of the sulphur vapour upon metals, especially gold and silver. A gentleman, so the story runs, divesting himself of his clothing for the

purpose of taking a sulphur bath, hung his silver watch on a peg in the bath-room of the Spa Hotel. After dressing, he went away in the direction of his lodgings, but, discovering that he had left his watch behind, quickly retraced his steps. Upon the attendant fetching the watch and chain from the bath-room, the gentleman indignantly declared that they were not his property, strongly asserting that his were made of silver. It was only when he was shown the maker's name on the watch, and the uncommon pattern of the chain attached to it, that he could be convinced of his error. E. W. A.

The Streets of Newcastle.

Northumberland Street and its Offshoots.

NORTHUMBERLAND STREET is, practically, a continuation of Pilgrim Street; but the difference in the name is easily enough accounted for when we remember that the ancient Gate (figured in vol. ii., page 81) frowned equally on both in former days. We take our start from the point where the old Gate once stood.

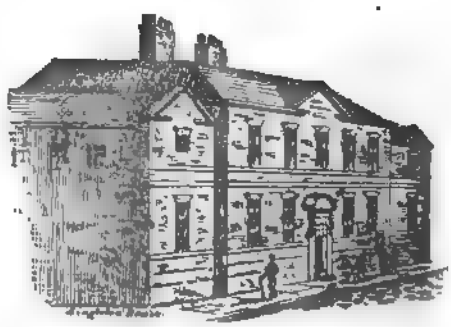
And first we are detained for a moment on our left hand by Northumberland Court. This small court has little to stay our progress to-day; and yet it has its item of interest all the same. Some thirty-seven years ago, one William Glover occupied the upper room in a tenement house here. He missed articles from his room, and these disappearances waxed frequent. So he devised a plan by which all unauthorised intrusion on his premises should be stopped for the future. And this was his plan. He obtained a large horse-pistol, loaded it with slugs, and then attached the trigger to the door of his room in such a way that anyone entering would cause the pistol to explode, not, of course, to the intruder's benefit. But how did he protect himself? Well, he was able to gain admission safely enough by previously pulling a string which passed through the frame of the door. Unfortunately, on the evening of December 6th, 1852, he entered his guarded room without observing this necessary precaution. Result: the pistol went off, and its contents killed him instantaneously.

On the same side of the way is Brunswick Place, at the end of which is the Wesleyan Chapel of that name. This building may be considered the headquarters of the Wesleyan body in Newcastle. It was opened for public service in February, 1821, when the preachers were the Revs. Messrs. Newton, Atherton, and Wood. Its exterior is plain even to barrenness; its interior commodious enough to accommodate two thousand persons. Some notable men have held forth here now and again. Dr. Morley Punshon won his rhetorical spurs in his early years as a stationed minister in Newcastle, and in after years few towns were visited by him with greater pleasure. Other Presidents of the Wesleyan Conference besides Dr. Punshon have occupied the pulpit of Brunswick Place. More than once the Conference itself has met in Newcastle. One of these meetings was held in the summer of 1840, when Robert Newton was president, and Dr. Hannah secretary. Two Ashantee princes were present on that occasion; but the local interest attaching to this particular meeting comes to this, that Mr. H. P. Parker, one of the foremost local artists of his day, presented the body with a large picture representing the rescue of Wesley from the fire of his father's rectory. The painting was afterwards engraved, and became widely known.

Passing on, let us pause for a moment at the Orphan House Wesleyan School. The stranger may note the date on the front of the building—1857. Right: and wrong. Right, for it was in that year that the schools of to-day were opened for educational purposes. But wrong in this wise: they stand on the site of the old Orphan House founded by John Wesley, the foundation stone of which he laid on the 20th December, 1742. (*Monthly Chronicle*, vol. ii., pages 504, 570.) The Methodists occupied this building until Brunswick Place Chapel was finished.

On this same side of the street we come next to Mackford's Entry, so named after its builder. Across the road is a small, quiet place, called Lisle Street, and then, a little higher up, we come to Saville Row, so named in honour of Sir George Saville, Baronet, who, during the years 1776 and 1777, resided here as colonel of the West York Militia. Ellison Place is a continuation of this street; and here we find the modern Mansion House—more precisely, the Judges' Lodgings at assize time.

Singleton House we arrive at next, formerly the residence of the Rev. Richard Clayton, by virtue of his



position as Master of the Mary Magdalen Hospital; subsequently occupied by Sir John Fife; then transformed into an academy; and now the photographic studio of Mr. Lydell Sawyer, and the centre of a series of temporary shops.

We are now opposite Prudhoe Street. On that side of the street, a step takes us to the doors of the Victoria Blind Asylum. Pause we a moment here, for a more deserving charitable institution there is not in Newcastle; and that, remember, is saying a good deal. Victoria? Why the name? The explanation is simple enough. The Asylum was built in honour of the Queen's coronation, in lieu of squandering money over illuminations and the like; and surely none can say that our city fathers were wrong in that idea. The determination to establish an

institution of this sort was formed in the month of February, 1838; but in the first instance premises were obtained in the Spital, whence the establishment was removed to the existing building in 1841. Behind the asylum there was once a Bowling Green, after the Forth had disappeared.

Across the road, again, we have Bath Road, so named by reason of its association with the Northumberland Baths. These baths owe their origin to a meeting convened on November 3, 1836, by the Mayor (Mr. C. J. Bigge), whereat Dr. Headlam and others supported the proposal that a lease should be obtained of about twelve acres of ground lying to the north of Saville Row, and that a company to consist of three hundred shareholders, at £20 each, should be established for carrying out the undertaking. The proposal was warmly taken up, and on June 24, 1839, the baths were formally opened. They were built from a design by Mr. Dobson, and the cost of their erection and fitting up was nearly £8,000.

Contiguous to the baths was a once rather favourite cricket ground, now the site of Dame Allan's Schools, St. James's Chapel, St. George's Hall, Cambridge Hall, and the College of Medicine.

St. George's Hall has been erected for the purposes of local volunteers, as has also its neighbour, Cambridge Hall.

Dame Allan's charity is attached to the parishes of St. Nicholas and St. John. The school was founded by Eleanor Allan, of Newcastle, who, in 1705, assigned for its support a farmhold and tenant-right in Wallsend parish. The farm, held of the Dean and Chapter of

Durham, contained about 131 acres; and when first assigned it brought in an annual rental of £61 19s. 5d. In 1708 this good lady died; and in the next year the school was opened in trust for forty boys and twenty girls, the parishioners agreeing to subscribe annually for the clothing of the scholars. Other donations towards increasing the benefits of the charity came in afterwards. In 1723, Gilbert Campel, "innholder," left it £20, and Samuel Nicholas, organist, £10. Mrs. Chisholm, a clergyman's widow, of Wooler, contributed £500 later on; and in 1733, Mrs. Elizabeth Rogers, of Newcastle, left it £50. In 1738, £250 was left by John Hewitt, or Huet, goldsmith, also of Newcastle. A good, sound, useful education is understood to be given to the scholars of Dame Allan's School. The new building is ornamented with a medallion of the benevolent founder.

A view of the College of Medicine, the foundation stone of which was laid by the Duke of Northumberland on November 5, 1887, appears on page 46, vol. ii.

St. James's Chapel, a spacious building, has sometimes been called by its supporters the Cathedral of the Congregationalists of the North. We have spoken of this body when dealing with Blackett Street, and need not repeat the story here.

We may now return to Northumberland Street by way of Ridley Place, a quiet street running parallel to Bath Road. Of Ridley Place there is nothing particular to be said, save that it was built by one Mr. Grey, and by that Mr. Mackford whose name we have already found associated with an entry a little way from the present spot.

Next to Ridley Place is Vine Lane, at the end of which stand St. Thomas's Schools. Some good work has been

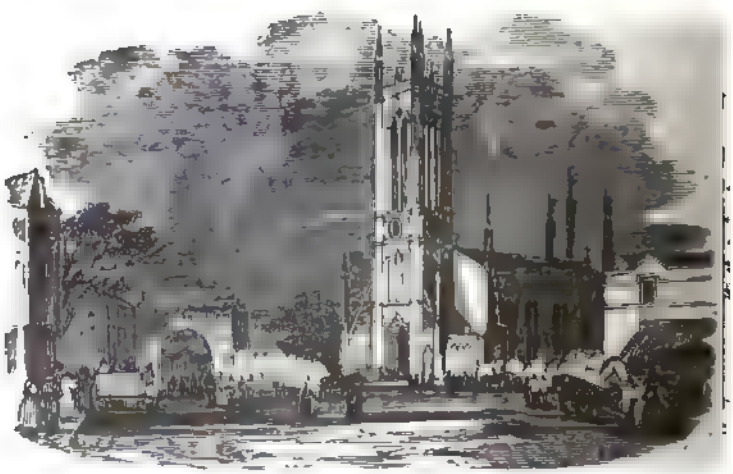
done here. Amongst old scholars in the boys' department may be mentioned Mr. J. J. Pace, the borough treasurer of Newcastle; Mr. Ralph Willoughby, the energetic superintendent of the Ragged and Industrial Schools in the New Road; Mr. T. Albion Alderson, organist and composer: the late Mr. William Mitcheson, for many years the head master of St. Andrew's School; Mr. Andrew Best, long the Workhouse schoolmaster; and others that might easily be named. These were all pupils of the late Mr. Henry Page, for more than twenty years the master of the boys' school, and a self-made man. Commencing life as a working joiner, he became a certificated master by dint of hard private study. Even his recreations were intellectual. He took to the solution of mathematical posers as the duck takes to water; in a game of chess he was a formidable opponent; and music was the solace of his lighter moments. He ended his days in Newcastle as the pensioned ex-master of the Victoria Blind Asylum. At St. Thomas's School he was succeeded by Mr. John Coulson, another self-made man, who from St. Thomas's went to Durham University, with the object of entering the ministry of the Church of England. In due course he was ordained; he was further successful enough to win the prize of a fellowship of his University, and became afterwards the vicar of Holy Trinity, South Shields.

We are now nearly at the end of Northumberland Street, so far as our right hand is concerned. We are quite at the end of it when we come to St. Mary's Place.

But before quitting it for good, let us record one of its traditions. Seventy years ago, one Alexander Adams, who lived in Northumberland Street, bequeathed a fortune amassed in commerce to his natural son, then a resident in India. The devisee soon after died in Calcutta, a bachelor, and left all he had to his cousin, Thomas Naters, who was settled in New York, in the United States. In October, 1836, Naters died in Switzerland, and left his fortune, amounting to between £200,000 and £300,000, to a respectable builder in Newcastle, named William Mather. The Swiss authorities were very loth to part with it, and claimed £50,000 as legacy duty. The British Government remonstrated, arguing that Naters was not a naturalised subject of Switzerland. The controversy went on for some time; but eventually the claim was settled by Mather consenting to pay the Swiss £12,000.

One more note we ought to make also, namely, that the houses terminating the north-west side of Northumberland Street were formerly called Pedlar, or Pether Row, as having been built by one who laid the foundation of his fortune by hawking or peddling.

Before us we have now the beautiful church of St. Thomas the Martyr. An old chapel of the same name stood for nearly six hundred years at the Newcastle end of Tyne Bridge. In the ninth year of the reign of James I. (June 12, 1611), this old foundation was, by Royal Charter, annexed to another venerable institution—the Leper Hospital, dedicated to St. Mary Magdalen. The time came when the ancient chapel, obstructing the traffic over the Bridge and blocking up the end of the Sandhill, had to be removed. It was pulled down, and in 1829 the present edifice, from designs by Mr. John Dobson, was erected in the Magdalen Field—the place whereon the Magdalen Hospital formerly stood. Our drawing, which originally appeared in Richardson's "Table Book," represents the church as it appeared about 1840. The ministers of St. Thomas's are Masters of the Hospital. One of the most popular of them was the Rev. Richard Clayton, and at his death, in 1856, it was considered that the time had come when the institution should be re-organized. Many were the heartburnings and squabbles over the matter, and needless is it to recall them now. Suffice it that a majority of the Corporation appointed as Mr. Clayton's successor the Rev. Clement Moody, Vicar of Newcastle, on the understanding that he was to accept such alterations in the constitution of the charity as might be adopted. The minority wanted an investigation into the state of the hospital by the Charity Commissioners; the congregation desired the appointment of the Rev. T. D. Halsted, Mr. Clayton's assistant, whose Evangelicalism had made him popular. A split was the result of the



ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, 1840.

appointment, with the consequence that the Clayton Memorial (now usually called Jesmond) Church was built by the dissatisfied members.

Lambton Castle.

LAMBTON CASTLE, the seat of the Earl of Durham, situate upon an imposing eminence rising boldly on the north bank of the Wear, about two miles from Chester-le-Street, in the county of Durham, occupies the site of Harraton Hall, formerly the seat of the D'Arcys. The original building was in the style of a manor house of the date of 1600. Considerable additions have since been made. The exterior presents a singular mixture of styles, the north front being Norman, and the other parts of the building, including the original portion, being Tudor and castellated, with ornamental turrets and embrasures. A terrace wall of considerable length and height faces the south. The whole is of varied outline, and produces, with its flag tower, an imposing and picturesque effect.

The principal part of the interior has been fitted up in the Italian style. The drawing-room, library, and other apartments are richly decorated, whilst the walls are adorned with the choicest specimens of ancient and modern art. Many of the more important pictures were on view at the Newcastle Exhibition in 1887. Amongst these were a portrait of Lady Hamilton, by Sir Joshua Reynolds; a portrait of Master Lambton, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.; and portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Garrick, by J. Zoffany, R.A.

In 1854, the greatest fear and alarm were entertained as to the safety of this costly and magnificent mansion. The coal underneath the site of the building was extracted as early as 1600. The old mode of working coal was by narrow drifts, leaving small pillars to support the roof, and these were sufficient at the time to bear the weight of the building above; but the upper seams, it appears, had only a covering of fire-clay, which, in course of time, decomposed. This, together with the additional weight put upon the surface by the enlargement of the mansion, caused the building, in 1854, to crack and shrink in several parts, rendering it unsafe and dangerous as a residence. Mr. John Dobson, the well-known architect of Newcastle, was consulted upon the subject. He immediately introduced iron ties, so as to prevent the building from further separating. The mines underneath were examined, and the old workings filled up with

LAMBTON CASTLE, DURHAM.

solid brickwork. These and other precautions have been found effectual, and the mansion was afterwards put into complete repair.

We are greatly indebted to Dr. Robert Hogg, proprietor of the *Journal of Horticulture*, for the loan of the engraving of Lambton Castle.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford.

John Buddle,

THE FIRST "MINING ENGINEER."

JOHN BUDDLE was born at Kyo, near Tanfield, in the Durham coalfield, in the year 1773. His father was a schoolmaster of repute, a contributor to the Diaries, a correspondent of Emerson, Hutton, and other eminent mathematicians, and the editor and annotator of a reprint of the Marquis of Worcester's "Century of Inventions," with an appendix "containing an historical account of the fire engine for raising water." Living amongst men whose chief pursuits were the winning and working of coal, the elder Buddle became intimately acquainted with the

business. His colliery friends, most of whom worked largely by "rule of thumb," found him of great assistance in making their calculations, and thus he obtained a knowledge of colliery operations which was afterwards instrumental in raising him from the humble position of a village dominie to the more exalted post of colliery manager. His first appointment in that capacity was at Greenside, near Ryton; his next and last at Wallsend.

Buddle the elder died in 1806, and Buddle the younger, having been his father's assistant for several years, was unanimously appointed to the management of Wallsend Colliery. He was then upwards of thirty years old, had acquired considerable reputation, and was regarded as the most promising viewer in the North-Country. He made experiments and introduced improvements at which the old viewers in the district shook their heads, as old men always do when an innovator appears. But the undoubted success of his schemes extorted from them an unwilling recognition of his wisdom, and admiration of his skill. The owners of Wallsend allowed him free scope for the exercise of his ingenuity, and he rewarded them by making their colliery the most successful in the kingdom.

One of his first improvements was the substitution of cast iron tubbing in shafts for the old and inefficient protection of wood. The heavy expense, and the fear that iron tubbing could not be made water-tight, or, if tight, that it would soon wear away by oxidisation, had deterred the old viewers from using it; but Mr. Buddle and his father adopted the metal, and it answered their fullest anticipations. There was one drawback to its usefulness, however, which had to be overcome. The tubbing was cast in large circular bands the size of the shaft, and these bands were naturally of great weight, and therefore difficult to deal with. To remedy this defect Mr. Buddle suggested that the bands should be cast in segments, and fitted together in the shaft. The segments were tried and succeeded admirably. When placed in position and properly wedged, they formed an irresistible barrier to the passage of water.

In 1809 Mr. Buddle successfully wrought out an idea to which he had devoted much anxious thought. His practical mind had long chafed at the difficulties experienced in effecting thorough ventilation. He had experimented in vain with steam, with heated cylinders, and with the air pump, and now he turned his attention to the furnace system, seeking to increase its efficiency and minimise its dangers. Combined with this object was another, namely, to prevent the loss of coal involved in leaving huge pillars to support superincumbent strata, and to stop the "creeps," with their attendant crushing and breakage, which followed attempts to reduce the size of the pillars. He, therefore, divided the workings into districts or panels, separated from each other by ribs or barriers of solid coal, and ventilated by distinct currents of air. By this means coal was obtained whole, the area of waste to be aired and travelled was reduced, "creeps," were seen in time and stopped, accidental fires were localised, and the workmen were supplied with purer air, and thereby rendered less liable to disease, disablement, and death.

Mr. Buddle contributed in no small degree to the

introduction and perfecting of the safety lamp. He had had sad experience of the want of such an invention at Wallsend, where, between the years 1782 and 1803, there were no fewer than eight explosions, in which, altogether, thirty-five persons lost their lives. At other collieries, too, his services had been frequently called into requisition by accidents of a similar nature. Year after year the holocaust of the mine destroyed its victims, till 1812, when public attention was roused into action by a disastrous explosion at Felling Colliery, in which ninety-two persons lost their lives. Out of that calamity rose a "Society for Preventing Accidents in Coal Mines." Sixteen days after the association was established, Mr. Buddle indited a letter to Sir Ralph Milbanke, the president, explaining the systems of ventilation then in operation, asserting that the limit of mechanical agency towards preventing explosions had been attained, and declaring that it was to scientific men only that the trade and the community must look for assistance in providing a cheap and effectual remedy. Before the month was out, Dr. Clanny, of Sunderland, had invented a "safety lamp," and exhibited it to the society. In less than two years from the publication of Mr. Buddle's letter the inventions of Sir Humphrey Davy and George Stephenson were made known, and the objects of the society were accomplished. Sir Humphrey was in constant communication with Mr. Buddle while his experiments on the nature and properties of flame were in progress; and when his lamp had been tested in some of the most fiery mines of the Northern coal-field, it was to Mr. Buddle's hands that Sir Humphrey committed it, as the best medium of making its benefits known to the mining community.

Mr. Buddle was one of the first, if not the first, coal-viewer in the North of England who made any noticeable addition to the literature of the coal trade. He was a lucid and careful writer, and his pen made the driest details attractive. When the Natural History Society of Newcastle was founded, Mr. Buddle was one of its principal supporters, and to the proceedings of that learned body he contributed several valuable papers. One of the best of them is a "Synopsis of the Newcastle Coalfield," written in 1830. On the visit of the British Association to Newcastle, in 1838, Mr. Buddle read a similar but extended paper, the sections and ingenious model accompanying which were deposited in the Newcastle Museum.

The importance of preserving mining records was earnestly advocated by Mr. Buddle throughout his career. He read an essay on this subject to the local Natural History Society in 1834, brought the question before the members of the British Association assembled in Newcastle, and made out so good a case that Parliament authorised the establishment of the present Mining Record Office, and the Crown appointed him one of the commissioners under the Dean Forest Mining Act.

The fame of Mr. Buddle's achievements led to his being employed largely as a consulting viewer. The third Marquis of Londonderry rested entirely upon his judgment in the management of his vast mineral property. It was he who advised the marquis to make a seaport town on his own estate, in order to facilitate the exportation of his coals. On the 28th of November, 1828, his lordship laid the foundation stone of the docks, with which the undertaking was commenced; and close by, his son, Lord Seaham, performed a similar ceremony at the first house of a town to be called Seaham Harbour. Beneath the dock stone was deposited a plate bearing an inscription, which, amongst other things, stated that "in this undertaking the founder has been chiefly advised by the tried experience and indefatigable industry of his valued friend and agent, John Buddle, Esq., of Wallsend."

As an employer Mr. Buddle was very popular amongst the pitmen. He paid the highest wages in the trade, and was liberal in his assistance to old pit acquaintances and deserving objects of charity. When an accident occurred he descended the pit with the men, sharing their hardships and encouraging them in their exertions. He made great efforts to establish a fund to provide for the widows and orphans of those who lost their lives in collieries, and for the support of such as were maimed and disabled, but did not succeed in realising the project. The education of the colliery population was also an object of his constant care. He contributed largely to the support of schools in the villages attached to the pits placed under his supervision, and was instrumental in in inducing other coalowners or agents to follow his example.

In politics Mr. Buddle was a Liberal—a supporter of Earl Grey and the Reformers. His religious views were of the same advanced character. He was a member of the Unitarian congregation which worshipped in Hanover Square under the personal superintendence of the Rev. William Turner, as were most of the leaders of thought and opinion in Newcastle at that time. But his sympathies and his charities were not limited to this or that particular denomination. He gave to all freely, judiciously, and without ostentation. When his useful and laborious life came somewhat suddenly to an end (October 10th, 1843) it was in a churchyard which he had himself presented to the suburb of Benwell that his remains were buried.

Mr. Buddle was a magistrate, and commander of the Wallsend Rifle Corps, enrolled on the 1st June, 1803, and numbering 151 men. He died unmarried, and left no one to inherit his name. But the inheritance of his example, of his energy, his skill, and his boundless enterprise, descending to men who caught their early inspirations at his feet, has exalted the practice of mine engineering to the foremost rank among scientific avocations. Whenever the history of the Northumberland and Durham Coal Trade shall be written by a qualified penman, a high

place must be assigned to the man who, converting the old colliery viewer into the mining engineer, minimised the hazard of subterranean exploration, and introduced comparative certainty and safety into the great mineral industry of the United Kingdom.

A correspondent enables us to add to the foregoing sketch a statement that Mr. Buddle, in his youth, was an ardent student of the violin; but, as his duties in the mines increased, he gave it up, preferring to work out problems for the benefit of the miners to the gratification of his own private pleasure. After twenty years' holiday he tried his violin again, but found that his hand had lost its cunning. He therefore adopted a larger instrument, a contra, or double bass, founded a musical party of amateur gentlemen, and kept them together for many years. This was about 1825, and the society continued until 1840. The gentlemen who formed the party were Mr. Atkinson, his nephew; Mr. John Cockrill, solicitor; Mr. Burnip, solicitor; Dr. Paul Glenton, an excellent player and judge of violins; Mr. Barnett, flautist; Mr. Robert Elliott Huntley, of Earsdon; his brother, Dr. G. H. Huntley, of Howdon Lodge; and Mr. W. S. B. Woolhouse, now living. At the sale of his instruments, some thirty years ago, a beautiful Guarnerius and a viola were not sold. The late Mr. Moses Pye was the auctioneer, and he was most particular to have them kept out of the sale. A beautiful instrument was bought by Mr. McQuade, of Fellside. A Ruggerius, for which it was said Mr. Buddle paid £170, fell to Mr. Thomas Hudson, South Preston, North Shields. The contra or double bass mentioned before has quite a history of its own locally. It was either made by, or more probably bought from, Mr. Corsby, of London, a celebrated maker and dealer. It passed to the late Mr. Morland, musical instrument dealer, Collingwood Street, Newcastle, whose shop is now occupied by Mr. Preston, his successor. At the sale of Mr. Morland's effects, the late Mr. Alfred Fox, furrier, Northumberland Street, secured it, and it is now ably performed upon, nightly, by Mr. Robert Preston, in the orchestra of the Theatre Royal, Newcastle.

William Bulmer,

FOUNDER OF "THE SHAKSPEARE PRESS."

The establishment of the Shakspeare Press was unquestionably an honour, both to the founders in particular, and to the public at large. Our greatest poet, our greatest painter, and two of our most respectable publishers and printers, were all embarked in one common white-hot crucible; from which issued so pure and brilliant a flame, or fusion, that it gladdened all eyes and hearts, and threw a new and revivifying lustre on the threefold arts of painting, engraving, and printing.—*Dr. Dibdin.*

In the middle of last century, several families of the name of Bulmer were citizens of Newcastle. Christopher, Thomas, and Edward Bulmer were free butchers; John was a member of the Incorporated Company of Feltmakers, Curriers, &c.; while another Thomas and another John belonged to the House Carpenters' Company. Into one of these two last-named families (the house carpenters), were born Fenwick and William Bulmer, whose happy lot it was to make the name known and remembered far beyond the limits of their ancestral home. Fenwick went to London, made a fortune in trade, and became Sir Fenwick Bulmer, Knight; William went to London also, and attained to universal fame as a reformer and improver of the art of typography.

William Bulmer was born in 1756. He served his apprenticeship in John Thompson's printing-office, Burnt House Entry, one of the narrow alleys extending from the upper part of the Side towards St. Nicholas' Churchyard. Thomas Bewick was serving articles at the same time with Ralph Beilby, and the two lads, meeting at the workshop of Gilbert Gray, bookbinder, struck up an acquaintance which lasted through life. Bewick tells us in his autobiography that Bulmer used to "prove" the cuts he (Bewick) had executed, being countenanced therein by his master, "who was himself extremely curious and eager to see wood engraving succeed." The writer of a biographical sketch of Mr. Bulmer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (from which much of what follows is derived), adds that Bewick and Bulmer made it a practice whilst youths to visit together every morning a farmhouse at Elswick, and indulge in Goody Coxon's hot rye-cake and buttermilk—dainties which that lady prepared for all who were inclined to enjoy a walk from the town before the business of the day commenced. It was Bulmer who printed the engraving of the "Huntsman and Old Hound," which obtained for Bewick the

premium of the Society of Arts, and to him is attributed the credit of suggesting to the rising engraver an improvement, which was afterwards adopted, namely, to lower the surface of his blocks in places where distance and the lighter parts of the cuts were to be effectively represented.

Soon after he was out of his time Mr. Bulmer made his way to London, and entered the employment of John Bell, printer of "The Poets of Great Britain, from Chaucer to Churchill"—a series of 84 (afterwards increased to 109) illustrated 18mo vols. About 1787 he made the acquaintance of George Nichol, bookseller to the King, who was then considering, in conjunction with Alderman Boydell, the best method of carrying into effect a proposed national edition of Shakspeare, illustrated by the first artists of the kingdom. Mr. Nichol found in Mr. Bulmer the man he needed to accomplish his great undertaking, and eventually the "Shakspeare Press' was established under the name of "W. Bulmer and Co." The first number of the "Shakspeare" appeared in January, 1794, and was pronounced to be equal to the finest productions of Bodoni, Didot, or any other of the great continental typographers. "The nation," remarks Dr. Dibdin, continuing the eulogy quoted at the head of this sketch, "the nation appeared to be not less struck than astonished, and our venerable monarch, George III., felt anxious, not only to give such a magnificent establishment every degree of royal support, but, infected with the matrix and puncheon mania, he had even contemplated the creation of a royal printing-office within the walls of his own palace."

The following year, while the Shakspeare and a folio edition of Milton were running through his press, Mr. Bulmer printed the "Poems of Goldsmith and Parnell," in quarto. "The ornaments," he announced, "are all engraved on blocks of wood by my earliest acquaintances, Messrs. Bewick, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne and London, after designs from the most interesting passages of the poems they embellish. They have been executed with great care, and I may venture to say, without being supposed to be influenced by ancient friendship, that they form the most extraordinary effort of the art of engraving upon wood that ever was produced in any age or any country. Indeed, it seems almost impossible that such delicate effects could be produced from blocks of wood"—an expression of doubt which the king endorsed by ordering Nichol to procure the blocks themselves from Mr. Bulmer that he might convince himself of their reality.

Stimulated by the public reception of the "Poems," Mr. Bulmer, in 1796, published a quarto edition of Somervile's "Chase." All the engravings but one in this beautiful volume were designed by John, and engraved by Thomas, Bewick. Other beautiful books followed—among them Dibdin's "Typographical Antiquities of Great Britain," and "Bibliographical Decameron," the "Antiquities of the Arabs in Spain," and the "Bibliotheca Spenceriana." This last-named work was considered to be one of the most brilliant bibliographical productions in existence, on the score of mere typographical excellence. Similar praise was awarded to the "Decameron. "It was acknowledged," says the *Gentleman's Magazine*, "to be the most eminently successful of all the works executed at the Shakspeare Press, in the development of the skill and beauty attached to the art of printing. Never was such a variety of ornament, in the way of woodcuts, and red and black ink, exhibited."

Mr. Bulmer's success was attributable to a rare combination of qualities—taste, tact, judgment, and foresight, aided by ceaseless industry and unremitting personal attention. He was the first to test the power and demonstrate the superiority of the Stanhope Press; he made his own ink, and thereby secured such uniformity of colour that, although the "Shakspeare" was nine years in passing through the press, the same harmony of tint and richness of colour prevailed throughout as if the ink had been all made at one time and the last sheet inked by the same hand in the same hour as the first; his paper was always most carefully tested; his workmen were the best the country could produce; and he superintended every detail of his business himself. When he retired in 1819, he had achieved an ample fortune, and secured the friendship of the most eminent men of the time.

While William Bulmer was building up the greatest printing business in the kingdom, his elder brother, Fenwick, was accumulating wealth as a druggist in the Strand. Early in their commercial career, both the brothers had been admitted members of the honourable band of Gentlemen Pensioners, now better known as her Majesty's honourable corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms. Of this band, William Gifford, editor of the *Quarterly Review*, was for a time paymaster. He was accustomed to send out every quarter circular letters to indicate that salaries were in course of payment, and, being upon terms of intimate friendship with the great printer, his notices to him sometimes sported into rhyme. Thus:—

O thou who safely claim'st the right to stand
Before thy king, with dreaded axe in hand,
My trustiest Bulmer! know, upon my board
A mighty heap of *cash* (O golden word!)
Now lies, for service done the bounteous meed;
Haste, then, in Wisdom's name, and hither speed:
For if the truth old poets sing or say,
Riches straight make them wings and fly away!

In course of time Fenwick and William Bulmer became the oldest representatives of the Gentlemen Pensioners at Court. When George IV. ascended the throne Fenwick Bulmer was the senior member, and in honour of the occasion, and in recognition of his services, the new king conferred upon him the honour of knighthood. Thereupon Gifford threw off the following effusion:—

TO WILLIAM BULMER, ESQ., BROTHER TO SIR FENWICK BULMER, KNIGHT.

Dread sir, whose blood to knighthood near
Is sixpence now an ounce more dear

Than when my summons issued last;
With cap in hand I beg to say,
That I have money to defray,
The service of the quarter past.

It is gratifying to be able to record that both the brothers Bulmer remembered in their retirement the town in which they were born. William Bulmer, a couple of years after he left business, made a valuable present of books, printed at his own press, to the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Society; Sir Fenwick, in April, 1824, a month before he died, sent the Incorporated Company of House Carpenters in Newcastle a gift of a hundred guineas, the interest of which he desired might be distributed annually at Christmas among the poor widows of the company. The books are still to be found upon the shelves of the Literary and Philosophical Society's Library; the interest, it is to be hoped, is still distributed among the poor women whom the donor designed to benefit.

William Bulmer died without issue, at Clapham, on the 9th September, 1830, and was buried in St. Clement Danes, Strand. There is a portrait of him as a young man in the "Bibliographical Decameron," and one of a later period in Hansard's "Typographia." Ours is taken from a likeness drawn on stone, in 1827, by James Ramsay.

Morpeth.

CAMDEN calls Morpeth "a famous little towne," but says little else about it. It had for a long time a more than Northumbrian notoriety on account of its being the seat of a weekly market for live cattle, corn, and provisions, by far the best frequented in the North of England. It was held on the Wednesdays, when upwards of two hundred oxen and two thousand five hundred sheep and lambs, besides a considerable number of pigs, were usually sold every week, principally for the consumption of Newcastle, Shields, Sunderland, and other towns further south. The development of the railway system, however, turned the tide of fortune in this particular to the more important central locality of Newcastle; and Morpeth market is now only a very moderate affair. In the olden time, still within the memory of many aged persons, no weary traveller who wished for a night's sound sleep would take up his quarters in Morpeth on a Tuesday night, as the market commenced early in the morning, and rest was thenceforth impossible, on account of the tremendous hubbub.

The Market Place is situated near the centre of the town; but it was not sufficiently capacious, in Morpeth's palmy days, for the numerous droves of cattle, flocks of sheep, herds of swine, &c., which were exposed for sale. The sheep pens partly fronted the shops, leaving only a narrow passage to the doors, and were partly set up in the narrow lanes and courts adjoining. The corn was sold by sample, which the live stock, of course, could not be, and the lowing and bleating, shouting and bawling, cursing and swearing, before every dealer got the place he wanted, formed a medley which Donnybrook or Bartlemy Fair could not well have outmatched.

The Market Cross was erected in 1699, at the joint expense of the Hon. Philip Howard and Sir Henry Belasyse, Knight. Near it, in Oldgate, stands an old isolated tower, the lower part of which contains the borough fire-engines, the next storey a clock, and above the clock a fine peal of bells hung for parochial use. "The Town Hall," says an old writer, "affords on a small scale the peculiarity of style which Vanburgh has exhibited more at large at Seaton Delaval, ten miles to the south-east, and at Castle Howard in Yorkshire." It was built by that distinguished Flemish architect, Sir John Vanburgh, in the year 1714, the cost of it being defrayed by his liberal patron, Charles, third Earl of Carlisle. The manorial court of the Carlisle family was appointed to be held in it. The building, however, was re-edified in 1870, from plans drawn by Mr. R. J. Johnson, architect, Newcastle, the façade being an exact reproduction of the former one.

Our view of the Market Place, showing the Market Cross, the Town Hall, and the old tower in Oldgate, is taken from Allom's Views in Westmoreland, Durham, and Northumberland, published by Fisher in 1833.

Two engravings of old scenes in Morpeth are given in Richardson's "Table Book." One shows an old mill by the bridge over the Wansbeck, as seen in 1844; the other the entrance to the old bridge itself from the north. This latter structure was the scene of a curious coach accident in the summer of 1828. Richardson records the occurrence under date of July 23:—"As the Wonder coach, on its return from Alnwick to Newcastle, was passing along the bridge at Morpeth, it was met by some carts, which caused delay, and one of the horses, eager to get on, began to plunge, and drew the coach against one of the guard stones on the east side; on which the wheel rising, threw the coach upon the battlement of the opposite side. Part of the battlement was knocked down, and three of the outside passengers, two men and one woman, trunks, coats, &c., were thrown over into the water. One of the passengers, Mr. Elliott, Jun., of Newcastle, whitesmith, had a very narrow escape from drowning. Great praise is due to Mr. Thew, currier, John Stephenson, and Joseph Hedley, for their exertions in rescuing the passengers from the water. Fortunately no serious injury was sustained."

Morpeth Parish Church stands on an eminence called the Kirk Hill, on the south side of the Wansbeck, on the west side of the post road, about a quarter of a mile out of the town, and not far from the castle. It is dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary, and its style of architecture

shows it to have been erected about the middle of the thirteenth century. Sidney Gibson, in his "Visits to Northumbrian Castles and Churches," describes it as follows:—"The nave is sixty feet in length by forty-six in breadth, with north and south aisles, divided by five arches. The chancel is forty-one feet in length by nineteen in breadth, and has four windows, each of one light,

ENTRANCE TO MORPETH OLD BRIDGE FROM THE NORTH.

on the south side. The great east window has five lights, with late decorated tracery, and is precisely in the style of the fine west window of Houghton-le-Spring—one of the most spacious and beautiful churches in the North of England. The western end of the church is surmounted by a tower, and there is a capacious porch. The edifice contains many features of great interest to the ecclesiologist—amongst others, a curious aperture in the external wall, which was probably appropriated to the hearing of confessions."

Anthony de Beck, Bishop of Durham, appropriated Morpeth Church to the chaplains officiating at his chapel at Auckland; but after his death, Ralph, the son of William de Greystoke, recovered by law the patronage thereof. The living is a rectory in the gift of the Earl of Carlisle, valued in the king's books at £32 16s. 8d. The rectory-house, which stands on the east side of the post road, is a very handsome building. It was rebuilt in the year 1768, by Oliver Naylor, then rector.

The time-worn ruin of the ancient castle crowns the eminence on the south side of the ravine which, further on, widens into the valley in which the town nestles. The old baronial fortress (the gateway to which is represented on page 170) occupies the summit of a high ridge of land, and is remarkable for the picturesque beauty of the view it commands over the valley of the Wansbeck. Wooded heights towards the west and higher ridges towards the north, bound the view on these two sides; but in other directions a more open country, finely diversified with woods and pastures, stretches away south-eastward.

There is no evidence that the Romans ever occupied the site, or that the place made any considerable figure under the Angles and Danes; but it seems probable that it was fortified, and that a "pele" or castlet was erected there by William de Merlay, immediately after the Norman Conquest. John of Hexham expressly affirms that there was such a fortress in existence in the year 1138, when he states that it was at "the castle called Morpeth" that Ranulph de Merlay, Lord of Morpeth, entertained on the nones of January in that year eight monks of Fountains, who built the monastery of Newminster. In 1215, the barons of Northumberland had recourse to Alexander II., King of Scots for protection against King John, who marched to the Borders, destroying with fire and sword all that came within his reach, as far as Berwick-upon-Tweed, where he committed inhuman barbarities. Amongst other places he burnt the castles of Morpeth and Mitford, also Alnwick and Wark; but Camden says the people of Morpeth burnt the town themselves, to prevent John and his followers getting any resting-place there on his infamous expedition. The castle was rebuilt, it seems, by Roger de Merlay, the last of that

OLD MILL BY THE BRIDGE OF MORPETH, 1844.

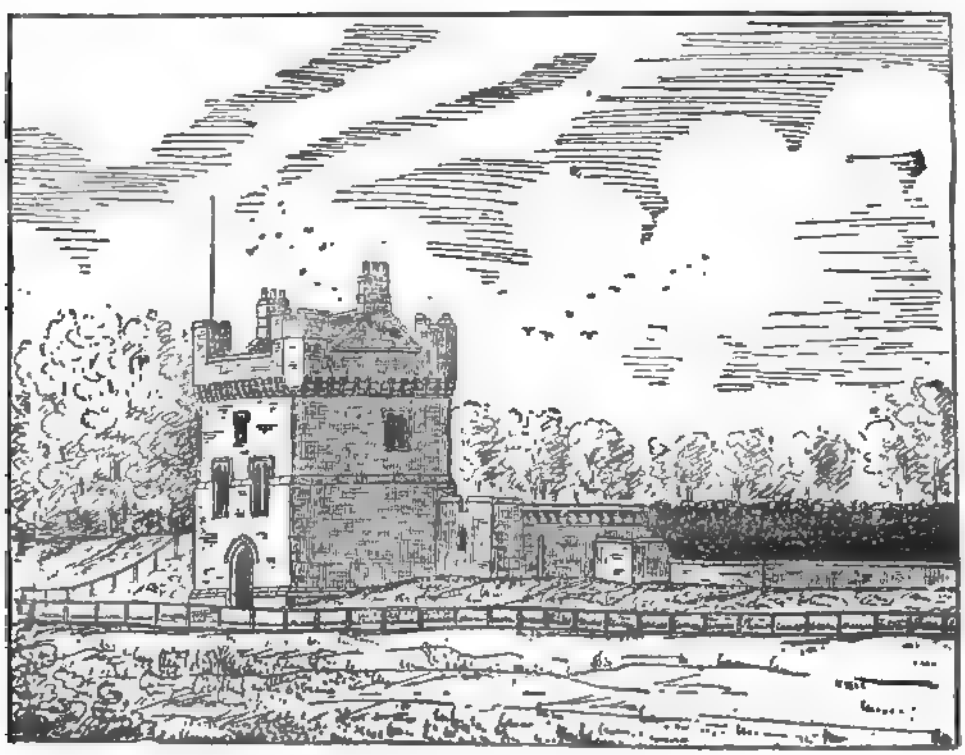
MORPETH PARISH CHURCH, 1859.

MORPETH MARKET PLACE, 1833.

illustrious house, who died in 1266. This nobleman stood loyally to King Henry III. during the Barons' War, and thereby "escaped the misfortune of seeing, as his neighbour the baron of Mitford saw, his patrimonial estate strewed like a wreck around him." As he had no heir-male, however, his daughter Mary carried them at his death into the family of her husband, William, Lord of Greystoke, "a race recorded eminent in deathless fame," one of whom, Lord Greystoke, who died at Brancepeth in 1358, rebuilt Morpeth Castle on a grander scale. Elizabeth, daughter and sole heir of the last of the Greystokes, married Thomas Lord Dacre, of Gilsland, called Lord Dacre of the North, in the possession of whose descendants the barony continued down till the reign of Elizabeth, when the honours and estates of George Lord Dacre, who died under age, descended to his two sisters, Ann and Elizabeth, of whom the latter married Lord William Howard, "Belted Will." (See vol. ii., page 532.) The grandson of "Belted Will" was created Lord Dacre of Gilsland, Viscount Morpeth, and Earl of Carlisle in 1661; and from him the present Earl of Carlisle is lineally descended and inherits the barony of Morpeth and its appurtenances.

Of the old stronghold of the Merlays, only some curtain walls now remain, if these, indeed, can be determined to date from so far back. A later fortified gate tower was built by William, known as the Good Baron of Greystoke, who died in 1359, and who occasionally resided at his castle of Morpeth. There are winding stairs to the top of the tower, which is remarkable for strength and beauty. It is embattled, and formerly had angular speculating turrets at the north-east and south-east corners, with a communication by an open gallery, which was supported on projecting corbels. In the centre of the arched roof of the gateway is a square aperture, calculated to annoy any such assailants as should get the mastery of the outer gate. The building was repaired some years ago, for offices of the agent of the owner, Lord Carlisle.

The castle was still a place of strength in the reign of Charles I. It was taken by the Scots, under General Leslie, in January, 1644; but they were driven from it in the following year, after a protracted siege of twenty days, by the Marquis of Montrose, the General for the King in Scotland. The trenches still visible to the westward of the castle were probably raised by Montrose's army. Leland, in his Itinerary, written in Henry VIII.'s time, says, "Morpith Castle standythe by Morpith towne; it is set on a highe hill, and about the hill is moche wood. Towne and Castle belong to the Lord



GATEWAY OF MORPETH CASTLE, 1888.

Dacres. It is well mayntayned." Hutchinson, whose "View of Northumberland" was published in 1778, says he found little remaining of the castle but the old gateway, and some miserable shattered parts of the outward wall, which enclosed the area and interior buildings. The space within includes about an acre of ground, measuring eighty-two yards from north to south, and fifty-three from east to west. It was converted in modern times into a garden, and no building of any kind now remains within.

Early Wars of Northumbria.

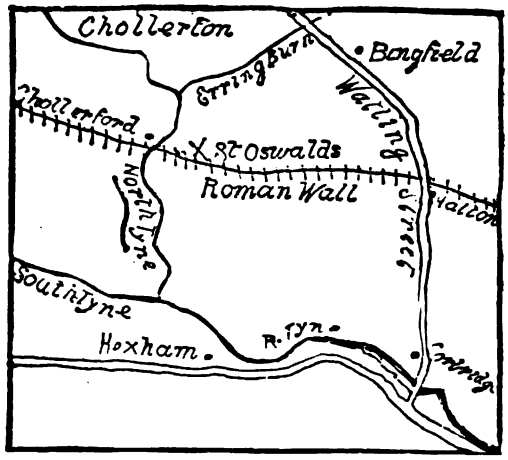
IV.

THE COMING OF OSWALD.

FOR a long period, in 634-5, the Britons were in undisputed possession of the plain of York. The Saxon "princelings" had been killed, and Cadwalla, their vanquisher, experienced little opposition to his onward progress. Being savage and cruel, he made periodic raids of vengeance into the northern parts of the territory, and seldom returned without a great haul of booty. It was during one of these high-handed exploits that the marauder's career was luckily checked. Oswald, the second son of Ethelfrith, was now heir to the unhappy land, and he was naturally anxious to regain possession of his own. Though trained among the holy men of Scotland, and by no means of a warlike disposition, the young prince was eminently cool and clear-headed. Waiting until Penda was thoroughly involved with his southern foes, Oswald suddenly entered Northumbria, consulted a few of his adherents, and then retired to a safe hiding place in the Cheviots. It was amid the secluded gorges of this mountain range that the details of an eventful compaign were settled. Though many hardy fighting men responded to their chieftain's call, and swore to aid in the expulsion of the domineering Welsh, they only constituted a small army for the accomplishment of such a serious task as lay before them. But though deficient in numbers, as Bede says, they were strengthened with the faith of Christ. When everything was in readiness for a move, Oswald explained that all who followed him must cast aside their idolatry, as he meant to fight for the reinstatement of that holy religion which Edwin and his queen had so auspiciously inaugurated. There being no dissentients to either the object or the plan of operations, the order was given for a general rendezvous in the beauteous valley of the North Tyne, and it resulted, as may be supposed, in a considerable acquisition of strength to the Anglian army.

RIVAL PREPARATIONS FOR THE STRIFE.

But the movement served to warn Cadwalla of the danger that threatened him. His savage hordes had been sweeping across the country like an irresistible tornado, and leaving in their wake long lines of smouldering homesteads and rotting carcases. They were resting in the vicinity of Hexham when the news of Oswald's advance reached them; and, therefore, crossing the Tyne with all speed, they secured a strong position on the heights beyond. There is considerable doubt as to the exact locality; but it is fair to infer that their camp,



stretched away to the rear of the present site of Beaufront, and intercepted the Northumbrian advance by way of Watling Street. If such was the case—and it appears extremely likely—the position would be guarded on its southern and western boundaries by the river, and on the north by the still formidable Roman Wall. Being bold, numerous, and well-equipped, the Welshmen had not the remotest fear of a reverse. They settled round their fires, shared their booty, and spent their leisure in revelry of the wildest kind. Their system of watching, however, must have been extremely defective. The Northumbrians appear to have been close at hand when this halt was called; but not caring to attack with an inferior force, they strongly entrenched themselves on a hill that overlooked the bridge at Chollerford.

BATTLE OF HEAVENFIELD.

It was here, on classic ground, that they resolved to await the onslaught which they knew their intrepid adversary would not long defer. But though in readiness, they were not idle. Bede—who wrote when the fight was actually in men's recollections—tells us that Oswald prepared a sign of the holy cross as the emblem under which he would make his stand, and that he persisted in rendering aid while his followers fixed it firmly in the ground. Then ordering all present to kneel, he raised his voice in the silence of this wild upland, and prayed for the help of heaven in the just war that was about to be waged against the haughty and fierce invaders. The supplication having concluded, and the first ruddy gleam of dawn having shown itself in the eastern sky, the ven-

erable chronicler goes on to say that the Northumbrians "advanced towards the enemy, and obtained the victory as their faith deserved." William of Malmsbury accepts the same story, and would have us believe that the Angles left their carefully planned entrenchments and risked an encounter in the open field, for no other reason than that it would be "highly disgraceful for them to meet the Britons on unequal terms." Such, of course, may have been the chivalrous feeling of Oswald, but, to say the least, it is very improbable. It is much more likely—seeing that a kingdom was at stake—that he husbanded his strength behind the earthworks that formed the first line of his hill defence, and hoped his choice of place would help to make amends for his lack of numbers. And this it most assuredly did. Whether the Welsh attack was delivered at early morn or dewy eve, it was both fast and furious when it did come. Cadwalla, "the fierce afflictor of his foes," fully sustained his reputation. He led his daring followers towards the Northumbrian position amid a shower of missiles, and tried to penetrate the wall of spears that bristled behind their ramparts. But his utmost efforts were unavailing. One contingent after another endeavoured to overcome the steady throng which gathered round the Northumbrian prince, and each in turn was compelled to retire in confusion. Then came the warlike Welshman, with his best and bravest, and the crucial point of the struggle was at once reached. As the southern chief rushed at the obstacle before him—probably, says a modern writer, constructed from the *debris* from the Roman vallum itself—a fatal shaft pierced his breast, and he dropped backwards in full view of the combatants. Dismayed at the fate of their fallen leader, the Welsh wavered, and the momentary hesitation threw the rearmost contingent into some disorder. Seeing the evident uncertainty of his assailants, and noting their lack of fire and enthusiasm, Oswald judiciously let loose his Angles, and, dashing headlong on the disheartened foe, turned a slight repulse into an irretrievable disaster. Flying in all directions, the Welshmen were cut down in hundreds. The carnage became so horrible, indeed, that "the heaps of slain were countless." They were thickest near that portion of the old wall which lay between them and their late encampment. Throwing away their arms, in order the more readily to scramble over, they died there as so many thousands of the Ottadini had done two or three centuries before. "Never was day more lamentable for the Britons, or more joyful for the Angles." It completely dissipated all hope of the ancient stock ever becoming a permanent power in the land again. It proved, beyond all question, that if the Anglians had come as helpers, they meant to remain as rulers. It was a victory so thorough and so complete that only few of the invaders survived it, and led many of the monkish writers to assert that nothing but the interposition of celestial power could have so utterly confounded Oswald's foe.

THE SCENE OF THE FRAY.

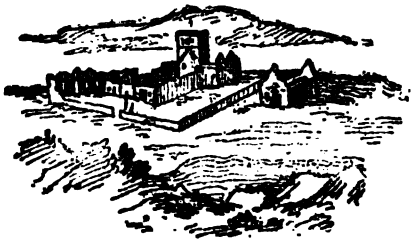
Whether it was a belief of this kind that led to the site of the battle being called "Heavenfield," it would be impossible to say; but Bede vouches for the fact that, at a later day, the brethren of the church at Hexham used to make annual pilgrimages to the spot, and there watch and pray for the repose of St. Oswald's soul. So largely did this custom grow, even before Bede's time, that he tells us "they have lately made the place more sacred and honourable by building a church at it"—the first, in all probability, that the followers of Christ ever reared in Northumbria for memorial purposes. In its locality, in later years, wooden crosses have frequently been found; and, if we believe Camden, a silver coin of Oswald's—with his bust on one side and a cross on the reverse—was brought to light during the progress of some repairs to the structure in the time of Queen Elizabeth. These are circumstances which must be taken into account in determining the actual scene of the battle. The strongest evidence, however, is to be found in the fact that the position taken by Cadwalla, after his move from Hexham, is just what a skilful leader would have taken if his object had been to intercept a hostile advance from the north. It effectually covered both Watling Street and the Devil's Dyke—a few miles south of their junction—and had the ready made defence of the Roman Wall between it and the expected enemy. That Cadwalla failed to place sentinels on that rampart is inexplicable. It may be, as historians tell us, that he misjudged the capacity of the small force that was being led against him, and felt sure he could oust them, at his own time, from any position that the natural character of the neighbourhood would enable them to select. He was mistaken, as many a greater man has been since, and yielded up his valiant life as the penalty.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

This decisive battle has been variously named. Some have called it Heavenfield, from the circumstance of the cross; and some Haledown, or Holy Hill, from the fact that a square entrenchment is still visible near the village of Halton. But there have been so many centuries of warfare in south Northumberland that the prevalence of earthworks cannot be regarded as of much moment. Bede, though he indicates the district clearly enough, speaks of the fight as having taken place near Denisesburn—doubtless a brook that flowed in the vicinity. There is no stream so designated in the present day; but in the Erring burn—which enters the North Tyne a short distance above Chollerford—we evidently have the watercourse referred to. As all these places are in a cluster, it is of little consequence, perhaps, which name is used. Their enumeration is mainly important as helping to strengthen the belief that the centre of the fight was between the Erring burn and the Wall—the site, in fact, on which St. Oswald's Church still perpetuates the Northumbrian triumph.

CONSEQUENCES OF THE ANGLIAN VICTORY.

The happiest results followed the discomfiture of the pagan host. Bernicia and Deira were again united under one king, and, by his wise and merciful administration, soon recovered some of their old prosperity. In the new ruler, the Christians had a firm friend. No sooner was he securely seated on the throne, we are told, than he began to devise means for reclaiming such of his countrymen as had lapsed into heathendom, and for the conversion of those who had remained without the pale. To accomplish his object, he sought aid from the monks of Iona—the



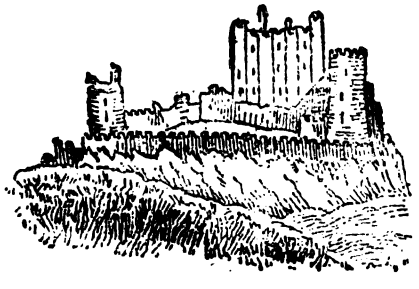
holy men amongst whom so much of his own exile had been spent. The request was granted, and in the summer of 635, Aidan commenced his labours amongst the lowly dwellers of the northern dales. Having established himself at Lindisfarne—now known as Holy Island—he commenced that marvellous mission which has since been the admiration of the world. Though the language spoken by the Angles was an unknown tongue to the kindly monk, he was by no means discouraged. Accompanied by Oswald in person, he began his exposition of the new faith, and "it was a most touching spectacle," we read, "to mark how patiently and carefully the king interpreted the word of life as it fell from Aidan's lips, and made it a living reality to the listening throng." In seven days, if the story can be credited, as many as 15,000 persons were baptized in the rippling streams around the royal residence at Bamborough; and similar scenes were oft repeated elsewhere. As an evidence of the earnestness of the converts, and the munificence of the king, a noble monastery soon rose above the cliffs of Lindisfarne. Being occupied by earnest teachers from Scotland, the new building at once became the centre of a grandly civilizing system. Its offshoots were quickly seen at Tynemouth, Hartlepool, Gateshead, and other distant localities. Its missionaries spread over the heathen realms far south of the Humber, and the reception of the new faith generally marked the people's submission to Oswald's authority. Slowly, but steadily, his power increased. First Wessex, then East Anglia, and afterwards the Picts and Scots, came to acknowledge his sway; and ere long the King of Northumbria was again chief among the rulers of the Heptarchy.

OSWALD'S DOWNFALL AT MAESERFIELD.

In his exalted capacity as Bretwalda, Oswald exercised an influence over his kinsmen that was eminently beneficial, and pursued a policy that augured well for the national weal. He strove to imitate the wise administration of Edwin rather than to eclipse the warlike glory of Ethelfrith, and in this path he would have been content to labour if Fate had so willed. His peaceful exertions, however, were not to continue. After reigning eight years, and when in the full floodtide of his prosperity, he was suddenly called upon to battle once more with the pagan hosts. Penda—who had watched with indifference the priestly missions to Wessex—could not tolerate Northern interference with the affairs of East Anglia. Gathering his savage Mercians quietly together, he overran that country, slew its religious ruler, and then annexed it. To avenge this slaughter and release his fellow-Christians from the pagan yoke, Oswald, in 642, led an army of Northumbrians into the enemy's land. A battle ensued at Maeserfield—a place adjacent, probably, to the present town of Oswestry—and the Northern force sustained a crushing defeat. Oswald, fighting bravely, died with his soldiers; and his body, when afterwards found among the slain, was subjected to the grossest indignity. After striking off the head and arms, Penda had them fixed upon stakes of wood, and reared above the scene of conflict. In this manner, it is said, he hoped to keep the monks away from his own land. The plan, for a time, seemed fairly effective, but, in the end, the disciples of Aidan carried off the relics to Lindisfarne, and, with their stories of miraculous healing, soon made the maimed limbs more powerful than the arms of the living man.

MERCIAN EXCESSES—ATTACK ON BAMBOROUGH.

The condition at Northumbria, for some years after the crushing defeat of Maeserfield, was by no means an enviable one. The country—being distracted by civil wars between rival claimants for its throne—lay at the



mercy of Penda, and he made desolate many of its richest and fairest valleys. From the Humber to the Tyne, and thence onward to the Cheviots, he everywhere showed his victorious banners. Even the royal seat at Bamborough—with its commanding fortress on the rock—was besieged

by him; but its splendid position rendered it impregnable to all ordinary assaults. Disappointed by his repeated failures, he pulled down all the adjacent cottages, and, piling the wood against the outward walls of the stronghold, set the mass on fire—in the hope, apparently, that he would destroy both building and garrison at one swoop. But this disaster, as the old writers assure us, was most providentially averted. The attempt was witnessed from a hermit cell on the Farne Islands, and Aidan thereupon raised his voice in prayer against the iniquity of the deed. "Never was supplication more efficacious. The wind that, at first, was blowing fair for the pagan object, was instantly changed, and, instead of the flames lapping the castle walls, they were driven back to the discomfiture of those who had kindled them."

WILLIAM LONGSTAFF.

Though not marked on our map, Portgate—a notable station on the Roman Wall—occupied a position a little to the west of the spot at which Watling Street crosses it. Two miles north of this point, the Devil's Dyke branched away to the right, and, according to "Roy's Military Antiquities," crossed the Wansbeck at Aggerton; the Coquet at Brinkburn; the Aln near Whittingham; the Beamish below White House; the Till near Fowberry; and the Tweed in the neighbourhood of West Ord. Watling Street, which ran towards the north-west, passed through the stations of Risingham and Rochester, in Redesdale; and thence by the Golden Pots, on Thirlmoor, into Scotland.

Our first illustration gives a view of Iona, "that illustrious island," as Dr. Johnson says, "whence the savage clans and roving barbarians of Northumbria and Scotia derived the benefits of knowledge, and the blessings of religion." It need hardly be said that the monastic ruins are not those which St. Columba founded. They are the remains of a later erection; but they serve to identify a spot, with its surrounding of wild waters, "where the highest in rank came to bow before the greater eminence of exalted piety."

The view of Bamborough is only part of a larger sketch in Scott's "Border Antiquities." It is more than probable that not a particle of the existing building can be traced back to the early period of which we write; but while saying this, it is by no means certain that the whole of the magnificent fortress should be credited to the Normans. The square keep, with its close resemblance to those of Rochester and Dover, was undoubtedly erected after the Conquest. As to the round towers, however—which are seen on the landward side—many people believe them to have been raised by the Saxons, although at a date something like three centuries later than Aidan or Penda.

Cost of Newcastle Mayoralty a Century ago.

WILLIAM CRAMLINGTON, who was Sheriff and twice Mayor of Newcastle during the closing years of last century, left behind him the following account) now published for the first time) of the money he had spent in sustaining the dignity of his office, the sums he had received from the town, and the balance to his debit in the end. It should be remembered that, at the time named, the chief magistrate of Newcastle lived at the Mansion House in the Close, and exercised unbounded hospitality. Note may also be made of the fact that during his second term of office Mr. Cramlington tried to be economical, and did not spend much more than half the sum that his first Mayoralty cost him:—

1776. September 20. This day I was chosen Sheriff of Newcastle. Cost	£315	3	2½			
Deduct Salary £140, Gown £18	158	0	0			
				157	3	2½
1786. September 18. Chosen Alderman.						
1788. Elected Mayor. Cost	2,051	13	9½			
Town's allowance.....	1,333	7	6			
				718	6	3½
1796. September 20. Again elected Mayor. Cost	1,083	2	10			
Reduced expenses with town's allowance.....	868	17	5½			
				214	5	4½
Balance (Loss)				£1,089	14	10½
If at home, deduct two years' housekeeping at £500 each				1,000	0	0
Vide Book of Accounts in the closet.....				£89	14	10½

The alderman who thus frankly admits us into his confidence was descended from an ancient and honourable Northumbrian family. He was a son of Lancelot Cramlington of Earsdon, and carried on the business of a hostman, or coalfitter, having his offices, according to Whitehead's Directory 1787, at the foot of the Broad Chare. On the 18th May, 1752, he married, at All Saints' Church, Anne Scott, half sister to Lords Eldon and Stowell, by whom he had four children. Only one of them, Anne, lived to maturity, and she married John (afterwards Sir John) Chrichloe Turner, agent for the Greenwich Hospital Estates in the North, and for over thirty years owner of the leasehold estate of the Castle Garth, including the Old Castle. Losing his wife on New Year's Day, 1764 (she was buried, with her children, at All Saints', near the north wall), Alderman Cramlington married again. He chose for his second wedding day, in 1772, the same day of the month (May 18) as that upon which his first marriage had been celebrated, and for his wife Anne, daughter of William Lake, of Long Benton, half-sister of Robert Lake, Commissary-General of America, and widow of Lewis Hick, of Newcastle, hostman. By Mr. Hick she had children, one of whom was married to Robert Shaftoe Hedley, Mayor of Newcastle in 1799; by Mr. Cramlington she had no issue.

The late Mr. James Clephan was accustomed to relate a wonderful pun that the alderman made upon one of the famous river excursions which the Corporation were accustomed to take every Ascension Day. From some cause or other the Mayor's barge sprung a leak, and there was consternation on board. Nathaniel Punshon, the Under-Sheriff, expressed considerable alarm upon the occasion. "Don't you be afraid!" said Alderman Cramlington to him; "you are safe enough even if the whole Corporation go to the bottom." "How can that be?" queried the frightened and puzzled official. "Why," replied the alderman, with a twinkle in his eye, "an empty punshon always floats!"

Alderman Cramlington died at his house in Pilgrim Street on Saturday, the 12th of May, 1810, at the good old age of eighty-five. RICHARD WELFORD.

The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stokoe.

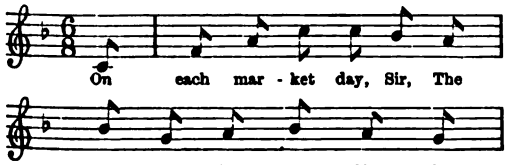
THE QUAYSIDE SHAVER.

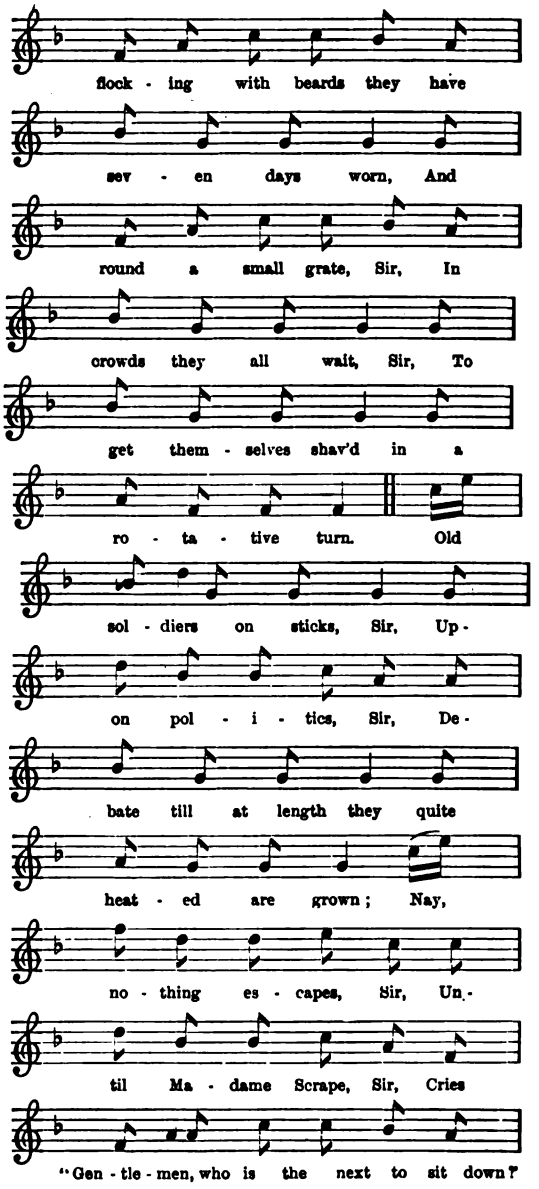
IN our great-grandfathers' and even in our grandfathers' days, every decent Englishman had his chin clean shaved once a week, or oftener. Whiskers were a mark of swellism; moustachios were unknown; and the barber's vocation was in such a busy and flourishing condition that even some of the opposite sex were tempted to try their hands at the tonsorial art.

Sykes, in his "Local Records," under date 1794, states:—"Formerly on the Sandhill, and at this time on the Quay, near the Bridge, Newcastle, were people (chiefly women) who in the open street, on market days, performed the office of barber, at one-half the regular price."

Mr. William Stephenson, senior, the author of this popular song, and probably the oldest known writer of local ditties, was born in Gateshead in 1763. He was a clock and watchmaker to trade, but spent the best part of his life as a schoolmaster, on the Church Stairs, Gateshead. In 1832 he collected and published his poems and songs, in a thin octavo volume, dedicated, by permission, to the Rev. John Collinson, the then rector of Gateshead. The principal poem is entitled "The Retrospect," and introduces and deals with the eccentric and well known characters of Gateshead, as he knew it in his youth. Among others he mentions an old soldier named Tom Lough, whose wife was one of the Quayside Shavers, and handled her razor as deftly as the best of them. Nothing more is known of her, except that her manners and address to her customers are faithfully represented in the song. Mr. Stephenson died at Gateshead on the 12th day of August, 1836, aged 73.

The song also appeared in John Bell's "Rhymes of the Northern Bards," published 1812, and we are indebted for the melody to the same indefatigable collector, whose copy is now preserved in the archives of the Society of Antiquaries, Newcastle.





A medley this place is,
Of those who sell laces,
With fine shirt-neck buttons and good cabbage nets;
Where match-men at meeting
Give each a kind greeting,
And ask one another how trade with them sets;
Joined in with Tom Hoggars,
And little Bob Nackers,
Who wander the streets in their fuddling gills;
And those folks with bags, Sir,
Who buy up old rags, Sir,
That deal in fly cages and paper windmills.

There pitmen with baskets
And fine posey waistcoats,
Discourse about nought but who puts and hews best;
There keelmen, just landed,
Swear "May they be stranded,

If they're not shaved first, while their keel's at the *fest*";
With face full of coal dust,
Would frighten one almost,
Throw off hat and wig while they usurp the chair;
While others stand looking,
And think it provoking,
But, for the insult, to oppose them none dare.

When under the chin, Sir,
She tucks the cloth in, Sir,
Their old quid they'll pop in the pea-jacket cuff;
And while they are sitting,
Do nought but keep spitting,
And looking around with an air fierce and bluff;
Such tales as go round, Sir,
Would surely confound, Sir,
And puzzle the prolific brain of the wise;
But when she prepares, Sir,
To take off the hairs, Sir,
With lather she whitens them up to the eyes.

No sooner the razor
Is laid on the face, Sir,
Than painful distortions is seen on the brow;
But if they complain, Sir,
They find it in vain, Sir,
She'll tell them "There's nought but what patience can do."
And as she scrapes round 'em,
If she by chance wound 'em,
They'll cry out as though she'd bereaved them of life;
"Od smash your brains, woman!
As find the blood's comin'!
As'd rather been shav'd wiv an asd gully knife."

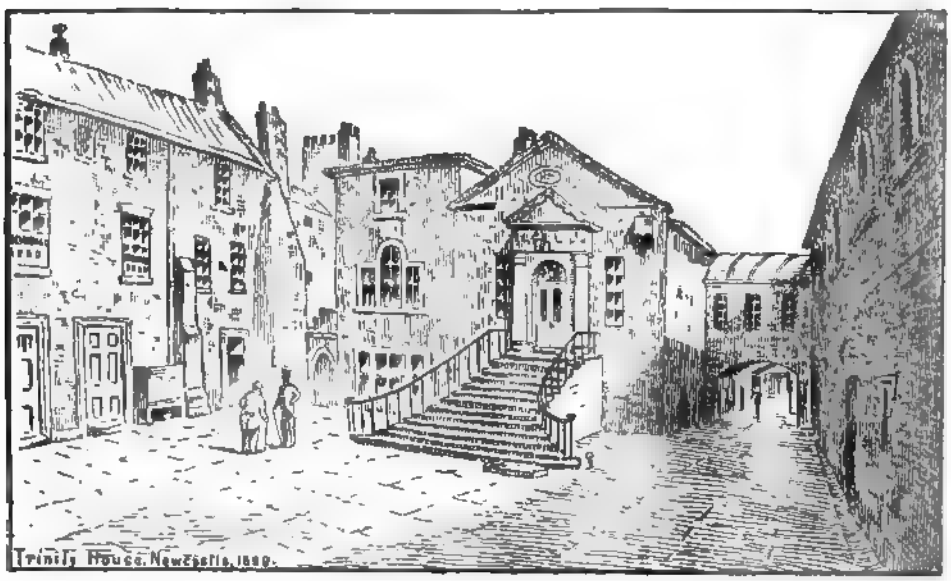
For all they can say, Sir,
She still rasps away, Sir,
And sweeps round their jaw the chop-torturing tool;
Till they in a pet, Sir,
Request her to whet, Sir,
But she gives them, for answer, "Sit still, ye fond fool."
For all their repining,
Their twisting and twining,
She forthwith proceeds till she's mown off the hair;
When finished, cries "There, Sir,"
Then straight from the chair, Sir,
They jump, crying, "Daresay you've scraped the bone bare."

The Trinity House, Newcastle.

TO the ordinary Novocastrian, the neighbourhood with which we are about to concern ourselves is mostly a terra incognita. Certainly, no visitor passing along the Quayside, or entering the city by the elevated railway at the Manors, would guess that such an oasis as the Trinity House could be found in that labyrinth of not over fragrant lanes, entries, and chares, which intersect and permeate the locality where Newcastle merchants most do congregate.

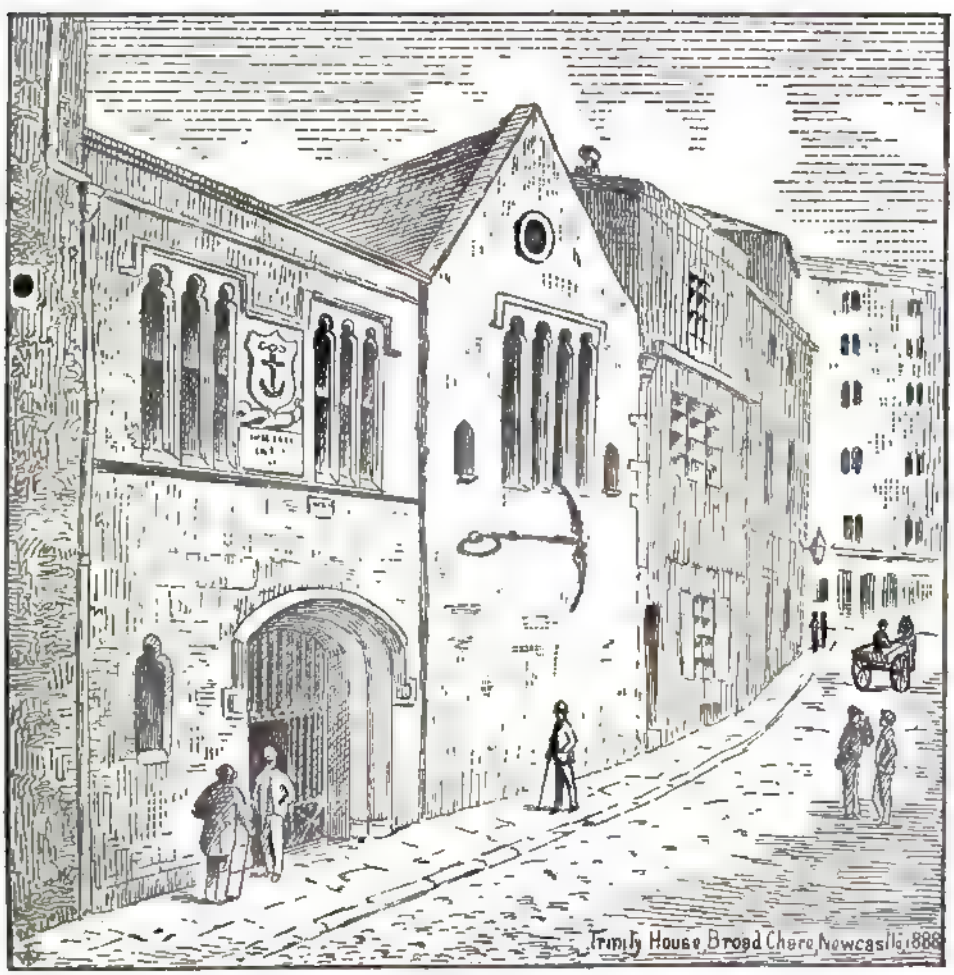
The visitor may reach the Trinity House from the Quay by way of Trinity Chare, or by going up the Broad Chare, and entering by the "great gate" to the left. This is the entrance gate referred to in the old books of 1632, "For men paintyng and gildinge the great yatte in the Brod Chair, 4s." The feeling of surprise and pleasure on passing from ancient slum into an atmosphere of affluent antiquity, is most marked, or felt, if the first visit be paid after the hot glare of a mid-day sun on the Quay has been experienced, and then the cool and enjoyable shade of old Trinity, brave in its coating of clean whitewash and paint, comes indeed as a grateful change.

The Trinity House is the ancient abiding place of the "Guild of Masters and Mariners," not one of the original "Twelve Mysteries," but one of the "Fifteen Bye-Trades," of the "Free Incorporated Companies" of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, which in past centuries played such important parts in building up and sustaining the trade and commerce of the Northern centre of power and


Trinity House, Newcastle, 1889.

wealth. The establishment of this ancient society reaches far back into antiquity. A purely voluntary union for mutual protection was doubtless its first origin.

The first trustworthy record of the Trinity Corporation is the purchase of the site of its present house, January 4th, 1492, of Ralph Hebborn, or Hebborne, of Hebborne, by "The Guild or Fraternity of the Blessed Trinity of Newcastle-upon-Tyne." The transaction was really a gift, as the consideration was to be "a red rose, if demanded, to be paid yearly, at midsummer, for ever." It is described as in "Dalton Place," probably named after a previous owner of the property, and by a resolution of the house, in writing, still preserved, dated January 4th, 1505, "a hall, chapel, and lodgings for the brethren" were ordered to be erected. Again, Robert or Thomas Hebborne, son of the former benefactor, by a deed dated September 9th, 1525, conveyed to the fraternity some additional buildings on the north side of the aforesaid Dalton Place, thus enlarging the site, for which "a pottle of wine, if demanded," was to be paid yearly, on the vigil of St. Peter and St. Paul. So that for nearly four hundred years, through all the changes in the stream of time, and in the course of startling local historical vicissitudes, the brethren of the Trinity House have enjoyed and retained their secluded retreat. Both their privileges and their duties were enlarged as time progressed. Henry VIII. granted a new charter of incorporation, Oct. 5th, 1536, "with a common seal, to implead and be impleaded." They were now first licensed "to build and imbattle" the High and the Low Lights, in Shields Harbour, "for the support of which they were empowered to receive 4d. for every foreign ship, and 2d. for every English vessel, entering the port of Tyne." Subsequent confirmations and extensions of the charter were granted in the reigns of Edward VI., in 1548, Mary in 1555, Elizabeth in 1584,



and James I. in 1606 and 1607. Queen Elizabeth refounded the society under the name of "The Masters' Pilots, and Seamen of the Trinity House, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne," and James I. constituted the society with a master, twelve elder brethren, two elder wardens with their two assistants, and two younger wardens with their assistants, and a jurisdiction extending from Blyth to Whitby, which was afterwards extended to Holy Island. The rights of pilotage, primage, lightage, with buoying, canning, marking, and beaconing the river, were conferred and confirmed, and a list of rates chargeable by the society were set forth in full detail.

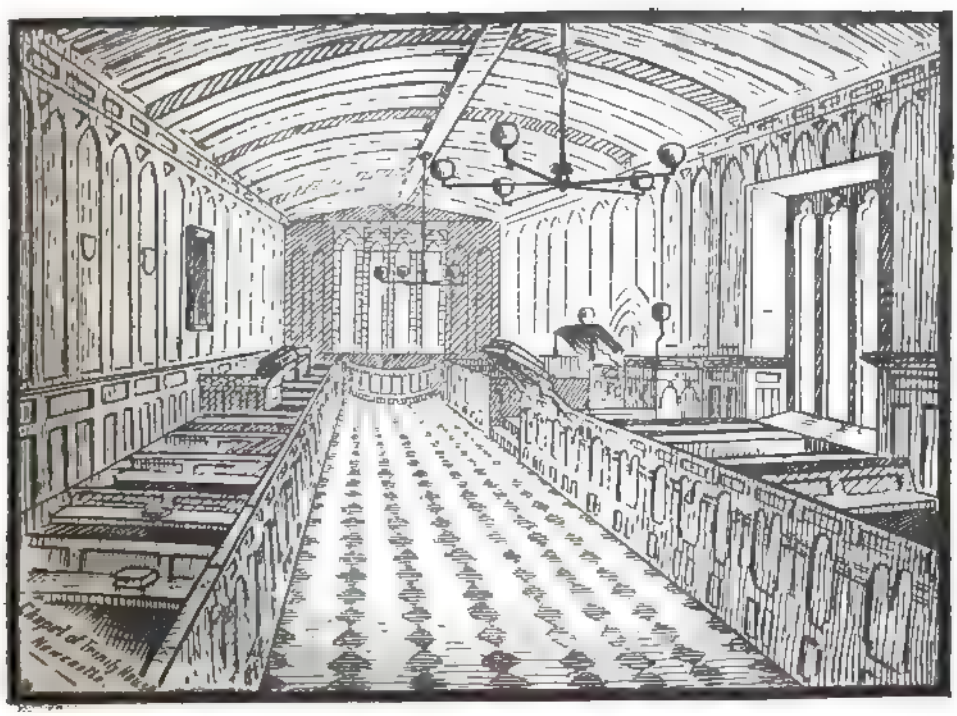
The entries in the old books of the Trinity House, dating from 1530, are a quaint record of the times through which it has lived and flourished. It is clear that this society has borne a more prominent share (as from its character it might be expected to do) than most of the other more purely trading guilds in the trials and turmoils of Newcastle history. The item of rent appears to be referred to in 1542 in the entry "Pd. for one pottell of wine for house farme 4d," and again, "July 29th, 1650, pd. for a pottle of brewed white wine for Bertram Anderson, due at St. Peter's Eve last past, 2s. 7d." In 1640, when for the first time the Scots occupied Newcastle, after the miserable affair at Newburn, General Lesley appears to have occupied the house, and "the great sess the Scottish army inflicted upon us" is mentioned on November 30, the same year. Four years later, during the great siege when the town on behalf of the king was so ably defended by its citizen garrison under Sir John Marley, the Trinity brethren appear to have had their share in the work; and when the town fell the house was plundered by the Scots. On January 5th, the next year, very much against the grain apparently, the Scottish Solemn League and Covenant was "administered" "in the Trinity House Chappell," when a gratuity of £1 10s. was given to the preacher.

Always, naturally, on the side of "law and order," the Trinity House was ever to the fore on the occasion of royal visits, of which in those days there was an abundance, as well as on other State events. Charles I., in 1633, was escorted to Tynemouth by the brethren. This was just after the "great yatte" had been painted and gilded, probably for the occasion of the visit. The brethren also

loyally addressed James II. on his accession, and again in 1686 on the discovery of a plot against his life. The same loyal attention was paid to Anne when she ascended the throne, and to George I. During the troubled time of the '45, when Prince Charles Edward startled the whole kingdom, the Trinity House brethren manned the large guns on the town fortifications, and offered their services as well in the defence of Carlisle at the same period. In 1798, during the French war, the Trinity House offered to form an artillery company, to be attached to the "Newcastle Armed Association," and provided a gunboat for the defence of the harbour. And again, in 1803, when Napoleon had raised the alarm to fever height, the brethren arranged to enrol the pilots and others into a corps of "Sea Fencibles" for defensive purposes. The return of successful commanders was generally signalized by the Trinity House. After the fateful battle of Culloden, in 1746, the Duke of Cumberland was presented with the freedom of the society "in a gold box." A more suitable occasion, however, was the presentation of an address, "in a gold box," in 1806, to the local hero, Admiral Lord Collingwood.

From the constitution of the society it may easily be guessed that the Trinity House to-day is a wealthy corporation, and rather exclusive in its character; but the visitor will be treated by the officials with the greatest courtesy and attention. Before entering by the "great yatte," in the "Brod Chair," shown in our engraving, he will observe, suspended from the wall outside, an old rusted anchor, respecting which two legends are current, viz., that it is a veritable relic from one of the wrecked ships of the Spanish Armada of 1588, or that it originally belonged to the ship of a pirate, named, or nicknamed, Blackbeard, who, in the good old days, bothered these Northern Coasts. Once within the precincts, the visitor enters the "High Yard," and by a broad flight of steps he will find his way into the charmed region. The "Summoner" is obliging and attentive, and the stranger will not regret the time spent in inspecting the pictorial treasures and curiosities of the Trinity House. In addition, he will find the charming carvings, fittings, and general arrangements of the Board Room, vestibule, secretary's office, library, Trinity Hall, and the gem of a chapel, replete with interest and pleasure. A handy descriptive catalogue is provided, in which a brief account is given of the principal pictures, curiosities, and works of art stored in the official apartments already named.

Of late years, portions of the extensive premises included in the High and Low Yards have been let off into offices and warehouses, and what was formerly the important "mathematical school," in the Low Yard, has ceased its work during the present generation. To middle-aged Novocastrians, and indeed over a much wider area, it will be a matter of interest to know that the author of "Tinwell's Arithmetic," a standard work in its day, was a master of this school. The gallery on the roof, which was the



"Observatory," is still to be seen, and the visitor must not omit to observe the oil painting, supposed to be a portrait of Mr. Tinwell, hung in the master's room. The alms houses for old mariners and their widows, in both the High and Low Yards, are of course still fully occupied. Hansel or Handsel Monday, the first Monday of the year, when the officers are elected, is the great day at the Trinity House. After business, the members are liberally treated, as an ancient custom, to bread and cheese and wine. The Church service is conducted in the pretty little chapel every Monday morning, the present chaplain being the Rev. W. L. Cunningham, of St. Philip's.

Many of the old city Guilds, having long lost their *raison d'etre*, are, of course, practically dying a natural death, but the Trinity House has, as yet, no such cause for decay. Though the important duty of lightage is now transferred to the River Commissioners, the Trinity Corporation is perhaps as virile to-day as at any previous period in the whole course of its long and eventful history.

J. I. NICHOLSON.

Football at Chester-le-Street.

SHROVE TUESDAY, which this year fell on March 5, witnessed the usual football contests at Alnwick, Sedgefield, Chester-le-Street, and other places in the North-Country. Some historical records of the ancient game will be found on page 54 of the present volume. Further information about the manner in which the old custom is observed in Chester-le-Street may be of interest. Here, then, somewhat altered and abridged, is the report that appeared in the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* of March 6, 1889:—

Mr. Joseph Murray, of Newcastle, as the representative of the Murray family, who have provided the ball for sixty-five years, duly appeared at one o'clock, with the ball in his hand. Immediately he threw out the ball the fun became fast and furious, and, contrary to all the traditions of the game, the ball went rapidly up street, all the efforts of the Down-Streeters failing to stay the attack of the Up-Streeters, who seemed bent upon making a strong bid for victory. Right away the ball went upwards, only to be checked opposite the Lambton Arms, and again at the King's Head; then it did not stop until reaching Red Rose Hall. There a change took place; the Down-Streeters made a big effort, and, by the aid of vigorous play on the part of a few fresh hands, conspicuous among whom was a well-known "county back," the ball was brought rapidly down street, and its progress was not checksd until it was shot into the half-frozen river Cone. Plunging in, through the ice and rushing waters, several adventurous players succeeded in getting the ball once more into play, at the expense of a thorough wetting. In a few minutes' time the ball was again forced into the river, and this time several youngsters got it upon the ice and tried to play it there, only to drop through the ice at very soft places and to lose the ball through the holes into the water, all of which caused immense amusement to the spectators. The ball again went up street after a terrific struggle, and there it remained, in spite of the herculean efforts put forth by the Down-Streeters. A few minutes before six o'clock the ball was returned to Mr. Murray, who addressed the multitude from the window of the Crown Inn, congratulating them upon the magnificent struggle there had been. An announcement was subsequently made that next year a cup would be given to be held by some responsible person on behalf of the winners.

A Chester-le-Street contributor to the "Notes and Queries" of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* gave the following particulars in its issue for March 9, 1889:—

For anything that is known to the contrary, the annual Shrovetide football match may have been played here in the time of the Romans! There is nothing in the local annals or in the parish records to fix the date of its institution; and there is not a time within living memory when it was not played with just as much enthusiasm if by less numbers than now. The grandfather of the writer of these notes was a native of Rothbury, and played in the annual Shrovetide match there as boy and man. Coming to the neighbourhood of Chester-le-Street about a century ago, he found the old custom of his Northumbrian home in full swing in "the city of the world," as it was then, as now, known and spoken of. That is the earliest period the writer can find oral tradition beginning.

How the ball for the game was provided, or by whom, at that time, is not by any means so obvious as the fact that the game was played. But at a later period, in living memory, it can be made out that a Mr. Pybus, a saddler, who was also parish clerk, provided the ball. The fact of Mr. Pybus being parish clerk has doubtless led to the idea that the ball was provided by the parish in virtue of some covenant. There is nothing, however, in the parish records and accounts to show that any expense has ever been incurred, or moneys disbursed, for such a purpose.

After the death of Mr. Pybus, his foreman, Mr. Fairless, succeeded to his saddlery business, and also kept up the annual and ancient football custom. He married Mrs. Pybus, widow of the "late lamented," and carried on the saddlery buisness where Mrs. Gibson's spirit vaults now stand, and where the divisionary line intersects and marks the territories of the Up-Streeters and Down-Streeters—those dwelling south of that point being the Up-Streeters, and those to the north the Down-Streeters. The game appears to have been always played between those two distinctive portions of the "city."

About sixty-three or sixty-five years ago—it is difficult to fix the date definitely or with exactitude—Mr. Christopher Ridley, now a very old man, but still hale and hearty, met Mr. Fairless in "The Mains" one morning. Mr. Fairless passed on his way towards the Ferry, and Mr. Ridley into the town. That is the last that is known of Mr. Fairless. From that day to this he has not been seen or heard of in Chester-le-Street. The affair caused the usual "nine days' talk," as Mr. Fairless was well known and highly respected. So far as is known, too, it was not even suggested that there were any domestic or pecuniary troubles from which he had any reason to flee.

What may be called "The Murray Epoch" began with the disappearance of Mr. Fairless. Mr. George Murray, then carrying on an extensive business as chemist, druggist, grocer, and provision dealer, besides conducting a farm or two, stepped into the breach caused by the disappearance of Mr. Fairless. When Shrove Tuesday came round he had a ball ready prepared, and punctually at one o'clock appeared with it at the door of his place of business at the north end of the bridge which spans the river Cone, and at the entrance to Pictree Lane. Before "throwing out" the ball, he addressed a few words to the assembled crowd, stating that he had taken upon himself the duty of providing them with a ball for their ancient and annual match, not only that they might enjoy themselves, but that their ancient custom might be preserved and maintained. If they would accept the ball which he had provided, he would promise them that, as long as he lived, they should neither want a ball nor someone to "throw it out" every Shrove Tuesday.

One word more about the general way in which the

game is conducted, or rather *not* conducted, for only the players themselves have any control over it. The match is played, as we have seen, between the people living north and south of the Low Chare, the place where Mr. Fairless's shop was situated, and where the ball was then "thrown out." There is neither limit nor restriction to the number of players. Association, Rugby, and all other recognised codes are set at defiance. There are no goals, and there is but one object—that is, to have the ball north or south of the Low Chare. At six o'clock, it is picked up and returned to the donor, who at once announces from some prominent place (generally an upstairs window of some public-house) that the "Up" or "Down Streeters" have won the game, according as the ball was above or below the Low Chare at that hour. Everybody is expected by everybody else to play "fairly"—*i.e.*, to kick or throw the ball as he chooses. Hiding the ball for some time and then running away with it (not a very difficult trick to accomplish, and one which is sometimes practised) is put down with strong hands, and without ceremony.

The Cuckoo.

THE Cuckoo *(Cuculus canorus)* is usually due in this country about the middle of April, sooner or later according to the character of the season. It is common in summer from the Lizard Point to the Orkney Islands. The bird is found throughout the whole of the European Continent from south to north. It occurs in Japan, Java, Kamschatka, Asia Minor, and many other parts of the world, as also in Africa. According to Temminck and other naturalists, it is also found in South Africa, but only as a winter migrant.

The birds are light and easy in their flight, and are sometimes taken for hawks when on the wing. Their mode of flight and change of plumage in autumn have no doubt given rise to the alleged transformation of the bird into a hawk. It is, of course, the notes of the male birds which are heard so frequently in spring in woods, fields, and hedgerows. The only note of the female is a gentle

twitter, something resembling the syllables "Kwikwikwik," and this note is said to be generally heard when the female is searching for a nest in which to deposit her egg.

Of the nesting peculiarities of the cuckoo, and the ejection of the legitimate young birds from the nest, much has been written by naturalists and general observers. Perhaps the most minute and truthful accounts of the manner in which the young cuckoos dispose of the young birds in the nest are those given by Dr. Jenner and Mr. John Hancock. The cuckoos deposit their eggs in the nests of a variety of birds; but, as Mr. Hancock observes, the intruded egg will most frequently be found in the nest of the meadow pipit, or titlark. My own experience is decidedly in favour of the meadow pipit. I have found the eggs and young of cuckoos in, perhaps, a score of instances, in widely separated parts of England and Scotland, and, except in one instance, the eggs or young of the cuckoo were in the nests of meadow pipits. Yet the cuckoo's egg has often been found in the nest of the robin, pied wagtail, bunting, hedge sparrow, and many other birds.

A correspondent of *Science Gossip* asserts he has found the egg of the cuckoo in the nest of the common wren—a most rare and interesting occurrence, as it shows, what is now generally believed, that the cuckoo usually lays her egg on the ground and puts it into the nest selected either with beak or claw. In the case of the egg found in the wren's nest, it must have been protruded through the small hole in the side of the nest. In several instances I have found the eggs of the cuckoo in the nests of titlarks which were so placed that they must have been deposited by the beak or the claw of the female cuckoo.

It has often been asserted that the foster-parents eject their own young from the nest after they are hatched, in order to make room for the greedy nestling; and it has also been said that the female cuckoo returns to the nest and ejects the young birds in favour of her own nestling. But the close and interesting observations of Dr. Jenner and Mr. Hancock go to show that the young of the foster-parents are thrown out of the nest by the young cuckoo soon after it is hatched.

The egg of the cuckoo is remarkably small, considering the size of the bird. I have a clutch of titlarks' eggs, with a cuckoo's egg taken from the same nest. The latter egg, in shape, size, and colouring, closely resembles the others, and few save experts can detect the difference.

HENRY KERR.

A North Country Mystery.

OF the many strange stories of imposture with which the public have been made acquainted of late years, perhaps the most generally interesting, because of their romantic character, are those in which, for varying motives, members of the gentle sex have assumed the habiliments of men. Sometimes the fair impostor has served with ability before the mast; at others has shouldered the rifle and fought through a

campaign; but almost invariably, after the lapse of a few years, some untoward circumstance has stripped off the disguise, and the impostor has stood confessed a woman. A most remarkable instance of this kind, which came under the writer's notice some few years ago, differed from the ordinary run, not only in the length of time (quite half a century) during which the imposture was successfully maintained—the mask being only torn away by the great discoverer, death—but also in the singularity of some of the attendant circumstances, which will probably seem to the reader to belong to the region of romance.

Less than twenty years ago there lived in a miserable cottage in Toft Hill—a small, half-mining, half-agricultural village in South Durham—a solitary and decrepit recluse, commonly known amongst the villagers as Joe Piker, from the fact of his cottage adjoining a turnpike gate. Joe, who claimed as his proper appellation the more high-sounding name of Josiah Charles Stephenson, was always somewhat of a mystery to his neighbours, although he had dwelt amongst them for nearly fifty years. He lived alone; the parish dole was his only means of subsistence, but even out of that he always contrived to spare something for his customary drop of gin. He had come to one of the neighbouring collieries a mere youth early in the "twenties" of the century, and had obtained work in the mine. At that time he kept apart as much as possible from the rest of the workmen, and made no friends. In a year or two he wooed and won Sally, the red-cheeked servant-maid at the Bull, and the pair lived apparently a happy, uneventful life for some thirty years. No olive branches graced their household, but their mutual affection did not appear diminished thereby, and, indeed, became almost proverbial in the village.

During these many years Joe alternated between coal-hewing in the winter and farm-work—at which he was very expert—in the summer. Eventually he left the pits altogether, and thenceforward maintained Sally and himself by "datal" work on the neighbouring farms. In those days, before the advent of the reaping machine, the use of the sickle or reaping-hook was an indispensable accomplishment of the agricultural labourer, and Joe speedily became famous as the fastest "shearer" of corn for miles round. After thirty years of wedded bliss, Sally died, leaving her spouse seemingly inconsolable at her loss. Joe vowed that naught would ever tempt him to enter the conjugal state again. The vow was soon forgotten, however, and in a year or two he led to the altar a second spouse. With her, however, the course of true love ran anything but smooth, and in the short space of a week or two she left him for ever. To her friends and gossips she told the strangest and most incredible stories about her lord and master—stories, which although verified long after, were simply scouted at the time, for everyone had known Joe for so long, whilst the veracity of his second wife was rated at considerably below par. For nearly twenty years after their separation Joe dwelt alone, soon becoming a confirmed misogynist, and declining to allow a woman to enter his miserable abode. Never noted for much piety, he rapidly developed into a most blasphemous old reprobate, whose profanity, excited by the most trivial annoyances, was truly blood-curdling.

When mellowed by an extra glass or two of his customary drink, Joe would occasionally become mysteriously oracular, and once or twice even went so far as to predict that his demise would make the greatest sensation of any event which had occurred in the village since he came into it. Little attention, however, was paid to the old man's vapourings, as they were thought to be. He invariably preserved a strict reticence as to his antecedents and birthplace; once, and only once, confiding to the only crony he had, a small tradesman in the village, the fact that he hailed from Berwick-upon-Tweed. He stoutly resisted a proposal that he should return thither, and waxed angry and indignant at an offer to communicate with any of his relatives or friends in the Border town.

In the early winter of 1869, Joe sickened, and soon it became evident that he was dying. A female neighbour volunteered to nurse him, but Joe drove her out of the house with horrible imprecations. At last the end came, and a couple of kindly women went to the miserable hovel to perform the last offices for the old recluse. Suddenly, in that mysterious manner in which rumours are floated in small villages, it began to be whispered that something extraordinary had occurred; the village doctor and the village constable were seen hurrying to the cottage, round which a crowd speedily gathered, and by and bye the truth leaked out. "Old Joe," who had been known and laughed at for so many years, whose first wife rested in the neighbouring churchyard, and whose second partner was jeered out of the place for what were regarded as her absurd inventions—blasphemous, hardened, suffering "old Joe" was no man at all, but—how shall it be written?—a woman. Daily papers had not then penetrated to every village, and an occurrence perhaps without parallel in recent times received a brief half-column of space in the local weekly paper, formed the subject of sundry doggerel verses by local poets, and soon was seldom mentioned. The burial was entered in the parish church register at Etherley as that of "an unknown woman," who died November 23rd, 1869, and the inquiries set on foot by the then rector failed to elicit any information by which the entry could be amplified.

According to the best information which could be obtained, it was in February, 1823, that Joe first reached the place. A tradition was current in the village for some time after his death to the effect that, during the winter of 1822-3, a young

shepherd left the neighbourhood of Berwick-upon-Tweed in charge of a drove of sheep for Newcastle market; that a girl whom he had jilted disappeared about the same time, and that neither the one nor the other had since been heard of. The supposition was that the quondam Joe was the girl in question, and that she had murdered her faithless lover and assumed his attire. The writer has been unable to verify this tradition in any respect, although he believes that inquiries were set on foot at the time by the rector of the parish in which Joe died. The clergyman himself died a few years later, having been, as he stated, unable to arrive at any satisfactory solution of the mystery. Joe was supposed to be about seventy years of age at the time of death.

ERIMUS.

"Canny."

A WORD so familiar as to give the distinctive character to "canny Newcassel" seems to have little need of explanation. It is just one of those words, however, which has made its home here, but which is sadly misunderstood by outsiders. The patient John Ray heard it not; and we turn to look for it in vain among the "English words proper to the Northern Counties" in his little volume of 1691. It does not appear in the collection of Nathan Bailey, the quaint "Philologos" who thirty years later published his Dictionary, in which were included "The Dialects of our Different Countries." When Dr. Johnson followed, in 1755, with his English Dictionary, he did not record it. We come down, therefore, to our own times before we find the modest word included in an English dictionary. If we turn up Dr. Ogilvie's great work, "The Imperial Dictionary" of 1848, we do find the word. But this is not our own "canny." It is "cautious; prudent; artful; crafty; wary; frugal," &c. The Southern man accepts this rendering, and believes that our "canny man" means "cunning fellow." This may be explained by the fact that "canny" does not appear in literature before the seventeenth century—1637 being the date of the earliest quotation of its use in Dr. Murray's "New English Dictionary." All the early references to it are found north of the Tweed, and the trans-Tuedian usage of the word justifies the Southern Englishman in understanding it "to denote qualities considered characteristically Scotch."

In Northumberland, the word is of ancient currency, for it is part of the mother-tongue of the people. But the history, and the dialect which is part of the history, of this northernmost English county, show us how a folk, isolated at times from the rest of the kingdom have grown up by themselves in word and work. It is especially shown in this word, which among the people of Northumberland has developed a meaning far differing from a rendering that ascribes to it mere cunning, or craft, or wariness. Here "canny" is an embodiment of all that is kindly, good, and gentle. The highest compliment that can be paid to any person is to say that he or she is "canny." As *home* expresses the English love of the fireside, so in Tyneside and Northumberland does "canny" express every home virtue. All that is good and lovable in man or woman is covered by the expression, "Eh, what a *canny* body!" A child appealing for help or protection always addresses his elder as "*canny* man." "Please, *canny* man, gi's a lift i' yor cairt." "O, *canny* man, O show me the way to Wallington." What Northumberland bairn but has appealed, when punishment impended, "Please, *canny* man, it wean't me!" The fishwife who wishes to compliment her customer, says, "Noo, *canny*-hinney, see what yor buyin'."

O, bonny Hobby Elliot,
O, *canny* Hobby still,
O, bonny Hobby Elliot,
Who lives at Harlow Hill.

The word, says the Rev. John Hodgson, "refers as well to the beauty of form as of manners and morals, but most particularly is used to describe those mild and affec tionate dispositions which render a person agreeable in the domestic state."

Wor *canny* houses, duffit theek'd—
Wor *canny* wives within 'em,
Wor *canny* bairns, se chubby cheek'd,
And sweet and clean yell find 'em;
Are a' decked out in Sunday trim,
To mense this great occasion.
—*Thomas Wilson:* "*The Oilin' o' Dicky's Wig,*" 1826.

Gan wi' me, like a *canny* lad.
—*T. Wilson:* "*Pitman's Pay,*" 1826, pt. 1, ver. 71.

It has also the significations following:—

Endeared—

How well we remember the *canny* bit shop!
—*R. Gilchrist:* "*Song of Improvements,*" 1835.

Modest—

To get us a *canny* bit leevin,
Aw kinds o' fine sweetmeets we'll sell.
—*W. Midford:* "*Pitman's Courtship,*" 1818.

What *canny* little wegges we used ta ha ta pay!
—*Geo. Chatt:* "*Old Farmer,*" 1866.

Orderly, neat—

Eh, lads, but it's a bonny way!
But what myest pleased wor Nanny,
Was seeing fogies, awd and gray,
Paid just for keepin't *canny.*
—*T. Wilson:* "*The Oilin' o' Dicky's Wig.*"

Careful—"Be *canny* wi' the sugar."

Canny is also used adverbially, as, "*Canny,* noo, *canny!*" or "Gan *canny!*"—that is, Go gently.

A, U, A, ma bonny bairn,
A, U, A, upon ma airm,
A, U, A, thoo syun may lairn
To say dada se *canny.*
—*R. Nunn:* "*Sandgate Wife's Nurse Song.*"

This Northumberland word is just the simpler English term for what we should otherwise have to style in grand-

iloquent language the highest human virtues. Beneficence, benevolence, magnanimity are all summed up in the plainer word *canniness*. So strong is this that to say one is "no' canny" is to say that he is simply unhuman.

When the traveller from the South experiences the congestion of traffic by which the lines to the Central Station at Newcastle are occasionally blocked, his train is suddenly pulled up, and he finds himself waiting on a viaduct. Below him there instantly gathers a promiscuous crowd of ragged bairns. From a dozen young throats is heard, in measured cadence, the chorus of a song, and from the guttural verse there comes up a constant *over-word*. This, as it is heard over and over, is not an accusation of the Southern gentleman. He is not being called "a cautious, crafty fellow." "Canny man" is really intended to convey the most touching appeal that the little hatless, shoeless, palpitating figure below can make to the better nature of his auditor, as he chaunts—

Hey, *canny man*, hoy a ha'penny oot!
Ye'll see some fun, thor is ne doot;
Whorivvor ye gans, ye'll heor 'em shoot,
Hey, *canny man*, hoy a ha'penny oot!

R. Oliver Heslop.

Wastwater and the Screes.

NO part of the English Lake District presents a more perfect combination of grandeur and wildness than Wastdale, with its gloomy lake, Wastwater. The surroundings comprise some of the highest mountains in England, and from certain points of the vale the views are most impressive. It was Wordsworth's opinion that no part of the country is more distinguished for sublimity.

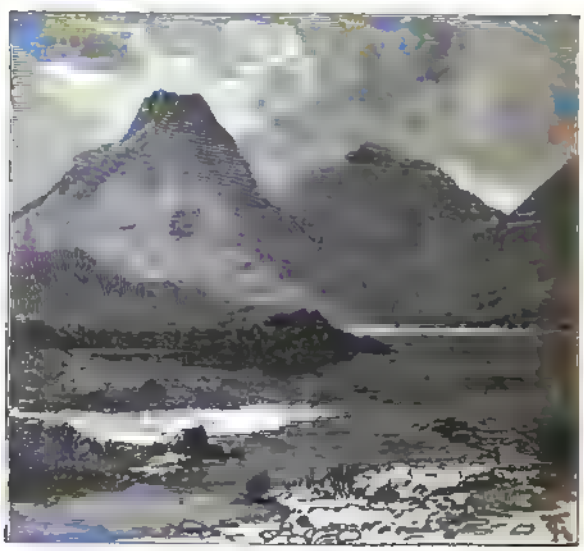
Wastwater differs in many respects from other lakes in the same district. It occupies the greater part of the lower space of the valley, but in itself presents no interesting features, being without islets, promontory, baylet, or any diversity that might attract attention, while the shore or margin is straight, or only slightly curved. Its length is about three and a half miles; its breadth about half-a-mile; and it has the reputation of being the deepest of the English lakes; indeed, the natives will tell you that it is unfathomable. The greatest depth, however, is probably between 270 and 280 feet. There is no record of its having ever been frozen over, even in the severest winter.

A mountain, called the Screes, overhangs almost the whole of the south-east side of the lake. This mountain is the most remarkable characteristic of the valley. The upper part of it is a mass of huge crags, the remainder consisting of loose stones, fissures, and ravines. The mountain dips almost perpendicularly into the water, and the journey along the foot of it is not unattended with danger, as there is always the possibility of some fragments of rock falling from the heights above.

Hutchinson, in his history of Cumberland, published about a century ago, says:—"Sometimes, when a more than ordinary break or rent happens, it causes a prodigious noise, fire and smoke, which in the night time appears like lightning to the inhabitants of Nether Wastdale, which lies opposite to the Screes, on the north side of the lake. In some parts of the Screes is the finest red ore, used for what is there called 'smitting' (rudding or marking) the sheep. On the top of the Screes stood for ages a very large stone, called 'Wilson's horse,' but twenty years ago it fell down into the lake, when a cleft was made about 100 yards long, four feet wide, and of incredible depth." It is well known that huge boulders have come rushing down into the lake during thunder-storms, and this may account for the "fire and smoke."

In order to obtain the most favourable impression of Wastwater it is necessary that the traveller should approach it from the foot, or south-west. The scene is most striking about a mile and a half from the head. This point has been selected by Mr. Alfred Pettitt, of the Art Gallery, Keswick, for the photograph of the Screes from which our engraving is copied. It is from nearly the same point that the view of the lake shown in our other engraving has been taken. The conical peak seen to the left of this latter picture is Yewbarrow; that in the extreme distance is Great Gable; the foot of Lingmell is shown to the right. From the same point a fine view is also obtained of Scawfell and Scawfell Pike, the latter the highest mountain in England.

At the head of the lake is the hamlet known as Wastdale Head. It is a very wild and lonely spot; but in the summer hundreds of tourists visit it as a starting place



WASTWATER, CUMBERLAND.

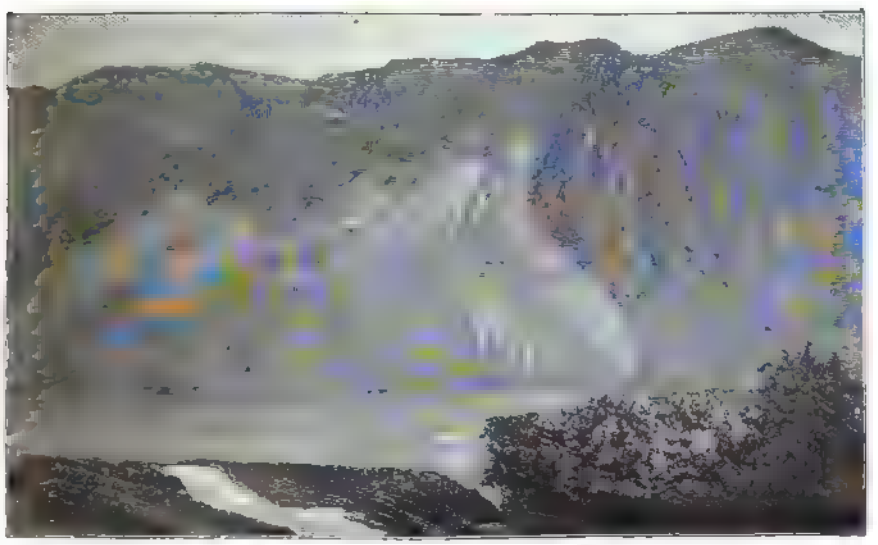
for an early climb to Scawfell Pike. Half-a-dozen farmhouses, a primitive church, the vicarage, an inn, and a temperance hotel nestle at the foot of huge mountains. For many years a public-house was here the only accommodation for visitors. A well-known dalesman, or statesman, named William Ritson, was the landlord. "Old Will," as he is familiarly called (for he is still living), is quite a character. He is close upon ninety years of age, stands six feet two in his stockings, and was, when in his prime, a noted wrestler. It is his proud boast that he overthrew the doughty Christopher North (Professor Wilson) in a wrestling match, though he admitted that he found his antagonist a tough customer. "Old Will" has met many prominent men in his time, and possesses an almost inexhaustible fund of anecdote. He has, however, left Wastdale Head, and now lives in a cottage in another part of the district.

The church at Wastdale Head is one of the smallest in England. It it lighted by two windows and a skylight over the pulpit, and contains eight pews. It is probably large enough for all purposes, as the maximum population of the valley, during the last twenty-five years, has only been about 42 adults. Hutchinson states that in his time there were about 47 inhabitants, though the many ruins of cottages thereabouts showed that previously the village had been much more considerable. He also says that one of the dalesmen of the name of Fletcher "derived his possessions from a course of not less than 700 years."

Harriet Martineau, in her Guide to the Lakes, under date 1855, referring to a peculiar superstition in Wastdale, says:—"A young lady who kindly undertook to wash and dress the infant of a sick woman, but who was not experienced in the process, exclaimed at the end: 'O, dear, I forgot its hands and arms. I must wash them.' The mother expressed great horror, and said that 'if the child's arms were washed before it was six months old, it would be a thief'; and added pitifully, 'I would not like that.' The hair and nails must not be cut for a much longer time, for fear of a like result."

Though, as before stated, Wastwater should be approached from the south-west, it may also be visited by way of the Sty Head Pass, the Black Sail Pass, and from the direction of Eskdale. The inexperienced mountain climber is not advised to undertake these journeys in tempestuous weather. Fatal accidents have happened in these passes through foolhardy attempts to penetrate them at improper seasons. To be on the Sty Head Pass in a thunderstorm is to experience sensations which will not be forgotten for a lifetime. Black Sail Pass, under the same conditions, is almost worse than Sty Head. Mrs. Lynn Linton speaks of the latter as follows:—"If Honister is stern, Sty Head is violent; if Kirkstone is desolate, Sty Head is terrifying—in certain aspects, when the clouds hang low over Wastwater, literally terrifying, as if the road was going down into the home of Eternal Death." There is a story that Baron Trenck once dashed down Sty Head Pass on horseback, and that he arrived safely at the bottom, having performed in one day a journey of fifty-six miles, through steep and difficult roads, which nearly killed his horse.

Some grand sights are to be seen in Wastdale. In the winter, the icicles hang from the projecting crags of Great Gable in strange profusion, and when illuminated by the rays of the rising sun produce a most unusual effect, sparks of light radiating in all directions as from a crown of diamonds. Then there is a great ravine on the north-west side of Lingmell, known as Peasgill, Pease Gill, or Piers Gill. This is admittedly one of the most stupendous gorges in the Lake District, and should on no account be missed by the tourist. Hawl Gill, or Hollow Gill, at the foot of the lake, is also worth inspection. Here the granite rocks have been worn into sharp peaks, and will remind the Swiss traveller of the *aiguilles* of Mont Blanc.



THE SCREES, WASTWATER, CUMBERLAND.

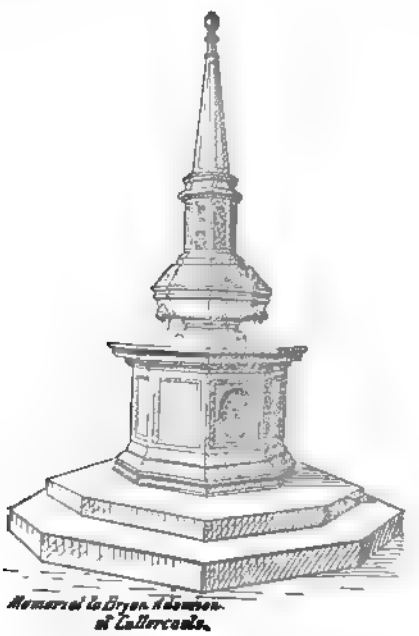
The inhabitants of these remote parts not unusually indulge in a joke at the expense of each other. It has been a long standing jest

that the dwellers in Borrowdale, like the wise men of Gotham, built a wall across the valley to keep the cuckoo amongst them all the year round. Another jest is that Wastdale possessed the highest hill, the deepest lake, the smallest church, the biggest liar, and the most drunken parson in the Lake District. This probably applied to a period some half century ago. At any rate the witticism could not have referred to the present vicar—the Rev. Thomas Perfect Bell—as a more abstemious and amiable man does not exist.

Notes and Commentaries.

LIEUTENANT ADAMSON, R.N.

The memorial drinking fountain shown in the accompanying sketch has been erected at the village of Cullercoats, Northumberland, to the memory of Lieutenant Adamson, son of Major William Adamson. It bears the



Memorial to Bryan Adamson, of Cullercoats.

following inscription:—"Erected by a few friends in memory of Bryan John Huthwaite Adamson, Lieut., R.N., commanding H.M.S. Wasp, who sailed from Singapore, September, 1887, and was never heard of after."

EDITOR.

THE HELM WIND.

A scientific account of the curious wind which blows around Crossfell, Cumberland, will be found in the *Monthly Chronicle*, 1887, page 474. Almost every inhabitant of Alston has either seen the Helm Bar or felt the effects of the Helm Wind. The bar is a cloud which is formed on the summit of Crossfell parallel to the wind itself. As for the wind, people who have come within its range describe it as a furious hurricane that overturns carts and plays general havoc with all moveable things. The phenomenon is uncertain in its visitations. Some years it appears only at comparatively rare intervals, but in others it appears on an average more than once a week. Thus, according to the report of Mr. W. Murray to the Meteorological Society, the Helm Bar was observed on 41 occasions in 1885, on 63 occasions in 1886, but only 19 times in 1887.

A.

PUDDING CHARE.

Bourne, the historian of Newcastle, took Pudding Chare to be a corruption of Budding Chare. (See vol. i., p. 225.) But the name is spelt Pudding Chare, as at present, in a deed dated 10 February, 8 Henry VII., when the orthography throughout is so different to modern style.

Another deed, in Latin, referring to the same place, notifies that James Delavale, Esq., grants to William Stevynson, a burgess of the town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and a worker in soft leather, "*allutario*," all his lands and tenement in the said town, lying in the small street "*venello*" called "Puddyngchar," adjoining the tenement of the Chantry of the Holy Trinity, in the Church of St. John, on the south; the small street called "Saynt Johnchar" on the north; the said small street "*venell*" called "Puddyngchar" on the east; and the land of Robert Mitford, gent., on the west. The document is sealed on the 4th May, 5 Edward IV., that is 1465, in the presence of, amongst others, Alan Bird, Mayor of Newcastle, Nicholas Wetwang, Sheriff, and John Richardson, Robert Baxter, William Rothom, and John Nicson, aldermen.

Having proof that the small street was called Pudding Chare in the 15th century, we need not be surprised at finding the name doing service as a surname two centuries and a half earlier. In the "Rotuli Hundredorum" of the time of Henry III. and Edward I., a Matilda Pudding occurred, as holding, by what authority was not known, a property in Newcastle of the king, for which she returned twopence per annum. At a little later date one Walter Pudding witnessed a deed of the Widdrington family. As neither of these persons prefixed the Latin preposition "de" to their surname, as was general at the time with those whose lands gave them their cognomen, the idea is suggested that the patronymic Pudding was given to the land rather than derived from it, and that the twelve feet by six which Matilda held, by an unknown authority, in the 13th century, swelled to a quarter or *division of a city*, "*vico*," at a later period, known by the name of Puddyngchar or Pudding's Chare. By reference to Mr. Heslop's glossary, it will be seen that, like many of the gates and towers of Newcastle, at least twelve of the twenty-eight chares of the city mentioned therein were known by

family names; others were called after churches or religious houses, and a peculiarity connected with it gave a name to each of the remainder.

I do not think it will be considered presumptuous, in view of these facts, to suggest, as I now do, that Bourne, the historian, erred when he said Pudding was a corruption of Budding.

CUTHBERT HOME TRASLAW, Cornhill-on-Tweed.

A LONG WORD.

Aristophanes, the Athenian playwright, who flourished about 444 B.C., makes mention, in his comedy of the "Ecclesiazusæ," or "Female Parliament," of a banquet, one of the items in the bill of fare at which was a dish whose name is composed of upwards of seventy syllables. A correspondent, under the signature of Delta, lately asked, through the medium of the "Notes and Queries" department of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, for the reproduction of this extraordinary word, which he said he had frequently heard the late Dr. Snape, head-master of the Newcastle Royal Grammar School, enunciate *ore rotundo*. The following answer was received from Mr. J. F. Stout, South Shields:—

Lepădo-temacho-selăcho-gălĕō-krānio-leipsăno-drimŭprimmăto-silphĭo-karabo-melito-kătăkechŭmeno-kiche-epĭkossŭpho-phatto-perister-ălĕktruon-opto-kephallio-kigklo-peleĭo-lăg-ŏō-sĭraio-băpho-traghano-ptērugon. (Aristophanes, Eccles., i., 169.)

This curious word may be rendered thus:—

A limpet-saltfish-skate-shark-pungently-dressed-mess-of-remainder-of-heads-assafœtida-lobster-honey-sprinkled-thrush-blackbird-pigeon-dove-roasted-cock's-brains-wag-tail-cushat-hare-stewed-in-new-wine-seasoned-with-groats-shoulders-and-all-fricasse.

The compound thus formed by the weaving together of the names of all kinds of dainties to make one huge dish, consists of 171 letters and 79 syllables, in the following order:—

Lep-ad-o-tem-ach-o-sel-ach-o-gal-e-o-kran-i-o-leips-an-o-drim-up-o-primm-at-o-silph-i-o-kar-ab-o-mel-it-o-kat-a-kech-um-en-o-kiche-ep-i-koss-uph-o-phatt-o-per-i-ster-a lektr-u-on-opt-o-keph-all-i-o-kigkl-o-pel-ei-o-lag-o-o-sir-ai-o-baph-o-trag-han-o-pter-ug-on.

W. D.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

VENETIAN BLINDS.

"Come up and see us," shouted a pitman to his friend, "we've moved to another hoose fitted wi' militia blinds!"

THE SIZE OF A BURN.

A little girl of twelve summers, who lived a good distance to the west of Newcastle, was once staying with her uncle in Jesmond. One day she was missed for some time. When she returned, her uncle asked where she had been, and she answered, "Doon the burn." "Noo," remarked her uncle, "ye hevn't such a large burn where ye live." "No," replied the youngster, "but thor's a biggor yen doon at Tynemouth!"

FOREIGN BOOKS.

A book canvasser rapped at the door of a house in Newcastle. On the appearance of the mistress, he said: "Noo, missus, can aa show ye a nice byuk?" "Aa divvent want onny byuks," was the reply. "Well," said the man, "literature nivvor wes se cheap as it is noo!" "Literature!" said the woman: "whativvor can wor Jack de wiv foreign byuks! He tyeks in the *Evening Chronicle* in ha'penny numbors, and reads hissel' te sleep ivvory neet. That's aall the literature he wants!"

WHAT TO PLANT.

Mr. Fenwick, a former agent of the Lambtons, was consulting one of the tenants as to what he should plant on some particular place, when the tenant replied, "Aa think ye had bettor plant it wi' stewards. Nowt else seems te thrive in this country!"

THE RESPIRATOR.

As a lady, wearing a respirator, was going down the principal street of a small village not far from Newcastle, a lad, standing at a corner, shouted to one of his companions:—"Hey! that wife hes a muzzle on! Aa pity hor man," he added reflectively, "when she's lowse!"

RUNNING OUT.

A Gateshead family went to stay at Tynemouth last year. Whilst one of the members was being put to bed on the first night by its mother, the little girl heard the rumbling of the sea, and inquired:—"What's that noise, muthor?" "Oh, thet's the sea," her parent replied. "Is it rinning oot?" asked the child.

MARRIAGE A FAILURE.

Magistrate: "You must really get a judicial separation from your husband; the court cannot help you any further." Angry wife: "Aa want nyen o' yor judicious experations; he's been Judas eneuf te me, the villin; aa want ma eight shillings a week reg'lar, and then he may gan back tiv his mother agyen!"

"GATE MONEY."

Some time ago a party of pedestrians met at a public-house near Stocksfield-on-Tyne. The relative merits of some absent chums as pedestrians was the topic of discussion. A certain person's name having been mentioned, an old farmer-looking man, from the far end of the room, eagerly asked: "Whe's that?" "Geordy Broon," answered the interrogated. "Is he a Methodist?" queried the old man. "Aye; aa believe he is." "Begox, aa thowt se," ejaculated the old fellow, clapping his hands together; "aa thowt aa'd seen him tyekin the gate money at the chepel!"

A DRAMATIC INTERRUPTON.

A certain young Tynesider, having joined a travelling theatrical company, made his first appearance, in a local town, as Norval, in Home's play of "Douglas." The

aspiring tragedian succeeded pretty well in the character, but when he came to the part where the hero declares, "My name is Norval; on yonder Grampian hills my father feeds his flocks," he was interrupted by a man in the pit who knew him, and who fancied that our hero was trying to impose upon the credulity of strangers. "Divvent believe him, lads," he cried, "divvent believe him. He belangs Shields; his feythor's a hoose pyentor, and his muthor sells tripe!"

North-Country Obituaries.

On the 14th of February, Mr. Joseph Davison, head of the firm of Messrs. Davison and Son, auctioneers, Newcastle, died at his residence, Cheviot View Villa, Forest Hall. The deceased, who was a native of Sunderland, was 68 years of age. He commenced life in connection with the press, but had long been identified with the business of auctioneer, occupying latterly the Academy of Arts, in Blackett Street, the use of which was so generously granted for the Uncle Toby Toy Exhibition of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*. Mr. Davison, in his spare moments, was much attached to microscopical and horticultural pursuits.

Mr. John Stokoe, Registrar of the Hexham County Court, died at Summerrods House, in that town, on the 16th of February, in the 85th year of his age.

On the 19th of February was announced the death of Mr. Peter Digney, of Saltburn, a member of various local bodies, at the age of 71. A native of Kirkcudbright, Mr. Digney was in early life an ardent Chartist, and was one of the most active supporters of Henry Vincent.

On the 21st of February, Mr. Lewis Thompson, a native of Newcastle, died at his residence, Eldon Street, in that city. He was a son of Mr. Thomas Thompson, who lived for many years at Byker Bar. In his youth he was a student of medicine in Newcastle and London; but he subsequently abandoned that pursuit, and became identified with some chemical works in London and Paris. The deceased, who was a man of considerable scientific attainments, was 78 years of age.

Mr. Thomas Archer, one of the oldest working printers in Newcastle, died at his residence, Prudhoe Street, in that city, on the 24th of February, at the age of 76.

Mr. John George Newton, for many years manager of Messrs. Lambton and Company's Branch Bank, Quayside, Newcastle, died on the 25th of February, in the fifty-first year of his age.

On the 26th of February, the death was announced of Captain Donald Brotchie, formerly chaplain of the Newcastle Sailors' Mission, and the author of several little works specially written for seamen.

On the same day, Mr. W. J. Johnston, solicitor, who served his articles with his uncle, the late Mr. W. Johnston, of Mosley Street, to whose practice he afterwards succeeded, died at Harrogate, where he was temporarily residing.

"Elfin," of the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, announced on the 28th of February the death of Mr. Simon Robinson, chemist and druggist, of Chester-le-Street. The deceased, who had reached the advanced age of 85 years, had held many public offices.

Mr. Thomas Blain, who for many years had been identified with the public life of Sunderland and its various benevolent institutions, died suddenly in that town on the 27th of February. Mr. Blain, who was connected with the Society of Friends, and was also an active member of the Board of Guardians, was about 70 years of age.

On the 28th of February, Dr. David McLeish, a well-known medical practitioner, died at his residence at Grange Road West, Jarrow, at the age of 65 years.

About midnight of the same day, died, at his residance in Framlington Place, Newcastle, Mr. John Milling, head of the well-known firm of John Milling and Co., wholesale and retail warehousemen, Grainger Street, in that city. Mr. Milling was for some time a member of the Newcastle Town Council; and it was chiefly through his instrumentality that the rent-roll of the Corporation property was prepared and issued in the year 1878. The remains of the deceased gentleman, who was 67 years of age, were removed to Harrogate for interment.

Mr. Andrew Carr, accountant, who was for many years associated with his brother, Mr. J. M. Carr, in the management and proprietorship of the *Newcastle Journal*, died somewhat suddenly on the 1st of March, in the 65th year of his age.

On the 2nd of March, as Mr. M. T. Culley, of Coupland Castle, near Wooler, Northumberland, was travelling in a train from London, he suddenly expired. The deceased gentleman was a magistrate for Northumberland, and chairman of the Glendale Board of Guardians. He was High Sheriff of the county in 1869. The deceased gentleman had been to London to undergo an operation in his throat.

On the same day, at the age of 51, died Mr. Robert White, a well-known grocer in Sunderland, his death being attributed to a fall which he had sustained in his business about a fortnight previously.

Mr. William Summers, another Sunderland man, and a somewhat important witness in the celebrated Abrath case a few years ago, also died on the 2nd of March.

Mr. Matthew Coulson, proprietor of the Merrington Lane Ironworks at Spennymoor, and well known as a colliery engineer, died on the 9th of March, aged 58.

On the 9th of March, the remains of Mr. Joseph Tyson, head master of St. Thomas's School, Newcastle, who had died on the 5th, at the age of 41, were interred in St. Andrew's Cemetery, Newcastle. Mr. Tyson, who had held the office since October, 1874, was a most successful teacher, the passes of his pupils having reached the high standard of 97·45 per cent.

Mr. Jonathan Maddison, of Sidehead, Weardale, an active public man, a staunch Primitive Methodist, and a prominent Oddfellow, died on the 9th of March.

On the 9th of March, also, died, very suddenly, Mr. G. H. Garrett, manager of Messrs. Stephenson and Co.'s engine works, Forth Street, Newcastle. The deceased, who was a native of Tamworth, his father being a clergyman, was only 34 years of age.

The death was announced on March 14 of Mr. John Aydon, a native of Winlaton, and one of the oldest tradesmen in Newcastle, in which he had been in business as a tea-dealer for almost half a century.

On the same day was reported the death, at Newport, South Wales, of Mr. George Wilkinson, a native of Wylam, and manager, with Sir George Elliot, of the

Monkwearmouth and other collieries in the North of England till 1855, when he went to South Wales to take sole charge of the collieries belonging to the firm of Messrs. Powell and Sons, which subsequently became the property of Sir George Elliot and others, under the name of the Powell Duffryn Steam Coal Company, Limited. Mr. Wilkinson was in the eightieth year of his age.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

FEBRUARY.

12.—Earl Granville, as the guest of Sir Lowthian Bell, at Rounton Grange, Northallerton, paid a visit to Middlesbrough.

13.—In the course of excavations being prosecuted in the Back Row, Newcastle, a broken tombstone was discovered, bearing the inscription "W. B., May 26, Anno Domini," but of the year only the figure 7 could be made out.

14.—St. Valentine's Day was marked by a very large decline in the number of missives sent by post, not more than from 8,000 to 10,000 letters in excess of the usual daily number having been received at the Newcastle Post Office.

—A strike commenced among some shipwrights, at Middlesbrough, for an immediate advance of 2s. per week, but an advance of 1s. 6d. was ultimately accepted, and work was resumed on the 16th.

15.—It was announced that the Theatre Royal, Blyth, had been sold to a company by the proprietor, Mr. Richard Fynes.

—The Northumberland and Newcastle Winter Assizes were opened before Mr. Justice Denman and Mr. Meadows White, Q.C., as Commissioner.

—A special mission in connection with the Church of England, and intended to extend over ten days, was initiated in Newcastle. The missioners were received by the Bishop of the diocese in the Cathedral in the evening, and the work practically commenced on the following day. In the morning, about 200 cabmen, car-drivers, and others, were entertained to a breakfast in the Town Hall, at the expense of Mr. John Hall. In several cases, the mission was continued beyond the contemplated time; and every day, for nearly three weeks, the Rev. W. H. M. Hay-Aitken delivered an address to business men in St. Nicholas' Cathedral, which was crowded at each service. On one of the days a sermon was also delivered by the Bishop of the diocese to the prisoners in the Gaol. The work was altogether regarded as very successful.

—A match in best-and-best boats took place from Dunston Gangway to Hepplewhite's Cottage, on the Tyne, distance one mile, between Thomas Purvis, of Walker, and Thomas Reed, of Pelaw Main, for £25 a-side. The latter won very easily.

—The last performance was given of the pantomime, "Puss in Boots," at the Tyne Theatre; and "Sindbad the Sailor" was brought to a close at the Theatre Royal on the 23rd.

17.—The Hon. Dadabhai Naoroji, the distinguished Parsee, who had been characterised by the Marquis of Salisbury as "only a black man," delivered a lecture in the Tyne Theatre, under the auspices of the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society, under the title of "An Indian's

Dadabhai Naoroji.

View of British Rule in India." On the following morning, Mr. Naoroji was entertained to a public breakfast in the hall of the Newcastle Liberal Club.

18.—A two days' special mission was commenced in connection with the Salvation Army at Sunderland, under the direction of "General" Booth.

—In the Queen's Bench Division, the name of Mr. Joseph Dodds, solicitor, Stockton, and ex-M.P. for that borough, was struck of the roll of solicitors, on the ground that he had embezzled the sum of £11,800 belonging to an aged client, named Mrs. Meynell, and fraudulently converted a cheque for £2,000 into a negotiable security, appropriating the money. Mr. Dodds, at the same time, resigned his position as alderman in the Stockton Town Council of which he had been a member since 1852. At a meeting of the Tees Conservancy Commissioners, on the 4th of March, a letter was read from Mr. Matthew Dodds, stating that he was authorised by his father to tender his resignation of the office of Chief Clerk to that body. It was afterwards resolved that the letter be entered on the minutes, and that, in view of the circumstances connected with Mr. Dodds, his appointment under the Commission be cancelled; Mr. J. H. Amos, secretary, being appointed acting Chief Clerk *ad interim*. Mr. Dodds also tendered his resignation of the office of clerk to to the South Stockton Local Board.

—At the Northumberland Assizes, at Newcastle, commenced the trial of Thomas Harrison, aged 70, late police inspector, Isaac Gair, 42, police sergeant, and Robert Sprott, 36, also a member of the Northumberland County Constabulary, in connection with the burglary at Edlingham Vicarage. The charge against them was that, between February 7 and April 24, 1879, they conspired with George Harkes, superintendent of police, since dead, to obstruct and prevent the due course of justice by

giving false evidence against Michael Brannagan and Peter Murphy, on certain charges of shooting, at Edlingham, with intent to commit a murder. Mr. Gainsford Bruce, Q.C., M.P., Mr. D. F. Steavenson, and Mr. Hans Hamilton, instructed by Mr. Brewis Elsdon, on behalf of the Solicitor to the Treasury, were counsel for the prosecution; while Mr. Besley and Mr. H. Boyd, instructed by Mr. Middlemiss, of Alnwick, appeared for the defendants. The case was continued *de die in diem*, and was brought to a close about two o'clock on the afternoon of the 23rd, when the jury, after an absence of 35 minutes, returned a verdict of not guilty in each case. Mr. Justice Denman, who, in summing up, had remarked that the case against Brannagan and Murphy was, according to the evidence, stronger than it was ten years ago, said, "A very right verdict, gentlemen, if you will allow me to say so." The defendants were then discharged. On the 2nd of March, it was announced that the two liberated men, Brannagan and Murphy, had received the amount of compensation (£800 each) granted to them by the Government for wrongful imprisonment in the matter of the burglary. (See pp. 46, 95, and 142.) In the House of Commons, on the 7th of March, Sir George Campbell asked the Secretary of State for the Home Department whether he proposed to make any further inquiry into the Edlingham burglary case. The Home Secretary said he was unable to see that any further inquiry could be made which would throw light upon it or elicit any new facts. The Northumberland magistrates, at a meeting on the same day, authorised a sum of £413 5s. 1d., the costs of the defence, to be repaid to the Chief-Constable, but resolved at the same time to urge that the expense of the defence should fall upon the Treasury.

19.—As the result of a vote by ballot, it was found that the miners of Northumberland had, by a large majority, accepted the terms as to the advance of wages proposed by the coalowners. Corresponding advances were afterwards granted to the colliery enginemen and to the deputies.

21.—The helpers employed in the thirteen shipyards on the Wear, to the number of over 2,000, struck work, their notice for an advance of 1s. 6d. per week having expired. The masters offered an increase of 6d. per week, and this the men ultimately accepted.

22.—Some serious disturbances took place in connection with the seizure of wreckage at Holy Island.

23.—The triennial election of a School Board for South Stockton took place, the whole of the old members being re-elected, with the exception of the Rev. H. Winsor, whose seat fell to Mr. Isaac Lee.

24.—The last of the winter series of lectures under the auspices of the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society was delivered in the Tyne Theatre, by the well-known Russian revolutionist known as "Stepniak," his subject being "Russian Democracy."

—A destructive fire broke out in Printing Court Buildings, the Side, Newcastle, occupied by Mr. Andrew Reid, printer. The fire engines were on the spot five minutes after the alarm was given.

25.—At an influential gathering of shipowners at Hartlepool, Mr. F. Yeoman was presented with a cheque for £500, a silver jardiniere for fruit, and a diamond ring for Mrs. Yeoman, in recognition of his services in connection with well-decked shipping.

26.—The members of the Gateshead Choral Society gave their first invitation concert, in the Town Hall of that borough, the piece performed being Gade's cantata, "The Elf-King's Daughter."

—At Durham Assizes, before Mr. Justice Denman, Edward Wilkinson, butcher, was, after a short trial, found guilty of the murder of Police-Constable John Graham, at Wrekenton, Gateshead, and was sentenced to death. The prisoner interrupted the learned judge while passing sentence, exclaiming "Oh! let's have it; it's no use bothering." Wilkinson was subsequently reprieved on the ground of insanity. (See page 141.)

—A marine store dealer, named John Scahill, of Jarrow, in attempting to jump from the landing at North Shields on to the ferryboat, fell into the river and was drowned.

—Mr. R. E. Sprague Oram, travelling secretary to Lord Dunraven's Committee on the Sweating System, concluded a two days' inquiry in Newcastle.

—The iron manufacturers of the North of England and Cleveland district connected with the Conciliation Board made an advance of 2½ per cent. in the wages of the iron-workers.

27.—At Durham Assizes, trials arising out of three Sunderland tragedies were heard. The first case was that of John George Macdonald, 14, who was charged with the wilful murder of James Moore, on the 31st of December last. The jury returned a verdict of manslaughter, and his lordship next day sentenced him to a month's imprisonment with hard labour, to be followed by four years in a reformatory. Mary Elizabeth Stockdale, 25, domestic servant, was found guilty of the murder of her illegitimate child by drowning it in a millpond. The jury strongly recommended the accused to mercy on account of her weak intellect. Sentence of death was passed. Michael Smith, 20, labourer, was charged with the manslaughter of Catherine Duff, on the 10th of December last. A verdict of guilty was returned by the jury, and the prisoner was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. On the 28th, William Rigg, 27, forge roller, was indicted for the wilful murder of his wife, Jane Rigg, at Sunderland, in December last, by beating her with a poker and cutting her throat. The jury found the prisoner guilty, and sentence of death was passed. The sentences on Stockdale and Rigg were subsequently commuted.

28.—About this time the last of the old "Crow Trees," which stood so long on the vacant space of ground opposite St. Thomas's Church, Newcastle, was removed to make way for a new building in course of erection upon the site. (See vol. ii., page 335.)

MARCH.

1.—An official inspection of some old relics which had been brought to light in Hanover Square, Newcastle, in the course of excavations being prosecuted by the North-Eastern Railway Company, was made by a number of the members of the Society of Antiquaries. It was at this point that Sir John Marley and his hardy Northumbrians defended the town against the attack of General Lesley and his Scottish host in 1640.

—The strike of 2,000 shipyard helpers at Sunderland was settled by the men agreeing to accept an advance of 6d. per week, as offered by the masters, the increase which they had asked for having been 1s. 6d.

—A prospectus was issued of the conversion of the Newcastle and Gosforth Tramways and Carriage Company into a limited liability undertaking, with a nominal

capital of £80,000, of which, however, only £50,000, in £10 shares, was called up at the outset, 3,000 shares being taken by the vendors, and the remaining 2,000 offered to public subscription.

—In the report presented at the fifteenth annual meeting of the Newcastle Branch of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, under the presidency of the Mayor (Mr. Thomas Richardson), grateful reference was, as usual, made to the efforts of Uncle Toby, through the medium of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, to inculcate lessons of kindness upon the young. It was announced at the meeting that this was the last season when hare and rabbit coursing would take place at Gosforth Park under the auspices of the company which owns that estate.

2.—It was announced that there had been left as a bequest to the Newcastle Public Libraries, by the late Mr. Henry Philip Archibald Buchanan Riddell, C.S.I., of Whitefield House, Hepple, Northumberland, a library of between 800 and 1,000 volumes of rare and valuable books, dealing chiefly with the antiquities, archæology, and history of India and our other Asiatic dominions. (As to the death of the donor, see present volume, p. 140.) Almost simultaneously with this gift, Mr. Walter Scott, Felling, informed the Public Libraries Committee that it was his intention to present to that institution a copy of each of his publications which were already in print, and also a copy of such books as he might afterwards publish from time to time.

—After several days' trial, at Durham Assizes, the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff in an action brought by Mr. H. F. Boyd, of Moor House, near Durham, against a man named Rutter and others, for trespassing on part of his land known as Mally Gill and Rainton Park Woods, near Finchale Abbey, the defendants having claimed a right of road over the ground in question.

—A boys' brigade was brought into practical operation in Gateshead, the founder being the Rev. R. T. Talbot, who had for the past two years conducted most successfully a gymnasium for the poorer class of lads.

—Robert Nixon, one of four men who had been challenged to a boat race, was drowned from a boat in the river Tyne, near Newcastle.

3.—A mission church, dedicated to St. Mark, was consecrated by the Bishop of Newcastle at Shiremoor.

4.—The Durham County Council held its second statutory meeting, and unanimously elected Mr. J. Lloyd Wharton, chairman of Quarter Sessions, to be chairman of the fully-constituted Council. Mr. Arthur Pease was elected vice-chairman.

—It was resolved to form a federation of the Liberal and Radical Associations in the county of Durham, Sir J. W. Pease, M.P., being elected President.

—The first annual conference of the National Amalgamated Sailors' and Firemen's Union was held at Sunderland.

—As usual on Shrove-Tuesday, the annual football match between "The Up-Streeters" and "The Down-Streeters" was played at Chester-le-Street.

5.—The first service of praise by the choirs of the local Presbyterian Churches was held in Trinity Church, Newcastle, under the presidency of the Rev. J. B. Hastings.

—An exhibition in connection with the Jarrow and Hebburn Model Yacht Club was opened by Sir Charles Palmer, M.P.

—A proposal to change the name of South Stockton to Thornaby-on-Tees was rejected by the South Stockton Local Board.

6.—Mr. Ralph Hindmarsh, auctioneer, offered for sale the fittings and furnishings of the Turf Hotel, Collingwood Street, Newcastle, previous to the erection on the site of a Bank for Messrs. Hodgkin, Barnett, Pease, Spence, and Co. A large company assembled, many visitors embracing the opportunity of inspecting what for many years was one of the leading hotels of the city. The work of dismantling the old building, prior to the erection of the bank, was actively commenced on the 13th. (Vol. ii., pp. 190, 327 and 573.)

8.—In the London Bankruptcy Court, an application was made and granted for a receiving order under a petition presented on behalf of Mr. Matthew Bowser Dodds, of Stockton-on-Tees, solicitor.

9.—The rules of constitution and a programme for Parliamentary purposes were adopted by the Newcastle Labour Association.

12.—At the Gateshead County Police Court, Henry Nelson, about 60 years of age, and described as the "King of the Beggars," was sentenced to 14 days' imprisonment, on a charge of vagrancy, in sleeping in a fire-hole at Winlaton.

—A stained glass window to the memory of Mrs. Streeter, and executed by Mr. Baguley, Newcastle, to the order of the Rev. Charles Streeter, her husband, was unveiled in Hedworth Church.

—While a man, named Joseph Harker, was fishing in the Wear, near Binchester Hall Wood, he discovered in the river the body of a woman, which was supposed to be that of Margaret Huntley, 26, a single woman, who had been reported missing from Drake Street, Spennymoor, since the 28th of January.

10.—After undergoing restoration, the old church of St. Abba, Beadnell, Northumberland, was re-opened by the Bishop of Newcastle.

13.—A workman named James Tucker, of Newcastle, was accidentally killed by the upsetting of a large steam crane, at the new dock in course of construction for the Blyth Shipbuilding Company, at Blyth.

14.—It was announced in a metropolitan journal that Mr. R. S. Newall, of Ferndene, Gateshead, had made a proposal to the University of Cambridge, to present that body with his refracting telescope, which has a 25 in. aperture and 30 ft. focal length, together with the dome and instruments connected with it.

—The North Shields town Council, the South Shields Town Council, and the River Tyne Commissioners having each agreed to pay one-third of the necessary expense, arrangements were concluded for the re-institution of the Time-Gun at the mouth of the Tyne.

—The tower of the old windmill near Walker Railway Station was removed by means of blasting.

General Occurrences.

FEBRUARY.

18.—A boiler exploded in the basement of the Park Central Hotel, Hartford, Connecticut, United States. So terrific was the shock that the edifice was ruined. The *debris* caught fire, and a scene ensued of unexampled horror. Fully fifty persons were killed.

19.—The result of an election in East Perthshire of a

Parliamentary representative in the room of Mr. R. Stewart Menzies, was declared as follows:—Sir John Kinloch (Gladstonian), 4,005; Mr. W. L. Bosse (Unionist), 2,289; majority, 1,716.

—The death was recorded of William Frederic Tillotson, of Bolton, founder of an international bureau for the supply of fiction and special literary articles for simultaneous publication in the newspaper press. The death was also announced of Joseph Gung'l, a well-known composer of dance music.

26.—Death of Terance McArdle, of Liverpool, at the age of 107.

MARCH.

4.—General Harrison was formally installed at Washington as President of the United States.

—At the Manchester City Police Court, Charles Parton was committed for trial on a charge of robbing John Fletcher, and causing his death by administering a drug. A coroner's jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against Parton.

—Death of the Rev. J. G. Wood, author of many well-known works on natural history.

6.—King Milan of Servia abdicated his throne in favour of his son, Alexander I., and appointed M. Jovan

Ristitch, General Protitch, and General Berlimarkovitch, regents.

8.—Lord George Hamilton, First Lord of the Admiralty, explained to the House of Commons a scheme by which the navy will be augmented by 70 warships at a cost of £21,500,000.

—About this time there were serious floods in the South of England. The water in the streets of Taunton was several feet deep, and hundreds of houses in the north part of the town were inundated. Several bridges were washed away. Enormous tracts of land were flooded near Bath, and many cattle perished. At Bristol, miles of streets were under water. The flooding of shops and warehouses caused a loss in that town alone estimated at £50,000. The churches and chapels in the district were closed on the 10th (Sunday), the ministers and leading members going about in carts relieving the inhabitants of the inundated localities.

11.—Execution of Jessie King at Edinburgh for the murder of her two children.

12.—The result of an election at Barnsley for a Parliamentary representative in the room of Mr. C. S. Kenny, was declared as follows:—Lord Compton (Gladstonian), 6,232; Mr. Bruce Wentworth (Conservative), 3,781; majority, 2,451.

13.—A colliery explosion was reported at Brynmally Colliery, Wrexham. About 20 lives were lost.

—The sittings of the Parnell Commission were adjourned to April 1. The proceedings have been of a startling character. After some remarkable evidence had been given on behalf of *The Times*, Richard Piggott was called as a witness. He told how he became possessed of the letters which it was alleged incriminated Mr. Parnell and other persons. The cross-examination of Pigott proved him to be an utterly worthless fellow. On the morning of the 27th February, when he ought to have presented himself at court for further examination, it was found that he was missing from the hotel where he had been staying. The following day a document, in the handwriting of Pigott, being a confession that he had fabricated the letters, using genuine letters of Mr. Parnell and Mr. Egan in copying words, phrases, and the general character of the handwriting, was read in court. Mr. Parnell, and his secretary, Mr. Campbell, afterwards went into the witness box and denied the authenticity of the letters. Criminal proceedings for forgery were commenced against Pigott, who, in the meantime, could not be found. On March 1, however, a telegram was received from Madrid announcing that he had committed suicide in an hotel in that city. On March 12 a witness named Timothy J. Coffey, who admitted that he had deliberately made false statements, was committed to prison for contempt of court. After evidence by Mr. Soames, solicitor for *The Times*, as to Coffey's evidence, the Attorney-General announced that the case for *The Times* was concluded.

RICHARD PIGOTT.

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The Bewick Club and its Founders.

SEVERAL art clubs, or associations for the study of painting and drawing, have at various times been formed in Newcastle. They generally consisted of a few professional and amateur artists, who met together at stated times principally for the purpose of studying from the living model. The Newcastle Life School, which came into existence some ten years ago, was one of these institutions. It included most of the best local artists of the day; but it was limited in its scope. A taste for art was then manifesting itself in the North, the number of artists and art students greatly increased, and it soon became evident that an association more comprehensive in its aims was necessary to meet the growing requirements. This was recognised by all the members of the Life School. It was some little time before any definite steps were taken; but eventually the Bewick Club was commenced, under circumstances recorded in our sketch of Mr. Thomas Dickinson. It is sufficient to add here that the club has realised the most sanguine expectations of its promoters, that its membership continues to augment, and that a long period of usefulness may be confidently anticipated for it.

H. H. EMMERSON.

The career of Mr. H. H. Emmerson, the president of the Bewick Club, is replete with interest to art students. That he was born with a genius for painting admits of no doubt. From his earliest years he could draw, and it is a well known fact that he excelled as a draughtsman before he could write.

Henry Hetherington Emmerson was born in 1831 at Chester-le-Street in the county of Durham. He belongs to the family of which Emerson the philosopher, and Emerson the mathematician, were famous members. Though the names are spelt differently, they all spring from Hurworth-on-Tees. Excellence in art and pedestrianism is not a combination usually found in youths of ten. Though devoting most of his time to drawing, young Henry did not neglect athletic sports. He became a very swift runner—in fact, the fastest runner in the world of his age. The first time his name ap-

H. H. Emmerson,

peared in public prints was in connection with this sport —not with art, as might have been expected. A challenge from his backers was put into *Bell's Life* offering to run any lad of his age. It was never accepted, but he ran several handicaps with professional men, and never lost a race.

This by the way. All the while young Emmerson had been prosecuting his studies with ardour. He recalls his first oil painting to mind with much humour. He possessed some oil colours, but no medium. "Ah," said a youthful acquaintance, "I'll get you some oil." The lad at once made a raid upon his sister's boudoir, and stole her hair oil. With this medium young Emmerson painted his first picture in oils. The result may be imagined. The colours ran into one another—the eyes into the mouth, the mouth into the chin, and so on. In vain did young Emmerson turn it upside down in the hope that the colours would run back again.

At this time his studies were somewhat desultory. Having no regular instruction in art, he copied anything that took his fancy. But when he was thirteen years of age, it was thought that he should have the best available instruction to be obtained in the district. He, therefore, went to Newcastle, where he studied under Mr. W. B. Scott, principal of the Government School of Art, then located in rooms above the shop now occupied by Mr. H. A. Murton, in Market Street. Amongst the students were the late Mr. John Campbell, father of Mr. John Hodgson Campbell; Mr. John Surtees, the eminent landscape painter; Mr. Finney, now head master of the Liverpool School of Art; and many others who have since risen to fame. Mr. Scott took a great interest in Emmerson, and rendered him all the assistance in his power. When he joined the school, it happened that he was rather late to enter into a competition for a prize. But Mr. Scott urged him to try for it, and allowed him to take his work home. One night, when he had nearly finished his drawing, he was overcome with weariness, and fell asleep. When he awoke he found that he had accidentally spoilt his drawing. He at once commenced a new one, and finished it in time for the competition. It won the prize, which was presented to him by the Duke of Northumberland.

Emmerson continued his studies under Mr. Scott for about two years and a half. His next step was an important one. A clergyman who had noticed the lad's talent sent him to Paris for six months. There he occupied his time in making copies of paintings in the Louvre. At the termination of this period, he went to London, and copied subjects in the National Academy. Afterwards he succeeded in gaining admission to the Royal Academy as a pupil. During the time he was thus engaged in London, he had his living to make, and the difficulty was how to prosecute his studies at the same time. It is sufficient here to say that for a time he knew what it was to want a dinner, for the reason that he had not the wherewithal to pay for it. It was only for a time. His introduction to many patrons was through the intervention of the Hon. Mrs. Cust.

Success was now the word. He had won a reputation for painting children, and orders came in from every hand. Fully occupied, his exchequer was flourishing. Altogether he was doing very well. Another source of congratulation was the acceptance at the Royal Academy of a picture entitled "The Village Tailor," which was honoured with a position on the line. Had he remained in London, there is no knowing what letters might have followed his name; but it was to be otherwise. The influence of Mr. Ruskin was strong within him at this time. The great critic and philosopher had already noticed some of Emmerson's pictures very favourably, and when Ruskin put forth his dictum that every artist should live in the country, Emmerson accepted the theory. In fact, it fell in with his views entirely, for he had always had a love for active exercise and country life.

Emmerson came back to the North, and went to live at Ebchester, where he met the lady who was to be his partner through life. The happy event took place soon after he arrived at man's estate. The first ten years of his married life were spent amid the sylvan beauties which are to be found at Stocksfield-on-Tyne—a veritable home for an artist. Here he painted many important works, several of which were exhibited at the Royal Academy. "The Queen's Letter," depicting an incident connected with dreadful disaster at Hartley Colliery, caused a great sensation. "The Foreign Invasion" and "The Branks" were bought by Lord (then Sir William) Armstrong. "The Critics," a popular work, was engraved, and in that form commanded a large sale. Emmerson soon found it convenient to remove to Tosson, near Rothbury. Here he painted the portrait of Lord Armstrong, which was exhibited at the Jubilee Exhibition; "Johnny Armstrong's Return," now at Jesmond; "Faithful unto Death," telling the story of a dog that was found licking the hands of a shepherd who had died in a snowdrift; and many other works. One of the best of his pictures—"Johnny Armstrong's Farewell"—was in 1888 reproduced in the *Monthly Chronicle*. (See vol. ii., page 217.)

During recent years Mr. Emmerson has resided at Cullercoats, where the picturesque fisherfolks have afforded him many subjects for his pencil.

ROBERT JOBLING.

Robert Jobling, vice-president of the Bewick Club, was born at St. Lawrence, Newcastle, in the year 1841. He commenced to draw when he was about six or seven years of age, finding his subjects in the immediate neighbourhood of his home. His father

was a glassmaker to trade, and, after a limited term at school, young Jobling went to work at the same factory. Here he continued until he was about sixteen years of age. All this time he had been devoting his spare hours to drawing and painting. He soon became convinced that it was his lot to become an artist. He had never had any instruction, nor had he seen anyone

paint; nevertheless, he felt the inclination so strongly that he determined, at some future time, to devote himself to art. In the hope that he might gain some knowledge that would be useful to him, he obtained employment as a house painter; but, of course, the opportunities afforded to him were extremely limited. His evenings, however, were spent at the School of Art conducted by Mr. W. Cosens Way. Two sessions of hard work in the elementary classes laid a firm ground work. An exhibition of his paintings, which he held in Newcastle some twenty years ago was so favourably noticed by the *Newcastle Chronicle* and other local newspapers that he determined to give up his employment (he was then a foreman painter in a shipyard), and endeavour to earn a living by his brush and palette. Progress has been slow, but sure, and Mr. Jobling's position in the artistic world is in every sense gratifying, for his works find acceptance at the Royal Academy, and at most of the principal exhibitions in the country.

Mr. Jobling is best known for his marine and river subjects. Living as he does at Cullercoats, he finds plenty of employment for the exercise of his talent. The fishermen and fisherwives are depicted by him with rare skill. In this department of art he has won his greatest triumphs. In tragic scenes, showing the brave fisherfolk fighting for life amidst the breakers, or in representations of peaceful moonlight, he is equally successful. Woodland scenery sometimes claims his attention, but less so than the coast. In the department of black and white he has done good work. The *Art Journal* and other illustrated magazines occasionally contain contributions by him, and acting as he does as the local artist for the *Graphic*, the pages of that newspaper are frequently adorned with his drawings.

JOHN SURTEES.

John Surtees, now the oldest artist in Newcastle, was born at Ebchester, in the county of Durham. Through the influence of the late Mr. Peter Annandale, he was apprenticed to Messrs. Robert Stephenson and Co., the well-known engineers. Shortly after he entered upon his duties, he joined the local Art School in Market Street, then under the charge of Mr. Frank Oliphant, husband of the novelist. Young Surtees devoted as much spare time as possible to his studies; but the nature of his duties at Stephenson's Works was such that he was frequently employed there until ten o'clock

at night. Still he must have made good use of his time, as we find that, during the first year, he gained a prize for a drawing from the antique.

At the end of his apprenticeship, Mr. Surtees would

have joined a large engineering firm in London; but Messrs. Stephenson and Co. were so desirous of retaining his services that they gave him the appointment of foreman of the works. He remained with the firm for some half-dozen years more, and then determined to win a position as an artist. Long before he came to that conclusion, he had engaged a studio in Grainger Street, Newcastle, where he spent much of his spare time. One of his neighbours was the artist Edward Train, then a man of middle age.

Soon after the commencement of his new career, Mr. Surtees sent two landscapes to the Royal Academy. Both were hung, and both were bought by David Roberts, R.A., a member of the Hanging Committee. This was a great encouragement. Hitherto, he had found difficulty in disposing of his landscapes; but he subsequently received commissions for several scenes from nature. He soon gave up the painting of portraits and figures, which had previously engaged his attention, and devoted himself entirely to landscape. In the course of his sketching excursions he has visited over and over again the English Lake District, Scotland, Yorkshire, Derbyshire, and North Wales. Extended sojourns have also been made in the Riviera, Florence, Bologna, Rome, Pompeii, and other parts of Italy.

Soon after the second visit to Italy, Mr. Surtees was agreeably surprised to receive a letter from Sir Henry Ponsonby, requesting that a folio of his Italian sketches should be sent to Windsor for the Queen's inspection. This command was speedily obeyed, and her Majesty was graciously pleased to purchase two important drawings—one of the Isola Bella, Lago Maggiore, and the other of the Arch on the Cap Martin. Mr. Surtees's drawings made in the region of Rome found ready buyers; Lady Armstrong alone bought more than a dozen. Mr. Surtees's patrons are not confined to England, and include Mr. Cyrus Field, the American millionaire; the Hon. G. C. Hawker, of Adelaide; and Sir William Clarke, of Melbourne—all of whom have important collections.

The year 1888 was the twenty-fifth in which Mr. Surtees exhibited at the Royal Academy, and thirty of his pictures have been on view on the walls of that institution.

Mr. Surtees is wedded to a lady in every way fitted to perfect his happiness. An artist herself, and gifted with no mean literary talent, she is a true helpmate. How much of his success and happiness in this world is due to her encouragement and assistance is only known to the painter himself.

RALPH HEDLEY.

Ralph Hedley was born at Gilling, near Richmond, Yorkshire, in the year 1850. He came to Newcastle at an early age. After the usual period at school, he was for a short time connected with one of the departments of the *Newcastle Chronicle*. For two or three years he attended the School of Art, then, as now, conducted by Mr. Cosens Way, and before the age of 15 had secured medals for model drawing, anatomy, and painting, as well as other

prizes. He was apprenticed to Mr. T. H. Tweedy, wood-carver, of Newcastle, with whom he served his full time. During his apprenticeship, he carved three of the panels of the set of Tam o' Shanter now at Chipchase Castle. At the termination of his indentures, Mr. Hedley was for a short time in the service of Mr. Gerard Robinson, with whom Mr. Seymour Lucas, A.R.A., served his apprenticeship as a wood-carver. This was only for a few months, as Mr. Hedley and another young man commenced business for themselves. The partnership did not continue long, as his companion died shortly afterwards. Since then he has carried on the business with most gratifying success.

That Mr. Hedley is also a sculptor is not generally known. Not many weeks ago, when he visited the mansion of a local baronet, some marble alto-relievo panels were shown to him as being very fine. No one was more surprised than himself when on examination he found that they were his own work, executed some dozen years previously.

The principal pictures that Mr. Hedley has painted are "Northumberland Politicians"; "The Sword

Dancers," a sketch of which will be found in vol. i., page 464; "The News Boy," "Proclaiming the Horse Fair at Corbridge," "The Wedding Quilt," "Last in the Market," "The Market Morning," "The Fishermen's Sunday," and "Contraband," the latter, when exhibited at the last exhibition of the Bewick Club, attracting more attention than any other of his pictures. Several of Mr. Hedley's works have been reproduced in chromo-lithography.

Mr. Hedley holds certain opinions of his own as to the mission of the artist. He thinks that there are plenty of good subjects to be found in the North, and that it is unnecessary to go further afield. Moreover, he contends that an artist should give special study to events of our own day in preference to those which took place say a couple of centuries ago. This, he thinks, is the true ideal of the historical painter. That he carries out his views is proved by the subjects of his pictures.

THOMAS DICKINSON.

The history of the Bewick Club is so inseparably interwoven with the story of the latter part of Mr. Dickinson's life that to recount the history of the one is practically to record the main incidents connected with the other.

Thomas Dickinson was born some 34 years ago in Allendale. After the usual period at school, he came to Newcastle in 1872, and commenced to study at the Government School of Art, presided over by Mr. W. C. Way. His studies, however, were also partly under the guidance of his cousin, the late Mr. John Dickinson, the well-known portrait painter. At the examinations he carried off several prizes. At one time he had intended to follow the profession of an artist, but his health was so precarious that he was obliged to give up the idea.

We now come to the inception of the Bewick Club. About eight or nine years ago Mr. Dickinson joined the Newcastle Life School—an institution for the study of art which was then in existence. But it soon became apparent to him that an art club to be worthy of the name must be of a more comprehensive character. The Life School was too narrow in its scope; landscape painters were not included, and there were defects in its organisation which must be repaired. Mr. Dickinson prepared the basis of a plan which ultimately resulted in the establishment of the Bewick Club. On submitting it to Mr. H. H. Emmerson, that gentleman heartily approved of it. Mr. Robert Jobling also approved of the scheme. Nothing further was done for a while. But one night it happened that the model whom the Life School had engaged did not put in an appearance. After sitting for a while, Mr. Emmerson observed: "Well, it won't do to waste time; let us hold a meeting." "Agreed!" cried everybody present. Mr. Dickinson then gave details of his plan. Finally, it was resolved to form a new society which was to be named the Bewick Club. At the annual meeting in January following the scheme was carried into operation, Mr. Dickinson being appointed honorary secretary.

The next point to consider was an exhibition of pictures and an art union. It had struck Mr. Dickinson that as art unions had been successful elsewhere the same plan could be applied to Newcastle. No art union had been formed in the town before. There had been lotteries, but they were not legalized, and did not belong to the same category. Mr. Dickinson visited various towns in England and Scotland for the purpose of investigating the methods of conducting art unions, and submitted the result to the committee appointed to deal with the matter.

The plan was ordered to be carried out. Mr. Dickinson next prepared for the first exhibition of pictures under the auspices of the Bewick Club, held in 1884, when Mr. James Noble and Mr. Faraday Spence were associated with him as honorary secretaries. Altogether the exhibition was a success, the art union answered fairly well, and the committee had cause to be satisfied. The balance in hand, after paying all expenses, was £100.

Exhibitions, all more or less successful from an artistic and most of them from a financial point of view, have been held every year since, that of 1887 being connected

with the Jubilee Exhibition on the Town Moor. And the main work of organising them all has devolved on Mr. Dickinson.

The North-Country Garland of Song.

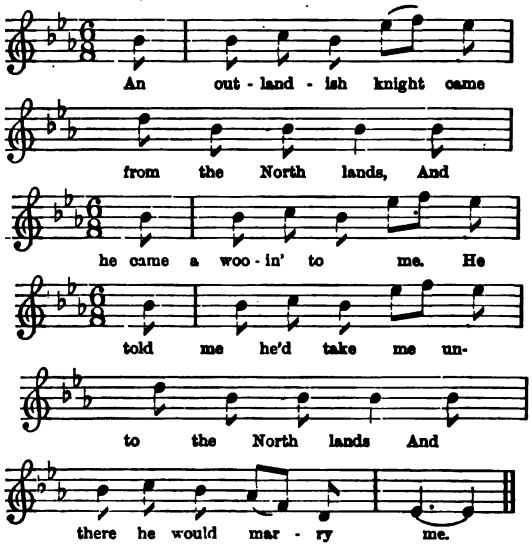
By John Stokoe.

THE OUTLANDISH KNIGHT.

THE following is the common stall copy of an old Northumbrian ballad, of which there is a variety of versions in all the languages of Northern Europe. Ballads founded upon similar incidents are to be found in Scottish collections under the titles of "May Colvine" and "The Water of Wearie's Well," and also in the Scandinavian, German, and Slavic languages. The old Danish ballad of "Marstig's" or "Marc Stig's Daughter," said to refer to "the exiled daughter of a Danish nobleman who was executed for the murder of King Erick Glipping, A.D. 1286," tells an identical tale.

By the term "Outlandish" is signified an inhabitant of that portion of the Border which was formerly known by the name of "the Debateable Land," a district which, though claimed by both England and Scotland, could not be said to belong to either country. The people on each side of the Border applied the term "Outlandish" to the "Debateable" residents.

The tune was taken down by the writer from the singing of Mrs. Andrews, of Claremont Place, Newcastle, sister of the late Mr. Robert White, an indefatigable collector, and a learned authority upon our old Northumbrian minstrelsy.



"Come, fetch me some of your father's gold
And some of your mother's fee;
And two of the best nags out of the stable,
Where they stand thirty and three."

She fetched him some of her father's gold
And some of her mother's fee;
And two of the best nags out of the stable,
Where they stood thirty and three.

She mounted her on her milk-white steed
And he on the dapple grey;
They rode till they came unto the sea side
Three hours before it was day.

"Light off, light off thy milk-white steed
And deliver it unto me;
Six pretty maids have I drowned here,
And thou the seventh shall be.

"Pull off, pull off thy silken gown
And deliver it unto me;
Methinks it looks too rich and gay
To rot in the salt sea.

"Pull off, pull off thy silken stays,
And deliver them unto me;
Methinks they are too rich and gay
To rot in the salt sea.

"Pull off, pull off thy Holland smock
And deliver it unto me;
Methinks it looks too rich and gay
To rot in the salt sea."

"If I must pull off my Holland smock,
Pray turn thy back to me,
For it is not fitting that such a ruffian
A naked woman should see."

He turned his back towards her,
And viewed the leaves so green;
She catched him by the middle so small,
And tumbled him into the stream.

He dropped high, he dropped low
Until he came to the side—
"Catch hold of my hand, my pretty maiden,
And I will make you my bride."

"Lie there, lie there, you false-hearted man,
Lie there instead of me;
Six pretty maids have you drowned there,
But the seventh has drowned thee."

She mounted on her milk-white steed,
And led the dapple grey;
She rode till she came to her own father's hall
Three hours before it was day.

The parrot being in the window so high,
Hearing the lady, did say:
"I'm afraid that some ruffian has led you astray,
That you've tarried so long away."

"Don't prittle or prattle, my pretty parrot,
Nor tell no tales of me;
Thy cage shall be made of the glittering gold,
Though now it is made of a tree."

The king being in his chamber so high,
And hearing the parrot, did say:
"What ails you, what ails you, my pretty parrot,
That you prattle so long before day?"

"It's no laughing matter," the parrot did say,
"But so loudly I call unto thee,
For the cats have got into the window so high,
And I'm afraid they will have me."

"Well turned, well turned, my pretty parrot,
Well turned, well turned for me;
Thy cage shall be made of the glittering gold,
And the door of the best ivory."

A Letter of the Poet of the Seasons.

By Sir George Douglas, Bart.

IN the issue of the *Kelso Mail* for April 13th, 1779, is printed a letter which purports to have been written by James Thomson, the author of "The Seasons," and which (if it be, as it seems to be, genuine) deserves—as the production of a man about whom too little is known, written at an interesting period of his career, and containing a highly characteristic passage—to be accorded a wider publicity. Thomson's connection with the Kelso district is well known. The letter, which is addressed to a certain Dr. Cranston (who appears to have been the companion of the poet's early youth, and who was the son of the then minister of Ancrum), on the death of the recipient, fell into the hands of a brother, and subsequently into those of the brother's family. It then lay unnoticed among lumber until it happened to be taken up by a servant for the purpose of packing some candlesticks which were sent to Kelso to be exchanged. The person into whose hands it next fell fortunately discovered its value; and it so came to be printed in the *Mail*. Of course this story, unless backed by strong internal evidence of the authenticity of the letter, would be worth little; but I think it will be conceded that such evidence is forthcoming. The letter is without date, and signed only with the initials J. T. It appears to have been written soon after the arrival of the poet in England—whither he went after the death of his mother. It opens with a somewhat diffuse statement of the writer's pecuniary position, followed, with some circumlocution, by an application for a loan, to be promptly repaid. It then proceeds as follows—(the original spelling is retained):—

> Now, I imagine you seized wt. a fine, romantic kind of melancholy, on the fading of the year. now I figure you wandering philosophical, and pensive, amidst the brown, wither'd groves; while the leaves rustle under your feet. the sun gives a farewell parting gleam and the birds
>
> Stir the faint note, and but attempt to sing,
>
> then again, when the heavens wear a more gloomy aspect, the winds whistle, and the waters spout, I see you in the well-known Cleugh, beneath the solemn arch of tall, thick, embowering trees, listening to the amusing lull of the many steep, moss-grown cascades; while deep divine contemplation, the genius of the place, prompts each swelling awfull thought; I'm sure, you would not resign your part in that scene att an easy rate. none e'er enjoy'd it to the height you do, and you're worthy of it. ther I walk in spirit, and disport in its beloved gloom. this country, I am in, is not so very entertaining. no variety but that of woods, and them we have in abundance. but where is the living stream? the airy mountain? and the hanging rock? with twenty other things that elegantly please the lover of nature?—Nature delights me in every form, I am just now painting her, in her most lugubrious dress; for my own amusement, describing winter as it presents itself. after my first proposal of the subject,
>
> I sing of winter, and his gelid reign;
> Nor let a rhyming insect of the spring,
> Deem it a barren theme, to me 'tis full
> Of manly charms; to me, who court the shade,
> Whom, the gay seasons suit not, and who shun
> The glare of summer. Welcome! kindred glooms!
> Drear awfull wintry, horrors, Welcome all! &c.*

After this introduction, I say, which insists for a few lines further I prosecute the purport of the following ones

> Nor can I o departing Summer! choose
> But consecrate one pitying line to you;
> Sing your last temper'd days, and sunny calms.
> That chear the spirits, and serene the soul.

The terrible floods, and high winds, that usually happen about this time of year, and have already happen'd here,† (I wish you have not felt them too dreadfully) the first produced the enclosed lines; the last are not completed. Mr. Rickleton's poem on Winter, which I still have, first put the design into my head. in it are some masterly strokes that awaken'd me—being only a present amusement, 'tis ten to one but I drop it in when e'er another fancy comes cross.

The remainder of the letter, which is a somewhat lengthy one, is occupied with matters of less interest. I am indebted to Mr. John Smith, the present editor of the *Kelso Mail*, who has recently reprinted the letter in his columns, for permission to make this communication.

Cumberland and the Scottish Kings.

HOW often in history do we find the old Kings of Scotland laying claim to the Border lands, notably of Westmoreland and Cumberland, as being possessions of theirs by right of inheritance! What foundation there was for this claim, and how at length it was compromised, is matter of history few are familiar with, though much of the strife ensuing of old betwixt the English and Scots originated in the rival claims to ancient Cumberland. This being a subject of special interest to North-Country folk, a brief recital of the facts may not be out of place.

According to Fordun, Constantine was the first of the Scottish kings who made the heir-apparent to his crown Prince of Cumberland. But there is reason to believe that Cumbria was not connected with Scotland till the reign of his successor, Malcolm I., the son of Donald IV., to whom it was ceded by the Saxon king Edmund (945). The territory thus ceded to the Scots consisted of the modern Cumberland and Westmoreland. It had constituted an independent British Kingdom, under the name of Reged, and had strenuously resisted the attempts of the Saxon kings to destroy its independence. At length Edmund the Elder, of England, succeeded in conquering

* These lines appear to have been cancelled in the sequel; but, in the address to the Earl of Wilmington at the opening of *Winter*, the poet speaks of filling his ear

With bold description and with *manly* thought.

† The editor of the *Mail* supposes the letter to have been written at Barnet.

this little kingdom, and put out the eyes of the five sons of Dunmail, its last British king. He then bestowed his new acquisition on Malcolm, on condition that he would become his associate in war, or, as the terms are explained by Matthew of Westminster, "that he would defend the northern parts of England from the invasions of his enemies, whether they came by sea or land." (*Vide* Dr. Taylor's "History of Scotland," vol. i., p. 35.)

Early in the Conqueror's reign, the counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland were guaranteed to Malcolm III. and his successors, for which he did homage. "According to Hector Boethius" [or *circa* about 1500] "the limits," quotes Hutchinson, "were ascertained by a cross erected on the heights of the desert of Stranmore, the remains of which are yet [1784] to be seen in the midst of a large entrenchment called Roy Cross."

In 1091, Malcolm resigned these counties to the crown of England, and did homage to Rufus on having confirmed to his crown "twelve towns in England, and an annual pension of twelve marks of gold," as arranged in the previous reign. The following year, however, offended at William for building a castle at Carlisle, and refusing subsequently to do homage in the presence of the English barons, the Scots King, in displeasure, in 1093, "assembled an army and burst into Northumberland, which he wasted with fire and sword." But while besieging Alnwick Castle he was surprised and slain by the Northumbrian earl, Robert de Mowbray.

Cumberland for centuries seems to have been held by, or withheld from, the Scots, much at the discretion or caprice of the English kings. In 1175, we find Henry II. promising to cede Northumberland and Cumberland to Scotland on King William the Lion engaging to aid him in suppressing the rebellion instigated by his son, Prince Henry. In the 13th century Henry III. revived the ancient claim of sovereignty over Scotland, which provoked Alexander II., on the other hand, to demand "delivery of the counties of Northumberland, Westmoreland, and Cumberland, as his right by inheritance." This counter-claim led to a royal conference in Newcastle, or, as Matthew Paris records, at York, resulting in the Scottish King's claims being compounded for by Henry granting him lands to the value of eighty marks yearly. Again, at the latter part of the century, we find Edward I., in final settlement of the Scots claim on the Northern Counties, assigning lands in Penrith and Sowerby in Cumberland to the yearly value of £200.

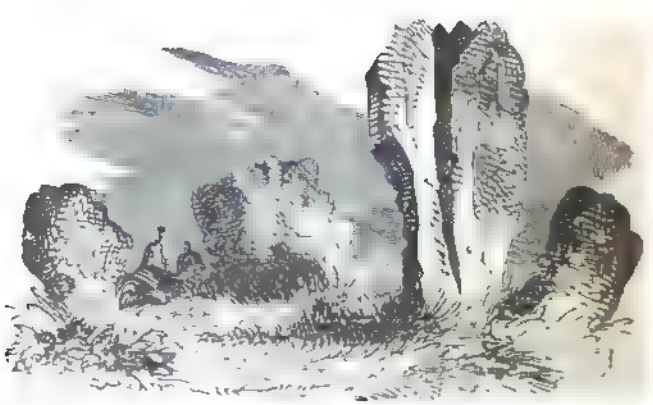
The ancient Kingdom of the Cumbrians, according to Smollett (1758), extended from the walls of Severus as far as Dunbritton, in the western part of Scotland, and comprehended Galloway, Carrick, Kyle, and Cunningham. The homage, he says, which the Scottish kings paid to the English monarchs for their territories "was in all probability the foundation of the English claim to the sovereignty of all Scotland."

N. E. R.

Duddo Tower and Stones.

ON the rocky summit of Grindon Rigg, in the township of Duddo, and district of Norhamshire, are the remains of Duddo or Dudhowe Tower. A vault, which has been a safe hold for cattle, forms the principal remains; but from the elevated situation of the old fortlet, it is still a

conspicuous object all around. It was most likely built by one of the Stryveling or Stirling family, who anciently held the manor in dringage or drengage, having, it seems, been among those Saxon franklins who



DUDDO STONES.

were dispossessed of their estates at the Conquest, but had them given back again, because they did not oppose William the Conqueror, either by their persons or their counsels. The rent which was rendered by them to the Crown was seven marks a year, which, if they were gold marks, would be equivalent to £128 9s. 4d. in sterling money. In 1391, the estate descended to William de Clavering, in tail; and from the Claverings it afterwards passed into the hands of the Greys, part of whose extensive possessions it now is. A little to the north-west of the tower are six rude stones or pillars placed on the summit of an eminence, in a circular order, forming an area of ten yards diameter. The largest is about eight feet high. They are known as the Duddo Stones, and some learned archæologists have set them down as Druidical; but the local tradition is that they were placed where they stand in commemoration of a victory gained at Grindon, in the year 1558, by the Earl of Northumberland and his brother Sir Henry Percy, over a plundering and burning party of Scottish horse, accompanied, as Ridpath tells us, by some foot, who were either Frenchmen or trained and commanded by French officers, and who were driven in disorder across the Tweed. The accompanying sketch of the stones, showing their appearance in 1836, was published in Richardson's "Table Book," vol. iv., 1844.

Cartington Castle.

CARTINGTON, in old maps Cortington (possibly by mistake), lies between two and three miles north-west by north of Rothbury. The first recorded owner was one Ralph Fitzmain, the King's forester of Northumberland, who held it in 1154. It was afterwards possessed by a family that bore the local name, but which is now extinct. John de Cartington was knight of the shire in 1428, 1446, and 1472, during the troublous reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV. He married Joanna, second daughter and co-heir of Sir Robert Claxton, Lord of Devylstoune, or Dilston, by whom he had an only daughter. This lady married Sir Edward Ratcliffe, son of Sir Thomas Ratcliffe, of Derwentwater, county of Cumberland. Cartington remained in the Ratcliffe family for four or five generations, after which it came by marriage to the Widdringtons, the last of whom, Sir Edward Widdrington, of Cartington, who raised a troop of horse for the service of King Charles I., and whose estate was sequestered by the Parliament in 1652, had several daughters, but no son. Lady Mary, his eldest daughter and co-heir, married Edward Charlton, Esq., of Hesleyside, who was created a baronet in 1645, and got back the sequestered estates at the Restoration. After Sir Edward's death, his relict founded an

almshouse at Cartington for four poor widows of the Roman Catholic religion, endowing it with about £6 per annum. From the Charltons the estate passed to the Talbots, coming ultimately into the possession of the

CARTINGTON CASTLE, 1841.

present proprietor, Lord Armstrong. Little of the old fortress remains; but that little will now be carefully preserved, Mr. C. C. Hodges having been instructed by Lord Armstrong to put it in such order as to resist, as far as possible, the further assaults of time. Mr. Gibson's photograph, taken two or three years ago, shows merely a few fragments of wall standing; but a woodcut in Richardson's "Table Book," here reproduced, proves that a very considerable portion of the old fortalice was in existence in 1841.

Scenes and Characters in "Guy Mannering."

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S novel of "Guy Mannering" has always been one of the most popular of the Waverley series of fictions, and that not merely on account of the exquisite skill with which the somewhat incredible story is told, but for the numerous well-defined characters, some of them real, and others veiled under fictitious names—the latter even more realistic than the former—that are happily introduced in the course of it. The scene is laid in Dumfriesshire and the neighbouring county of Cumberland, and the events are supposed to have taken place near the end of the American War. The leading incidents in the life of Henry Bertram, who is really the hero of the story, bear a strong resemblance to those of the unsuccessful claimant in the famous Annesley Succession Case, tried in 1743, the names of many of the witnesses who appeared on that trial having been appropriated, with slight alterations, to characters in the novel.

Ellangowan, the supposed family seat of the Bertrams, had in its grounds the old castle of the same name, which had been in the possession of the family ever since Cumbria was a separate principality. That castle is supposed to have been Caerlaverock, an ancient fortalice, situated on a level plain on the east side of the Nith, about eight miles from Dumfries. After having undergone innumerable sieges, and been taken, re-taken, dismantled, and restored several times, it was ultimately sacked by Cromwell, subsequent to whose time it ceased to be a tenable fortress, fell into decay, and now presents only a massive and picturesque ruin to the inspection of the tourist. Being close to the sea, it could not fail to afford a rendezvous and place of shelter to the smugglers who swarmed thereabouts a hundred years ago, and a particular gang of whom, in complicity with a tribe of gipsies, turn out to be main agents in the plot of "Guy Mannering."

The Isle of Man was then, and for some time afterwards continued to be, the chief mart in the British Isles for contraband goods, such as Hollands gin, French wines and brandies, tobacco, silk, &c.; and the Scottish shore of the Solway Firth formed a convenient landing-place for them. Most of the petty tradesmen in Galloway and Dumfriesshire, and not a few of the inferior landed gentry, were more or less connected with the smugglers, who were mostly desperadoes hailing from French and Dutch ports.

These adventurers found very efficient allies in the gipsies who roamed over the district during the summer and autumn months, and found shelter during the winter in rows of wretched huts in secluded places, generally in the near neighbourhood of the sea, where they had been allowed to squat down by some easy-going laird. The Derncleuch of the story was one of those collections of cottages, such as were to be found in out-of-the-way corners on both sides of the Border less than a century ago. Kirk Yetholm, the headquarters of the Roxburghshire gipsies, is still to the fore as a very superior sample of the kind of hamlet described.

Meg Merrilies, the queen of the Derncleuch gipsy gang, who is the pivot of the whole story, had her prototype in the notorious Jean Gordon, of Yetholm, who was quite a character in her day, and of whom innumerable stories are told. A full account of Meg is given in the *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. ii., page 123.

The real story of Dominie Sampson need not be repeated here, as it is told by Sir Walter Scott himself in the introduction; but several traits in his character are popularly believed to have been taken from the Rev. George Thompson, son of the parish minister of Melrose, who was a man equally famous in the district he lived in for his profound scholastic attainments and his extraordinary absence of mind. He was engaged, for some time, as tutor to Sir Walter Scott's children at Abbotsford, and occasionally employed by the author of "Waverley" as his amanuensis. He was just such a person as Sir Walter delighted to meet with and study; but, of course, the account of his acts and deeds in the novel is entirely fictitious.

Dandie Dinmont is, to my way of thinking, beyond all question the best portrait of a Scottish Border sheep farmer ever exhibited to the public—the most honourable to that respectable class of men—the most creditable to the heart as well as the genius of the artist—the truest to nature—the most interesting and the most complete in all its lineaments. Sir Walter got acquainted with the man whom he christened Dandie during the first of his seven annual raids into Liddesdale, which took place in 1792. He started from Abbotrule, near Hawick, along with Mr. Robert Shortreed, sheriff-substitute of Roxburghshire, who knew the locality thoroughly; and the first farmhouse that the couple visited was Millburnholm, on the Hermitage Water, near the junction of the Whitrope Burn with the Liddell. The primitive condition of the inhabitants of the district may be imagined from what Scott's biographer tells us was the

sensation this visit caused. When informed that Scott was an advocate, the farmer received him with great ceremony and insisted on himself leading his horse to the stable. Shortreed accompanied the farmer, who, after taking a deliberate peep at Scott, "out-by the edge of the door-cheek," whispered, "Weel, Robin, I say de'il hae me if I'se be the least feared for him noo; he's just a chield like oursells, I think." According to Mr. Shortreed, this good man of Millburnholm, with whom Scott and his companion lingered over the punch-bowl till they were "half-glowrin," was the person who first suggested the character of Dandie Dinmont to the novelist.

The old farm-house at Millburnholm has now disappeared, having been replaced by a couple of new houses, built for the farm servants on Hermitage Farm, to which the place has been attached.

The name of Dandie's homestead of Charlieshope was probably suggested by Thorlieshope, a place which stands on a small burn falling into the Liddell, near its source, not far from Saughtree—formerly the home of one of the sweetest of the Border minstrels, James Telfer, author of "The Gloamyng Bucht," who spent the latter part of his life there in the capacity of schoolmaster. The description of Charlieshope, however, does not in any way correspond to that of Thorlieshope; but Jock o' Dawston-Cleugh, Dandie's litigious neighbour, no doubt got his Christian name and cognomen from his being supposed to be located at Dawstone Rigg, or Daustone Burn, on Saughtree Farm, opposite to Thorlieshope.

Another original character, however, has been more popularly identified with Dandie Dinmont—I mean Mr. James Davidson, of Hyndlee, in the parish of Hobkirk, in Teviotdale, who carried the name of Dandie to his grave with him. Yet it seems certain that Scott did not become acquainted with this gentleman till several years after the publication of the novel, and that he was then first pointed out to him by Shortreed himself, who had previously given him some account of Mr. Davidson's now famous breed of pepper and mustard terriers, as being such capital dogs for dealing with "fumarts and tods," that is, polecats and foxes.

Mump's Ha', where Dandie first met Brown, *alias* Bertram, was a hedge alehouse, still existing, near Gilsland,* which once had a bad reputation for harbouring banditti, such as haunted the wild country known as Bewcastle Waste, over which lay the route from Halt-whistle into Liddesdale. Staneshiebank Fair, at which Dandie said he had been, was of course the fair at Stagshawbank, held thrice a year, near Corbridge.

John Hay, who "catched a kipper" at the stream below Hempseed Ford, as told by the Laird to Colonel Mannering, was a most respectable man in the service of the proprietors of the *Kelso Mail* newspaper, who went round the district once a quarter to collect the accounts for advertising. He was passionately fond of angling. He died about sixty years ago. Hempseed Ford is in the Tweed immediately below Kelso, in what is known as the Hendersyde Park Water.

"Burning the water," a favourite mode of fishing once in the Border rivers, is now, we believe, prohibited by law. Those who engaged in it employed a curious sort of double boat, called trows—Anglicé, troughs—formed of two extremely light flat-bottomed boats united at the stem, and diverging by an angular curve towards their sterns, which were connected at the top by a piece of flat board. There was usually two men in each—one to guide the trows by means of a long pole, called a kent or bang, and the other armed with a leister, or three-pronged fish-spear, to spear the fish. He who guided the boat was stationed towards the stern, while he who had the leister stood with one leg in each trow looking down into the water between them to see if there were any salmon. A dry splinter or branch of fir, wrapped in rags, steeped in tar, supplied a light, to which the salmon were attracted and thereupon speared.

Hazlewood House, the residence of the proud Nova Scotia baronet, Sir Robert Hazlewood, is understood to be represented by Lincluden House. It stands on the banks of the river Cluden, at a short distance from Dumfries, in the parish of Terregles, in Kirkcudbrightshire, close to the beautiful ruins of Lincluden Abbey, which was founded in the time of Malcolm IV., King of Scots, and has had its praises sung by Burns.

Portanferry, where some of the most exciting of the scenes in the novel are laid, is probably the small harbour of Kelton, between three and four miles below Dumfries. The county gaol at the latter town, where Glossin and Hatteraick came to such a dismal end, was, till a comparatively recent date, one of those filthy unventilated, old-fashioned dungeons, that were a disgrace to civilization.

To Gilbert Glossin we are first introduced as the Laird of Ellangowan's agent, manufacturing votes upon his needy patron's estate. Glossin afterwards manages to acquire the estate for himself, with what result every one knows. His prototype has been set down to be a certain "writer" or attorney in Jedburgh, long since deceased, who was noted for his perfect acquaintance with all the quirks of the law.

Macmorlan, the sheriff-substitute, who is represented to have been "a man o' character, and weel spoken o'," was doubtless Sir Walter's travelling companion on his early visits to Liddesdale—honest Robbie Shortreed.

The character of Mr. Paulus Pleydell, advocate, is understood to have been drawn, with some little exaggeration, after an eminent Scottish barrister, named Andrew Crosbie, a native of Dumfries, and a man of mark in his profession, who flourished in the latter

* See *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. ii., page 125.

part of last century, and was well known to be a *bon vivant* of the purest water, after the fashion of the day, as well as a trusty councillor and eloquent and successful pleader. His presence on the Saturday evenings at Cleriheugh's Tavern, in Writers' Court, to indulge in innocent non-professional relaxation, with a select knot of his friends, was quite an understood thing; while his clerk as regularly betook himself to Lucky Wood's in the Cowgate, to have a game at high-jinks, in less formal and expensive fashion, with his brother quill-drivers.

The group of Edinburgh celebrities to whom Pleydell introduced Mannering in Cleriheugh's tavern comprised a select knot of the most remarkable men that ever graced the Modern Athens. It consisted of seven individuals, every one of whom may be said to have justly earned immortal fame. These were Adam Smith, the father of economical philosophy; David Hume, the metaphysician, politico-economist, and historian, who gave the first impulse to the Scottish and German philosophers that have revolutionised mental science; John Home, author of the tragedy of "Douglas," by the publication of which he gave mortal offence to the "unco-guid" portion of his countrymen, who were horrified to think that a beneficed clergyman should not only frequent theatres, but write stage-plays; Henry Home, Lord Kaimes, author of the famous "Essay on Criticism," wherein he gave philosophical criticism the form of a science, by reducing it to general principles, methodising its doctrines, and supporting them everywhere by the most copious and beautiful illustrations; Dr. Hutton, the geologist, who wrote "The Plutonic Theory of the Earth," to demonstrate the influence of the fire within, in opposition to Werner, who held that the greater part of the phenomena observable on the earth's surface was due to the agency of water; Dr. Adam Ferguson, who wrote a history, long standard, of the "Progress and Termination of the Roman Republic," as well as a valuable text book on the "Principles of Moral and Political Science"; and last, but not least, Dr. Joseph Black, who first established the doctrine of latent heat.

Among the notes of introduction which Pleydell is represented as thrusting into Colonel Mannering's hand, were two addressed to John Clerk, Esq., of Eldin, and Dr. Robertson, both men of mark in their several spheres. Johnnie Clerk, as he was commonly called, was best known to the outside public as a broad humourist. Innumerable were the queer stories circulated about him in the purlieus of the Parliament House. He was the son and namesake of the author of a famous essay "On Naval Tactics, Systematical and Historical, with Explanatory Plates," in which is embodied and explained the celebrated manœuvre technically called "breaking the line," which was employed for the first time by Lord Rodney, in 1782, and led to his decisive victory over the French, under De Grasse, in the West Indies, and was adopted with invariable success by Lord Howe, Nelson, and others, during the war with France. Johnnie Clerk was not only a wit, as has been said, but a distinguished lawyer. He was for many years undisputed leader of the Scottish bar, and his fame extended far beyond the courts of law. Bold, able, and outspoken, he was known as the man who, after Henry Erskine, was the most earnest and energetic in the popular cause. When he spoke in public, crowds gathered to hear him, and it was rare that some piece of brilliant sarcasm or strong humour did not reward them; nor did his hearers relish it the less that it was delivered in his native broad Scotch, which he pronounced with the perfect purity of a courtier of the days of Queen Mary or the Jameses. In times when everyone was sociable in Edinburgh, he was a favourite with the best society, shining with never-failing humour and endless store of anecdote.

Dr. Robertson, whom Colonel Mannering was taken to hear preach, was the celebrated historiographer. As one of the ministers of Old Greyfriars' Church, Principal of the University of Edinburgh, and leader of the so-called Moderate party in the Church of Scotland, he was for many years the possessor of something like supreme power in ecclesiastical matters in Scotland. In politics, he was a Whig of the Revolution, and had a great admiration of General Washington, the American patriot. On the first outbreak of the French Revolution, he publicly exulted in the near prospect of seeing so many millions in France freed from the fetters of arbitrary government; but his policy as a churchman led to the origination of three seceding communities, and at length left the Established Church of Scotland with a mere minority of the population within her pale.

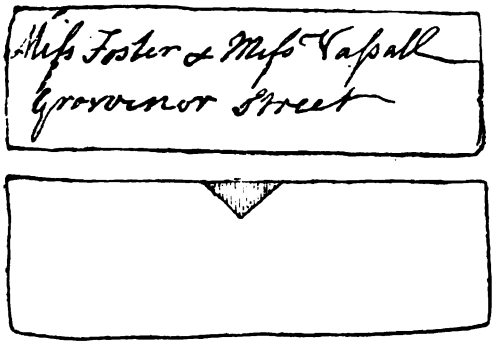
Pleydell's old friend, James Burnett, Lord Monboddo, who was such an ardent admirer of Greek and Roman manners and customs, and whose entertainments, always given in the evening, in imitation of the suppers of the ancients, "when there was a circulation of excellent Bourdeaux, in flasks garlanded with roses, which were also strewed on the table after the manner of Horace," were frequented by the best society in Edinburgh whether in respect of rank or literary distinction, was a notable person in every way. Monboddo, besides being an able lawyer and an eminent judge, an excellent classical scholar, and a voluminous author, was noted for the numberless paradoxes which he stoutly maintained in his philological, ethnological, and metaphysical writings. A Darwinian before Darwin, he asserted that man at first walked on all fours—that he then learned to walk upright, at first with the aid of a stick, as might be seen in the ourang-outang, which he declared to be closely allied to the human race—that in due time he made use of his hands, and acquired the art of swimming—and that his having no tail now was due to its having

been nipped off immediately after his birth by the midwife herself. Boswell, in his "Life of Johnson," gives a graphic account of his lordship's reception of the great lexicographer at his family seat in Kincardineshire.

WILLIAM BROCKIE.

Miss or Mistress.

AMONG the Delaval papers discovered by Mr. John Robinson at Seaton Sluice was a card, of which we give an engraving, and which has been called Dorothy Foster's visiting card. It was found amongst a bundle of letters relating to the period from 1715 to 1725. The editor of *Notes and Queries*, referring to Mr. Robinson's find, wrote:—"This can scarcely



have been the visiting card of Dorothy Foster, as before the days of George the Third, and for some time during his reign, the term Mistress is always applied to unmarried women, and not Miss, as on this card. The term Miss came into fashion in George the Third's time." Mr. Robinsons, however, has thrown further light on the subject, in a paper read before the Newcastle Literary Club. The following is an extract from Mr. Robinson's paper:—"George the Third came to the throne in 1760. They could, therefore, have no dispute as to the date fixed by *Notes and Queries*. This small piece of card was not the only one on which the title of Miss was applied in the Delaval papers. The question was one which could, therefore, be easily decided by numerous letters. From 1740 to 1750, the term Miss was regularly used. Visiting cards were at that period playing cards, and on the back of Dorothy Foster's was part of the diamond. There was another visiting card; it had been a playing card, but the picture had been defaced. It was inscribed: 'Miss Dalton's compliments to Mrs. Potter, and shall be glad of her company to drink tea with them this afternoon, Tuesday, 12 o'clock.' Mrs. Potter was married to Sir George Hussey Delaval ten years or more before the reign of George the Third; the card must, therefore, have been written before Mrs. Potter's second marriage." It would seem, then, that the testimony of the Delaval documents goes to show the use of the term Miss for unmarried ladies at a much earlier period than is generally supposed.

Sir Bevis Bulmer, Knight of the Golden Mine.

THOMAS FOULIS, an Edinburgh goldsmith, working the lead mines in Lanarkshire about 1576, engaged one Bevis Bulmer to help him in his operations. Bulmer, a man of marvellous ingenuity and versatile gifts, was a native of Yorkshire, it may be of Bulmer in that county, and had previously been employed in mining in the North of England. His mind was crowded with ingenious projects, while his restless disposition led him hither and thither in pursuit of things new and strange. Ceasing to interest himself in the lead mines, he received a commission from Queen Elizabeth, and permission from King James, to search for gold and silver in the Royal Mines.

A number of references in the State Papers of Queen Elizabeth show us the reason why the English were interested in gold mining at this period. Towards the end of 1577, Captain Frobisher's ships arrived at Bristol with a cargo of gold ore. This was melted down by Jonas Schutz, and a report was prepared concerning the amount of gold contained in the ton of ore. Another refiner, Dr. Burchard, gave different results, said Jonas was incompetent, and indignantly demanded "two cwt. more of the ore, and that two honest men should be appointed to see that it was roasted fairly," while Jonas accused the doctor of "evil manners and ignorance, and would have no dealings with him." In 1579, Martin Frobisher set out to the North-West for 2,000 tons of gold ore, and then we read of the ill-success of that voyage through his mismanagement of the assaying of the ore brought home, of the "ill-usage of Mr. Lok and others," and of charges against the gallant captain "of arrogance, obstinacy in his government at sea, and unbearable insolence in all his doings."

We find an adequate explanation of Bulmer's commission in the voyages of Master Martin Frobisher. The disputes of the jealous refiners were settled by a reference to the Royal Mines in Crawford Moor. Queen Elizabeth determined to weigh the value of her newly-found possessions by a careful inquiry into the resources of the "Treasure House." Bulmer was not slow in offering his services to settle her Majesty's difficulties. Being a born speculator, he seized his opportunity, and formed a joint stock company. He got twenty-four gentlemen as shareholders, who had each to be called a Knight of the Golden Mine, or a Golden Knight. Only one knight, however, was

made, and, strange to say, it was the originator of the company himself to whom that honour fell.

Sir Bevis was not so successful in finding gold as he was in floating his company. He was assiduous in his search for the rustless metal. He got miners to work in Wanlockhead, Leadhills, and in the district nearer Crawford. The gold he obtained cost more than its weight in gold; and as he was obliged to keep up an expensive establishment, probably to preserve the dignity of the company, he built himself a large house in the village of Leadhills, close to a hill still called by his name. There he lived as a Golden Knight, "feasting all sorts of people that thither came, wasting much himself and giving liberally to many, for to be honoured, praised, and magnified."

"Bulmer hoped," says R. W. Cochrane-Patrick, "to find the quartz veins with the gold *in situ*," but was not successful. He got two large nuggets of gold, one weighing six ounces and the other more than five. At Long Cleugh Head he got a piece of "sapper stone" (probably quartz), from which an ounce of pure gold was obtained. At this place he erected a stamping-mill and got much "small mealy gold." His greatest success, however, was in Henderland Moor, in Ettrick Forest, where, it is related, he got much gold, "the like to it in no other place before of Scotland."

Bulmer was not long in returning to England, telling the Queen the result of his researches, and bringing a splendid golden porringer, made from Scottish ore, which he gallantly presented to the Maiden Queen. He put a poetical inscription, written by himself, on the Royal porringer :—

I dare not give, nor yet present,
But render part of that's thy own;
My mind and heart shall still invent
To seeke out treasure yet unknowne.

The Queen was charmed by this attention of her Golden Knight, and gave him the privilege of farming the duty on seaborne coals. This brought him to the valley of the Tyne. He did not long stay in Newcastle, however. The Tyne shippers and he soon quarrelled, and he threw up or was deprived of his post. He then took to lead-mining in Somersetshire, and silver-mining in Devonshire. He presented a large standing cup of this silver to the Lord Mayor of London. A verse of his own poetry inscribed on the cup doubtless enhanced the value of the gift.

Sir Bevis next interested himself in Irish mining operations. In 1592 he organized a company to seek for calamite stone. In 1594 he was interested in supplying water to London "by one small pipe or string," from his newly-erected engine or waterworks. In 1599 we find him writing to the Queen concerning the clear profit she could make out of the imposts on French and Rhenish wines, and a month or two later he makes an offer for the farming of tin.

In 1603, he received £200 from the English Exchequer to help him in the search for gold in Scotland. In 1604, the Scottish Privy Council issued a proclamation to prevent people molesting him in his search for minerals. After that, King James sent him to look after his silver mines in Linlithgowshire.

The strange course of this spirited speculator came to an end at Alston Moor, in Cumberland, where he died in 1613, poor and neglected, because, with all his cleverness, he lacked stability of character. And so he went down, "aye downe; and at last," says Atkinson, his biographer, "he died in my debt £340 sterling, to my great hindrance. God forgive us all our sinnes."

WILLIAM FRASER.

John Bright's Connection with the North.

JOHN BRIGHT, the great orator and statesman, who departed this life on March 27th, 1889, was connected with the North of England by family ties and political events. It was here that he got his first wife; it was here that he was threatened with personal violence; and it was here that he won his first seat in the House of Commons.

Mr. Bright's first wife was a daughter of Mr. Jonathan Priestman, of Newcastle-on-Tyne. The marriage took place in the Friends' Meeting House, Pilgrim Street, Newcastle, on the 27th of November, 1839. It was thus announced the week after in the *Newcastle Chronicle*:—"At the Friends' Meeting House, on the 27th ult., John Bright, Esq., of Rochdale, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Jonathan Priestman, Esq., of this city." A short paragraph in the same paper recorded the fact that on the evening of the wedding "the workmen in the employment of Mr. Priestman, tanner, &c., were sumptuously regaled at the house of Mr. Thomas Wilcke, Temperance Hotel, Bigg Market." On the evening prior to the marriage a deputation of workmen presented a silver cream jug to "Elizabeth Priestman, as a token of respect on her marriage."

A few years later, subsequent to the death of Mrs. Bright, and when he had entered into the agitation for the Repeal of the Corn Laws, Mr. Bright paid several public visits to the North. The first of these visits appears to have taken place on the 1st of December, 1842. Mr. Bright was accompanied on the occasion by Mr. Richard Raymond Richmond Moore, then a leading light of the Anti-Corn Law League. The meeting was held in the Primitive Methodist Chapel, Nelson Street, which was crowded to the doors. Sir John Fife presided, although there was at first some opposition to his taking the chair. Both Mr. Bright and Mr. Moore addressed the meeting at great length, their speeches being warmly applauded. Mr. Bright was back in Newcastle in the

following month, this time accompanied by Mr. Cobden and Colonel Thompson, when a great meeting was held in the Music Hall, and when the following, among other gentlemen of prominence, interested themselves in the movement:—Christian Allhusen, W. H. Brockett, Joseph Watson, W. Lockey Harle, and Captain Weatherley. The Lecture Room was the scene of the next meeting Mr. Bright addressed in Newcastle—held on July 10, 1843, Dr. T. M. Greenhow in the chair. A fortnight later Mr. Bright was elected for Durham, of which more presently. Cobden and Bright, both members of Parliament by this time, were once more in the Northern Counties in the autumn of the same year, addressing meetings and being entertained at public dinners at Alnwick and Durham.

An illustration of the rancorous spirit of the time was afforded during Mr. Bright's tour in July, 1843. Mr. Archibald Prentice records in his "History of the League" that he and Mr. Bright crossed the Border country from Kelso to Alnwick, where they found "a great audience, consisting principally of agriculturists, many of them landowners and extensive farmers." Anticipating the visit to Alnwick, the *Newcastle Journal*, then a fiery organ of the Tory party, printed the following paragraph:—

It is stated that Bright, the Anti-Corn Law agitator, is expected to visit the wool fair which will be held in Alnwick shortly, in order to scatter the seeds of disaffection in that quarter. Should he make his appearance, which is not improbable (for the person has impudence for anything of this sort), it is to be hoped there may be found some stalwart yeoman ready to treat the disaffected vagabond as he deserves.

But the *Newcastle Journal* was by no means alone at that period in entertaining strong prejudices against the "disaffected vagabond." Soon after Mr. Bright was elected member for Durham, the poet Wordsworth, paying a visit to the Cathedral City, was in the Dean and Chapter Library with its distinguished librarian, Mr. Raine, when a verger handed a note to Wordsworth from Dr. Waddington, the Dean of Durham, inviting him to dinner. Wordsworth hastily penned a refusal, remarking to Mr. Raine, "As if I would dine with a man that voted for John Bright!" Another story illustrating the same prejudice was lately told in the *Athenæum*:—

Some years after Mr. Bright had ceased his Parliamentary connection with Durham, he announced a visit to the Liberal member for the city, who, having some engagement which made him unable to be at home in the daytime, went to the cathedral to secure the services of the best-informed verger. "A friend of mine is coming to-morrow to see the cathedral," said he; "I want you to show him round yourself, and pay him special attention." "I'm very glad, I'm sure, sir, to show any attention to any friend of yours." "You will be sure he sees everything of interest." "He shall see everything, sir, everything." Finding the verger so well disposed, the M.P. tried to make him better disposed still, and said: "He is a very important man, very; you really must show him attention—in fact, it is Mr. John Bright." "Oh," said the verger, who was of Wordsworth's way of thinking, "I'll take good care that he doesn't steal anything away fra' the church!"

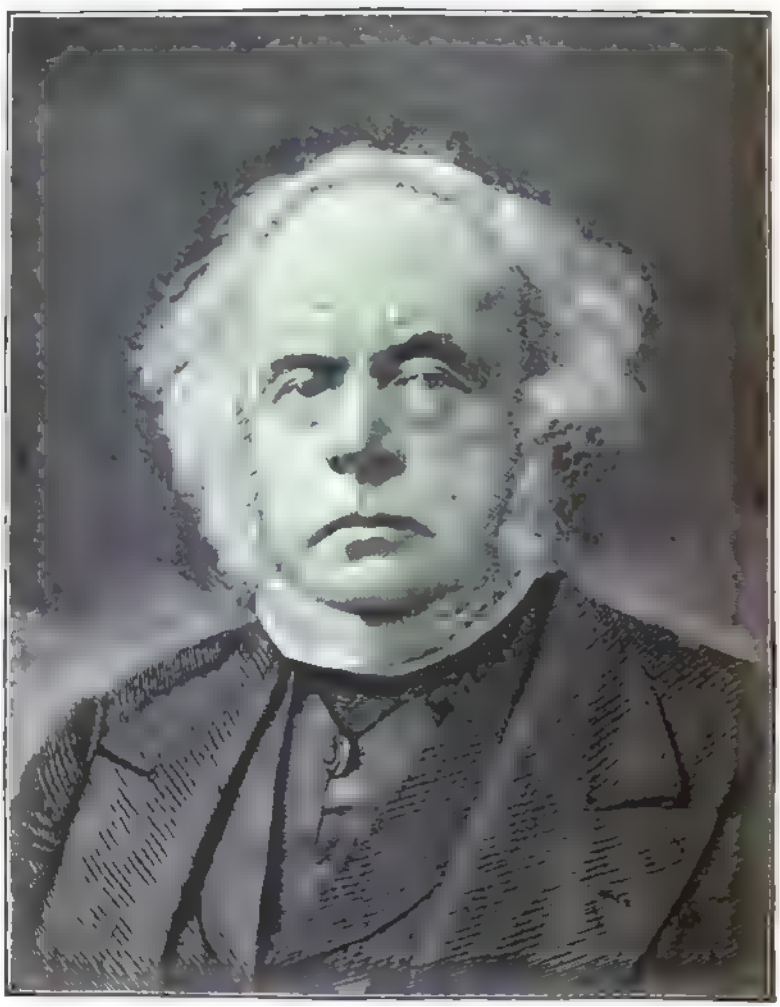
The event of most prominence in Mr. Bright's connection with the North was of course his election for Durham in 1843. Twelve years before this the Cathedral City had earned some honour and notoriety by sending to St. Stephen's, in the room of Sir Roger Gresley, Mr. William R. C. Chaytor, who drove post-haste to London, and just reached the House of Commons in time to record his vote in favour of Earl Grey's Reform Bill. On the 26th of March, 1843, it was announced that Captain Fitzroy, one of the members for Durham, had accepted a Government appointment, and that a vacancy would be created in consequence. Lord Dungannon, who had contested the seat previously, at once came forward in the Conservative interest. The Liberals determined to do their utmost to bring forward a candidate, though they had very slender chances of being able to return him. They put out a placard on Tuesday, March 28th, asking the electors to reserve their votes, as they had hopes of being able to place at their command a candidate of undoubted Liberal principles. The weekly papers on the Friday following, however, broadly hinted that no Liberal candidate would appear in the field, and that Lord Dungannon would score a walk over. The noble lord pushed forward a personal canvass of the electors; red ribbons were distributed profusely, red flags were displayed all over the city, and bands of music, preceded by red flags, perambulated the streets in the evening of each day. It is now known that one of the last persons to whom the Liberals appealed—all previous efforts having failed to produce a candidate—was John Bright. The nomination of candidates was fixed for Monday, April 4th, on which day the Spring Assize was fixed to be held.

Mr. Bright reached Durham at an early hour on the morning of the nomination day. Long before the time appointed for the proceedings to commence (mid-day) a large crowd had assembled in front of the Town Hall. Fronting that building a wooden erection had been run up as the hustings, but it was miserably small, and totally unequal to accommodate more than a fraction of those accompanying the candidates. Prominent in the crowd, and plentifully bedizened with red ribbons, was a group of some twenty or thirty miners, freemen of the borough, who were employed at the Marquis of Londonderry's Rainton collieries. A few minutes before eleven o'clock the sounds of music from the direction of Saddler Street announced the arrival of Lord Dungannon, and immediately afterwards Mr. Bright and his friends arrived. The Rev. George Townsend nominated Lord Dungannon, and Mr. William Lloyd Wharton seconded the nomination. Mr. John Bramwell, amid continued uproar, proposed Mr. Bright, and Mr. John Hardinge Veitch seconded. Lord Dungannon having addressed the crowd, Mr. Bright stood forward and was received with a strong demonstration and counter-demonstration, the latter being noisy enough to prevent his remarks being heard until Lord Dungannon and those immediately around him appealed

for a hearing for the "stranger within their gates." The Mayor in due course took a show of hands, and declared the choice of the electors to be in favour of Mr. Bright. Thereupon Mr. William Lloyd Wharton demanded a poll in behalf of Lord Dungannon. The polling took place on Tuesday, the 4th of April, the result being:—Dungannon, 507; Bright, 405; majority for Dungannon, 102.

The Liberal agents discovered that, after the declaration of the poll, the voters for Lord Dungannon had been invited to present themselves at the Wheat Sheaf Inn, Claypath. There they had placed themselves, by instruction, at a certain window, situated in a dark corner, and through this window each had received a copy of the poll book and also a sovereign. Mr. Coppock, a famous election agent on the Liberal side, was despatched from London to inquire into the matter. Messrs. Marshall soon placed before that gentleman a number of witnesses, who deposed to bribery having been repeatedly committed. A petition was therefore presented against the return of Lord Dungannon. Mr. John Edwin Marshall took charge of the petition in London, whilst Mr. H. J. Marshall and Mr. William Marshall conducted affairs in Durham. A shoal of witnesses attended before the Parliamentary Committee, which eventually declared the election void on the ground of bribery by Lord Dungannon's agents.

Mr. Bright again became a candidate. Assisted by two members of the League, Mr. Archibald Prentice and Mr. R. R. R. Moore, he made wonderful progress with his canvass, all the more so because a division had broken out in the opposite ranks. However, Mr. Thomas Purvis, a Chancery barrister in large practice, and a member of a family that had resided for some time in the district, was selected as the Conservative candidate. The nomination took place on Monday, July 20th, and the show of hands was declared to be largely in favour of Mr. Bright, but a poll was demanded for Mr. Purvis. The enthusiasm and partizanship were intense from the first opening of the poll at eight o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, the 25th of July. Dean Waddington and Dr. Ogle walked from the College, arm in arm, and polled together. As they passed down S addler Street, the cry, "You vote for a Quaker!" was directed to Dr. Waddington, who retorted, "I vote for a Free-Trader," and Dr. Ogle, wheeling round to a group of citizens who were witnesses of the scene, exclaimed, "What do you think of that, lads? Do you call that nowt?" The recapitulation of the scenes which were enacted during the day would fill a book, but we will only give one of them. Mr. Bright had been at the head of the poll throughout. Between three and four o'clock a group of ten freemen, whose begrimed faces appeared to indicate that they had recently been drawn out of some neighbouring colliery, were seen passing down Gilesgate, and the word was



JOHN BRIGHT.

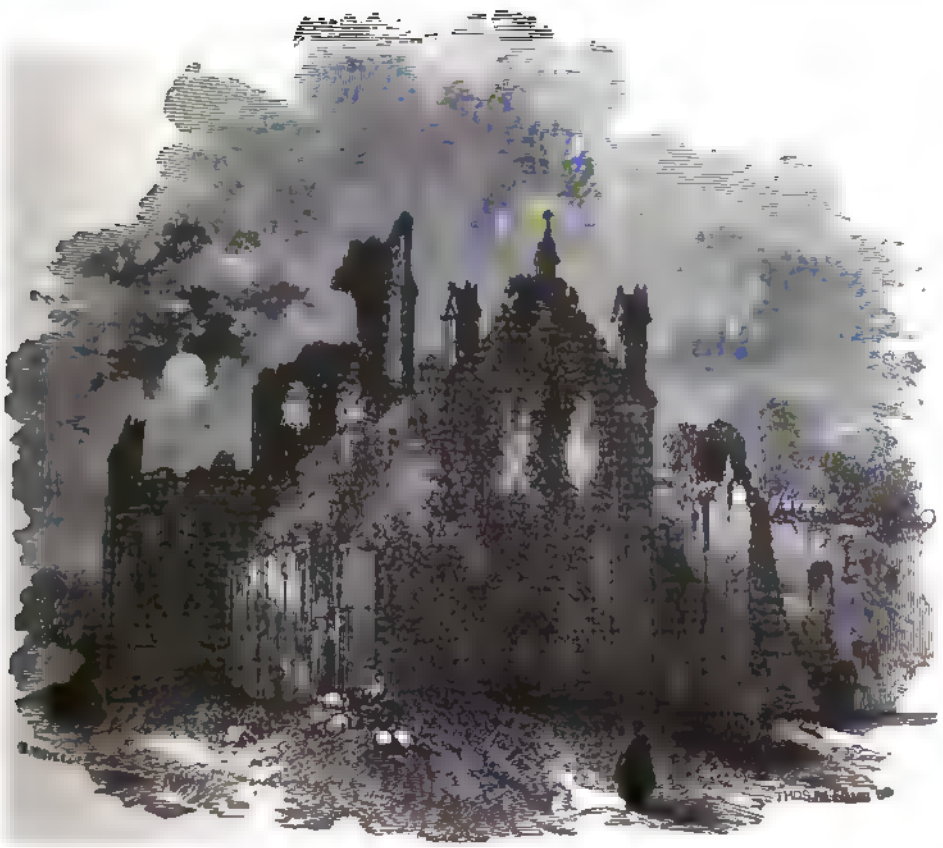
quickly passed, "Here's some of the marquis's men at last." Some doubt was entertained with reference to the course the Marquis of Londonderry would take, and the action of this group of men was eagerly watched. They were no colour or badge. At length they reached the polling place, and the first man stepped up to vote. "For whom do you vote?" asked the presiding officer. "For John Bright," replied the man. And then the Liberal partizans set up a tremendous shout, and counted victory as beyond a doubt. And it was. The final declaration of the poll gave the numbers as follows:—Bright, 463; Purvis, 410; majority for Bright, 78.

Thus ended the great election of 1843—the election which first made John Bright a member of the British Parliament. Mr. Bright declined to be "chaired," and was the first man to break through the old custom. Mr Purvis darkly hinted at the action of some member of his party, presumed to be the Marquis of Londonderry, whose conduct had contributed to his defeat. John Bright represented the City of Durham for four years, when he accepted the invitation of the Manchester Liberals to become one of their candidates.

Kirkstall Abbey.

SURROUNDED though they are by tall chimneys and smoking factories, the ruins of Kirkstall Abbey, near Leeds, are still a picturesque remnant of monastic times. The ruins were lately offered for sale, and there was some fear that they might disappear altogether. Fortunately, however, Colonel North, a native of Leeds who has made a great fortune from the discovery and manufacture of nitrate, purchased the property for £10,000, and handed it over to the Corporation of Leeds, who will no doubt take all proper means to preserve what remains.

Kirkstall Abbey was an offshoot from the Abbey of Fountains, the remains of which form one of the attractions of the neighbourhood of Ripon. The foundation of Kirkstall was indirectly due to a vow of Henry de Lacy, Lord of Pontefract, who, whilst suffering from sickness, determined to endow a monastery if he were restored to health. On his recovery, he handed over the district of Barnoldswick-in-Craven to the Church for the support of a monastery of the Cistercian Order. This order of



KIRKSTALL ABBEY, NEAR LEEDS.

monks derived its name from Cisteaux, or Cistertium, in Burgundy, France, and had been raised to great celebrity through the talents, learning, and sanctity of Saint Bernard, abbot of Claravallis, or Clarveaux, for which reason it was also called the Bernardine Order.

Alexander, prior of Fountains, was in 1147 appointed abbot of the new foundation, with an establishment of twelve monks and ten lay brethren. Matters did not prosper with this little band. Their crops at Barnoldswick proved a failure; their buildings were destroyed by fire; and the Scots bore off their cattle and flocks. The abbot, therefore, journeyed in search of a new settlement. The valley of the Aire seemed to offer all the requisites for a suitable home. The aid of Henry de Lacy was again invoked, and a site at Kirkstall was obtained. On the 19th May, 1152, the dejected company of monks removed from Barnoldswick to Kirkstall. In the short space of thirty years they erected the abbey church and monastic buildings, a fair idea of which may obtained from the drawing of the ruins which accompanies this article. The Cistercians were a strict body: hence the general severity of the architectural design. Although many additions and alterations were subsequently made, Kirkstall has suffered fewer modifications of the original plan than many other abbeys.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford.

Sir Thomas Burdon,

ALDERMAN, SOLDIER, AND KNIGHT.

AT a time when threats of invasion created universal alarm, and the young men of Northumberland and Durham took to the study of arms, there was no more enthusiastic volunteer officer in Newcastle than Thomas Burdon. Local biographers write scantily of this gallant son of Mars, but generous assistance from the copious resources of Mr. William Adamson, of Cullercoats, makes it possible to present him "in his habit as he lived," with some approach to coherent narrative and chronological accuracy.

Thomas Burdon was a son of Richard Burdon, who, in the middle of last century, owned some landed property at Brunton, in the parish of Gosforth, and resided in the house which, with its spacious garden, formed the western end of the north side of Shieldfield Green, Newcastle. The poll-book of Northumberland election, October, 1774, enters him as "Richard Burdon, Shieldfield," and shows him voting, by right of his freehold at East Brunton, for Sir William Middleton and Sir John Hussey Delaval; Whitehead's Directory of Newcastle for 1787 assigns to him the post of senior coroner of the borough, and that of leading partner in Burdon's Brewery, Quayside. Hale and hearty, he lived till he approached the age of ninety—riding across country, to the last year or two of his life, with the fearlessness of youth and much of its freshness and vigour.

At the house in the Shieldfield it is probable that, about the year 1758, Thomas Burdon was born. Like so many other Newcastle boys, he received his education at the Royal Free Grammar School, under the Rev. Hugh Moises; after it was completed, he appears to have remained in the town with his father, without attempting, as so many other Grammar School boys had done, to seek fortune elsewhere. In his twenty-ninth year (Sept. 11th, 1786) he married Jane, the thirteenth child of William Scott, hostman, and sister of William and John Scott, who afterwards became respectively Lord Stowell and the Earl of Eldon. The family connection established by this marriage gradually drew him into the public life of the town, and on Tuesday, October 4, 1796, he was elected a member of the Common Council.

Municipal electors in those days were partial to young men of good position, and when they obtained one, it was usual to put him into office with all convenient speed, in order that he might have an early opportunity of exercising the virtue of hospitality. The year after Mr. Burdon was made a councillor he was elected Sheriff. But this was an honour for which he had not been prepared, and he refused to accept it. Persisting in his refusal, the offended Council fined him a hundred marks, and still his objections were not overcome. It was not until 1807 that he could be prevailed upon to serve, and then he served longer than had been anticipated, for when his term of office expired nobody willing to relieve him could be found. There was a suitable person—George Shadforth—in reserve, but he was a few months short of his majority. It was, therefore, arranged that Mr. Burdon should continue in office, and he discharged the duties till Christmas. He was relieved at that date by Benjamin Sorsbie, who filled up the gap to the end of February, when George Shadforth came of age.

Upon his retirement from the shrievalty, Mr. Burdon was invested with an alderman's gown. The higher honour followed; he was elected Mayor at Michaelmas, 1810. His year of office promised to be a quiet one; a great dispute between the magistrates and the burgesses had been healed: everybody seemed pleased with the unanimity and good understanding that prevailed. The truce was broken by Major Anderson, who, as already described, at a Guild meeting, over which Mr. Burdon presided, pulled the Town Clerk's nose. With this exception the year was uneventful. When the Mayor went out of office, the *Newcastle Chronicle* reminded its readers that they had seen in their chief magistrate "every accomplishment which can adorn a public

character," among which were "universality of talent in promoting every measure which could lead to the public good," and "that condescension and affability which never fail to endear persons in the highest situations to those below them, and to draw forth from the public in general the most cheering and reiterated plaudits."

About the time that he entered the Common Council of Newcastle Mr. Burdon was distinguishing himself by activity in volunteering. His name occurs as that of captain of a troop of horse attached to the Newcastle Armed Association in 1799, under the command of Sir Matthew White Ridley. He also raised the South Tyne Volunteer Legion of Cavalry and Infantry, and was for some years their principal officer, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. From them he received in the Jubilee year of George III. (1809) a silver cup, valued at £120, which (with a sword of honour presented to him by the Tyne Hussars) is now in the possession of his great-grandson, Mr. Richard Burdon Sanderson. No one seems to have held so many appointments in these volunteer corps as he, or to have exerted himself more earnestly to make them popular and effective.

The defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo, the sudden reduction of the navy which followed, and the arrival of the local fleet of Greenland whalers in the autumn of 1815, to lie up for the winter, threw out of employment large numbers of seamen. In order to provide themselves with the means of living, the men insisted that every vessel should carry five men and a boy for every hundred tons register; and this outrageous demand being resisted, they forcibly prevented the sailing of all ships from Blyth, Shields, and Sunderland. So determined and so successful were they that strong measures had to be taken against them. Seven men-of-war were sent to Shields, and numbers of troops, both infantry and cavalry, followed. On the 21st of October, the magistrates of Newcastle and adjoining places went down to the harbour, with the local volunteers, to assist the naval and military forces in suppressing the riotous sailors, and liberating the detained ships. Without loss of life or serious injury they succeeded, and within a week a hundred and fifty sail, many of which had been nine weeks in port, proceeded to sea. For the services which he rendered on this occasion, and for the zeal which he had shown for so many years in volunteer movements, Mr. Burdon was knighted. The honour was conferred upon him by the Prince Regent on the 14th May, 1816, a few days after the wedding of the Princess Charlotte with Prince Leopold.

Upon Tyneside the knighthood was well received, for Sir Thomas, being a Freemason, an Oddfellow, a leader among the local Orangemen, and a jovial, generous, hospitable man, was popular with all classes of his fellow-townsmen. One of his first acts upon his return from Court was to give a grand dinner in honour of the King's birthday. There is a note of it in the *Chronicle* for the 8th June, which, as illustrating the manner in which the press of that day reported private festivities, must be reprinted:—

> The seventy-eighth anniversary of our Gracious Sovereign's birthday was celebrated with great eclat on Tuesday last, at the Queen's Head Inn, Newcastle. We were not present ourselves, but we have been favoured by a friend with the following account of what passed, which we insert under the idea that it may prove interesting to our readers:—At half-past five o'clock about fifty gentlemen sat down to a most elegant dinner, Colonel Sir Thomas Burdon in the chair. . . . In reply to the toast of "The Chairman, and may he long live to enjoy his new honours" (drunk with three times three and great enthusiasm) the worthy knight offered his warmest acknowledgments for the very kind and flattering mark of approbation conferred upon him by such a numerous body of his friends. In what led him to the proud notice of his Prince he should never forget how much he was indebted for that honour to the able and unwearied exertions of the body of military he commanded, both to the officers and the men, and as several of the officers were then present, he thought it but partial to state so much. It is unnecessary to add that in his exertions to contribute to the hilarity of the afternoon the chairman was indefatigable, hence the late hour at which the party broke up, highly delighted with the treat they had enjoyed.

At Michaelmas that year, the Council appointed him for the second time Mayor, and again he had a very quiet term. When his period of office was drawing to a close,

Sir Thomas Burdon.

the brewers and maltsters entertained him at dinner, and presented him with a valuable gold snuff-box, in recognition of the manner in which he had undertaken a mission to the Treasury on the subject of drawback of malt duty, and other services extending over twenty years. His own banquet to the Corporation was a very jovial affair. The reporter of the *Chronicle* (Oct. 4, 1817), with a concluding apology for writing about a dinner which he was not asked to attend, tells us that:—

> At six o'clock the party, amounting to near 100, sat down to an elegant dinner, at which the worthy knight

presided with his wonted hospitality and polite attention to his guests. . . . The pleasure of the evening was greatly enhanced by many excellent songs and glees from some of the company. It was late ere the party broke up, when they separated highly delighted with the sumptuousness of their entertainment, and the hospitality and conviviality of their host. It would, perhaps, be improper to notice more particularly what passed on this festive occasion; but we hope that in stating thus much we shall not be considered as o'erstepping the bounds of decorum.

Only twelve months after this festive scene Sir Thomas threw off his gown and left the Council. Local annals give no clue to the reason for this decisive step; but a MS. volume of Thomas Bell's supplies it:—"There was some dispute about precedence, he claiming, from his knighthood, precedence over the other aldermen, which, not being allowed him, after considerable dispute and no little irritation, he resigned." John Bell's "Common Place Book" confirms this version. Sir Thomas "conceived himself entitled to walk at the head of all processions of the civic body to church and elsewhere—and when told that he only stood in rotation with others—according to the date of his election as an alderman, in high dudgeon he resigned his gown."

At the great election of 1826, Sir Thomas worked hard for the candidate of his choice—the Hon. H. T. Liddell. The heat of the conflict and the heat of the weather proved fatal to him. When the poll opened, on Tuesday, the 20th June, he recorded his vote, and that was his last public act. He returned to his home at West Jesmond unwell, died there on the sixth day of the poll (June 26), and was buried in Gosforth churchyard.

By his marriage with the sister of Lord Eldon, Sir Thomas Burdon had three sons—William, Thomas, and Richard. The two former died without issue, and the bulk of the property descended to the survivor, who upon his marriage (Feb. 7, 1815) with the only daughter and heir of Sir James Sanderson, Bart., had assumed the name of Richard Burdon Sanderson. He was a Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, and having studied architecture, and finding the old house of his father at West Jesmond dilapidated and insecure, he designed and erected, about the year 1830, the handsome residence out of which Mr. Charles Mitchell has created the magnificent abode of Jesmond Towers.

William Burdon,

THE HARTFORD HOUSE PHILOSOPHER.

About the time when Thomas Slack was arranging to publish the first issue of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, George Burdon, a country gentleman in Yorkshire, married a lady named Wharton, who, besides being related to various members of the peerage, and claiming descent from the ducal house of Wharton, owned, or was heiress expectant to, considerable landed estate in the counties of Northumberland and Durham. Coming frequently to Newcastle after his marriage, the Yorkshire squire, with his wife's fortune at his back, entered into commercial pursuits. He acquired an interest in the great mining industry of the district, joined the famous coal ring known as the Grand Allies, and eventually took up his permanent residence in the locality as a landlord and coalowner. While living in Newcastle, on the 11th September, 1764, a son was born to him— a son who received the name which stands at the head of this sketch, and lived to be one of the not too numerous Northumbrians who have secured a permanent place in English literature.

William Burdon received his elementary education at the Royal Free Grammar School, under the direction of the Rev. Hugh Moises. From thence he passed in 1781 to Emmanuel College, Cambridge. His course there was brilliant, and realised to the full, if it did not exceed, Mr. Moises' expectations. In 1786 he took up his bachelor's degree, and two years later was unanimously elected to a fellowship. The chief ambition of his parents was to see him in holy orders. They had carefully reared him in High Church and Tory principles, and they waited for the fruition of their labours—waited in vain, it appears, for the young man imbibed liberal principles, struck out an independent course of his own, and would not be turned aside by threats of displeasure, nor cajoled by promises of preferment. Refusing to become the promulgator of opinions which he did not share, he resigned his fellowship.

Mr. Burdon returned to the North in 1798 or 1799, married, and fixed his home at Morpeth. In the six years of comparative seclusion which he spent upon the banks of the Wansbeck, his prolific brain and active pen were busily employed. He had published, while at Cambridge, a couple of pamphlets—one in 1795, containing "Three Letters addressed to Dr. Watson, Bishop of Llandaff," and the other in 1797, entitled, "A Few Words of Plain Truth on the Subject of the Present Negotiation for Peace." From Morpeth he issued—

1799. A Vindication of Pope and Grattan from the Attack of an Anonymous Defamer.
1799. An Examination of the Merits and Tendency of the Pursuits of Literature. Part 1. [Part 2 was issued in 1800.]
1800. Various Thoughts on Politics, Morality, and Literature.
1803. Materials for Thinking. (Two vols.)
1803. Unanimity in the Present Contest Recommended.
1803. Advice to the Lower Ranks of Society.
1804. The Life and Character of Buonaparte, from His Birth to the 15th of August, 1804.
1805. Poetry for Children.

Losing his wife in 1806, he left Morpeth, and built upon one of his mother's estates, overlooking the Blyth, the handsome residence known as Hartford House. There, with winter sojournings in the warmer atmospheres of London and Brighton, he lived and wrote for the rest of his days. Among the publications which he put forth at Hartford House were:—

1809. Letters on the Affairs of Spain.
1810. An Introduction to the History of the Revolution in Spain, from the Spanish of Estrada.

1810. A Constitution for the Spanish Nation, from Estrada.
1810. A Treatise on the Privileges of the House of Commons.
1811. An Impartial Examination of the Dispute between Spain and her American Colonies, from Estrada.
1811. Letters to the Editor of the *Tyne Mercury* on the Annual Subscription to the Sons of the Clergy.
1813. Cobbett and the Reformers Impartially Examined.

Besides the books and pamphlets enumerated above, Mr. Burdon contributed largely to the press on ancient architecture, and a variety of other topics, local and general. In the *Tyne Mercury* for August 9, 1812, there is, for example, a letter of his ridiculing the battlements that had been added to the keep of the old castle, and "the placing of cannon upon a building which was erected about 400 years before cannon were invented."

Two biographies of Mr. Burdon have been published—one by Eneas Mackenzie in his "History of Newcastle" (afterwards issued separately), the other by George Ensor, prefixed to the fifth edition of "Materials for Thinking." Mackenzie, who knew him well, tells us that he had "originally indulged in flattering notions of 'the unlimited improvement of our nature,' which he reluctantly renounced; but he never declined in charity to the poor, or generosity to men of talent in distress. In some instances he was peculiarly unfortunate in selecting the objects of his bounty. Conceiving a high opinion of the abilities and merits of a young man named Hewson Clarke, author of 'The Saunterer,' he befriended and assisted him at the university. But this youth disgusted by his vanity all to whom he was introduced, became prodigal, incurred considerable debts, sunk into the vilest debauchery, and frequently reviled his benefactor in *The Satirist*. Yet, after all, Mr. Burdon twice dragged him from a gaol, and tried in vain to reclaim him. Another failure of a similar kind is unique for romantic attachment on one side and hideous ingratitude on the other."

As a boy he had been delicately nurtured; but when he arrived at manhood he endeavoured to overcome the weakness of youth by exercise and exposure. Mackenzie had seen him mount his horse during a thunderstorm, return dripping with wet, and sit thus in his study for the rest of the evening. When suffering acutely from the disorder which ended his life, he persisted in preparing the fifth edition of "Materials for Thinking" for the press. It was the last thing he did. The disorder proved to be ossification of the thigh, amputation was necessary, was performed, and a few months afterwards, on the 30th May, 1818, he expired.

Mr. Burdon was twice married. By his first wife, a daughter of Lieut.-General Dickson, and grand-daughter of a Collingwood, he had a family of five; his second wife, to whom he was united in 1812, brought him two children. To all these youngsters he was an attentive parent; he took delight in their company, wrote books for their amusement, and personally superintended their education. The eldest son, William Wharton Burdon, who died in Newcastle on the 24th of June, 1870, inherited his father's independence of character, and no small share of his intellectual power. Our grandfathers knew him as an active politician of the school of Lambton and Grey, and some time member of Parliament for the Borough of Weymouth. To the present generation he was better known as a coalowner and landed proprietor who rarely dabbled in politics, but upon local matters occasionally wrote with a trenchant pen in the columns of the Newcastle press.

George Carleton,

THE NORTHUMBRIAN BOY WHO BECAME A BISHOP.

One of the constables appointed by Queen Elizabeth to assist in keeping watch and ward over Norham Castle, was Guy, second son of Thomas Carleton, of Carleton Hall, Cumberland. Soon after his appointment, in the first year of Elizabeth's reign, a son was born to him, who received in baptism the name of George. The Carletons were related to another great Cumberland family—the Gilpins; and when the boy was old enough to be sent to school he was received into the foundation of Houghton-le-Spring, which his father's cousin, Bernard Gilpin, had established a few years earlier, and over which he was at the time presiding. "The Apostle of the North" took a

Bishop Carleton.

fatherly interest in his young relative, and when his school days were over sent him to St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford, where he was admitted in the beginning of the year 1576. In the latter end of 1579 he took a degree in arts, "and forthwith completed it by determination, his disputes being then noted to exceed any of his fellows that did their exercise in the same Lent." The following year he was elected a probationer fellow of Merton College.

Carleton obtained his first preferment at Mayfield, Sussex, of which place he was appointed vicar in 1589. Mr. Robert Gibbs, in "The Worthies of Bucks," shows that in 1605 he was presented by Sir Francis Goodwin to the rectory of the third portion of Waddesdon, in the church in which village is a tablet to the memory of Guy Carleton, his father, who died in 1608, aged 94. It is supposed that he remained at Waddesdon till King James I., who had made him one of his chaplains, raised him to the see of Llandaff in 1618. He held Llandaff little more than a year, for, being appointed one of the English divines who were sent to the Synod of Dordt, "he behaved himself so admirable well to the credit of our nation, that upon his return he was elected to the See of Chichester, confirmed by his Majesty, 20th September, 1619." The Dutch States not only paid the expenses of the English deputation, but presented each of its members with a gold medal, and sent a special letter to King James, in which they commended Carleton as the foremost man of the group, and a model of learning and piety.

Like many other clergymen of his time, Carleton wrote copiously on Church questions. Thirteen books and tractates, besides sermons, issued from his pen. Amongst them are, "Tithes examined and proved to be due to the Clergy by a Divine Right" (1606); "Jurisdiction Regal, Episcopal, Papal," an attack on the Papacy (1610); "Short Directions to Know the True Church" (1615); "Historical Collection of the Great and Merciful Deliverances of the Church and State of England from the beginning of Queen Elizabeth" (1624)—a book which ran into four editions; "Testimony concerning the Presbyterian Discipline in the Low Countries and Episcopal Government in England," several times printed; and "Astrologimania, or the Madness of Astrologers." But the work by which he is best known is the "Life of Bernard Gilpin." Upon that most interesting book he was engaged for some years. It was published in Latin just before he died, was translated into English soon afterwards, and after passing through several editions was re-issued in the early part of the present century as volume iv. of Dr. Wordsworth's "Ecclesiastical Biography." Most of the quaint stories about Gilpin which enliven the pages of local history come from Carleton's "Life," and it is the source from which subsequent biographers of the Northern apostle, down to the latest, the Rev. C. S. Collingwood, rector of Southwick, have derived the principal part of their material, if not their inspiration.

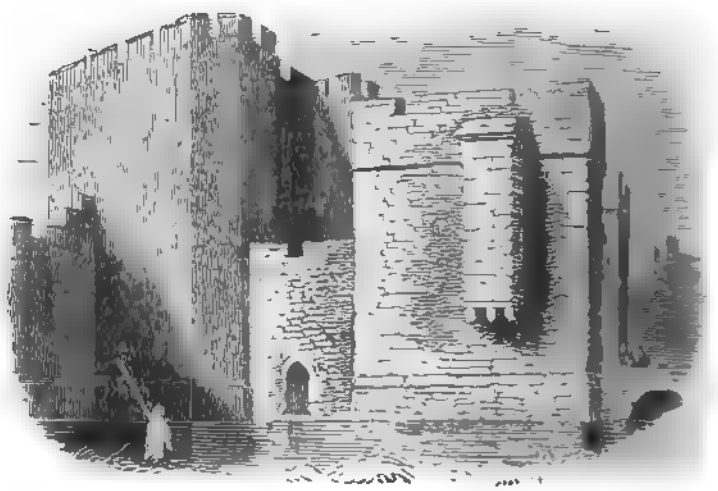
Bishop Carleton died at Chichester in May, 1628, and was buried in the choir of the Cathedral. By his marriage with Anne, daughter of Sir Henry Killigrew, and widow of Sir Henry Nevill, he had a son, Henry Carleton, who represented Arundel in the Long Parliament from its commencement till his death a year later. Anthony Wood, designating it "the unhappy Parliament," remarks with evident irony, that this son of a bishop, having received a commission from the House to be a captain, "showed himself an enemy to bishops."

The Streets of Newcastle.

Newgate Street.

THE New Gate of Newcastle is mentioned as far back as the fourteenth century. From its name, it may be surmised that it stood on the site of an older structure. Mackenzie surmises that this latter must have been the Berwick Gate, through which the Bishop of Durham marched to join the English army that fought the Scots at Otterburn.

The south front was the most ancient part of Newgate. Its architecture was of the same style as that of the inner ward of Alnwick Castle. The north front was intended as an outwork to the defences of the main gate, and had a gallery on each side, wherefrom to attack assailants who had passed the first entrance. On this front were three ancient shields of arms:—St. George's cross; the arms of England, with the *fleurs de lis semee;* and those of Newcastle. In later times there was above the south



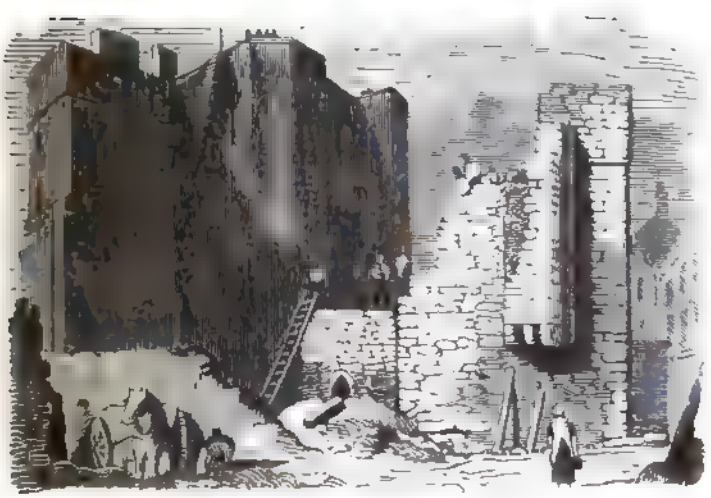
NEWGATE, ABOUT 1400.

front a statue of James I. It was placed under an arch, had a crown and robes, a sceptre in the right hand, and a globe in the left. It is now in the museum at the Castle. (Our engraving of Newgate, page 216, is copied from Brand's "History of Newcastle," 1789.)

"The gaol?" Yes; the New Gate was long the common gaol of Newcastle. It was made to do duty in that capacity for centuries. Formidable as its bolts and bars were, escapes were not uncommon. A remarkable instance of the kind occurred in 1736. On June 8th of that year one Thomas Tate, a turnkey at Newgate, stole in the night some cambric and other things from a tradesman's shop. He was lodged in his old quarters, but on the wrong side of the door. On the 15th of July, he and another prisoner, Alexander Ogle, broke out of the gaol, "where they were chained to the wall," and made their escape by a hole in the wall, through a toll-shop where some confederates were concealed. They got their heavy irons off, and left them in a field some distance away. Then came a crowning piece of impudence. They returned and entered the dwelling house of the keeper of the gaol, forcing out two iron bars, and picking the lock of the cellar door. This done, they went upstairs to the room which Tate had occupied when turnkey, and where a servant was lying sick in bed, and took out of the room a large wooden chest containing Tate's wearing apparel. They carried this chest down to the cellar, bolted the door on the inside, dressed themselves in the best clothes available, and got through the window again undiscovered. All this ingenuity, however, availed them but little, for they were taken near Bellingham, at the house of Tate's sweetheart. The keeper was delighted to see them again, and gave their captor ten guineas. Tate was chained down in prison, but he told the gaoler it was to no purpose, as he could break through all. Sure enough

NEWGATE IN 1813.

he did, in the presence of two magistrates and a gaoler, in less than a quarter of an hour. It was then thought high time to set a guard over them. At the next Assizes Tate and Ogle were transported for seven years. In 1741, no less than eight felons made their escape in their irons on the same night; and a little later one William Smith, a smuggler, was equally successful.



DEMOLITION OF NEWGATE, 1823.

The march of improvement has knocked down this strong New Gate. In 1820, it was "presented" at the Assizes by the grand jury "as being out of repair and inconvenient, insufficient, and insecure." This led to the building of the new prison in Carliol Croft, to which the felons were gradually removed, whilst the debtors were transferred to the Castle. In June, 1823, workmen began to pull down the east wing of Newgate, which was followed by the removal of the west wing; and the north wing was then demolished. The most ancient part of the Gate still remained, and a vigorous effort was made to save it from destruction. It was proposed to form a carriage-road and

THE NEW GATE, NEWCASTLE, 1789.

footpath on each side of the old gateway, which was to be converted into halls for such incorporated companies as might need them. But the authorities would not hear of this. They wanted the old stones for the new prison; and so, in September, part of the remaining walls were blown down with gunpowder. The rest were more easily removed. The portcullis was found in a perfect state; it is now in Sir M. W. Ridley's grounds at Blagdon. During the demolition, several cannon-balls were found, deep sunk in the wall. Whilst the work was going on, a *jeu d'esprit* was privately circulated, which attracted some notice. We quote a few verses:—

Alack! and wall-a-day!
Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor,
We are all to grief a prey,
Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor,
They are pulling Newgate down,
That structure of renown,
Which so long has graced the town,
Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor.

Antiquarians think't a scandal,
Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor,
It would shock a Goth or Vandal,
They declare;
What, destroy the finest Lion
That ever man set eye on!
'Tis a deed all must cry fie on,
Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor,

'Tis a pile of ancient standing,
Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor,
Deep reverence commanding,
Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor,
Men of note and estimation,
In their course of elevation
Have in it held a station,
Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor.

Still, if Newgate's doomed to go,
Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor,
To the Carliol Croft—heigh ho!
Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor,
As sure as you're alive,
(And long, sir, may you thrive),
This shock we'll ne'er survive,
Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor.

Then pity our condition,
Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor,
And stop its demolition,
Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor;
The commissioners restrain
From causing us such pain,
And we'll pay, and ne'er complain,
The gaol-cess, Mr. Mayor.

St. Andrew's Church, which is contiguous to the site of the demolished gate, is generally reputed to be the oldest in the town. Its erection has been attributed to David, King of Scots, who died in 1153. Bourne, indeed, conjectures that it was built before King David was born. But as little of the original structure now remains, it seems unnecessary to discuss the question with any

GROINED ARCHWAY OF NEWGATE, 1823.

From Drawing by T. M. Richardson.

minuteness. During the siege of 1644, it was so much damaged that service was suspended for a year afterwards. Says the parish register:—"Ther was no child bapt^d in this parish for 1 year's tim after the town was taken, nor sermon in this church for 1 year's tim." Above the altar is a picture representing the Last Supper, by the celebrated Giordano, which was given by Major Anderson in 1804. Major Anderson also offered to give a clock, if the parish would prepare the steeple for it; or to alter the steeple if the parish would provide the clock. The handsome proposal was, however, declined with thanks. Then the major offered, if the parish would build a new tower eighty feet in height, to raise upon it an elegant spire, equal in height to St. Nicholas'; but "it was judged unsafe to attempt any considerable alteration in so old a building." The bells were put up in 1726, and one of them was cracked when ringing a funeral peal at the interment of Lord Beaconsfield.

The vestry is built on the north side of the church. In Brand's time, it had been "used not many years ago as an ale-cellar to an adjoining ale-house." At one time it was the beadle's residence. As a vestry, it was first used in 1788, upon which occasion chicken, ham, ale, wine, &c., were provided by the churchwardens, and most of the party dined in it. Other alterations took place in 1844. The accompanying sketch from Richardson's "Table Book" shows the south transept and the south porch of the chancel during the demolition of the former in 1844.

DEMOLITION OF SOUTH TRANSEPT, ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH.

The most notable monument in the church was that to the memory of Sir Aymer de Athol and his wife, "originally plated very curiously with brass." Sir Aymer was taken prisoner on the eve of the battle of Otterburn. He died in 1402, but his monument endured to our own day. Within living memory it was almost unimpaired. Then it began to disappear piecemeal. At last nothing was left but the feet resting on a spotted leopard, and this portion had been torn from its proper place for the enlargement of a pew, or something of that sort. A churchwarden saw its peril, and presented it to the Society of Antiquaries.

The church register begins in 1567. We extract a few entries, illustrative of the times:—

Feb. 13, 1634.—Baptised, Margaret, sup. daughter to Richard Richardson. Sureties: Charles Robson, Margaret Thompson, and Margaret Maddison. It was borne under a wayne before Rich. Aplbyes dore in a morning in a sore frost & snow it came of a sudan to us or ells it had p'ished & wee knew not whence it so whe had nothing.

Feb. 9, 1640.—Thomas Karr and Joan Lanton, marred—one of the Skotes army, and wold pay nothing to the church.

Feb. 22, 1640.—Andrew, supposed son of Rande Atkinson, workman, baptised—the 22d day—very base begote, for he is the 4th bastor that he hath by that woman.

May, 1640.—2 sogers for denying the Kynges pay, was by a kownsell of war apoyted to be shot at, & a pare of gales set up befor Tho. Malabers dore in the byg market. They kust lotes wich should dy & the lotes did fall of one Mr. Anthone Wiccers & he was set against a wall & shot at by 6 lyght horsmen & was bured in owre church yard the sam day May 16 day.

May 30, 1641.—Baptised Margret supposed daughter to Capton William Abernathe one of the Skotes arme he hath a wif of his owne in Skotland the mothers name is Margret Powr.

Sep. 23, 1642.—Thomas Blacket [married] to his dame, Marie Grene. She did love him in his master's time.

March 19, 1645.—Kudbart Wellah, a blynd man, bured—the kapton of the begars.

Apr. 27, 1643.—Baptised Thomas s. to Thos. Whitfield which was kaste away a littel before he was born in a ship.

Feb. 11, 1645.—Baptised Marie d. to Mr. David Johnson, a lowe tennand of the Skotes arme. He kild the Gunner Anson in the fleshmarket in the night being drunk.

May 20, 1651.—Mari Dun buried, which was kounted for a wich.

Oct. 1651.—Robard Fenwick, a child, bur. the 24 day, which was drowend in the Bares myll dam, where he went to swim on the Saboth day—bur. Oct. 1652.

This "Bares myll dam" was a large sheet of water formerly occupying the site of Eldon Place, which served a mill beautifully embosomed among lofty trees, a few yards to the west of Barras Bridge.

Opposite St. Andrew's Church we have High Friar Street, or Chare, as our fathers were wont to call it. Though now a dirty, uninviting lane, its name is sufficient to remind us that formerly it had its associations with the monastic splendours of old.

A little below High Friar Street we come to St. Andrew's Street and the Vegetable Market, now reputed to be one of the best in the kingdom. The street was formerly known as Green Court, and was then a mean, insignificant place. Now it is a thriving business thoroughfare. Next to the market is a long bar, standing on the site of what was known as the Chancellor's Head, from the circumstance that a life-size portrait of Lord Eldon served for the sign of the inn. The portrait is still to be seen in one of the rooms.

On the opposite side, at the bottom of the churchyard, is the little ancient street, long devoted to the tannery business, known as Dam Crook. The name is a corruption of "the Darwent Crook." It ran westward to the town wall, through which a passage was made into Gal-

lowgate in 1510. At right angles with Darn Crook is the narrow lane known as the West Walls, for an obvious reason—a portion of the veritable town wall still is to be seen. Just at the corner it was that an old woman was brutally murdered on the New Year's morning of 1863, after having first been otherwise shamefully maltreated, by a young miscreant of eighteen, George Vass by name, who was hanged in Carliol Croft in the following March. Opposite to Darn Crook there ran a little stream of water, now arched over, into the Lort Burn. Originally the Lam Burn, it acquired in later times the name of Execution Dock, not by reason of any of those grim associations which account for the name of Gallowgate, but because the debtors in New Gate—those whose bodies had been taken "in execution" for non-payment of their bills—if not in close confinement, had liberty to walk as far as that small brook.

From the foot of Darn Crook we proceed onward to Low Friar Street. This street was formerly known by the name of Shod-Friar Chare, from its vicinity to the monastery of the Black or Shod Friars.

At the corner of Low Friar Street is the Three Tuns Inn, associated with the name of Edward Chicken, the author of the "Collier's Wedding," who lived and kept a school here, and who was parish clerk of St. John's Church for a quarter of a century. Opposite his door long stood the famous White Cross. It must have been of great antiquity, for it is mentioned as early as the year 1410 in a document contained in the Bodleian Library; and the name of White Cross Street occurs in 1577. Bourne tells us on the authority of the Milbank MS.: "This cross was pulled down that very night after Sir George Selby died, and King James of sacred memory, March 24 [1625]." But as King James and Sir George Selby did not die on the same day, and neither of them died on the 24th of March, it is presumed that the Milbank MS. is not very accurate in its chronology. Besides, there is an order of Common Council in 1687 for repairing it. Bourne adds:—"On the place where the cross stood was a cistern for receiving the water which was then called the New Water. This was lately pulled down [1736]; and there is now in the place where the cross was, a pillar of stone work." In 1773, a milk market was established at the White Cross. In 1784 the Cross was rebuilt. It had a pretty little spire, with a good clock, and was ornamented on the four sides with the arms of the mayor, aldermen, and sheriff. In form it was square, and supported by pillars. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1887, p. 19.) A circle of stones in the roadway marks the exact site of the cross. Subsequently it was pulled down, and its materials converted into a canopy for the butter women in the old market. Annual

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, 1889.

fairs for horses and cattle are still held in this street; and very great nuisances they are now-a-days—far greater than a dozen White Crosses!

Another matter we must mention. Between Execution Dock and the White Cross stood a row of houses nearly in the middle of the present street. In Bourne's plan of Newcastle some of them are marked near the east side of it. These were anciently styled "Cocksour or Cockstole Bothes," and afterwards the "Hucksters' Booths"; and from them the religious orders and other inhabitants of the town were supplied with provisions. They were pulled down some years before Brand wrote, having been repeatedly denounced as a nuisance to the street.

In the good old days Newgate Street possessed its Pillory. It must have stood in this neighbourhood, most probably beside the White Cross. 'Twas not a plaything altogether, for Sykes records that on the 11th of April, 1758, one Susannah Fleming stood in the pillory at the White Cross for one hour, pursuant to her sentence, for fortune-telling. Though not molested by the populace, she was nearly strangled before the time was expired, occasioned either by fainting or shrinking down, or from having too much about her neck, and being thereby straitened in the hole. A sailor, out of charity, brought her down the ladder on his back in a nearly dying state.

"Great inns" were in this neighbourhood also. One of them must have been the Crown, concerning which we extract the following advertisement from a Newcastle newspaper, dated Jan. 4, 1770:—"This is to acquaint the Public that on Monday, the 1st inst., being the Lodge (or Monthly Meeting) Night of the Free and Accepted Masons of the 22nd Regiment, held at the Crown, near Newgate, Mrs. Bell, the Landlady of the House, broke open a Door (with a poker) that had not been opened for some years, by which Means she got into an adjacent Room, made two Holes in the Wall, and by that Stratagem discovered the Secrets of Masonry; and she knowing herself to be the first Woman in the World that ever found out that Secret, is willing to make it known to all her Sex. So any Lady that is desirous of learning the Secrets of Freemasonry, by applying to that well-learned Woman (Mrs. Bell, that lived fifteen years in and about Newgate) may be instructed in all the Secrets of Masonry."

THE BLACK HORSE, NEWGATE STREET, 1701.

Another of the great inns was undoubtedly the Black Horse. The pant still in this street stood nearly in front of it, though a few years ago it was renewed; but the house itself had to come to the ground when Clayton Street in that neighbourhood was projected. It was a low, old-fashioned house, with dormer windows. With this house is associated the tragedy described in the *Monthly Chronicle*, 1887, page 18—the murder of Ferdinando Forster by John Fenwick of Rock.

Crossing Clayton Street, we find ourselves in the lower part of Newgate Street, which is devoted mainly to the refreshment of the inner man. Eating-houses and inns almost monopolise it. Many of these latter are modernised editions of the old-fashioned hostelries. The principal of them is the Scotch Arms. The old house, which most men of middle life will remember as a substantial building—solid, yet unpretending—was pulled down several years ago, and the present hotel erected in its place. According to Bourne, the ancient building had a large gate, which formerly had been a piece of stately workmanship. The arch of this gate remained till the year 1783. Bourne says: "Opposite the Nunnery on the west side of the street is an ancient building with a large gate, which has formerly been a piece of stately workmanship. This, Sir Robert Shafto, recorder of this town, was of opinion was the house of the Earls of Northumberland, and was called the Earl's Inn." (But we know now that the Earl's Inn was in the Close.) Gray, in the "Chorographia," says it was called the Scots Inn, because it was there that "the kings, nobility, and lords of Scots lodged in time of truce or league with England."

Opposite the Scotch Arms is a narrow street known as Nun's Lane. At the corner of this "inconveniently narrow" lane, as Mackenzie calls it, and fronting into Newgate Street, is a house built after the modern Gothic fashion, which marks the site of the grand entrance or gateway to the Nunnery of St. Bartholomew. This house was built by Major Anderson. When Brand wrote his History of Newcastle, in 1789, he tells us that a portion of the gateway "very lately remained." In his opinion, it was the grand entrance to the Nunnery; and here he is supported both by Mackenzie and by Dr. Bruce. But, on the other hand, Bourne supposes it to have been only a back entrance. Baillie also, writing in 1801, says: "This gate (which, several years ago, was entirely taken down by the Corporation) was not the great gate of the Nunnery, but a sort of back passage to it; for the Nunnery was situated lower down, as may be seen

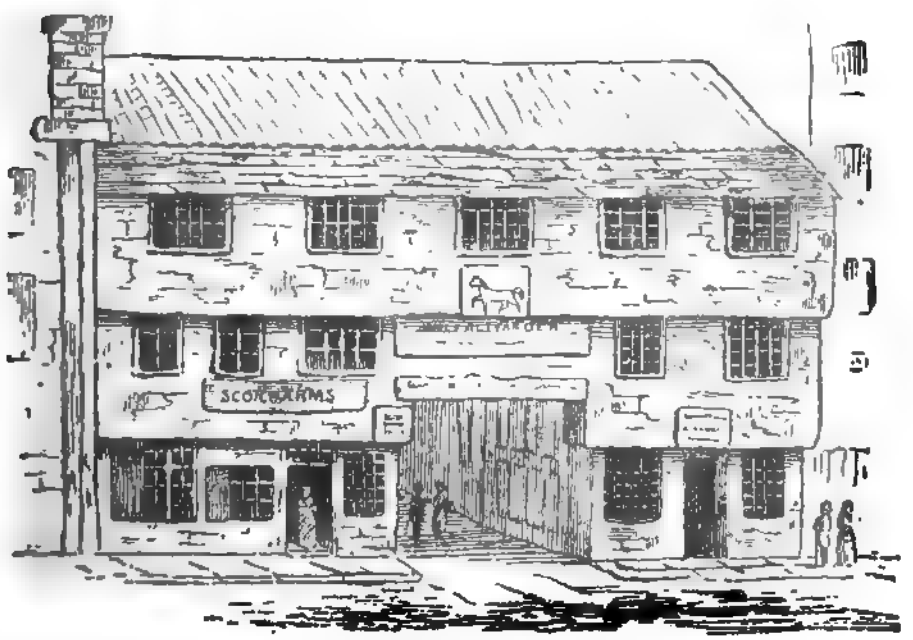
by the ruins of some old walls in their garden, which still go by the name of the Nun's Garden."

Be this as it may, the Nunnery is supposed to have been the earliest conventual establishment in Newcastle. Shortly after the Conquest, according to Simeon, three Benedictine monks came to Tyneside to visit the ruined churches here; and it is stated that soon after their arrival a small society of fair devotees was formed, of the Benedictine order, and under the auspices of (that is, dedicated to) St. Bartholomew the Apostle. In this view Brand substantially agrees, stating on the authority of the Scottish chronicler Fordun, that the Nunnery was in existence as early as 1086, in which year Agatha, the mother, and Christina, the sister, of Edgar Atheling, took the veil in Newcastle; "but in this," Dr. Bruce cautions us, "he is not borne out by his author." Both David King of Scotland and Henry I. of England have been reputed the original founders of this Nunnery; but Dodsworth, collecting from original records, holds the founder to have been one of the ancient barons of Hylton.

As the years went on, the Nunnery prospered. Gifts of land and money were being continually made; some of them of a rather curious kind. For instance, about the beginning of the thirteenth century, Marmaduke de Tweng and Margaret his wife bequeathed a house and some land in Hartlepool, for the purpose "of purchasing smocks for the nuns of this priory."

Yet in spite of its rent-charges and its possessions, the Nunnery fell upon evil days. In 1355 its inmates ought to have been contented enough; for at that date, according to Bourne, the Nun's Moor was their property, and "there were wastes and houses in the Side, in Pilgrim Street, the Flesh Market, Oat Market, Darn Crook, and almost all the town over" belonging to them. Yet only eleven years after we find Bishop Hatfield of Durham appointing Hugh Arncliffe, celebrant of the divine office in St. Nicholas', Newcastle, to have the care and custody of the Nunnery, "whose miserable state, both spiritual and temporal, has excited his lordship's pity."

Arncliffe was not long in finding out grave irregularities. He reported Amisia Belford, the prioress, as an intruder, an incontinent, and allowing dilapidations in the fabric. Two of the nuns had been expelled by her, and these the bishop ordered her to receive again "freely and peacefully," and to treat with due affection. What became of Amisia history deponeth not. But in 1377 there was again trouble with the nuns, and Bishop Hatfield had once more to interfere, this time on behalf of the Lady Idoma Staunford, one of the sisters, who had absented herself. The bishop thought she had reasonable grounds for her conduct; the community thought otherwise, and refused to receive her, "in manifest contempt of us (says the indignant prelate) and to the great prejudice of the said Idoma." Wherefore the contumacious nuns were threatened with the greater excommunication if they further interfered with Idoma; and a "commission was at the same time granted to the bishop's suffragan to proceed against the house."



SCOTCH ARMS, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, 1843.

The next interesting item in the history of the Nunnery bears date 1489. In that year Joan Baxter, the prioress, granted a lease for a hundred years of all that "parcel of ground called the Nun's Moor, as it lieth betwixt the fields called the Castle Moor, on the east and south parts, the field of Fenham on the west part, and the fields of Kenton on the north part," to the mayor and burgesses at a rental of 23s. 4d per annum.

When Henry VIII. dissolved the lesser monasteries, this Nunnery was refounded and preserved; but in 1540 it was suppressed. The establishment consisted then of a prioress, a sub-prioress, and nine nuns. In 1535, according to the *Liber Valorum*, the income of the nuns was £36 0s. 10d.; but at the date of the suppression of the religious houses the value of the property was estimated at £49 11s. 10d. per annum.

No traces now remain of this once important Benedictine foundation. Brand conjectures that it stood near the spot where the play-house was erected in 1748; namely, beside the old Turk's Head. Mackenzie accepts this theory as feasible, observing that it "seems supported by the part of the north wall of St. Bartholomew's Church, in which the door-way, built up with stone, is still observable; so that where once these daughters of celibacy and retirement heard their masses, Thalia and Melpomene in after times laughed and wept by turns." Dr. Bruce tells us where this play-house was with sufficient distinctness. "This theatre," says he, writing in 1863, "afterwards known as the Turk's Head Long-Room, was pulled down about thirty years since, to obtain an opening to connect Grainger Street, which was then in course of erection, with Newgate Street."

The house and grounds of the Nunnery were granted by King Henry to William Barantyne and others. At a later period the property passed into the possession of the Blackett family, who were also the possessors of the site of the adjacent house of the Grey Friars, and eventually both properties were purchased by Mr. Grainger, as already recorded.

There are those still living who remember the time when Newgate Street terminated as the Nun's Gate and the Sun Inn. It pleased our authorities, however, some years ago, no doubt for good and sufficient reasons, to to carry on the thoroughfare by the name of Newgate Street as far as Grainger Street.

With this neighbourhood is associated the memory of J. P. Robson, "Bard of the Tyne and Minstrel of the Wear," a popular writer in his day. True, he was born in 1808 in Bailiffgate, which was behind the Postern, which, in its turn, was behind the Back Row (all these places have now disappeared). When Robson was six years of age, he was taken to live with his grandfather in an old-fashioned house in Nun's Lane; when sixteen, he was apprenticed in Newgate Street to a plane-maker, and here it was that he commenced his flirtations with the Muses. The poet of Newgate Street died in August, 1870, and is buried in Jesmond Old Cemetery, where the surroundings harmonise with his aspirations:—

Oh! let me rest in some green mound
Where fragrance breathes around;
Where smooth-leaved trees droop o'er my tomb;
Where friends may wander forth at eve,
To ruminate and grieve
That love should die or friendship fade in gloom.

The Coming and Going of the Judges.

COURTS OF ASSIZE have been held in Newcastle from a very early period. At an inquisition held at Tynemouth "on the morrow after Easter," 1279, it was declared "that the King of Scotland, the Archbishop of York, the Prior of Tynemouth, the Bishop of Durham, and Gilbert de Umfraville, or their bailiffs, in the coming of the justices to all pleadings at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, if they come from the parts of Yorkshire, ought to meet the said justices at the head of the town of Gateshead, at a certain well which is called Chille-well, and to petition them for their liberties. And if it should happen that they come from the parts of Cumberland, then they ought to meet them at Fourstones, or elsewhere, at their entrance into the county."

The assizes were held "in the hye Castell" in the reign of Queen Mary, and in Elizabeth's charter, granted to Newcastle in 1589, the Castle-keep is described as "the prison or common gaol for our county of Northumberland," and the old Moot Hall, which stood on the now open space in front of the present Moot Hall, is called "the Mouthall or Hall of Sessions of the same county." From that time the assizes continued to be held in the old Moot Hall till 1810, when it was taken down. The present county buildings were immediately commenced; but whilst they were being erected the assizes were held in the nave of St. Nicholas' Church.

The custom of meeting the judges of assize "at the head of the town of Gateshead" continued until the establishment of railways. The whole ceremony was a piece of gorgeous pageantry, of which some account may not prove uninteresting.

So soon as the judges had arrived in York for the purpose of holding the assizes there, the High Sheriff or Under-Sheriff of Northumberland sent to them one or more copies of the calendar of the cases to be tried in Newcastle. About a month before the commencement of the assizes at Newcastle, the High Sheriff sent notes of invitation to such of the county gentlemen as he wished to join his procession to Sheriff Hill, to meet the judges there. These invitations were couched in something like the following terms:—

N., June 22, 1750.

Sir,—The favour of your company, on Monday, the . . . . day of . . . next, at the Moot Hall, to drink a

glass of wine, and from thence to the Sheriff Hill, to meet the Judges of Assize, will greatly oblige,

Sir,
Your most obedient and humble servant,
A. C., Sheriff.

At a later period such notes of invitation were superseded by an advertisement in the Newcastle papers. The one issued prior to the Summer Assizes of 1845 read as follows :—

To the Gentlemen, Clergy, and Freeholders of the County of Northumberland.—The favour of your company on Wednesday, the 30th day of July inst., at the Moot Hall, and from thence to meet her Majesty's Judges of Assize, will much oblige,
Your very obedient servant,
RALPH CARR,
Hedgley, 17th July, 1845. Sheriff.

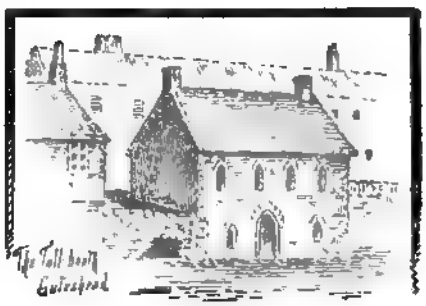
Sometimes, when the High Sheriff was a popular person, these invitations were responded to by not fewer than 500 well-mounted gentlemen.

When the day of arrival came, the High Sheriff and Under-Sheriff, attended by a few of their friends, proceeded about two o'clock, from the High Sheriff's hotel—usually, in later times, the Turk's Head—to the Moot Hall. Here two tables were set, each almost the length of the room. The tables were "covered with carpets, and furnished with candles, pipes and tobacco, with bread and salt; and within the usual space, one of another, on each side of each table, a bottle of white wine, and another of claret." The High Sheriff took his seat at the head of one of the tables, and the Under-Sheriff at the foot of the other. The High Sheriff then received the compliments of the county gentlemen, who came into the room in groups, each drinking a glass of wine, staying a little while, smoking a pipe if he cared to do so, and then withdrawing to make room for others.

By-and-by the procession started. This was its order :—

The livery men, two and two.
The bailiffs with their rods, two and two.
Two trumpeters abreast, with banners pendant from their trumpets, bearing the High Sheriff's coat of arms.
The gaoler, with a black wand.
The Under-Sheriff, with a white wand and sword.
The High Sheriff, with a white wand and sword, and having his stirrups held by pages in his livery.
The High Sheriff's relatives, two and two.
The county gentlemen, two and two.
Servants, two and two.
The Sheriff's coach, drawn by six horses.
Other coaches.

The procession started from the Moot Hall. Before 1810 it went along the narrow street now known as Castle Garth, through the Black Gate, and into the lately demolished Bailiffgate. After 1810 it went along the south side of the Keep, into Bailiffgate, then into Westgate, along Collingwood Street, down Dean Street, through the lower part of the Side, across the Sandhill, over the Tyne Bridge, ascended Church Street, Gateshead, and, at the head of Bottle Bank, turned into High Street. Before the formation of Dean Street, the procession went from the Black Gate down the steep part of the Side, and before Church Street, in Gateshead, was made, it was under the necessity of ascending the equally steep Bottle Bank. On reaching the Gateshead Toll Booth, which stood in the middle of High Street opposite the end of Swinburne Street, a halt was made. The two



pages left their places beside the High Sheriff and were mounted behind his coach. Many of the gentlemen and carriages here quitted the procession.

From the Toll Booth the procession went forward to Sheriff Hill, "the usual place of meeting," where, says the Sheriff's old Book of Instructions, "you light and go into the house." This house was the inn at Sheriff Hill known as the "Old Cannon." It has been modernized within the last few years. Its walls have been raised, new windows have been inserted, its roof of red tiles has given place to one of blue slate, and its front has been entirely covered with concrete. Almost opposite the inn is a fountain, or well, or pump—for it includes in itself some features of all these things—which one could wish it might be possible to identify with the Chille Well mentioned in the time of Edward I. It is inscribed with these words from the Book of Proverbs :—

AS COLD WATERS TO A THIRSTY SOUL,
SO IS GOOD NEWS FROM A FAR COUNTRY.

After the formation of the new Durham Road, which passes through Gateshead Low Fell, the usual place of meeting was the foot of Buck Lane, where there is a more modern inn than that on Sheriff Hill, called the New Cannon. When the High Sheriff and his attendants arrived at the Old Cannon in the earlier times, or at the New Cannon in later days, they went into the house, where wine and punch had been ordered at the Sheriff's cost, and where they comfortably, and no doubt patiently, awaited the arrival of the judges.

When the judges' coach arrived at the Cannon—Old or New—it drew up alongside the High Sheriff's coach. The High Sheriff and Under-Sheriff, as well as the gentlemen in attendance, then stepped forward and paid their compliments to the judges, after which these magnates of the law entered the Sheriff's coach, taking the back seat. The High Sheriff and Under-Sheriff then entered the same coach, taking the front seat. An old MS., which lies before me, says :—"The Sheriffs must observe these forms, viz., to step into the coach after the judges, and

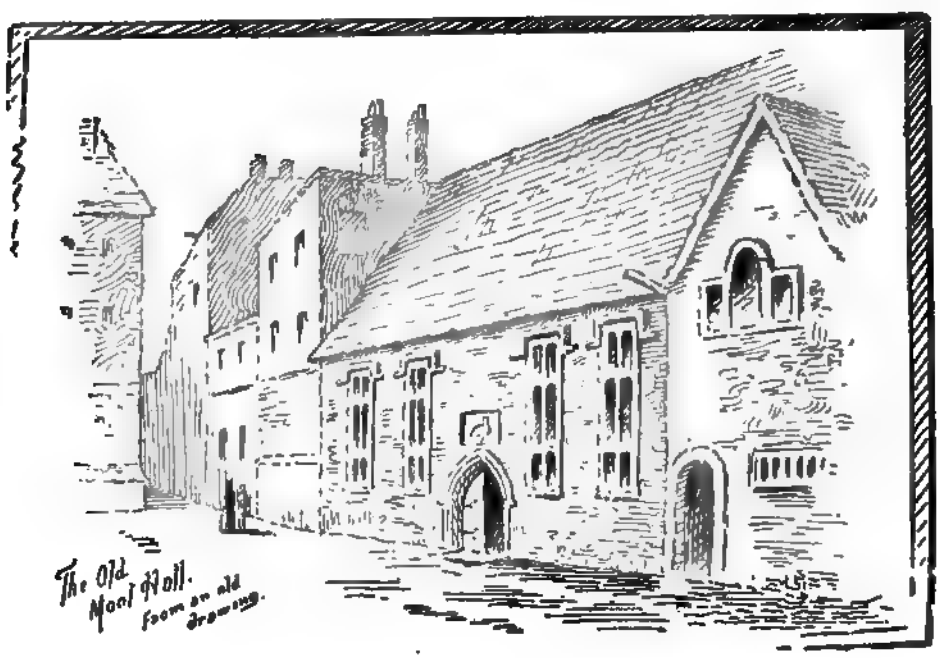
step out before them, and stand a little aside, and always sit with their backs to the horses." The procession was then re-formed and the whole cavalcade returned to Newcastle. The arrival of the judges at Sheriff Hill is described by "A Gentleman of the Middle Temple," whom I dare not call a poet, in a scarce rhyming pamphlet, printed in 1751, and entitled "A Northern Circuit."

> What splendour sparkles on the hill,
> Which nobles, gentry, farmers fill!
> To meet Astræa with applause,
> And show they're hearty in her cause.
> Bells, trumpets, cannons loud proclaim
> Her welcome there, with fairest fame.
> How eager is the numerous throng,
> Who almost bear the coach along!

When the Sheriff's coach reached the famed Blue Stone on Tyne Bridge a halt was made. Here the Sheriff of Newcastle, carrying his rod, attended by the sergeants-at-mace, dressed in gowns and holding their maces, and the free porters with their halberds, awaited the arrival of the procession. The town Sheriff paid his compliments to the judges, after which he and his attendants fell into the procession immediately in front of the High Sheriff's coach, and the cavalcade proceeded to the Guildhall. Here the county Sheriffs and the judges alighted, and were met within three steps from the foot of the staircase by the Mayor, Recorder, and Aldermen of the town, the Mayor carrying his mace, and all of them dressed in their robes of office. After these magnates had saluted the judges, another procession was formed, which advanced up the stairway and into the Town's Court. Thus was the order of the procession:—

Free porters, two and two.
Sergeants-at-Mace, two and two.
The Sheriff of Newcastle and the Under-Sheriff of Northumberland.
The High Sheriff.
Aldermen of Newcastle, two and two.
The Mayor of Newcastle with the Judges to right and left.

When the judges had entered the Town Court, the commission for the town was read. "But," says my MS., "as the High Sheriff has no business under this commission, he and his Under-Sheriff wait in the Mayor's Chamber" until the judges are ready to proceed to the Moot Hall. The procession which conducted the judges upstairs, then in the same order conducted them down again. At the foot of the stairs the judges resumed their seats in the High Sheriff's coach, and the procession, in the order which it assumed at the Blue Stone, made its way to the Castle Garth. The route taken was that which the High Sheriff's procession had adopted on its way to Sheriff Hill. The Mayor in the meantime made his way to the Mansion House, to be ready to receive the judges there. Before 1810 the judges entered the Castle precincts through the Black Gate, and the town's Sheriff and his attendants waited outside this grim portal, since within the liberties of the Castle, which were in the county of Northumberland, he had no jurisdiction. The rest of the procession went forward to the Moot Hall, where the judges and Sheriffs alighted, went into the court, and opened the commission for the county. The court was then adjourned till the following morning.



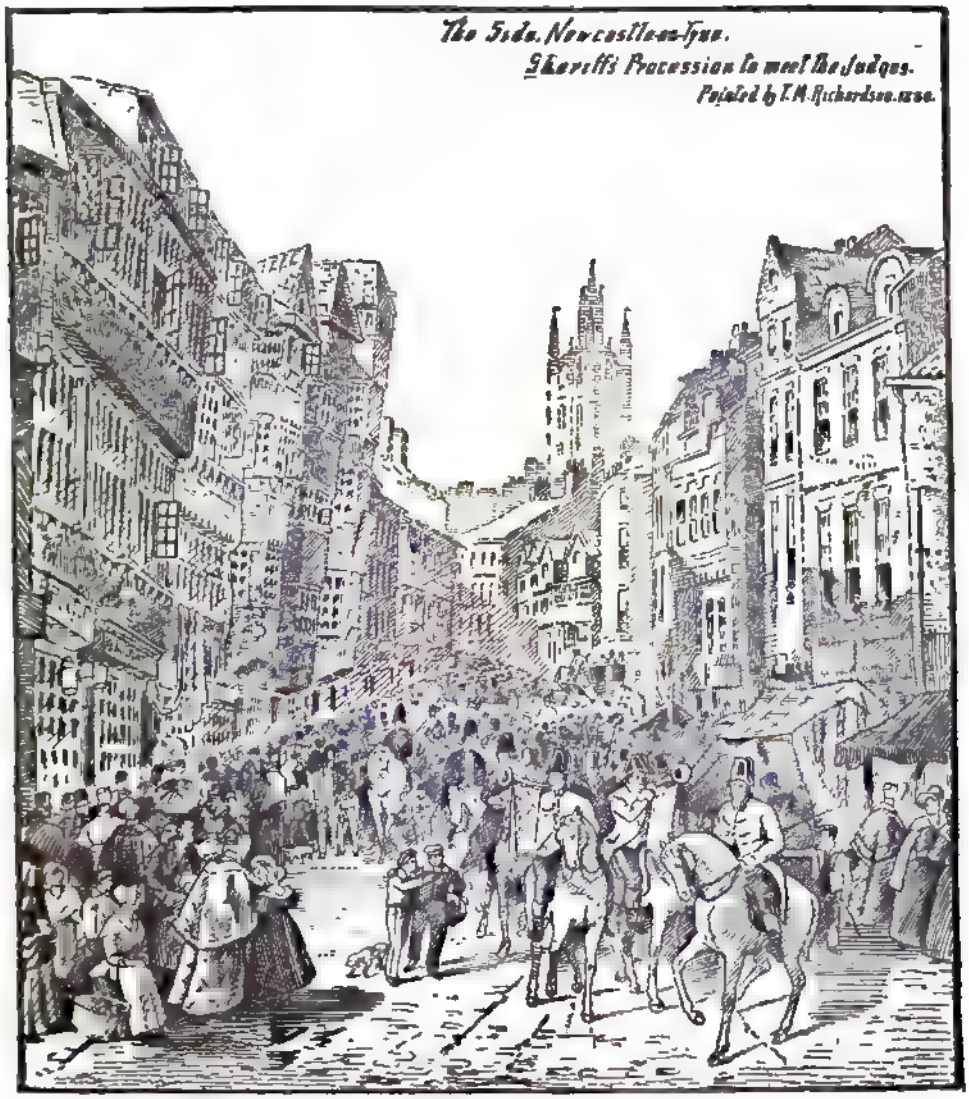
The Old Moot Hall. From an old drawing.

The procession was then once more formed, and in the same order as before proceeded to the Mansion House in the Close, the Mayor's official residence. The High Sheriff, preceded by the town officials, conducted the judges from the coach to the highest step before the Mayor's door, where they were received by the Mayor. So ended the first day's pageantry.

The following morning the judges attended service at St. Nicholas' Church. They were conducted from the Mayor's house by a procession almost as imposing as that of the preceding day. From the church they proceeded to the Moot Hall. During the whole time of the Assizes the judges were, as they are still, conducted by the High Sheriff and the Under-Sheriff to and from the courts.

The expense incurred by the High Sheriff in receiving the judges, and by the Mayor in entertaining them, was by no means trifling. Fortunately we have an account of the costs borne in 1628 and 1629, by Sir Thomas Swinburne, then High Sheriff, at the Assizes of those years. He evidently discharged the duties of his office, at least in his first year of office, in a right lordly way. The first items of his expenditure are recorded as follows:—

> Imprimis, for a dynner for the gentry and others that went over with me to meete the judges being 200 men, paying for every gentleman 2s. 6d., and serving men 12d. a piece. Item, the next day a dynner for the judges and other 200 men, payeing as before 2s. 6d. gentlemen, and 12d.



serving men att Edward French his house in Newcastle	£35	0	0
For my wyne	£7	0	0
For sugar	2	0	0
For tobacco	1	0	0
For March beere	3	0	0
Paid to Edward French for other meales when my friends and I were there att 12d. a peece one with another	6	0	0

But this was not all. Venison and wild fowl were supplied to the innkeeper at the Sheriff's charge for all this feasting. So his account proceeds—

To my Lord William Howard's man for 2 stagges and 4 buckes, the keepers fees 20s. for every stagg and 5s. a peece bringing them, and 10s. every buck for the keepers ffee and 2s. 6d. for his carriage	5	0	0

From other sources, including the parks of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, "my lord of Newcastle" at Bothal, "my lord of Monmouth," Sir John Fenwick, and the Dean of Durham, came 2½ stags, 8½ bucks, and 2 roes, at a total cost of £8 3s. The wild fowl cost £4 11s., including 10s. "to my Cozen William Read's man for sea foule out of the Farne yland." A gratuity of 40s. was given to the cook, which he doubtless richly deserved. Then we have the item, "To the Musick, 20s." We learn from the following entry that the Sheriff's bailiffs were boarded at his expense.

Item, to 24 Bailiffes for their borde wages att 12d. a day for each of them remayneing from the Tewsday that I came to Newcastle till Mundaye, that the prisoners were executed being in all seaven days	£8	8	0

Other curious items in this account are the following:—

To the mynister of St. Nicholas' Church for visiting the prisoners	0	10	0
For mending the towne gallowes and carrying the ladders	0	12	0
For buryeing 3 poore prisoners	0	7	6
Item, to my hoste Hutchinson, where I lodged in the tyme of the Assizes, upon one bill	2	0	0
Item, att my comeing awaye for drinke and my owne men's dyett	4	0	0

Then comes a payment of £18 18s., for 42 "yeardes of blew," employed in making "blew coates" for the 24 bailiffs, the county clerk, the two gaolers, and the Under-Sheriff's man, each coat requiring "a yearde and a halfe." Ten other "blew coates" for the Sheriff's servants cost £6 15s. The whole cost of these assizes to the High Sheriff in that one year amounted to £214 12s. 10d.

It was Sir Thomas Swinburne's misfortune to be compelled to serve as High Sheriff in the following year, Robert Brandling, of Alnwick, who had been appointed, refusing to serve. When the time of the assizes came Swinburne was as economical as he had before been liberal. On the first day "when I came in with the judges," 2s. a head was paid for the dinners of gentlemen, and 1s. for servants, whilst on other days the innkeeper was allowed for gentry and servants alike 1s. a head. Only one buck and one stag were provided, and the wild fowl cost only 11s. The gratuity to Mungo Barnes, the cook, came down to 22s. The grand total amounted only to £44 9s. 4d. It is curious to learn that a sugar loaf, weighing six pounds, cost 9s. 6d., or 1s. 7d. a pound. Making a pair of gallows in the Castle Garth cost 13s. 4d.

The cost incurred by the town in preparing for and entertaining the judges can only be gathered from such portions of the Corporation accounts as are accessible to us. Some items, though trifling in amount, are of great interest. We have, for instance, a payment in July, 1594, of 4d. "for rushes and mynt upp to the towne courte," both articles being intended to be strown on the floor. In 1660 clean rushes were not considered a sufficient garniture to meet the judges' eyes, for the sum of 6s. 6d. was "paid for hanging up the tapestry, and for rushes for the towne courte, at the assizes." Whilst the Guildhall was being erected, the Assizes were held "in the chapel," that is, I believe, the chapel of St. Thomas, at the north end of Tyne Bridge. This edifice was made "fit for the judges" by an outlay of £6 3s.

The judges must be entertained during their stay. The town usually provided a banquet, at which the judges attended. In 1592, the sum of £3 16s. 10d. was given to Mr. William Greenwell, Sheriff, "for the charges of the judges banquett in the Pentas." In 1595, "for the chairgs of the judges banquet in the Pentas att Lambas laste" the amount was £4 7s. 2d. It was, no doubt, for some such entertainment that, in 1598, the following expenses were incurred:—

Paid upon Mr. Maiores his warrante for one mannes charges 4 daies for the provideinge of venysonn for the judges	20s. 0d.
For horse hier 4 daies	5s. 4d.
Paide to Christofer Applebie, serjante, for his owne charges, 7 daies, and his horse meate	10s. 8d.
For horse hier 7 daies	9s. 4d.
Provideinge venysonn for the judges, commanded by Mr. Maior to paie	20s. 0d.

At a later period a ball formed part of the entertainment, and the rhymster whom I have before quoted tells us that, on one occasion a least,

> The ladies, handsome, brilliant, gay,
> To dance took half the bar away.

In the Corporation accounts we find frequent payments to the Mayors of the town, to reimburse them the expenses they had incurred in entertaining the judges. The following extracts may be quoted as examples:—

1647, Paid the right worshipful the maior for entertaining the judges fower daies and 4 nights with theare attendance, and feasting the high sherife, £60.

1651, Paid Mr. Maior which he disburst for provisions to entertaine the judges (though they came no farther then Yorke this yeare), and for a present to the lord generall Cromwell when he was at Stella, £60.

1659, Paid the right worshipful Marke Milbanke, maior, for the entertainment of judge baron Thorpe, and judge barron Parker, and all their followers, from the 11th August to the — August, £68.

Before the Mansion House in the Close was abandoned, the Mayor for the time being possessed a barge, for his

official use as admiral of the river. In this it was the custom to take the judges down the river to Tynemouth, or up the river to the King's Meadows.

On one occasion a circumstance occurred which is related in an interleaved copy of Bourne's History. "In 1729, the town had a trial at the assizes with Sir Henry Liddell about paying of tolls, wherein a verdict was given in favour of Sir Henry. It was then customary for the judges to go in the town's barge, attended by the Mayor, and others of the Corporation, to Tinmouth; and in their return, Mr. Justice Page, who tried the case, had some hot words with Mr. Reay (the Mayor) relating to the trial, and thereupon the judge threatened to commit the Mayor; and the Mayor told the judge he would commit him, being then upon the water and in his jurisdiction. This squabble was the occasion of discontinuing the custom of going to Tinmouth." It was, however, resumed after a time.

Amongst the people of Newcastle and the surrounding villages, the great event of the assizes was the attendance of the judges at St. Nicholas's Church on the Sunday. This day was known as Assize Sunday. A special sermon was preached, usually by the High Sheriff's chaplain—that is, the vicar or perpetual curate of the church which the High Sheriff attended. The procession which conducted the judges from the Mansion House to the church, and back again, was of the most imposing character. First came the county bailiffs with their rods, then the sergeants-at-arms in blue cloaks and cocked hats, bearing their silver maces. Next came the sword and mace bearers. Then followed the state carriages with the Mayor, the High Sheriff, the Town Sheriff, and the judges. Then came the carriages of aldermen and private carriages, containing the gentlemen of the Grand Jury, who had also been entertained at the Mansion House. As the procession started, the bells of the churches rang out merry peals. The Close, the Sandhill, and the Side were crowded with townspeople and country-folks who had come to witness the grand sight. "We have seen the streets," says G. Bouchier Richardson, "between the Mansion House and the Church literally crammed with well-dressed multitudes, all anxious to gain a glimpse of the procession, while the long lines of casemented windows of the antique dwellings on the Sandhill and the Side were thronged with beaming faces and the gaily dressed." It is this scene, as the procession returned down the Side, that is represented on page 225 in T. M. Richardson's painting.*

Despite balls, banquets, and processions, the time at length arrived for the judges to depart. Carlisle was their next station, and the journey thither, before the formation of General Wade's military way, was long, arduous, and dangerous. The road then usually taken was past Denton Hall, through Newburn, Wylam, Ovingham, and Corbridge to Hexham, and then forward through Haydon Bridge and Haltwhistle. It was the practice for the High Sheriff and his attendants, and the Mayor and some of the aldermen and officers of the Corporation, to accompany the judges to Benwell Hill. Here there was a parting ceremony. Both the High Sheriff and the Mayor presented to each of the judges a piece of money. We have evidence of this custom early in the reign of Elizabeth, and how long it had then been practised it is impossible to say. In 1566, the Corporation accounts have the following entry:—

Geven at Mr. Maiors commandment to the judges, two olde ryalls, for their fee, 30s.

In 1595, we find a similar item:—

Paid for two old spur riols geven to the judges of the assizes yeirlie accustomed, 15s. 6d. per piece, 31s.

A spur-rial, or spur-royal, it need scarcely be said, was a gold coin current in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. On its reverse it bore a star which resembled the rowell of a spur. When Sir James Whitlocke was on the Northern Circuit in 1627, he received, as he records in his Liber Famelicus, a "spur royall" from the Mayor of Newcastle at "leave-taking," and valued the coin at 15s. From the Sheriff of Northumberland, "at leave taking,' he received "in gold" £1. In the following year Sir James Whitlocke was here again, and the Sheriff of Northumberland entered the following item in his private accounts:—

To the judges, Sir Henry Yelverton and Sir James Whitlocke, either of them, a [gold] peece att our parting upon Benwell hills, £2.

In 1659 the Corporation accounts record a payment of 42s. 6d. "for two rose nobles given to the judges." These payments were originally intended to enable the judges to provide themselves with arms for self-defence in their perilous journeys. The custom of paying "dagger money," as it was called, is continued to this day.

J. R. Boyle, F.S.A.

* The picture is the property of the Corporation, and is preserved in the Mansion House, or Judges' Lodgings, in Saville Row. It has been copied by the kind permission of the Mayor of Newcastle (Mr. Thomas Richardson).

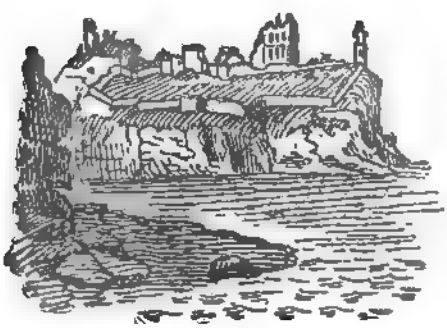
Early Wars of Northumbria.

V.

THE RISE AND POWER OF OSWY.

WHILE pagan inroads were eating the very life out of the Northumbrian people, the chiefs, unfortunately, remained at variance about a ruler. Oswy, a brother of the saintly Oswald, had claimed the throne after the disaster at Maeserfield, in 642, and expected to reign, as his predecessor had done, over both Bernicia and Deira. The inhabitants of the southern province objected to such an arrangement, and demanded that Oswin, the son of Osric,

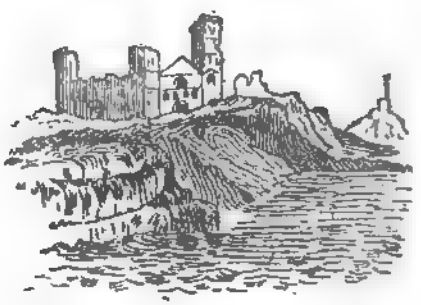
should be their king. Although it was seen that acquiescence with these wishes must prove a source of weakness, there was no alternative, under the circumstances, but to comply. For a time the two sovereigns preserved peaceful relations, and did their best to prevent the raids and devastations of the Mercians. They succeeded almost beyond their expectations; and after the pagans had been expelled or conciliated, the lands north of the Humber enjoyed a period of much needed repose. It was not of long duration. Though, outwardly, there was friendship between the rulers, neither Oswy nor Oswin were satisfied with a divided control. It was a struggle in reality, as to whether the royal line of Ethelfrith or that of Edwin should have the ascendency; and the respective representatives prepared, as secretly as they could, for the time when the dispute should be submitted to the arbitrament of the sword. In this scheming for power, Oswy's efforts seemed likely to be crowned with the greatest success. His following had become so considerable by 649, that Oswin—rather than risk an open encounter—voluntarily abandoned his forces, and went into hiding. But his absence failed to avert the calamity he dreaded. Through the treachery of a thegn in whom he had implicit confidence, he was discovered at Gilling, near Richmond, and there brutally murdered by one of his rival's emissaries. The dead prince—who was a man of stately presence, and of great piety and humility—was dearly beloved by all the monks, and they mourned his loss as that of an intimate friend. They managed to secure his remains, and buried them in a small religious house which already existed on the bold promontory at



Tynemouth. The site of this grave became a centre for innumerable pilgrimages, and caused, at a later day, the erection of an edifice that was destined to play an important part in the local annals. Although Oswin was succeeded by Adelwald, a young son of Oswald's, in 649, Deira had practically no independence. Oswy's influence now became so great, and the force behind him so powerful, that he may be regarded as monarch over the whole territory that his brother had ruled. And, in the main, he exercised his authority wisely and well. Through the instrumentality of Aidan—assisted by Utta, the superior of a monastery at Gateshead—he arranged a matrimonial alliance with Eanfleda, a cousin of Oswin, and thus gained considerable support from men who had hitherto opposed him. Freed from invasion, and trusted by his people, Oswy at once began to exert his influence in favour of an extension of monasticism, and sent missionaries far over his own and neighbouring lands.

FURTHER ATTEMPTS TO CHRISTIANISE THE PAGANS.

Though Penda and his Mercians looked coldly on this movement, they refrained from hostility. They had allowed Alchfrid—a son of the Northumbrian ruler by a former marriage—to take one of the old king's daughters as his wife. They were quiet even when Peada, the old pagan's heir, became a convert to the new faith. This young prince, who was chief of the Mid-Angles, had long desired an alliance with Oswy's daughter, but failed to receive consent because of his heathenism. As many others have acted since, he thereupon determined to waive his own scruples rather than lose a bride. On making his decision known, he was invited to the Northumbrian Court in 653, and there, with many of his followers, was admitted to the Christian Church. Finan



—who had succeeded Aidan as Bishop of Lindisfarne—performed the ceremony of baptism "in that famous royal town at the wall." Some authorities have endeavoured to show that the place thus referred to was Walbottle. Bede's account bears unmistakable evidence that the royal town was Ad Murum—the site of the present city of Newcastle—as he more than once refers to it as being only ten or twelve miles from the Eastern Sea. If this is so, it is equally clear that the kingly dwelling of Pandon Hall—with its strong position between the Roman Wall and the river—was the scene of the festivities alluded to. On taking his homeward journey, Peada was accompanied by four priests, and they are said to have preached the word so assiduously in the southern land that multitudes renounced their idols.

PENDA ONCE MORE ON THE WAR-PATH.

Though interesting enough in itself, this mission work would have formed no part of our paper if it had not been for the results that sprang from it. The Mercian

monarch, as we have shown, stood quietly by while the leading members of his household were allying themselves with the royal family of Northumbria. But it was another matter, apparently, when the monks were sent so ostentatiously to his very threshold. He was close upon 80 years of age, and, if not quite so energetic, was quite as vindictive as he had ever been. Mustering his forces, in 654, he hurled them against the converts of East Anglia, and inflicted a terrible punishment upon that somewhat changeable people. In the following year, being still wroth, he commenced hostilities against the Northumbrians. Family alliances were powerless to turn him from his purpose, and offers of costly subsidy were equally ineffectual. The ancient warrior summoned no fewer than 30 of his tributary chiefs—Welsh and Cumbrians amongst them—and then sent an imperative message to the East Anglian king as to the precise amount of assistance he would be expected to render during the campaign. In this way he soon got together an army that appeared invincible. Placing himself at the head of this mighty host, he began his march northward in the beginning of November, 655. On reaching the neighbourhood of Leeds, his advance was stopped to allow of negotiations with Adelwald, the so-called ruler of Deira. This princeling is said to have practically submitted to Penda, and to have promised—as a means of avenging the murder of Oswin—that his own troops should assist in subjugating their brethren of Bernicia. Hearing of this alliance, and being alarmed at the enormous odds against him, Oswy again endeavoured, by means of valuable bribes, to induce the Mercians to abandon their enterprise. But Penda was inexorable. The Christians had to be crushed, and his followers had to be enriched with booty. It may have been, also, that he desired to have one more kingly victim. He had already slain five rulers, and, if Oswy could be added to the list, his reputation amongst the leaders of men would have been greatly enhanced. Realising that all hope of peace was impossible, and recollecting the horrors of previous invasions, Oswy was nerved with the courage of despair. He called his chosen councillors together, resolved on battle, and—as the monkish writers tell us—then vowed that he would give his infant daughter to the service of the Church, and grant as much land as would endow a dozen monasteries, if fortune favoured his arms with victory. Though the Northumbrians were numerically inferior to their opponents, they took their way valiantly to the Mercian encampment. Many of Adelwald's best warriors joined them on the way, and so weakened the forces of that treacherous prince that, although he was ready for action, he could not decide which of the opposing parties it would be wisest for him to support. Thinking, doubtless, that he would afterwards receive small consideration from either side, he determined to break his engagement with Penda, and to hold himself in readiness to fight or bargain with the conqueror. Acting on this resolve, he withdrew his men to a safe distance, and left Oswy and the Mercians to settle the dispute between themselves. In this way, without intending it, he conferred a substantial advantage on the Northmen, as it lessened the serious odds against them.

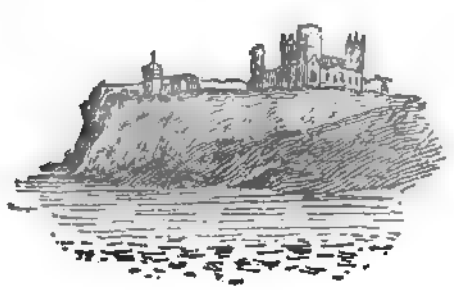
DEATH OF THE MERCIAN KING AT WINAUDFIELD.

On becoming acquainted with this favourable change in the aspect of affairs, the Northumbrian king was inspired with so much hope and confidence, that he decided to take the initiative instead of waiting to be attacked. He found the army of Penda drawn up at a place called Winaudfield, near Leeds—probably Winmoor, in the parish of Seaforth—and, having properly stationed his forces, he burst upon the Mercians with such fury as to throw their ranks into confusion. A determined struggle ensued—in which sword and javelin wrought frightful havoc—and for a time it was doubtful which side was making the greatest headway. By the judicious manipulation of a stalwart body of reserves, however, the tide was eventually turned in Oswy's favour. At first the Mercians only wavered at this new onslaught; but in a few minutes they were in full flight for the shelter of a river that bounded their position on the south. Though Bede named this waterway the Winwed, later historians have advanced good reasons for identifying it with the Aire. But, however designated, it failed to save the fugitives. Heavy rains had caused the stream to overflow its banks, and rendered highly dangerous its previously safe fords. This circumstance, not fully appreciated till too late, caused more destruction amongst the panic-stricken invaders than had already been wrought by the sword. "It was a great day for the independence of the Northern kingdom, and a still greater for its Christianity. On the one hand, the plains of Yorkshire witnessed the emancipation of England; on the other, Penda fell, and with him fell paganism." One of the hardest fought battles of the period had resulted in the death of two kings, thirty petty chieftains, and the flower of the fighting men of Middle Angle-land. Here again, as in so many of these early conflicts, there is much doubt as to the precise locality. Some persons have argued that this bloody scene took place on the plain of Gai, near the Firth of Forth, and that it occurred after Penda had made his abortive attempt to burn Bamborough Castle. In this opinion they are guided by two circumstances—first, because some of the Scottish bards have given that as the spot on which Penda was slain; and, secondly, because Loidis, the locality mentioned by Bede, was once the name given to the Lothians. There can be no doubt, however, that the monk of Jarrow used the word Loidis on several occasions when he certainly meant Leeds, and that should be good evidence that he so applied it now. But apart from this consideration, there is absolutely no justification for saying that Penda made any extensive inroad into Northumbria in 655. As for the Bamborough incident, it must either be discarded altogether, or ac-

cepted as the priests describe. The strongest feature in all their narratives lies in the belief that Aidan, by the fervour of his prayers, kept back the flames which threatened the stronghold. As most reliable authorities agree that Aidan died in 651, and that his successor baptized Peada in 653, it is fair to assume that the advance of the Mercians to the district beyond the Coquet was in the heyday of their prosperity after Maserfield.

GREATNESS OF NORTHUMBRIA.

Though Penda's death left Oswy free to deal with his treacherous foes in Deira, he magnanimously overlooked their delinquencies, in order to devote himself to a war of vengeance against the Mercians. Placing himself at the head of a powerful army, he quickly overran their country; appointed Northumbrian thegns as its rulers; and, on the death of Peada, his son-in-law, seized the possessions which that prince had ruled on his father's behalf. This terrific struggle between heathendom and Christianity was followed by a good interval of peace. In 658, however, a general rising of the Mid-Angles led to the restoration of Penda's line; though Wulfere, the new ruler, still acknowledged the over-lordship of the Northern king. Oswy was Bretwalda, as two of his predecessors had been; but in addition to holding high and undisputed authority over the Anglian race, he is said to have exacted tribute from the Picts and Scots also. While thus powerful, he did not fail to fulfil his vow about the monasteries, and quickly planted a dozen spacious structures in well-selected centres of Bernicia and Deira. He sent his daughter to the Lady Hilda—who shortly afterwards removed from Hartlepool to Whitby—and witnessed the



progress of that marvellous movement which led to the conversion of the entire kingdom. It is beyond our province to follow the many disputes that arose between Scotic and Romish prelates, or to notice the part taken by the king in their settlement. It will be sufficient to say that Oswy, when at his greatest, was performing a work in conjunction with Finan, Colman, Chad, Cuthbert, Wilfrid, and Theodore, which did more, perhaps, for the advancement of his people and the improvement of his country than any of his warlike exploits could ever accomplish. In 664, the death of Adelwald, of Deira, left Oswy with the disposal of a vacant throne. He conferred it on Alchfrid, his own son, and thus created a power which, without being particularly dangerous, caused him endless anxiety and trouble, and tended not a little to mar the happiness of his long and useful reign. He died in 670, beloved by his people, and left the land he ruled in a state of greater prosperity than at any other period of its eventful history.

OPPOSITION TO EGFRID.

When Northumbria came under the rule of Egfrid, the favourite son of Oswy, there was every appearance of a protracted peace. Before a year had elapsed, however, the Picts unexpectedly attempted to regain their independence. Collecting a large army, in 671, they invaded the country south of the Forth, and committed many and serious depredations. Egfrid took the field, as quickly as circumstances would permit, at the head of a formidable body of horsemen, and, meeting the enemy on the banks of a river which the old chroniclers do not name, he is said to have inflicted such a terrible defeat upon them that the waterway was obstructed by the bodies of their slain. Following up his success, he chased the enemy into mountain fastnesses; and then began such a brilliant campaign against their British neighbours on the west, that he "raised the Northumbrian power to the highest pitch of glory." For the first time in history, the kingdom of Cumbria was at the mercy of an invader, and the district around Carlisle became English ground.

HOME TROUBLES AND FURTHER WAR.

After these important triumphs, Egfrid settled down, as his predecessors had done, to help forward the work of church building. Many new handicrafts were encouraged, many noble edifices were reared amid scenes of great sylvan beauty, and the priests were making rapid progress with the education and enlightenment of the people. But here, again, there were serious troubles to be grappled with. Wilfrid, who was Bishop of the Northern Diocese, appears to have exercised great influence over Etheldreda, the wife of Egfrid, and not always with the most cordial approval of the king. In 674, for instance, the lady gave the lands that are now known as Hexhamshire for the purposes of the Church. She had been an unwilling bride from the commencement—probably at the wily priest's instigation—and now followed her munificent grant by secretly taking the veil. Egfrid married again, and the new queen lost no time in raising his animosity against the famous cleric. After innumerable quarrels, Wilfrid was sent from Northumbria in disgrace, and found a temporary resting-place in Mercia. It was here, also, that Etheldreda was residing as Abbess of the Monastery of Ely. The refuge thus given to the fugitives led to an open rupture, in 679, between Egfrid and Wulfere. They had both been adding considerably to their dominions, and, with the King of Wessex, now constituted the only three powers in the land. It had long been seen that there must eventually be a struggle between these rival monarchs; and, therefore, when the present disagreement

arose, there was no disposition on the part of the Mercians to submit to Northern dictation. Wulfere had been remarkably fortunate in his Southern wars, and thought the time had now arrived when he might throw off the over-lordship which Mercia had not ceased to acknowledge, though she had freed herself from the yoke of direct subjection. But Northumbria was a very different antagonist to either the West Saxons or the Jutes. The armies had no sooner crossed swords, on the banks of the Trent, than victory seemed assured for the Northmen, and, in the end, they were so successful that Wulfere was compelled to purchase peace by handing over to his conquerors the whole area of Lincolnshire.

THE ATTACK ON IRELAND.

This was by no means an insignificant reward for a short campaign; but it is more than likely that the terms would have been very much harder, if Egfrid had not required his soldiers for an attack in an entirely different quarter. A year or two elapsed before his plans were matured; but, in 684, he proclaimed a descent on the coast of Ireland, and sent a noted chieftain named Heort to do his bidding. There is no means of knowing what this leader's instructions really were, as Bede's record deals only with the results. We learn, however, that a harmless nation was miserably wasted, and that in the savage fury of the depredators neither churches nor monasteries were spared.

WILLIAM LONGSTAFF.

The Tynemouth sketch is from a beautiful engraving in "Allom's Views" of the four Northern Counties. It is of interest as showing not only the site of Oswin's shrine, and the subsequent priory, but as giving a fair indication of the methods by which this important position was at one time defended. If we substitute earthen mounds for the stone fortifications, we may easily conceive what the place looked like at a very much earlier period. Our other illustrations gives an idea of two very remarkable places—Lindisfarne and Whitby. The first depicts the "solemn, huge, and dark red pile" which still overhangs the cliffs at Lindisfarne, and the second shows the ruins of the famous abbey at Whitby. For boldness of situation, or for historic interest, it would be impossible to find their equal in the country. Aidan's Monastery was the first great centre of Christianity in Northern England, and the monks from Holy Island—travelling over bleak moorlands and through pathless forests—were mainly instrumental in bringing about the conversion of the people. It was the training school of Wilfrid, the great Bishop of York, and the founder of Hexham and Ripon; it was for a time the home of Cedd, of Lastingham; and it was the scene of the greatest triumphs of the gentle and scholarly Eata. It was through the saintly Aidan, too, that Melrose owed its origin, and was able to send out such pupils as Cuthbert. It was at Aidan's instigation, also, that the royal Hilda was induced to settle at Hartlepool, and to commence the work which culminated so effectually in her new religious house at Whitby. As in the case of Lindisfarne, the great Yorkshire monastery gave to the world many notable men. Five of its monks became bishops—Bosa and Wilfrid II. were chosen for York; John of Beverley, the friend of Bede, being sent to Hexham; Ella going to Dorchester; and Offer to the see of Worcester. Whitby was the scene of the famous clerical synod, in 664, when kings and priests assembled for the settlement of the Easter question. It also gave shelter and encouragement to Cædmon, the father of English poetry; and had frequently within its portals the greatest and wisest theologians of the day.

The Rook and the Jackdaw.

ROOKS *(Corvus frugilegus)* are more or less migrants. In autumn many of the Northern birds cross the North Sea and winter in this country, while our native birds, at least a portion of them, winter possibly as far to the south as Africa. "Large numbers of rooks," says Dr. Brehm, "are destroyed during their migrations, which are made in flocks of incredible magnitude; whilst flying in this manner from place to place, they may sometimes be seen to delay their course for half an hour at a time, merely to enjoy the pleasure of hovering or performing a variety of evolutions on the wing, descending somewhat in their flight as they pass over mountains, and soaring high into the air when about to cross lowland districts. Sometimes, as though again wishing to alight, they plunge directly earthwards, falling like a lifeless mass from 200 feet above the ground, and then fly gently onwards on their journey."

Rooks are of social habits at all times of the year, and nest in colonies, never singly. In the nesting season the birds are very jealous of their presumed rights, and stray birds, not reared in the rookery, are not allowed to nest there. If they attempt to do so, they are ruthlessly beaten off, and sometimes killed. The last rookery in Newcastle was that at the Barras Bridge, where, as Mr. Hancock tells us, the birds were so persecuted by being pelted with stones that they deserted the place in 1866. There were formerly other rookeries inside the town, but this was the last.*

The food of rooks consists chiefly of the larvæ of cockchafers and those of other beetles, moths and insects, wireworms, snails, slugs, and worms. They will also eat potatoes, and farm and garden produce occasionally; but, except when they are over numerous, they are beneficial to the agriculturists, whose crops would else suffer from the vermin which the rooks destroy in enormous numbers. They are very knowing and wary birds, and are quite aware who are their enemies. They can quickly discern between a gun and a walking stick; and if the latter be held out in shooting fashion, they will take no notice of it, but go on feeding in the fields. Should a gamekeeper, or a person with a gun, appear, however, they get out of the way at once.

The nests (large structures) are composed of sticks and twigs, cemented with clay and tufts of grass, and lined with roots, sometimes mixed with wool. The eggs are from four to five, and vary much in size, shape, and mark-

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* For an account of rooks and daws in Newcastle, see an interesting paper by the late James Clephan, in the *Monthly Chronicle* for 1888, page 179.

ing. They are of a pale green colour, blotched with darker and lighter patches of yellowish and greenish brown. The male is one foot seven inches long, and the black plumage is "shot" with purple, especially on the back. The female is about an inch shorter than the

male. The young resemble the female, but have at first feathers at the base of the bill. White, cream-coloured, and pied varieties are occasionally met with.

The jackdaw *(Corvus monedula)* is a well-known bird throughout the country. It frequents towns, where it nests in church steeples, old buildings, and chimneys. In the country it breeds in old castles, churches, holes in decayed trees, and also in the high cliffs on the sea shore. It is often found in company with rooks. Daws will sometimes build their nests in rookeries, and they always seem to be on good terms with their larger relatives. The birds are easily dististinguished from the rooks by their smaller size, their flight, the grey patch behind the head, and their note, which is a sharp "kiaw." Jack is a familiar and sprightly bird, is very easily tamed, and can be taught to talk tolerably well. Like the magpie, their peculative propensities in captivity are well known. Readers of "Ingoldsby" will recollect the humorous story of the "Jackdaw of Rheims," the recipient of a terrible curse by bell, book, and candle, for stealing the Lord Cardinal's ring, and the remarkable result that followed the irate prelate's fulmination; how the bird lost its feathers through the potency of the ban; how they were miraculously restored when the curse was taken off on the ring being found; and how the bird was eventually canonised as "Jim Crow."

The jackdaws are social birds, and live in communities; and the male and female are believed to pair for life. Their flight is more rapid and jerky than that of the rooks. The nests of the birds are composed of huge piles of sticks, loosely put together, with a depression in the centre lined with wool, hair, grass, or other soft substance. The jackdaws frequently build their nests in chimneys, regardless of the smoke, and they sometimes so completely block up the vents that the sweep has to be called in to clear them out. In large towns, in the nesting season, the juvenile sweeps have often young daws for sale. In Cambridge, where these birds are numerous, building in the cottages and church towers, no less (as Adams tells us) than eighteen dozen of deal laths, about nine inches long and one inch broad, which had been purloined from the botanic gardens, where they were put into the ground as labels for the plants, were found in the shaft of one chimney in which the birds had built. Like the rooks, jackdaws are more or less migratory. As Dr. Brehm states, they leave late in autumn for warmer regions in company with the rooks, though but rarely journeying as far as the latter birds. The spring is usually far advanced before they return to their native haunts and commence the work of building or repairing their nests. During building operations, the settlement is a constant scene of quarrelling, one bird stealing from another when a chance offers. The young are fed upon insects, and tended with great affection by their parents, who will also defend them from an enemy with much courage. Should an owl or buzzard venture to approach the colony, the intruder is at once attacked and driven off. Large quantities of insects, snails, and worms are

devoured by these useful and lively birds. They will seek their food in the streets of populous towns, or follow in the wake of the ploughman as he turns up the furrow and lays the concealed grubs bare to their hungry beaks.

The eggs in a nest are from four to six in number, of a pale bluish white, spotted with grey and brown, but they vary much in size and marking. The young are hatched about the end of May. The male bird weighs about nine ounces; length, about one foot two inches; bill, black, covered at the base with depressed feathers; iris, greyish white; crown, black; neck, on the back and nape, hoary grey; and the whole of the rest of the plumage black. The female is less than the male, and the grey on the neck is less conspicuous. The young birds have but little of the grey at first, which increases with age.

HENRY KERR.

"Wandering Willie."

MANY a touching story has been told of the faithfulness of the dog, yet there are few, in my opinion, so remarkable as that of "Wandering Willie," the Northumbrian collie which sixteen years ago became celebrated on the Shields ferry by its devoted and persevering search for its master. It was in August, 1873, that a shepherd was on his way from the Cheviots to the Cleveland Hills with a beautiful drove of white lambs. Great was their excitement when they crossed the Tyne at Shields by the steam ferry. The mingling noise of the steam-engine and the paddle-wheels, the gurgling of the waters, and the whirl of traffic disturbed their mountain serenity; and no sooner had their trotters touched the county palatine, and their nostrils sniffed the unwonted atmosphere of a manufacturing town, than off they scampered in astonishment and consternation. They were in a region of glass-houses and alkali works, and soon they saw signs of what seemed to them a thunderstorm. It was simply a cloud of dense black smoke, but it brought them to a sudden halt. It was a new world to them, and they were not at all at home in it. So they fled for escape, describing all manner of curves and angles in their alarm. Every thoroughfare had now its separate flock; not a street, or lane, or alley was unvisited by the bleating mountaineers, and distress and distraction accompanied their flight.

The shepherd's dog would fain have followed them all at one and the same time; but, if Boyle Roche's head could be in two places at once, who ever heard of anybody being in six or seven? The dog pursued the lambs, however, in turns. Bounding and running, turning and driving, he got them at last into one flock, and, with a zeal and earnestness worthy of human imitation, brought them all to the presence of his master. At the first count one of their number was apparently missing, and the drover raised a cry in Willie's ear which he well understood. Away he ran in chase of the missing lamb, but in his absence the drove was found to be complete.

The autumn sun had now gone down, the toil-worn shepherd had four miles to go before resting his weary charge, and he moved onward. The dog, which was expected to follow, did not return from his search for hours. He had sought the town in every conceivable corner for the supposed missing one, and late at night was once more at the ferry in quest of his master. He was not there, nor was he anywhere to be found. Men came and went, but in none of these could the poor brute identify the friend who was lost. Willie lay down in the track of his companion of the morning, moaning over his loss, and almost dead with work and want. He lingered on the spot for days and weeks, even for months, refusing comfort, growling at consolation, and setting his teeth against the kindest efforts to win him from his despair. He could only be lured into a meal by placing it within his reach, and leaving him unlooked at until the friendly purpose was served. He seemed to have a notion that whatever interest was manifested in his welfare, whether it came in the form of generous sympathy or substantial food, was but meant as a bribe to induce him to forget his former master and enter the service of some new friend; and he would enlist under no leader in the place of him whom he had followed from the hills.

For fully six months the writer visited him daily, yet nothing but a growl could be got from him in acknowledgment of any proffered attention. His independent spirit scorned all patronage. Offerings were constantly laid in his way; but he preferred to seek out on the shore rejected scraps of sustenance, and so provide for his own maintenance. About this time the miser

Wandering Willie.

able waif, pining away out of life and an object of generous pity, was one night, with the best and most humane intentions, thrown overboard from the steam ferry when the tide was running strongly seawards. But Willie had endured much, and yet lived. He had a canine tenacity of life, and he clung to it still. Notwithstanding his protracted sufferings, he strove against death, and in some unknown way escaped from the waves that threatened him with destruction. He was seen a week afterwards resuming his search. Hour by hour, night and day, he was found crossing the river by the ferry, making over and over again the passage which he had first undertaken on his arrival from the Cheviots. He always warily watched to see if the arm was on board that had dropped him into the stream, and if so, having no wish to be thus relieved of his cares, waited for the next boat. His master, returning in the following autumn, heard of his long lonely wanderings, but missed him by a few minutes, and could not recover him on that journey.

Frequently was Willie taken home by friendly butchers, farmers, seamen, and others, and detained with hospitable thoughts, for he had awakened the widest sympathy by his devotion; but in a week or two he would break away from their care to renew his solitary life. When the close of 1874 drew on, there were general doubts whether he would survive the winter. His wearing anxiety had told upon his frame, and reduced him to a mere "ruckle of bones." Time, however, that works wonders with us all, brought alleviation at last even to Willie. With a new black coat, and the ring round his neck restored in whiteness, he began to respond to the paternal kindness which all the ferrymen, and everyone who knew his story, bestowed upon him. He was even seen at last to wag his tail! Food was accepted more readily, and with expressions of gratitude. His strength was regained, and he had a happier countenance. Not in the least, however, did he lighten his labours. He pursued them with added energy and zeal. His daily and nightly wanderings in search of his long-lost master went forward as earnestly as ever.

Shortly after Willie's woes were publicly known, he became such an object of interest to rich and poor alike that all kinds of food were brought to him. In fact, he grew vulgarly fat, and began to growl at every dog that crossed the ferry. On reaching land he claimed the right of being "first man" out, and would bark furiously as a proclamation that he had brought all the passengers safely over the water. This he did for several years. At last the street arabs, "turning to mirth all things on earth, as only boyhood can," joined chorus with Willie, and created such a nuisance that the poor brute and his ragamuffin comrades had to be banished from the locality of the landing places. The dog, with Ralph, the ferryman, his keeper, was afterwards but occasionally seen in the streets of Shields. He once more grew disconsolate. Blindness and infirmities quickly gathered upon him, and at last, in 1880, old age finished his career. Ralph the ferryman had him stuffed and placed under a glass case, and many thousands attracted to Tyneside exhibitions have gazed on this memorial of animal fidelity.

THOMAS HUDSON.

The Miller's Cottage, Barras Bridge, Newcastle.

THE last fragment of old property at Barras Bridge, Newcastle, has just disappeared. Persons passing near St. Thomas's Church may have noticed one house, not far from the corner of Eldon Street, which was some three feet below the level of the adjoining property. This was the Miller's Cottage, and it is this building which has now been taken down. The lower level of the house indicated that the roadway had been raised since the time it was built. When Barras

The Miller's Cottage, Barras Bridge, 1888.

Bridge was a reality, and not a mere name, as it is now, the district round about it had a pleasant and picturesque aspect. The Baillie Burn, which flowed from the Town Moor down Eldon Street into Pandon Dene, passed under the Barras Bridge. It was, however, intercepted near the foot of Eldon Street for the purposes of the Barrow's Mill, and the intercepted water was called the Miller's Pond. The Miller's Cottage got its name, of course, from its association with the Barrow's Mill. A few years ago, during a terrific thunderstorm which caused a flood of water to flow down Eldon Street and the North Road, the occupants of the Miller's Cottage were nearly drowned out. Now that the old building has been levelled with the ground, nothing remains to indicate the ancient features of the Barras Bridge. Our sketch of the cottage was taken just before the workmen commenced operations.

Notes and Commentaries.

A HARTLEPOOL GINEVRA.

Hartlepool was the scene of a fatal affair about the year 1876 that recalled the fate of Ginevra. Mr. Kelk, cashier to the building firm of Whitley and Company, who had been recently married, invited on a certain evening a party of friends to his house. His young wife, in her anxiety to get out of the hot air, ventured upstairs. Seeing a small closet with a ventilator, she entered to fasten it, when the current of the air closed the door. In vain she called the servants, although she could hear the door bell rung and the visitors enter. As none suspected that the imprisoned lady was in the roof of the house, all the other parts of the dwelling and grounds were searched. One visitor at last suggested that there might be an old oak chest with a secret spring, and this gave a clue to the closet. When at last found, Mrs. Kelk was seriously ill and hysterical. Violent epileptic fits followed, and, the shock being more than the nervous system could sustain, death shortly put an end to her sufferings. MALCOLM, Newcastle.

ST. NICHOLAS' CHURCH AND THE SCOTTISH PRISONERS.

Robin Goodfellow notes, in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, that Mr. J. R. Boyle, F.S.A., joint author with Mr. W. H. Knowles of "Vestiges of Old Newcastle and Gateshead," does not discard one of the most cherished legends of Tyneside—the legend which ascribes the preservation of St. Nicholas' Church, during the siege by the Scots in 1644, to the presence of mind of Sir John Marley. The story was preserved by tradition for nearly a hundred years before it found its way into print. Bourne appears to have told it for the first time, and all subsequent historians have repeated it after him. Mr. Boyle tells it again, adding the sentiment:—"Such is the tradition, and there seems no reason to doubt its truth." Old and well known as the legend is, it may not be "tinker's news" to some readers even of these pages: so it is here given as Mr. Boyle quotes it from Bourne:—

> There is a traditional Story of this Building I am now treating of [St. Nicholas's Church], which may not be improper to be here taken Notice of. In the Time of the Civil Wars, when the Scots had besieg'd the Town for several Weeks, and were still as far as at first from taking it, the General [Lesley] sent a Messenger to the Mayor of the Town [Marley], and demanded the Keys, and the Delivering up of the Town, or he would immediately demolish the Steeple of St. Nicholas. The Mayor and Aldermen upon hearing this, immediately ordered a certain Number of the chiefest of the Scottish Prisoners to be carried up to the Top of the old Tower, the Place below the Lanthorne, and there confined; after this they returned the General an Answer to this Purpose, That they would upon no Terms deliver up the Town, but would to the last Moment defend it; that the Steeple of St. Nicholas was indeed a beautiful and magnificent Piece of Architecture, and one of the great Ornaments of their Town; but yet should be blown into Attoms before ransom'd at such a Rate: That, however, if it was to fall, it should not fall alone; that the same Moment he destroyed the beautiful Structure, he should Bath his Hands in the Blood of his Countrymen; who were placed there on Purpose either to preserve it from Ruin, or to die along with it. This Message had the desired Effect. The Men were there kept Prisoners during the whole Time of the Siege, and not so much as one Gun fired against it.

A SUNDERLAND HERO.

Martin Douglas, born at Sunderland, November 23rd, 1777, was the seventh son of John and Ann Douglas, and was christened at Bishopwearmouth Church. At the early age of four, he was in great danger of losing his life. Whilst standing on the quay, he overbalanced himself and fell into the river, but was rescued by a man named William Wardell.

When he had attained the age of seven, he began to accompany his father in the keels. This life he continued to lead until he was seventeen years of age. When the Ajax was wrecked in Sunderland Roads, Douglas succeeded in rescuing the whole of the crew. In all he was compelled to make three trips. Amongst those rescued was the above-mentioned Wardell.

Martin Douglas was at this time running fitter for Mr. W. Hayton. At a meeting of captains and shipowners it was decided that, unless Douglas would commence business for himself, they would not load any more with him. However, he would not consent to this without asking the opinion of Mr. Hayton. Martin Douglas, being now a man of substance, decided to ask his employer to enter into partnership with him. Hayton at once agreed to this proposal. Business prospered with them for some years, until Hayton, after collecting all the money he could lay hands on, decamped to Buenos Ayres. Although now a bankrupt, Douglas continued to struggle on, and at last regained his lost position.

Although busily engaged with his own affairs, he was always conspicuous in saving life. Amongst the many vessels whose crews he saved may be mentioned the Cyra, the Adriatic, the Diligence, the Jane and Margaret, and the Betsy and Alice, of Shields. Douglas afterwards went to live at Hartlepool, where he also saved many lives, finally settling down at Norton, near Stockton-on-Tees, to spend the remainder of his days.

F. JOHNSON, Hartlepool.

GENERAL MONK IN NEWCASTLE.

The following statements are extracted from Sykes's "Local Records":—

> In November, 1659, General Lambert arrived at Newcastle with a force of about 12,000 men, comprehending, as was reported, 7,000 of the chief of the cavalry. The soldiers of the garrison of Tynemouth Castle having been drawn into a chapel there to sign an engagement to support Lambert and his followers, the roof fell in and killed a number of them. There appears to have been a great number of Quakers in Lambert's army in Newcastle, where they bargained for and sold horses, to be paid when such or such a steeple-house (*i.e.*, church) was

pulled down. On Jan. 1, 1660, General Monk, with Lord Fairfax and other English friends, passed the Tweed with six regiments of foot, and were followed the next day by four regiments of horse, in order to advance towards Lambert (who commanded superior forces in and about Newcastle) to oppose him. On January 6th Monk arrived at Newcastle, on the road to which place he was met by great multitudes of the common people, who welcomed him by loud acclamations. General Lambert appears to have quitted Newcastle about the time that General Monk began his march from Coldstream.

CHAS. WM. F. GOSS, Jesmond.

RIDLEY VILLAS.

An error occurs in the article describing Newcastle Streets, page 106. Ridley Villas are spoken of as leasehold, &c., and paying £5 ground rent per annum. The houses are now freehold, and consequently do not pay any ground rent. They may have been leasehold twenty or thirty years ago. So far as I remember, without reference to the deeds, many of the houses have been built quite sixty-five years, and would, therefore, if leasehold, have reverted to the ground landlord.

S. B. BURTON, Newcastle.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

A CURIOUS FLIGHT.

A short time ago, a quarryman was about to "flight" his pigeon in a match at Windy Nook, the starting point being near a field of corn. With his watch in one hand and the pigeon in the other, he became so excited that he "flit" the watch instead of the bird, the watch falling amongst the corn. The quarryman at once put his bird into a box, and went in search of the watch. The tenant of the field now appeared on the scene, and demanded to know why the stranger was trespassing on his land. "It's aall reet," said the quarryman, "aa've flitted ma watch, and lost the match!"

A TOUGH CUSTOMER.

One dark night, a pitman was returning from Durham to Brandon. Whilst proceeding along a very lonely part of the road, he was accosted by two strangers, who demanded his money. Geordy made no reply, but at once attacked his assailants. It was very soon evident that he was getting the best of it. One of the thieves, however, seized a hedge-stake, and felled the pitman to the ground. The robbers then rifled Geordy's pockets; but, finding only sixpence, one of them remarked: "Begox, Jack, if the fond beggor had had a shilling, he wad hae killed us byeth!"

THE ARTIST AND THE PITMAN.

An amateur artist had spent several hours in copying a certain mill not far from Blaydon, and paused for a moment to survey his picture, with which he appeared to be satisfied. His equanimity, however, was somewhat disturbed by the following query addressed to him by a pitman, who had been critically examining the drawing: "Is that a pictor, sor, of a plyece somewheor aboot these pairts!"

DOCKENS AND HERBS.

A local artist, who wished to obtain certain objects as foreground subjects, paid a visit to the country, and collected a number of dockens and plants, which he was about to put into a bag. He was startled by a pitman shouting: "Ye great fyul, them isn't yarbs!"

THE WIFE'S NAME.

"Mr. Mullberry, can you tell me what was the maiden name of your second wife?" queried a sharp elderly clerk from a long-established firm of Durham lawyers, who was getting up a will case. "Man, that's just what aa wes disputing about wiv a friend the other neet. Bless me, what wes it? Wey, man—it wes—no, but that's odd! Aa've clean forgetten; but ye'll surely mind her nyem weel eneuf yorsel? She wes a lassie frae 'The Tuns,' and had rethor a giggle in yen eye!"

North-Country Obituaries.

On the 15th of March, Mr. Michael Urwin, buyer and salesman in the provision department of the Co-operative Wholesale Society, Newcastle, died at his residence, Belgrave Terrace, in that city, aged 42.

The Rev. Dr. Porter, President of the Belfast Queen's College, and formerly pastor of the High Bridge Presbyterian Church in Newcastle, died on the 16th of March, in the 66th year of his age.

Mr. J. Lockey, of Kay's Hill Farm, Ferryhill, and a member of the Chilton School Board, died very suddenly on the 16th of March, aged 45 years.

On the same day, at the age of 68, died Mr. Matthew Bowmer, who for a great number of years had conducted the business of Messrs. John Davidson and Co., millers, in the Close, Newcastle.

Sergeant Peter Walton, verger of St. Andrew's Church, Newcastle, who, as a soldier, had been engaged in active service during the Indian Mutiny, died on the 17th of March, in his 56th year.

On the 19th of March, Father Joseph Preston, one of the professors at Ushaw College, died at Lancaster, whither he had removed for the benefit of his health. The deceased was quite a young man, and had only been ordained since August, 1886.

On the same day, at the advanced age of 92 years, died at Manchester, Mr. John Boutflower, F.R.C.S., long a medical practitioner in that city. The deceased gentleman was descended from an old Northumbrian family, who held an estate near Bywell from 1532 to 1829; and through marriage he was related to the Ridleys, Claverings, Radcliffes, and chief Northumberland families.

The Rev. Luke Tyerman, a retired Wesleyan minister, who was at one time stationed in Newcastle, and who, after the death of his first wife, married a widow lady, sister of Mr. E. M. Bainbridge, of Newcastle, died in

London on the 20th of March. The Rev. Ishmael Jones, a minister of the same body, who, from 1883 to 1885, was stationed at Newcastle as Superintendent of the Brunswick Circuit, died suddenly at Clifton on the 23rd of the same month.

On the 22nd of March, the Rev. Canon Cockin, late Rector of Bishopwearmouth, died at York at the age of 72. In 1866, he was mainly instrumental in procuring the passing of the Rectory Act, after which St. Peter's, St. Mark's, St. Luke's, and St. Matthew's Churches were built.

Mr. Robert Duncombe Shafto, of Whitworth Park, in the county of Durham, died at his London residence, 5, Collingham Gardens, on the 22nd of March. The deceased gentleman, who, having been born on the 7th of April, 1806, was within a few days of the 83rd anniversary of his birth, sat in the House of Commons, as one of the members for North Durham, from 1847 to 1868, when he retired from active political life. He owned extensive estates at Witton-le-Wear, Washington, and Whitworth, and he had recently presented a spacious recreation ground to the inhabitants of Spennymoor. The Shafto family came originally from the Borders, where they were, in olden times, often mixed up in the frays so common on the debatable ground lying between Scotland and England.

On the 21st of March, Mr. Thomas Mitford, tobacconist, died at his residence in Grainger Street, Newcastle, at the age of 62 years. The deceased, who had formerly been employed as a compositor in the office of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, was a son of the late Mr. William Mitford, author of "Cappy's the Dog," and other well-known local songs.

The Rev. W. L. J. Cooley, Vicar of Ponteland, and Canon of Newcastle Cathedral, died on the 22nd of March, at Grange-over-Sands, where he had been staying for the benefit of his health. The deceased, who was a student at Hatfield Hall, Durham, took the degree of B.A. in 1857, and that of M.A. in 1860. He was ordained a deacon in 1856, and was admitted to priest's orders in the year following.

On the 25th of March, the death was announced of the Rev. H. E. Slacke, Government Chaplain at Satara, India, and younger son of the Rev. W. J. Slacke, Chaplain Northumberland County Asylum.

On the 26th of March, the Rev. Robert Scott, pastor of Bankhill Presbyterian Church, Berwick, who had attained the semi-jubilee of his ministry, died in the 63rd year of his age.

On the same day, the death was announced at Rye of an old sailor named James Bayley, who was known to have saved no fewer than 26 lives, frequently at the imminent risk of his own. On one occasion he kept three men afloat in Sunderland Harbour until they were rescued.

On the 28th of March, the Rev. William Saul, a Primitive Methodist minister of forty years' standing, who had been stationed at Newcastle and many other parts of the North of England, died at Doncaster at the age of 62.

Mr. William Whelan, for upwards of five years honorary secretary of the Irish Literary Institute in Newcastle, died on the 28th of March.

Mr. Edward Taylor Smith, J.P., of Broadwood Park and Colepike Hall, Lanchester, died at the former place on the 3rd of April, aged 86. Deceased, who was the oldest magistrate in the West Division of Chester Ward, had amassed considerable wealth both as a coalowner and landed proprietor. He was for a long period a member of the Lanchester Board of Guardians, and was of a generous and benevolent disposition.

On the 7th of April, Mr. James Douglas, long a director of the Newcastle and Gateshead Gas Company, and for nearly sixty years an elder in Blackett Street Church, Newcastle, died at his residence in that city. The deceased, who was originally a woollen draper in the town, had reached the advanced age of ninety years.

The death took place on the 10th of April of Mr. Wm. Walton Thompson, of Lanchester, at the age of 70 years. The deceased gentleman had filled many public and parochial offices.

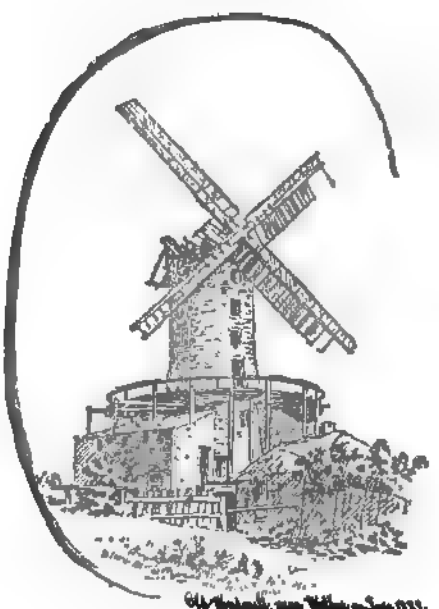
On the 11th of April, news was received of the death, at Whangarei, New Zealand, on February 4th, of Mr. Samuel B. Siddall, who was formerly a well-known music-hall proprietor in North and South Shields. Five or six years ago Mr. Siddall emigrated with his family to New Zealand, where he engaged in farming and building operations.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

MARCH.

14.—The picturesque old windmill near to Walker Railway Station was razed to the ground by blasting. It had been in a ruined state for some time, and was



one of the last of many windmills that were formerly in operation around Newcastle. It was a favourite subject with local artists.

15.—The result was declared in connection with the election for the Jarrow School Board. The poll was

headed by a Catholic, and of the eleven members returned seven had had seats on the old Board.

16.—At a large meeting of Durham miners, held at Waldridge Fell, resolutions were passed to the effect that the time had arrived when an advance in wages of 20 per cent. should be asked for, that the present sliding scale was far from satisfactory, that it should be abolished, and that all miners should join the Miners' Association.

18.—A woman named Mary Ann Fletcher met with her death in a shocking manner in a house in Drury Lane, Newcastle. Quarrelling and screams were heard in the room occupied by the deceased and her husband, Thomas Fletcher; and, upon the neighbours entering, blood was found flowing profusely from a wound in the lower part of the woman's body, death taking place within a very brief space of time. The husband was arrested, and the coroner's jury afterwards returned a verdict of wilful murder against him, while the borough magistrates committed him for trial on a charge of manslaughter.

—In celebration of St. Patrick's Day, which had fallen on the previous day (Sunday), a large meeting was held in the Bath Lane Hall, Newcastle, the chief speaker being Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M.P., and ex-Lord Mayor of Dublin.

—The Prince of Wales arrived at York, and stayed till the 21st, in company with his eldest son, Prince Albert Victor, captain of the 10th Hussars, stationed in that city.

—It was announced that the personal estate, under the will of Mr. William Hedley, of Burnhopeside Hall, near Lanchester, Durham, had been declared at £174,119 19s. 6d. The personalty under the will of Mr. Thomas Parker, of Bishopwearmouth, was at the same time stated to be valued at £81,747 6s. 9d.

19.—Mr. W. H. Smith, in the House of Commons, announced the resolution of the Government to appoint a Royal Commission, for which Mr. T. Burt had given notice of his intention to move, to inquire into the question of mining royalties.

—The prospectus was issued of the Newcastle Empire Theatre of Varieties and Restaurant Company, Limited, with a capital of £20,000 in £10 shares, to purchase and convert to those objects the Royal Scotch Arms Hotel, Newgate Street, Newcastle.

—The Rev. John G. Binney was welcomed as pastor of the Hexham Road Congregational Church, Gateshead.

—Much speculation was created by the announcement, from Manchester, of a contemplated project, under the title of "The Coalowners', Lessees', Workmen's, and Co-operative Association Limited," to form a syndicate for the purchase of all the collieries in the kingdom, the necessary capital being estimated at £100,000,000.

20.—A violent gale of wind and rain prevailed over the North-East Coast, during which a Tyne fisherman named John Hope was drowned, from the screw line boat Athena, off Souter Point Lighthouse.

—An increase of 2½ per cent. in the wages of the steel-workers at Consett was found to have accrued under the sliding scale.

21.—Mr. W. D. Stephens and Mrs. Stephens, the ex-Mayor and ex-Mayoress of Newcastle, gave a supper and entertainment in the Lower Central Hall to a number of men who had been brought before the magistrates or convicted on the charge of drunkenness. On the 4th of April, they similarly entertained about 120 female drunkards.

—Herr Joachim, the well-known Hungarian violinist, performed at a chamber concert in Newcastle.

22.—The fifth triennial election of eleven members to serve on the Allendale School Board took place, six of the old representatives being re-elected. Mr. Charles James Connon, Allenheads, headed the poll.

—A town's meeting on the subject of railway rates under the Railway and Canal Traffic Act, 1888, was held in Newcastle, under the presidency of the Mayor.

—Judge Meynell, at a sitting of the Sunderland County Court, made a winding-up order in connection with the Sunderland Universal Building Societies.

—George Anderson, stoneman, aged 54, was killed by an accidental explosion of powder in the pit at Burnopfield.

23.—Dr. Sandford, formerly Bishop of Tasmania, now assistant to the Bishop of Durham, was inducted into the living of Boldon, by the Archdeacon of Durham.

24.—A new Baptist school-chapel was opened in Marton Road, Middlesbrough.

—During the absence of her husband, the wife of a labourer, named John Nicholson, residing at Fairhill, Haltwhistle, suddenly and mysteriously disappeared with three of her children; and as two of the bodies of the little ones were subsequently found in a burn near the river Tyne, portions of the mother's clothing being traced to the same source, it was concluded that all had been drowned. It transpired at the coroner's inquest that the unfortunate woman had previously been in a lunatic asylum, but had been discharged quite cured; and the jury, while finding that the children had been drowned, added that there was not sufficient evidence to show how they had got into the water. The body of Mrs. Nicholson was found in the river Tyne, near Haydon Bridge, on the 28th.

25.—An advance of wages was conceded to the operative plumbers employed in the various shipbuilding yards on the Tyne.

—During a northerly gale, the steam-trawler Chancellor, of North Shields, ran ashore at Newton-by-the-Sea, on the Northumberland coast, but the crew were saved.

26.—The bill of the Newcastle and Gateshead Water Company, which sought powers for additional works and capital, came before a Select Committee of the House of Lords.

—The time-gun at the mouth of the Tyne was fired at one o'clock, for the first time since the discontinuance of the signal some months previously.

—Several ladies were nominated as candidates for election both on the Newcastle and the Gateshead Board of Guardians.

27.—The business of Messrs. Bragg and Co., drapers, Pilgrim Street, Newcastle, established by Mr. Hadwen Bragg in 1788, was privately disposed of to Messrs. Bainbridge and Co., of Market Street, in the same city. (See vol. i., p. 35.)

—At a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries, Dr. Bruce stated that the Roman Wall passed along in the direction of the Turf Hotel, Collingwood Street, Newcastle, which was now in course of demolition; and he expressed a hope that the operations in progress might lay bare some of the work of their great predecessors, the Romans. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1888, p. 327.)

30.—At a meeting of fishermen at North Shields, it was resolved that on and after the 1st of May, there should be no fishing from the Tyne on Sundays.

—Resolutions condemnatory of the sliding scale, and demanding an advance of 20 per cent. in wages, were adopted at a meeting held at Silksworth, of the miners employed by the Marquis of Londonderry, the Earl of Durham, and the South Hetton Coal Company.

—A woman named Mary Wilson, 38 years of age, wife of Thomas Wilson, labourer, was taken into custody on the charge of having caused the death of her child, Twentyman Wilson, three months old, by cutting its throat in Elswick Court, Northumberland Street. The poor woman, who was stated to have been mentally deranged, was committed for trial on the charge of wilful murder.

—It was announced in the *Weekly Chronicle*, as the outcome of much persistent advocacy on the part of Robin Goodfellow, a contributor to that paper, that a committee, under the presidency of Dr. Bruce, had been formed to institute a fund for indicating, by suitable tablets, the houses in which distinguished men and women had been born or resided in Newcastle, Dr. Hodgkin being treasurer, and Mr. John Robinson secretary to the fund.

—The twelfth annual dinner of the Hotspur Club, composed of gentlemen connected with Tyneside, was held in London, under the presidency of Mr. John Burnett, Labour Correspondent of the Board of Trade; and a gift of books, as the nucleus of a library, was announced from Mr. Joseph Cowen, Newcastle, including the first two volumes of the *Monthly Chronicle*.

—It was stated that, about this time, a handsome gold watch, a gold guard and seal, and £80, likewise in gold, were presented to Thomas Kelk, a working man of Worksop, for having heroically saved the life of Miss Wright, on the occasion of a carriage accident at Stockton, in 1874. The lady, at the time a child, had, after having thanked the man and taken his address, told him she could not reward him for his bravery then, but assured him that he would hear from her on some future day.

APRIL.

1.—John Stephen, George Stephen, and William Arkle, fishermen, were drowned by the capsizing of a boat at Beadnell, Northumberland.

—Mr. James Trainer, Corporation beadle at Berwick, and Mrs. Trainer, celebrated their golden wedding.

—Sunderland having become a county borough under the Local Government Act, the event was celebrated by a banquet given by the Mayor (Mr. Alderman Barnes) to the members of the Council, the magistrates, and officials. The elevation of Gateshead to the same position was, on the 2nd, commemorated by a complimentary dinner to the Mayor (Mr. Alderman John Lucas) in the Council Chamber.

2.—At a special meeting of the members of the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Society, for the discussion of certain proposed alterations in the rules, the prohibition of novels was retained by a majority of 38 against 34.

—A Local Government inquiry was held at Sunderland as to the application of the Corporation for leave to borrow £2,000 for alterations and additions to the public baths.

3.—It was ascertained that a line fishing boat, supposed to be the Danish Prince, which left the Tyne on the 25th of March, had been lost off Souter Point on the 26th, with all on board, consisting of eight hands.

4.—The Durham Diocesan Fund, as organised by Bishop Lightfoot, was inaugurated at a large and representative meeting of ladies and gentlemen, with the clergy of the diocese, in the Assembly Hall, Fawcett Street, Sunderland, the chair being occupied by Mr. James Laing, J.P.

—A system of oil gas lighting was introduced into several of the carriages on the North-Eastern Railway.

—At the annual meeting of the shareholders, it was decided by a majority of 622 against 427, to discontinue coursing in connection with the Gosforth Park Company, Limited.

5.—An inquest was held at Sedgefield by Coroner Settle upon the body of an old man named Lumley Foster, a reputed miser. "Lummy," as he was called by his neighbours, was of a very eccentric disposition. He lived by himself in an old cottage, and laboured under the conviction that a plot existed to poison him. This had taken such firm hold upon his mind that he could not be induced to drink any of the town water, but would fetch his supply from a distant stream, entailing upon each occasion a journey of about six miles. A verdict of "Death from natural causes" was returned.

—The members of Mr. T. A. Alderson's amateur choir gave their nineteenth invitation concert in the Town Hall, Newcastle, before a large audience.

—A dolphin, measuring about twelve feet in length, was caught off the quiet little fishing village of Cresswell, on the Northumberland coast.

6.—The Northumberland coalowners, in reply to a request made by Mr. Burt, M.P., and Mr. Fenwick, M.P., on behalf of the miners of the county, declined to grant an advance of 10 per cent. in wages.

—Mr. John Barksby, a well-known contributor to the "Songs and Recitations" department of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, met with an accident from a fall of stone while pursuing his occupation as wasteman at New Seaham Colliery. The accident terminated fatally on the following day. Mr. Barksby had gathered together an enormous collection of local and other lyrics.

7.—Mrs. L. Ormiston Chant, a London lady, preached the anniversary sermons in connection with the Church of the Divine Unity in Newcastle.

8.—It was announced in a Sunderland paper that the Prince and Princess of Wales had received at Marlborough House Captain Wiggins, of Sunderland, who had lately returned from attempting to open out a trade route with Siberia through the Kara Sea.

10.—The spring show of the Durham, Northumberland, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne Botanical and Horticultural Society was opened in the Town Hall Buildings, Newcastle. The exhibition remained open a second day, and the receipts for the two days amounted to £156 13s. 6d.

General Occurrences.

MARCH.

15.—The election for a Parliamentary representative for the Kensington Division of Lambeth, in the room of Mr. Gent Davis, Conservative, resulted as follows:—Mark Beaufoy (Gladstonian Liberal), 4,069; R. Beres-

ford Hope (Conservative), 3,439; majority, 630. The Liberal party gained a seat.

16.—Death of Mr. Samuel Carter Hall, F.S.A., at his

residence in Stamford Road, Kensington, London, aged 89 years.

21.—The Right Rev. Dr. Ullathorne, formerly Roman Catholic Bishop of Birmingham, died at the age of 83.

24.—The polling for a Parliamentary vacancy in the Gorton Division of Lancashire, caused by the death of Mr. Richard Peacock, resulted as follows:—William Mather (Gladstonian Liberal), 5,158; Ernest Hatch (Conservative), 4,309; majority, 846.

26.—Intelligence was received that the Hon. Guy Dawnay, formerly M.P. for the North Riding of Yorkshire, had been killed by a buffalo while on a hunting expedition in Masailand, South Africa.

27.—Death of the Right Hon. John Bright, M.P., at his residence, One Ash, Rochdale, aged 78 years. (See page 206.)

—The appointment of the following American Ministers was announced:—Mr. Robert T. Lincoln, Great Britain; Mr. Whitelaw Reid, France; Mr. Murat Halstead, Germany; Mr. Allen Thorndyke Rice, Russia.

28.—A national conference of miners from all parts of Great Britain, except Durham, was held at Birmingham. Resolutions were passed recommending restriction of the output of coal, and that the working hours of all underground workmen be not more than eight hours per day, and only five days per week.

29.—Death of the Earl of Carlisle, aged 81.

31.—The polling for the election of a member of Parliament for the Enfield Division of Middlesex, in the room of Viscount Folkestone, Conservative, who succeeded to the Earldom of Radnor, resulted as follows:—H. F. Bowles (Conservative), 5,124; W. H. Fairbairns (Gladstonian Liberal), 3,612; majority, 1,515.

—News was received of a fearful storm at Samoa on the 16th. Two German gunboats and a corvette, with nine officers and 87 men, and two American corvettes and a sloop, with four officers and 46 men, were reported lost. The British ship Calliope had a narrow escape. Many merchant vessels foundered.

—The Ostend mail packet Comtesse de Flandre was sunk in the English Channel by collision with the steamer Princess Henriette. Fifteen people were drowned.

—An excursion train was wrecked at Penistone, one person being killed and several injured.

—The Eiffel Tower at the Paris Exhibition was formally inaugurated.

APRIL.

2.—The Parnell Commission re-assembled, and Sir Charles Russell began his speech on behalf on the persons charged.

—Letters were received from Mr. H. M. Stanley, who stated that he had, after marching for five months through a dense forest region, met Emin Pasha in Central Africa.

—General Boulanger left France at the urgent request of his supporters, and took up his quarters at Brussels, from whence he issued a manifesto.

7.—Death of the Duchess of Cambridge, mother of the

present Duke of Cambridge, aged 93; also of the Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, musical theorist.

8.—Over thirty vessels were reported to have been wrecked in the Lower Chesapeake Bay, United States.

—Death of Dr. Michel Eugene Chevreul, the eminent French chemist, at the advanced age of 103 years.

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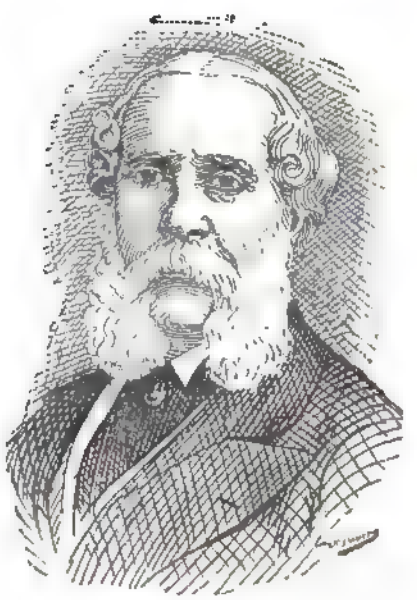
Mr. James R. Anderson in Newcastle.

UNDER the title of "Seven Decades of an Actor's Life," Mr. James R. Anderson, the eminent tragedian, contributed in 1887 a long series of autobiographical articles to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*. The author, in the course of these reminiscences, related his earlier and later experiences in connection with the Newcastle stage. Mr. Anderson is still living. Yet, as will be seen, the vivacious record here printed relates to a period of close on sixty years ago.

Mr. Sam Penley, a Drury Lane actor, was lessee of the Theatre Royal, Newcastle-on-Tyne, in 1832. Having heard of me through his sisters, Rosina and Emma, with whom I had been associated in the Jersey and Exeter theatres, he made me an offer to join his company the

MR. ANDERSON IN 1846.



MR. ANDERSON IN 1886.

coming winter season, at a salary of two guineas a-week. "Conclude it done, my lord," said I in reply. I was fortunate in being able to obtain for my friend, George Skerritt, an engagement for "second low comedy"; and we sailed together to the North Countrie in an empty, ugly collier ship bound for "canny Newcastle," on a fine September morning in the year named.

This engagement, which lasted several years, turned out to be one of the happiest and most prosperous in my early career. I made a great many friends, some very dear ones, a few of whom yet live and love me still, and whose friendship I hold in the greatest esteem.

I made fine benefits; and rose rapidly in my profession, thanks to the kind indulgence of the "canny folks" of that ilk, my own industry, application, and a little talent. Indeed, I rose so speedily in their estimation that I soon received the flattering appellation of "oor aan hinney, Jemmie Anderson."

Mr. Sam Penley was an excellent manager, a good actor, and, besides, which went a great way in making us a happy family, a thorough gentleman.

On our passage down from London to Newcastle, an accident occurred, which I thought at the time was going to deprive me of any chance of ever appearing in that town.

We had good weather, a jolly time, and nothing of importance happened till we were off the bar in a dense fog at Tynemouth. There was a heavy swell on. We were slowly making for the mouth of the river when, without a moment's warning, crash went the keel on the hard sand bar. The glass and crockery flew in all directions, and so did I—only I took a straight line across the table, with my head right into the fire-stove. Our ship struck once or twice after that, but more gently; then we ran into deep water, and up the river with the tide. There was no great harm done; we were more frightened than hurt. We soon arrived at our moorings, and all was well, though George Skerritt looked on it as an ill omen.

The captain was a fine fellow, very kind and good-natured, besides being what is called a "comical chiel."

I had a great many trunks and boxes on board, containing theatrical wardrobe, &c., amongst them a sword-box, six feet long, painted black, with my name in white letters upon it. When the traps were hauled up from the ship's hold, the sword-box was missing. I told the captain of it, when he shouted out, "Below there!" "Aye, aye, sir!" was the echo. "What the divvel are ye doin' doon there? What for do you no send up Mr. Anderson's coffin, an' be dam'd to ye?"

I got my coffin all right; we took a farewell grog together, shook hands, and parted.

The theatre during Sam Penley's rule was admirably managed. We had but few "stars" in his time. He relied entirely on the merit of his own company for public patronage, and was well rewarded.

MR. ANDERSON AS ULRIC, 1858.

The responsibility was great, for he engaged actors to fill every *rôle* in the drama. He gave tragedy, comedy, farce, melodrama, opera, and pantomime. We had a good chorus and ballet of female dancers. His expenses were equal to those of any London theatre; his Christmas pantomimes being always splendid.

I remember the production of one that might have brought him to grief, and caused him a severe loss, but for my timely aid.

I was a great favourite with the manager, and lived on the most friendly terms with his family. Belville Penley, a younger brother, and treasurer of the theatre, was my intimate friend and associate. We lodged together in the same house, had the same tastes, and followed similar pursuits. From Belville I learnt the position of Sam, who, two days before the production of his grand Christmas pantomime, which had cost so much labour and money, discovered that he had got no harlequin, for the person engaged to fill that *rôle* had broken faith with him.

The poor manager was in a dreadful fix. He wrote to his London agent to find another at any price, but there was no chance. Being only two or three days before Boxing Night, no harlequin of any reputation could be found unemployed in London. Even if one had been found, he could not have been sent down to Newcastle in time for use. Winter set in early, snow lay two or three feet deep all over the country, no stage-coaches were running (railroads were unknown), and it would have taken weeks to arrive by sea. Poor old Sam was well-nigh crazed.

We may talk about the anguish of a monarch at the point of losing crown and kingdom. Bah! mere baby grief for loss of playthings compared to the throes that rack the tortured bosom of a despairing manager.

I was truly sorry for him; sympathy set me to think, and thought conjured up a bold idea how to save him I conceived the wild notion of playing Marcus Curtius myself, and leaping, not into the gulf in the Forum, but through the clock face in the scene. Then came doubts and hesitations. "To be, or not to be? that is the question." At length I remembered having read of the great harlequins Rich and Woodward, and the fame and fortune they had realised. I resolved to risk it.

When I told Sam Penley I had made up my mind to get him out of his difficulty by filling the gap myself, he looked at me with an incredulous stare. He could not believe I was in earnest. "What!" said he, "my Romeo and Rover play harlequin? No, no, that will never do." "Why not?" I replied, "Woodward, the great light comedian, was the best Petruchio and harlequin of his day. True, he had some training for the part, I have had none. But I have the necessary share of pluck, a notion of the poetry of motion, a good figure for the dress, and lots of wind and muscle. What do you say, old fellow, shall I try it? I am a favourite with the 'cannie folks,' and they may come to see me out of curiosity. Anyhow, let us weather the storm, save the opening, and you may have a real harlequin from London in a week or so."

Dear old Sam couldn't speak; he could only squeeze my hand with one of his, whilst he mopped his eyes with the other.

This was all arranged at the last rehearsal but one: so I called out to our master of the wardrobe to bring me a sailor's jacket and trousers, and a pair of neat slippers. Off went my street clothes, and at it I went in right earnest.

The columbine was a very pretty little girl called Polly Moggridge. She taught me all the business in her scenes; the clown and pantaloon soon initiated me in theirs; and the master carpenter and I settled all the leaps and catches. The eventful night came; I played "Patchy" for the first time with only two rehearsals, and continued to do so from Christmas till Easter, without the slightest accident, to enormous houses.

I was greatly pleased to find the public understood and appreciated my reasons for placing myself in such a questionable position; I was praised and applauded for the valuable assistance I had rendered my manager in his hour of need; instead of sinking, I rose in estimation and favour with the public.

My success was flattering, but it had a reverse side that was not so pleasant. In speaking of this well-intentioned effort of mine to help my manager, those who were not exactly my best friends would say, "Oh! yes, very kind, no doubt, and certainly very clever. But, my God! he must have been brought up to that sort of thing very early in life."

This was how I came to play harlequin for the *first* and *last* time in my professional career.

In after years, I have often smiled when reading some flattering criticism on my acting, to see what a beautiful "mare's nest" the writer had found to speak of. For instance, in pointing out the merits in my Hamlet, he would "cut my head off with a golden axe," by saying, "Who would not be astonished to find such lofty flights of genius raising one to excellence in Hamlet, whose vaulting ambition once was but to excel in harlequin?" I read that in a newspaper, and never blushed. It was very cutting and caustic, no doubt; but *cui bono?* I did not feel it; it did me no damage.

Sam Penley's company that season was like "the happy family" one sees in cages in the street—all agreeing, cosy, comfortable, and content. Mr. Puff says, "When actors *do* agree, their unanimity is wonderful." That's so.

We did not perform every night in the week. On the off nights we made friendly trips to Sunderland, fraternising with the people of old Mr. Beverley's company. He could not boast of a very great one, but he beat *us* out of the field in scenery and dresses; everything was

admirably done in that way. He had two very clever sons, Roxby and William Beverley; the first, a capital stage-manager, the second, a fine scene-painter—then, and now, at this day, the best in England.

When we did not visit Sunderland, we went to North Shields or Tynemouth. One fine morning Belville Penley and myself, with some others, made up our minds to have a glorious swim in the sea at Tynemouth, and a jolly race on the sands. As we were making our way to a quiet, out-of-the-way spot, to accomplish our purpose, we saw a large board fastened to a pole stuck into the sands, on which was painted in big letters a friendly warning to bathers. On reading the caution we broke into yells of laughter. The good intention was excellent, the style ridiculous. The notice, painted on a black board in white letters all the same size, and without any stops, ran thus:—

PUBLIC NOTICE.

Warning to all bathers no one must bathe near this spot as many persons have been drowned here by order of the magistrates.

I need hardly say we took the hint, kept our clothes on till we found a more convenient spot on the yellow sands, had a long swim, some well-contested races, and great fun.

In the spring that followed the eventful winter of my harlequinade, Mr. Sam Penley took his company to the Theatre Royal, Windsor, and, amongst other entertainments, announced the reproduction of his very successful Newcastle pantomime. Good policy, no doubt, and only to be matched by the modesty he displayed in announcing *me* in my "celebrated part of harlequin," without my consent, in the "grand pantomime immediately to be produced." But in this one-sided policy he had reason to exclaim, like Lord Tinsel, "I am afraid we have made a slight mistake here." I respectfully declined again risking my neck, as there was now no necessity to do so: he was no longer in distress, hundreds of harlequins were to be found in London in summer, only twenty miles off, and I was not ambitious of more laurels in *that* way.

Sam tried his powers of persuasion, even offered a handsome bribe, but no, "not for Joseph." I was virtuous in my resolve, and not to be seduced. As a *dernier resort*, he tried the humanity dodge. "Do pity me!" Should I persist in my refusal, he himself would have to assume "the motley"; it would never do to "put a mere dancer into a part which his leading actor had so gracefully and successfully filled." He thought that shot must tell on some weak part of my armour, but it did not. Again he tried, "Would I coldly and cruelly stand by, and see him at his age risk life and limb in such an attempt?" My reply was simply this—"Don't do it, my dear fellow. Send up to London for one who is practised in the *rôle*. There are plenty of them idle and willing at present, and your pantomime will then be a success." No, he would not listen to reason; so I held to my resolution, and he to his. I would *not* play harlequin, and *he did*. He put on the dress, and wriggled through the part for a few nights, during which he got much laughed at in the theatre, and cruelly cut up by the press out of it.

The dear old gentleman could neither dance, run, nor jump through a "leap." He was far funnier than either clown or pantaloon, and obtained roars of laughter when trying to escape their attempts to catch him. He would waddle up to the "leap" in haste, inquire if all was ready behind, down again to the footlights as if to get an

MR. ANDERSON AS MACBETH, 1871.

impetus for the jump, give the clock in the scene an immense slap in the face with his bat, and *vanish at the wing*. Clown and pantaloon took the clock leap of course, saying, as they returned through the lower part of the case, "He ain't there, not a bit of it. The times is out of joint, and so is his'n. No *vaulting* ambition in *him*. Takes his leaps as the old woman takes her gin—on tick. Ha, ha, ha!"

The greatest fun of all was when we came to hear how his wife unbosomed her sufferings to a female friend, the "old woman" of the company, when ventilating her bitter reproaches on *my* inhumanity, which had entailed such risks, labour, and fatigue on her husband and herself. "You must know, my dear," said she to the lady who played our old woman, "I have to rub poor Sam's joints with salad oil all day before putting him into his dress for harlequin, and lie awake all night listening to his rheumatic groans after having taken him out of it."

We were told all this in the green-room under promise of secrecy and silence. "I have told you what Mrs. Penley confided to me, my dears, but, of course, it must go no further." Everyone promised to say nothing about it, and it went no further than just—all over Windsor. Poor old Sam soon gave up the ghost—that is, harlequin—to the right man in the right place, who knew his business; the pantomime got its second wind, and ran a good long race. I must do Penley the justice to say, his little pique over, we were as good friends as ever.

On my return to Newcastle-on-Tyne in the autumn of 1833, I continued to represent the lovers and light-comedy parts still; but "a change came o'er the spirit of my dream." Mr. Sam Penley had accepted a new and original tragedy called "Babbington's Conspiracy," an historical play by a gentleman of Newcastle named Doubleday—the late Mr. Thomas Doubleday. The play possessed considerable merit—written in smooth blank verse containing pathos and passion—but was faulty in its construction. It was what we call a *one-part* play, and that was Babbington.

Mr. Cathcart was our "leading man" this season, and he played the hero. He was a good actor in a general way, had power and passion, but wild and uncertain. As Hamlet says, "He could not beget a temperance that may give it smoothness." I had an idea that Babbington, being a lover, ought to have fallen to me; but I had good reason to be thankful that it did not. The "cast" was very full, and I could not be left out, but I was allowed the privilege of selecting what part I chose after Babbington. I read the MS. very carefully, and chose a small but effective part, and, to my thinking, the best-drawn character in the play. I was not mistaken, for it turned up trumps. This character was a middle-aged Jesuit priest, a bosom friend of the hero, and an agent in the conspiracy against Queen Elizabeth.

Whilst studying the part, I grew fond of it, as step by step I found the way to work out effects which ultimately won me a triumph. At the rehearsals, you may be assured, I did not show all I intended to do at night, but just enough to prove that I was not displeased with the part, and that I meant to do my best with it.

On the first night, the house was filled with the best people of the town and country. When I made my appearance on the stage, which was not till after several scenes had passed, I was received with cold indifference. The audience did not know me, I was so disguised. The actors were somewhat surprised, my receptions being usually cordial. I knew the cause in a moment, for from the background, where I had modestly placed myself, I could see them scanning the playbills to find out who I was. The dress, make-up, and quiet cat-like walk I assumed completely deceived them. It was not until I crept slowly to the front and began to speak that I was recognised. Then, at once, I was received with all my former honours.

The triumph of that night, the public applause, and the appreciation of the press fixed firm my resolution to resign the sock and don the buskin. The grub changed into the butterfly; I was a tragedian.

I was engaged to fill the leading business for the next season, at a salary of three guineas a week. "Oor aan hinny" was invested with the purple, and sat in the curule chair.

James R. Anderson.

Marshal Wade's Road.

THE famous Roman Wall, of which Dr. Bruce has given an exhaustive account, correcting and summarising all that has been said on the subject by previous writers, such as Camden, Gordon, Horsley, Stukeley, Hutton, Hodgson, and McLauchlan, the last-named of whom made a complete survey of it in the years 1852-1854, does not seem to have ever been intended to be the limit of the Roman Empire (Romani Imperii Limes) in the isle of Britain, but to have been rather designed to serve as a line of military operations between the two seas, across the southern isthmus, and to check and bridle, not only the Caledonians to the north, but the Brigantes and other half-subjugated British tribes to the southward. Consisting, roughly speaking, of a wall of stone and a mound of earth, with a military way between them, with stations or towns for the accommodation of the soldiers at short distances apart, mile-castles between these stations, and between each of these again three or four turrets or watch towers, it practically formed an entrenched camp right across the island, from Segedunum, now Wallsend-on-Tyne, to Blatum-

bulgium, on the Solway Firth, understood to have been somewhere about Bowness. This entrenched camp, strongly fortified both ways, north and south, was garrisoned during the period of its occupation by the Romans, which was for about four centuries, by ten or fifteen thousand warriors of different nationalities, including Italians, Gauls, Germans, Asturians, Dalmatians, Dacians, Thracians, Syrians, and Moors, as well as some south-country Britons from the borders of the Channel.

The Military Way, which was the route pursued by these soldiers in their marches eastward or westward, ran along the whole distance within the two great lines of fortification, the Wall (Murus) and the Mound (Agger or Vallum), the chief use of which presumably must have been to guard the road, and to protect, and in some measure conceal, from an enemy on either side, the troops that passed along it. In several places the remains of this road can still be traced, as shown on Dr. Bruce's map attached to his "Hand Book to the Roman Wall." Thus, westward of Housesteads (Borcovicus) the track is for a good way easy to be found, all the field gates being placed upon it. Where it has not been interfered with, it is completely grass-grown; but it may, notwithstanding, be easily distinguished from the neighbouring ground by the nature of its herbage, the dryness of its substratum allowing the growth of a finer description of plant. For the accommodation of the soldiery, the road went from castle to castle, and so from station to station. In doing this it did not always keep close to the Wall, but took the easiest path between the required points. In traversing the precipitous grounds between Sewing Shields and Thirlwall, the ingenuity of the engineer has been severely tried; but most successfully, says Dr. Bruce, has he performed his task. Whilst the Wall shoots over the highest and steepest summits, the road pursues its tortuous course from one platform of the rock to another, so as to bring the traveller from mile-castle to mile-castle by the easiest gradients.

Part of the way was used as a public road not many years ago; and during long centuries it was the route taken by travellers to or from Newcastle and Carlisle. When Edward I., in the year 1306, was on his last journey towards Scotland, which he did not live to reach, he went along this way from Newcastle to Lanercost by short stages, and rested for a few days at Bradley, a short way to the westward of Housesteads, where a farm-house now occupies the site of what seems to have been a place of some importance, as evidenced by the foundations of buildings yet traceable.

From the departure of the Romans to the accession of the Stuarts, Northumberland and Cumberland were constantly liable to be harried by mosstroopers. And it was not till after the union of the Crowns that the law of the land at length succeeded in "making the rash-bush keep the cow." When Camden came into the North, he travelled along the line of the Wall as far as Thirlwall; but here the limits of civilization and security ended, and he dared not go any further, such were the wildness of the country and the lawlessness of its inhabitants. Indeed, the middle region of the isthmus continued in the state of nature into which it had relapsed since the irruption of the Scots and Picts, down to long past the beginning of the eighteenth century; and the traffic between the capitals of the two Northern Counties was carried on by means of pack-horses, which followed the traces of the old military way, climbing without swerving the precipitous flanks of the central ridge of hills, and plunging again into the ravines beyond, till they at length reached their destination.

When Marshal Wade was summoned from Newcastle to the defence of Carlisle against the forces of the Pretender, the road leading westward was in such a bad condition that he was able to reach Ovingham, a distance of little more than ten miles, only after fifteen hours' hard marching. On the second day, he managed to reach Hexham; but there he was obliged to turn back, as he found the roads got even worse the further west he proceeded. It was only here and there that they could bear the transit of artillery, and at every half mile or so slacks and slumps were met with in which the ordnance was in danger of being lost: so he was forced to turn back, and leave Carlisle to the mercy of the enemy, of whom he proceeded in search by a southerly route, through York, Ferrybridge, Wakefield, Dewsbury, Halifax, and Burnley, to Proud Preston. Here he managed to form a junction with the forces under the Duke of Cumberland, on whose approach the rebels found it expedient to retreat northwards into Scotland by the way they had come.

After the suppression of the rebellion on the fatal heath of Drumossie Muir, the Government determined to construct a good road direct from Newcastle to Carlisle. Marshal Wade had already tried his 'prentice hand in road engineering, having begun to construct those works which have made him ever memorable in the Highlands as early as the year 1726, ten years after the first Jacobite Rebellion had collapsed. He was now employed to superintend the construction of the road which was to connect Newcastle with Carlisle.

In 1749, accordingly, he made a survey of the line for the projected new military way, and the actual making of it was commenced near the Westgate, Newcastle, on the 8th of July, 1751. Soldiers were employed to construct the road. And the method which Marshal Wade adopted—a very sensible one for his purpose, but abominable in the sight of all genuine antiquaries—very greatly facilitated the undertaking. For the first thirty miles out of Newcastle, he overthrew what then remained of the old Roman Wall to construct an "agger" and culverts of his own with its massive materials, following the line it took with unflinching fidelity over considerable elevations, and only striking

out a new and easier course when he approached St. Oswald's, where he found it necessary to make a considerable deviation to the north, in order to take advantage of the bridge at Chollerford, for the repair of which, it may be worth while to mention, thirteen days' relaxation of enjoined penance was granted to all contributors by Bishop Shirlaw in the time of Richard II. The Marshal likewise shrank from the great acclivity of Sewing Shields, and swerved away a little to the southward, where he found an easier course, which, however, overtaxing the strength of modern carriages and cattle, had been deserted, even before the introduction of railways, for a less harassing route up the valley of the Tyne. In some places where it has left the Wall, Wade's road runs by the side of the Vallum, part of which has been spread out to form it. But for the most part it goes nearly straight forward. Formerly, in dry weather, and particularly after wind, the facing-stones of the Wall could be seen occasionally protruding through the metal, lying in the centre of the road, in lines about nine feet apart; while in many places the rough ashlars of its upper courses, thrown loosely down to the right and left, could be discerned still cropping up to the surface, not yet ground to dust by the tear and wear of more than a hundred years' traffic. But since the diversion of the greater part of that traffic to the railway, these interesting remnants have in many instances been removed to supply material for mending the turnpike.

The construction of the new military way was regarded with great dislike by the bulk of the ignorant people living in the vicinity. Very few of the farmers appreciated the advantages they were likely to derive from being brought into readier communication with the outer world; and the carriers, whose business it had been to conduct the traffic across the island by means of pack horses, clearly saw that their occupation would be gone, and therefore could not be expected to look favourably on an undertaking that would deprive them of their daily bread. They were exactly in the position of the old stage coachmen, when the detested locomotive drove their vehicles off the road. And when Marshal Wade encamped at Kingshaw Green, near Hexham, during the progress of the undertaking, it was with a view, not only to superintend the works, but also to repress any efforts which the discontented might be inclined to make to impede and hinder the work.

As already mentioned in Mr. Welford's account of the Great North Road (page 294), the improvement of the highways of Northumberland gave rise to the Irish couplet:—

> Had you seen these roads before they were made,
> You'd have held up your hands and blessed General Wade.

So long as the pack-horse system prevailed, the carriers were accustomed to resort to the Roman Way in the central part of their journey, which occupied, we believe, about four days. Occasionally they had to camp out all night, and one of their usual camping-places was opposite a wayside inn, commonly known by the name of "Twice-Brewed Ale," or simply "Twice-Brewed," in the township of Henshaw, near Bardon Mill, now a lonely farm-house. Here as many as twenty, thirty, or forty men, and the same number of horses, used to put up on carriers' nights. William Hutton, "the English Franklin," during his tramp along the Roman Wall, slept for a night here, or, rather, we should say, lodged, for there was not much sleep in the case; and he has left a brief but graphic account of his experience with the carriers he met with. Most of the old inns along the line are now, since the opening of the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway, either converted into farm-houses or otherwise utilised.

WILLIAM BROCKIE.

The Pardoned Mutineer.

ABOUT the year 1642, when Charles I. and the Parliament were in opposition to each other, Sir John Fenwick, of Wallington, and his friend, Thomas Loraine, of Kirkharle, raised in Newcastle a regiment in defence of the King. The tide of popular feeling ran the other way, and Sir John, who was colonel, found much difficulty in maintaining proper discipline amongst his men. One cause of this was the poor pay doled out. Things went from bad to worse until at length one of the most restless spirits in the regiment was brought to a court-martial, and sentenced to death. The culprit was a young man allied to a respectable family, and much sympathy was expressed on his behalf. The colonel was uneasy. Had his men any really just ground for complaint? Thinking the question over, he hit on the suspicion that they were spending too much money in the taverns and alehouses. He said as much to his friend Loraine, with the result that they went forth one night, effectually disguised, to see for themselves how the men spent their leisure time. From one house to another they went, but discovered nothing, for they saw no men. At last they entered a small tavern near the Nun's Gate, and here they came upon a Corporal Steel, an old soldier, who was seated at a table with a tankard before him. They sat down beside him and called for a pot for themselves. The corporal thereupon handed them his beverage and they pledged him therein. A fresh supply was ordered in, and the corporal was asked to give a toast in his turn. He did so, and this was it: "May our soldiers ever preserve in their noddles due obedience to their colonel, and may he resolve in his noddle to increase their pay!" Another pot followed, and then the corporal rose to go. He had no more money. But surely he had money's

worth? Well, he had a good Ferrara sword, but he must have that with him at to-morrow's execution. The disguised officers pointed out that he would not be required to use his sword of trusty steel; one of lath would answer quite as well—in its scabbard! So the hearty corporal consented to leave his trusty weapon in pawn until his next pay became due; and the evening passed pleasantly enough. In the morning the troops were marshalled, and the culprit produced. Then Sir John said that he understood that one in the regiment had been uncommonly dexterous in cutting off heads in foreign parts, and therefore he would now be called upon to give proof of his skill. With this brief exordium the nonplussed corporal was directed to stand forward and behead the condemned man. All excuses were in vain; so at last, in desperation, the corporal produced his sword of lath. Fortunately, the sympathies of the regiment were with the condemned one, and they seized their opportunity, shouting that the man must be pardoned. "Be it so," replied Sir John, laughingly, for he had satisfied himself by this time that there was something in the complaints of the men, "and may all your noddles remain where they are, and serve you as well in time of need as Corporal Steel has served the criminal." It is said that from this circumstance Sir John Fenwick's regiment obtained the name of Noddles, or Noodles; and some there are that maintain that this old story is really at the bottom of the latter name, dear to juvenile Newcastle in regard to the Yeomanry Cavalry even unto this day.

River Police Station and Dead House, Newcastle.

OUR drawing, copied from a photograph by Mr. W. N. Strangeways, represents a block of old houses now used as the station of the River Tyne Police at St. Lawrence, Newcastle. This body of public servants was established in 1845 by Mr. John Stephens, who was the superintendent of the Newcastle Police Force, but who afterwards became superintendent of the River Police, retaining that position down to 1884, when he retired.

The houses themselves have no particular history. They are probably about a couple of hundred years old, and have no doubt been the homes of persons whose business rendered it necessary that they should dwell near the River Tyne. Behind this block is the Stone Cellars Inn, a quaint old place with architectural reminiscences of past times. The rooms facing the river are small and low; those on the first floor are the favourite rendezvous of many old stagers who meet here and recount all the more stirring events on the river within the last sixty or seventy years.

East of the Stone Cellars is the Newcastle Morgue, where the bodies of persons found dead within the boundaries of the city of Newcastle, are conveyed for identification.

Some forty or fifty years ago a small building at the east end of the New Road, now known as the City Road, was used as a dead house. It consisted of two rooms—

one for dead bodies, the other as a residence for the attendant, an old woman named Glass. It is stated that Cuckoo Jack, noted for his skill in recovering dead bodies from the river, conveyed about two hundred bodies to this depository alone. It must be remembered that in his days there were not so many precautions taken for the safety of the public as there are now. There was no chain along the quay, and it was an easy matter for a drunken man, as he staggered along, to fall into the river. At one time it was calculated that the number of deaths of persons who fell into the Tyne from the Newcastle and Gateshead shores was about one per week during the year. Now there is not one in six weeks or two months.

"The Quicks' Buring Plas in Sidgate."

By Maberly Phillips.*

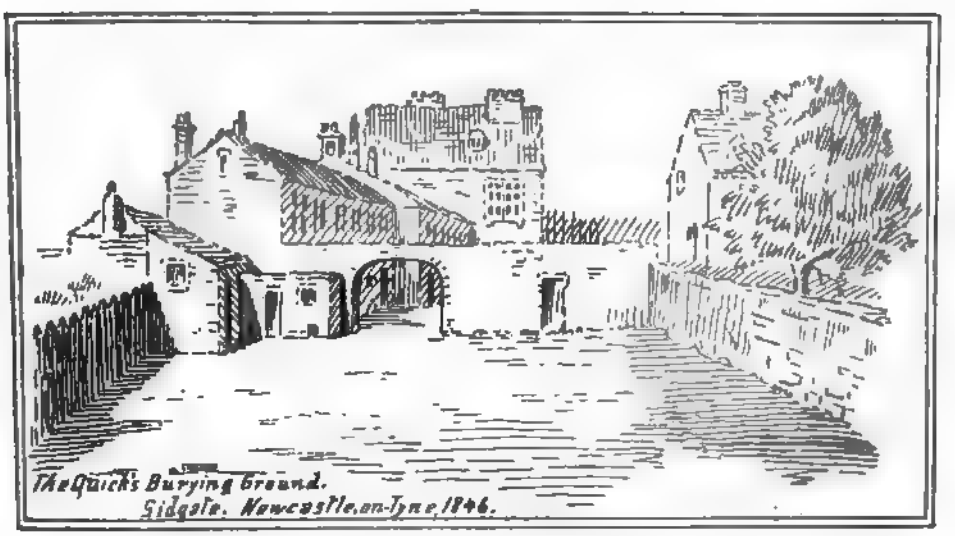
MY recent investigations have led to the discovery of many interesting particulars regarding disused burying-grounds in or near Newcastle, one of which I introduce to your readers as "The Quicks' Buring Plas in Sidgate." The term "Quicks" or "Quigs" is a corruption of the word "Whigs," and is derived from some entries of burials to be found in the register of St. Andrew's Church.

First, it may be well to identify the spot of this almost forgotten ground. During the latter part of the seventeenth century, had any good townsman been desirous of wandering from St. Andrew's Church to Jesmond, he would have had to go through the gloomy portals of the New Gate, making his way along the Sidgate. On his left, he would soon pass the "Blind Man's Lonnin," where the town had recently spent 6s. for a new gate to be placed at the end of the lane that led up to the Castle Fields. Passing eastward in the direction of the Swirle, a small runner that emptied itself into Sidgate, he would soon reach the burying-ground in question, with its modest headstones marking the resting-place of the departed.

But time has wrought its changes. The Sidgate is now only known as Percy Street; the Swirle has vanished entirely; and the few who in more modern days knew of the graveyard have identified it, to use the glowing words of the local historian, as "the Campus Martius of the young gentlemen belonging to the Percy Street Academy," otherwise Bruce's School. To-day we must describe it as in St. Thomas's Street, forming the site of Messrs. Slater's storeyard for hay, corn, &c., and the private garden to the north.

Now, for a moment let us go to another part of the town. Should any of my readers look into the vestibule of the Unitarian Church in New Bridge Street, he will be faced by a stone, painted black, with an inscription in gilded letters. The Rev. Edward Hussey Adamson has kindly favoured me with the following translation:—"Over the remains lying below of a venerable parent, William Durant, A.M., by the Divine will a most vigilant pastor of the Church of Christ in this Town, his son, John Durant, lamenting and grieving, out of dutiful regard and filial piety, hath placed this tomb-stone. The texts from the last chapter of Joshua refer to

* Extracts from a paper read before the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries.



the burial in private ground of Joshua, Joseph, and Eleazar, the priest." As my investigations have led me to believe that this tablet was (if I may be pardoned the expression) the foundation stone of the Quicks' Burying Ground, we must take it into our consideration first.

William Durant, to whose memory it was erected, was a man who played no unimportant part in the history of the town, prior to, during, and subsequent to, the eventful period known as the Commonwealth. In 1645, Durant was appointed lecturer at St. Nicholas' by the Common Council. In 1646, he was settled as morning lecturer at All Saints'. In 1652, on July 30, "the Common Council ordered that upon Monday after the Judges comeing to this towne, Mr. Durant be desired to preach before them." In 1653, he was one of those who met at Alderman George Dawson's house, when one Ramsay, who had assumed the *name* of Joseph Ben Israel, and the character of a converted Jewish Rabbi, was examined as to his sincerity, which meeting led to the publication of a tract, entitled "A False Jew, or a Wonderful Discovery of a Scot, Baptized at London for a Christian, Circumcised at Rome to act a Jew, re-baptized at Hexham for a believer, but found out at Newcastle to be a cheat." In 1656, the afternoon lectureship of All Saints' fell to Durant's lot. In 1658 Durant was acting as one of the Commissioners for examining ministers, interesting evidence of which is to be found in the Records of Tynemouth Parish. In the year 1662, as Durant could not comply with the requirements of the Act of Uniformity, he left the pale of the Established Church, and threw in his lot with the Nonconformists.

Our next record of him is in 1669 upon July 22. "Before Ralph Jenison, Mayor of Newcastle, Cuthbert Nicholson, cordwainer, saith that upon Sunday last there was assembled at the house of William Durant, in Pilgraham Streete, a great multitude of people, consisting to the number of 150 persons or thereabouts, under the pretence of religious worship and service, for he heard them sing psalms. And after singing was done he did see and heare the said William Durant pray amongst the said people. And Robert Fryer, one of the serjeants-attmace, being with the churchwardens of the same parish, did, in the name of Mr. Mayor, discharge them there unlawfully assembled, and upon that they dispersed themselves. And again upon Aug. 4 Durant was charged by the same informer with being at a meeting and conventicle held at the house of Mr. Richard Gilpin in the White Freers."

In 1672, when King Charles II. granted his licenses of indulgence to tender consciences, Durant applied for permission, on April 16, to be an "Indpd. Teacher in a Roome of the Trinity house called the chappell," but this was refused. He, however, did, upon May 13, obtain a license to be a congregational preacher. In 1681, death put an end to his chequered career; but, as he stood excommunicated at the time, his perplexed family knew not what to do with his remains, so they buried him in the garden of his house in Pilgrim Street. The house is generally supposed to have stood at the corner of High Friar Street. Shortly after his death, his son, Dr. John Durant, erected a tablet to his memory. Brand, the historian, informs us:—"I found the inscription on a flat gravestone under a staircase in one of the stables of the late Sir Walter Blackett's house in Pilgrim Street. The stable appears to have been built over it. The place was long known among the servants by the name of the Dead Man's Hole."

The gravestone was presented by Mr. George Anderson, during the ministry of William Turner, to the church worshipping in Hanover Square. In the ministry of the Rev. George Harris, the congregation erected a church in New Bridge Street, and the stone was then removed from the chapel yard in Hanover Square, and incorporated in the walls of the new structure.

In two short years Dr. John Durant, who so recently had raised a stone to his father's memory, was himself called to join the great majority, and, as history informs us that he was interred in the burying ground at the Sidgate, we are pretty safe in fixing the date of the ground in question as between 1681, when William Durant died and was buried in his garden, and 1683, when his son, Dr. Durant, was laid in Sidgate. My own opinion is that John Durant was the first interred there.

The only attempt that I have found among local accounts to fix the ownership of this ground ascribes it to the Hudsons of Whitley. However that may have been in later times, I am able to show a much earlier ownership. One day last winter I had half-an-hour to spare after inspecting some wills at Durham, and, running my eye over the index for any name that might be useful to me, under the year 1688 I came upon that of James Durant. I asked for the will, and was agreeably surprised to find the following, which throws much light upon the matter we are considering. The will runs:—

In the name of God, Amen: I, James Durant, of the County and Town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Northumberland, being sick in body, but of sound and disposing mind and memory, make this my last will and testament in manner and form following (that is to say):—*Imprimus*, I give and devise unto my sister, Jane Durant, all that my close or parcel of ground situate near a street called Sidgate, without the walls but within the liberties of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the aforesaid which I lately purchased from my late mother, Jane Durant . . . and which is now used as a burial-place, and now in the possession of me, the said James Durant, to have and to hold the said close or parcel of ground unto my said sister, Jane Durant, for and during her natural life, and after her death and decease, then the same to revert and come to my nephew, George Durant, and his heirs for ever.

From the will I think we may fairly assume that, after the death of William Durant, his wife, Jane, feeling the cruel position in which she was placed at her husband's death, had either purchased a piece of ground or appropriated some that she already owned as a burying-place

for her family and friends. Mrs. Durant was the sister of Sir James Clavering, and would bring her husband a welcome dowry. From this date the ground was freely used by the well-to-do Nonconformists, particulars of whose burials may be found in the local histories. By the kindness of the Vicar of St. Andrew's Church, I have been allowed to search the Register, and have found the following entries, which have not hitherto been published :—

Henry Hutson who Lived In Newbegin Buried In the Quicks Buring Plas In Sidgatt The Twenty Second day of January 1704.

Mr. Brown Buried in Sidgatt The Six day of Ffebruary 1707.

Elizabeth Coulson Buried in Sidgatt in the Quigs Buring Plas near the Swrill November the 1, 1708.

Henry Shaw Buried the 21 day of November 1708 in Sidgatt near The Swrill in the Quigs Burings Plase.

Tracing the ownership onwards, I find that in the *Newcastle Courant* of January 14, 1786, the following advertisement appeared :—

DISSENTERS' BURIAL GROUND.

The Dissenters' Burial Ground in Sidgate having lately been purchased, levelled, and enclosed with a good wall, notice is hereby given that the proprietors are ready to treat for the dispesal of burial-places to any person desirous of purchasing; and they wish to give the preference to those whose families have been accustomed to bury there. For particulars apply to Mr. John Fife, in the Castle Garth, or to Mr. Thomas Walker, house carpenter, at the White Cross, Newcastle, where plans may be seen.

Here, then, is a clear ownership by "proprietors," with Mr. John Fife, of the Castle Garth, and Mr. John Walker, of the White Cross, as custodians. I have gathered that John Fife was in an extensive way of business, and travelled the country with pack-horses. As a lad he stayed often at Romaldkirk, and at the village named he married, on May 31, 1762, Miss Sarah Bailes. It is possible that Walker's profession of house carpenter may have led to the position he held as one of the custodians of the burying-ground, and that the trade sign of a coffin may have "mensed the door cheek" of his establishment at the White Cross.

I have shown the ownership of the ground in 1688, and have endeavoured to trace the same to the present day, but with very poor success, not having been able to obtain access to the deeds. Hutton's plan in 1770 shows the burial ground as extending right down to Percy Street. The school and adjoining house are not shown, but houses are marked on the plan a little to the east. The next and only other plan that shows the burial ground is Oliver's, taken in 1832, and that merely shows a piece of ground at the back of the school buildings, or what was known for many years as the High Play Yard and garden, now Slater's hay and straw yard with garden above. Oliver's map of 1832 marks the school premises as No. 437, and the burying ground as No. 438, and, in the key explaining the ownership, names both as belonging to Miss Hutchinson. But I think this must be incorrect, as I find for a great number of years the site of the graveyard has been owned by the same persons that owned Villa de St. George, the adjoining property to the north. Mackenzie, in his history of Newcastle, says :—"When the late Mrs. Hudson sold this ground she reserved the part where some members of the Hudson family had been interred at the further end of the premises." This may have been in 1786, when the higher part was sold to the "proprietors," and future burials confined to it, and the lower part, that facing Percy Street, was sold for building sites. At the present day, the school premises (now converted into a laundry) are owned by Mrs. Browning (by inheritance from Miss Hutchinson), and what was the burying ground and Villa de St. George are owned by Mrs. Carr (by inheritance from one Mr. Johnson).

An "oldest inhabitant" informs me that he well remembers several headstones in the burying ground, and that a woman occasionally came from the vicinity of Prudhoe Street, and gave the lads sundry coppers to climb over the walls and see if the headstone of "her man" was still standing, as she intended being buried beside him. I fear her wish was never realised. The last interment that I have been able to verify was in 1796.

Such, then, is the very imperfect record that I can give of the "Quicks' Burying Ground." The question still remains unanswered, "How has this graveyard, with its deeply interesting historic associations, been allowed to drift from its original purpose?" I have interviewed "old boys" who have attended the Academy (one as far back as 1812), several of whom remember sundry headstones which they used as targets for stone-throwing. Others, again, of more modern days, had little dreamt that when they indulged in "bedstocks and spenny wye" they were scampering over the graves of their grandfathers. One informed me that he could not remember any headstones, but often had strong suspicions of the very flat stones with which the pig-sty was paved.

Visiting the spot a few months since with a friend who had been at school there many years before, we were longing to find some fragment of the old memorials, when we espied facing us at the end of a horse trough a stone much defaced, but still recording the burials of the Morton family. I subsequently questioned the builder who made the alterations to the premises, and he assured me that this is the only stone that was found, and that it was exhumed from the vicinity of the pig-sty. The stone has been kindly placed at my disposal, and is now awaiting some fitting resting-place, where it may yet give silent testimony to the reality of the "Quigs' Burying-Ground in the Sidgate." The Mortons were evidently members of the Castle Garth congregation, as in the register of that chapel, now in the possession of the churchwardens of St. Nicholas, I found entries corresponding to the names mentioned on the stone. Indeed, the evidence that we have points very strongly to the graveyard having in latter days been owned and largely used

by members of the Scotch Church that met in the Castle Garth.

The story I tell speaks little for the veneration for their fathers of the good people of Newcastle, and makes us regret the graves had not been other than they were. Had they marked the resting place of some ancient Britons, or had they been the graves of some intruding Romans, every fragment of stone would have been preserved, and every abbreviated inscription translated and extended in an admirably learned manner; but, being only the graves of our grandfathers, they have vanished from our midst, no arm being raised to stay their flight, no pen lifted to record their history.

The picture which accompanies this paper is from the sketch-book of Mr. David Reed, and was taken when he was a pupil at the school, prior to the construction of St. Thomas's Street.

The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stokoe.

BOB CRANKY'S ADIEU,

ON GOING WITH THE VOLUNTEER ASSOCIATION FROM GATESHEAD TO NEWCASTLE ON PERMANENT DUTY.

ON the 6th and 7th June, 1808, his Majesty King George the Third's birthday (which fell on Saturday, the 4th) was celebrated by the military in the counties of Northumberland and Durham in a more than usually brilliant manner. A brigade of the Royal Artillery, four troops of the Enniskillen Dragoons, the East York and Wiltshire Regiments of Militia, together with companies of Volunteers from Sunderland, North Shields, Tynemouth, Hexham, Corbridge, Gibside, Axwell Park, Newcastle, and Gateshead, altogether forming a force of upwards of 5,000 men, were assembled in Northumberland Street and Westgate Street, and marched in order to the Town Moor. Here they were formed in two lines previously marked out for them, and were put through various military movements, and reviewed by Lieutenant-General Dundas. The business of the field being over, they proceeded to their several parades in the town. On the Tuesday they were assembled at six o'clock a.m., and marched to Throckley Fell, where a sham fight took place, coming back to Newcastle about five o'clock p.m. The next day the troops were highly complimented in the general orders that were issued.

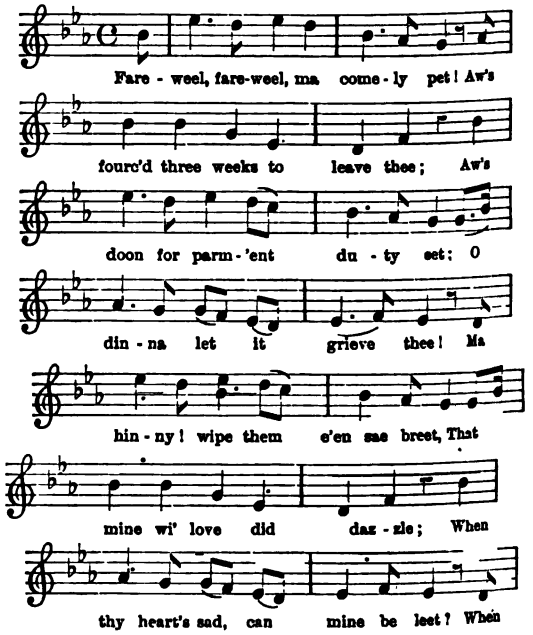
The Gateshead Volunteers had marched into Newcastle on Sunday, June 5th, for the purpose of being placed on permanent pay and duty for three weeks. This had also been done in previous years, as a song, "The Bonny Gyetsiders," dated 1805, celebrates the doings of volunteers of the borough, one verse announcing—

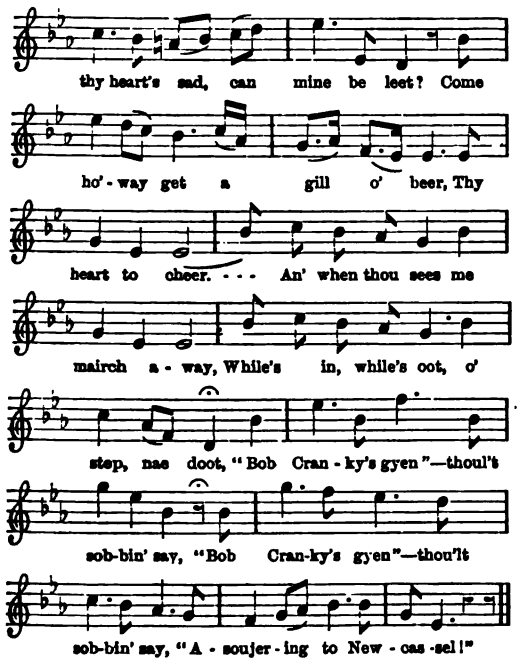
To Newcassel for three weeks up-stannin'
On permanent duty they're gannin';
And sune i' the papers
We's read a' the capers
O' the corpse o' the Bonny Gyetsiders.

Mr. John Shield, the writer of "Bob Cranky's Adieu," was also the author of "Lord 'Size," "Bob Cranky's 'Leumination Neet," and other noted local ditties. He was born in 1768, and died at Broomhaugh, near Hexham, on August 6th, 1848. An interesting account of Mr. Shield was given in the first number of the *Monthly Chronicle*, with the local song of "Lord 'Size."

"Bob Cranky's Adieu" is a parody upon "The Soldier's Adieu," a song which obtained some amount of popularity in the earliest years of this century, but which has long been relegated to the limbo of forgotten lyrics. In Mr. Shield's song the peculiarities of pit language are happily and faithfully pourtrayed, and it is on the whole an interesting relic of the old militia days. It was first published in Bell's "Rhymes of the Northern Bards," 1812, and continued such a great favourite that it has been included in nearly every collection of local songs published since that date.

The measure is peculiar, and the melody had been long forgotten and buried in oblivion. The writer sought unsuccessfully for many years to find it, until a short time ago, when he discovered it accidentally in an old book of airs for the violin, flute, &c. Its appearance in the present series, therefore, will probably be the first time that the music has been wedded to the words of the song—a union seldom, if ever, adopted by local writers, either ancient or modern.





Come, dinna, dinna whinge an' whipe,
  Like yammerin' Is'bel Mackey;
Cheer up, maw hinny! leet thee pipe,
  And tyek a blast o' baccy.
It's but for yen-an'-twenty days,
  The folks's een aw'll dazzle—
Prood, swaggr'in' i' maw fine reed claes.
  Ods heft! maw pit claes—dist thou hear?
  Are warse o' wear;
Mind cloot them weel when aw's away,
    An' a posie goon,
    Aw'll buy thee soon,
An' thou's drink tea—aye, twice a-day,
  When aw come frae Newcassel.

Beazike! aw's up tiv ivery rig,
  Sae dinna doot, maw hinny!
But at the Blue Styen o' the Brig
  Aw'll hev maw mairchin' Guinny.*
A guinny! wuks! see strange a seet,
  Maw een wi' joy will dazzle;
But aw'll hed spent that varry neet—
  For money, hinny! ower neet to keep,
  Wad brick maw sleep.
Sae smash! aw think'ts a wiser way,
    Wi' flesh and beer
    Meesel to cheer,
The three lang weeks that aw've to stay,
  A sowjerin' at Newcassel.

But whist! the sairjent's tongue aw hear,
  "Fa' in! fa' in," he's yelpin';
The fifes are whusslin' lood and clear,
  An' sair the drums they're skelpin'.
Fareweel, maw comely! aw mun gang,
  The Gen'ral's een to dazzle!
But, hinny, if the time seems lang,
  An' thoo freets about me neet an' day,
  Then come away,
Seek oot the yell-hoose where aw stay,
An' we'll kiss an' cuddle,
An' mony a fuddle
Shall drive the lonesome hours away,
When sowjerin' at Newcassel.

* The Blue Stone, where the marching guinea was paid, now counts only as a matter of history. It marked, as many of our readers well know, the boundary of the town and county of Newcastle southwards. Beyond it, towards Gateshead, was included in the county and liberty of Durham.

Freemen's Well Day at Alnwick

THE singular mode in which the freemen of Alnwick were anciently made has now been obsolete for thirty-five years, having been observed for the last time on St. Mark's Day, 1854. According to tradition, it originated in a whimsical order issued by King John, on the occasion of one of his burning and plundering visits to the North. He is said to have been thrown from his horse, or to have stuck fast in a bog, on Alnwick Moor, when he was out there a hunting. Finding that the place belonged to the Alnwick freemen, he declared that they ought to be punished, in all time coming, for not draining their land, and declared that everyone, on being made a burgess, should be obliged to go through the same disagreeable ordeal as himself, by plunging through the identical bog. There is, however, another story. John, when residing at Alnwick Castle, once took it into his head, we are told, to disguise himself as a palmer, and go out into the country to learn what the people thought of their king. This said, he pursued a footpath over the Moor, till he came to an avenue bordered on both sides with whins, which conducted him to a well, by the side of which he found three tinkers solacing themselves. Imagining these fellows to be countrymen of the rounds, he sat down beside them, and joined in their conversation. But he soon found what sort of gentry they were, and rose to go away. The tinkers, pretending to show him the road, led him into the quagmire at the bottom of the hill fed by the spring they had been resting beside, and pushed him in there to flounder about and get out the best way he could. When he reached Alnwick, and was passing through the street, the people crowded round him to gaze, believing that he was either mad or drunk; and he was so annoyed by their jeering remarks that he declared, on reaching the castle, that no man, from that day forward, should enjoy the freedom of Alnwick until he had traversed the same slough that their sovereign lord the king had just passed through. The story also goes that he despatched an armed party in pursuit of the tinkers, and ordered two of them, when taken, to be instantly executed. The third tinker, however, received a pardon, owing to his having tried to dissuade his mates from plunging the pretended palmer into the bog. This tale is evidently beholden in some of the particulars to the inventive humour of its relaters.

For six centuries, more or less, the officials of the Cor-

poration of Alnwick used to assemble in the Town Hall annually on St. Mark's Eve, along with the freemen, the candidates for the freelage, and as many of the public as chose to attend; there the young men were asked to prove their qualification, such as having previously been admitted members, or made free of their respective companies. They then paid their fees of admission, swore loyalty to the king or queen, fealty to the lord of the manor, and obedience to the Common Council. Their names were thereupon enrolled in the borough books, and they received the right hand of fellowship. Then the neophytes left the hall, and, accompanied by the moor grieves, the herd, and the town's waits with music, paraded the streets, each candidate furnishing a bowl of punch at whatever public house he chose to select. After this, they separated for the evening, to ruminate on the important business of the next day.

On the following day (April 25th), the houses of the new freemen were distinguished by an evergreen planted before each door, as a signal for their friends to assemble. About eight o'clock in the morning, the candidates, being mounted on horseback and armed with swords, assembled in the Market Place, where they were joined by the candidates and the duke's bailiff, attended by two men with halberds, and last, not least, the duke's piper. The procession was then formed, the moor grieves taking their places, some in front and others on the flanks, and behind the front rank rode the piper, who, as soon as the order to march was given, commenced to play lively airs on the Northumbrian pipes. Behind the piper rode the young freemen, mounted on such steeds as they could command for the nonce, while a group of old freemen, similarly equipped, brought up the rear, a long tail of pedestrians accompanying the assemblage.

The well, about four miles south-west of Alnwick, was situated on the declivity of what was called the Freemen's Hill; it was fed by a powerful spring, and was properly dammed up some time before the grand anniversary. When filled with water, it was about a hundred feet long, from five to fifteen feet broad, and from three to five feet deep. To impede the progress of the freemen in plunging through the dub, turf dykes were built across, and straw ropes fixed from side to side; and that these traps to catch the unwary might not be visible, care was taken to stir up the mud from the bottom, so that the water was effectually mixed with it.

The young freemen, after arriving at the Freemen's Well, immediately prepared for immersion, divesting themselves of their usual garments, and donning a white dress and cap, ornamented with ribbons. Then, on a signal being given, they plunged into the water, some up to the waist and others to the chin, and scrambled with the utmost expedition they could make through the muddy and loathsome pool, when they were courteously assisted out at the further end. After this trying ordeal, the newly-accomplished freemen used, very reasonably, to treat themselves to a dram, put on dry clothes, remount their horses, and gallop away round the confines of the Corporation's estate, as far as the Turnlaw or Townlaw Cairn, where the names of all the freemen then to the fore, resident or non-resident, were called over.

The cavalcade then returned to the town, carefully skirting the common property, till they reached a certain point, where a neck-to-neck race began. At the entrance to the town, sword in hand, like heroes after a great victory, they were welcomed back by a bevy of fair damsels, dressed in ribbons, with bells and garlands, dancing and singing. The coveted honour of being King of the Freemen for the next year, and of drinking first, on reaching the castle yard, from a silver cup, full of wine or beer, presented to the neophites by the Duke of Northumberland's steward belonged to the young freeman who landed in Rotten Row the soonest, after the break-neck race down the hill. And so the health of his Grace of Northumberland and prosperity to the town of Alnwick having been duly pledged by the king and his compeers, and the officers of the freemen's body, and a plentiful supply of beer, in pewter and earthenware pots, having been served out to the equestrians, and afterwards to those on foot, the regular work of the day came to a close.

But to the young freemen a further duty still remained to be performed, viz., that of visiting each of the houses in front of which evergreens had been planted. An old freeman or two generally had this part of the work in hand, and they used to perform it in a systematic way, so as to take each house in rotation and make a tour of the town. The inmates of each house were expected to come out with wine, spirits, and cake, on trays, and serve all hands. And with this kindly courtesy the public celebration ended.

Wearmouth Bridge Lottery.

WEARMOUTH BRIDGE, otherwise Sunderland Bridge, which was opened in 1796, and was long considered one of the wonders of the world,* cost, with sundry indispensable accessories, upwards of £40,000, of which sum £30,000 was advanced by its projector and originator, Rowland Burdon, M.P., at five per cent. interest on security of the tolls, while the remaining fourth was raised by subscription on loan, the subscribers, as was stated at the time, "lending their money under circumstances of peculiar risk, although confined by the Act of Parliament not to receive more than five per cent. interest." Mr. Burdon, it was clear, did not make his advance, any more than the others did, with any view to extraordinary profit, but principally for promoting the public benefit, which the erection of the

* See vol i., page 401.

bridge furthered to a very great extent. Unfortunately, in the year 1806, the banking house at Berwick-upon-Tweed of which Mr. Burdon was chief partner, failed, and a commission of bankruptcy was obtained against him and his co-partners, Messrs. Aubone Surtees, John Surtees, John Brandling, and John Embleton. Mr. Burdon's interest in the bridge and securities upon the tolls thereof were then caused by the assignees of the firm to be put up to sale. They also offered, with the approbation of the creditors of the bank, to dispose of them by way of tontine in shares; but it turned out that they were unable to effect this arrangement at any adequate price. In short, as there was no prospect of the shares being sold without very great loss to the creditors, the commissioners fell upon the idea of disposing of them by way of lottery. This could not be done, however, without the aid and authority of Parliament; and so an Act was applied for and obtained, in the year 1814, to authorise and empower the commissioners or assignees to dispose of the securities in this way, "without being liable or subject to any penalty or forfeiture imposed by any Act or Acts against any sale or sales by way of lottery, or by lots, tickets, numbers, or figures, or upon any person or persons for opening, setting, exercising, or keeping an office without license for buying, selling, or disposing of, or otherwise dealing in, tickets, by way of lottery." The commissioners named in the Act were Arthur Mowbray, of Durham; Joseph Bulmer, of South Shields (secretary to the North and South Shields Fire Office); Christopher Blackett, of Newcastle (receiver-general of taxes for the Counties of Northumberland and Durham); John Chapman, of the same place, merchant; Matthew Atkinson, of the same place, insurance broker; James Forster, of the city of Carlisle, banker; John Molineux, of Newcastle, spirit merchant; Geo. Riddell and Robert Dick, both of Berwick-upon-Tweed, merchants. The Act stands in the statute book among the local and personal Acts as 54 Geo. III., cap. 117. Under it the sum of £30,000 was allotted into 150 prizes, of which the highest was £5,000, the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th, £3,000, £2,000, and £1,000 respectively, while there were six prizes of £500 each, twenty of £200 each, and a hundred and twenty of £100 each. As the number of tickets was 6,000, at £5 each, there were 5,850 blanks, making thirty-nine blanks to one prize. Sir Matthew White Ridley, of Blagdon, Bart., and Cuthbert Ellison, Esq., of Hebburn Hall, were appointed trustees for the assignees in the first place, and for the fortunate ticket holders in the second place, their trusteeship to be determined only on the terms of the Act having been fully complied with. The drawing, which took place previous to the first day of December, 1816, was regulated in like manner as the State Lotteries then common. Medals were given to every one of the six thousand subscribers, containing a view of the bridge on one side and a description of it on the other; and the parties who obtained prizes received debentures bearing interest at 5 per cent. We have endeavoured to procure a list of the names of these debenture-holders, but have not been able to do so, the minute books of the Bridge Commissioners of the date in question having, it seems, been duly handed over to the Corporation of Sunderland by Mr. Robert Smart, the commissioners' clerk, on the office being taken from him, and having since been either destroyed, lost, or mislaid in the Town Clerk's office. The transference took place, we believe, in the year 1839. The debentures were paid off as the commissioners obtained funds from the bridge and ferry tolls, and in the manner prescribed by the Act. The last of them was duly cancelled in the year 1846, or shortly afterwards.

WILLIAM BROCKIE.

Stawardpeel and Dickey of Ringswood.

ON the south side of Deanraw township, in the parish of Warden, at the point where the Harsingdale Burn joins the Allen, in the midst of some of the most charming scenery in the North of England, or indeed anywhere, stands the old grey ruin of Staward Peel, or Staward-le-Peel, one of those minor fortalices once so common on both sides of the Border, erected by the lesser barons as places of defence, as well as to serve as a refuge, in case of invasion, for the wives and families, and also the cattle, of their dependents.

It is about eight or nine miles west from Hexham, and the property on which it stands was granted, in 1386, by Edward Duke of York to the Friars Eremites of that town, to be held by them for the yearly payment of five marks. Placed upon the point of a high angular cliff of great extent, flanked on the right and left by precipitous ravines, and communicating with the main land only by a narrow ridge which afforded the greatest facilities for defence, this place must, in the troublous times of the mosstroopers, when they were evermore scouring the country, have been one of the securest against sudden assault, remote as it is "from public view," and miles away from the nearest frequented route southwards. Who the peel, or pele, was erected by, or for whom, we do not find on record. It was probably for the tenants of the Hexham hermit-friars, whose outlying possessions, in those rude times, would be held little more sacred by the indiscriminate harriers of goods and gear than those of the laity.

After the dissolution of the religious houses, Staward Peel came into the hands of the Howards and Sandersons, and afterwards became the residence of John Bacon, who raised a large fortune by mining speculations, being

among the first to utilize the stores of lead by which the Alston district was for centuries enriched. He is said to have descended from the same stock as Lord Chancellor Bacon, and his father, Mr. Wallis says, was a monk of Wetheral Abbey, and consequently a Benedictine, who conformed to the Church of England at the Reformation, married, and founded a family. Mr. Bacon's son settled at Newton Cap, near Bishop Auckland, which was long the property and seat of his descendents. In the year 1828, one of these gentlemen assumed the name of Grey, in addition to his own family name. The remains of Staward Peel, we believe, are now the property of Mr. Bacon Grey, of Styford.

About the beginning of the eighteenth century, Staward Peel is said to have been occupied by a man popularly known by the appellation of Dickey of Kingswood, who was one of the last of the genuine moss-trooper fraternity, and was worthy to be compared with either Jock o' the Side, Johnnie Armstrong, Clym o' the Cleugh, or Wat o' Harden. The time was gone by at the date when Dickey exercised the honourable vocation of master-thief for having resort to mere brute force. And so he had to accomplish his purposes by fox-like or cat-like cunning. He is said to have boasted that, though he was afraid of no man, he never had, and never would, dip his hand in man's blood. He had a better way by far of raising ways and means. No desert Arab could have excelled him in the art of horse-stealing; and when horses were not to be had, he would content himself with cows. Here is a case in point, communicated to Richardson's "Table Book" by the late Mr. William Patterson, of Bishopwearmouth:—

Once upon a time, when he was passing a farm-house at Denton Burn, near Newcastle, a pair of fat oxen in an adjoining field particularly attracted Dicky's attention, and he was resolved to become their possessor if the thing could be done comfortably. Accordingly, skulking about until night, he entered the field and drove them off; and, having managed to get the farmer put upon a false scent and sent off on a bootless errand towards the Tweed, from which quarter he did not return for some days, he drove them westward as far as Lanercost, in Cumberland, where he sold them for a good price to an old farmer, who had greatly admired them. This farmer rode an excellent mare, upon which Dickey cast a covetous eye. He accompanied the old gentleman home, and, after partaking of his bottle, asked him to sell his mare. "My mare! no!" was the reply; "not for all Cumberland would I sell her; her like is not to be found." "I cannot blame you," rejoined Dickey, "but I would recommend you to keep her close, as unlikelier things have happened than that your stable should be empty some morning." "Stable, sir! God bless you, she sleeps in the same house with myself—close at my own bed-foot; and no music can be so sweet as to hear her grinding her corn all the night long, close by me." Dickey commended his caution, though inwardly cursing it, because he did not at the moment see how he could possibly get the animal away. However, he was determined to try. So, continuing the discourse, he said, "I hope you have got a good lock." "You shall see it," replied the simple farmer. This was exactly what the cunning rogue wanted; so, after a careful survey of the lock, and pronouncing it to be the real thing—just such a one as it ought to be, and one it would be impossible to pick—Dickey partook of another cup, shook hands with his customer, and departed. The old farmer, who was a bachelor, after fastening his mare to her accustomed post, betook himself to rest. He awoke towards morning, shivering with cold, and astonished to find himself without coverings of any kind. Rising and

STAWARD PEEL, 1885.

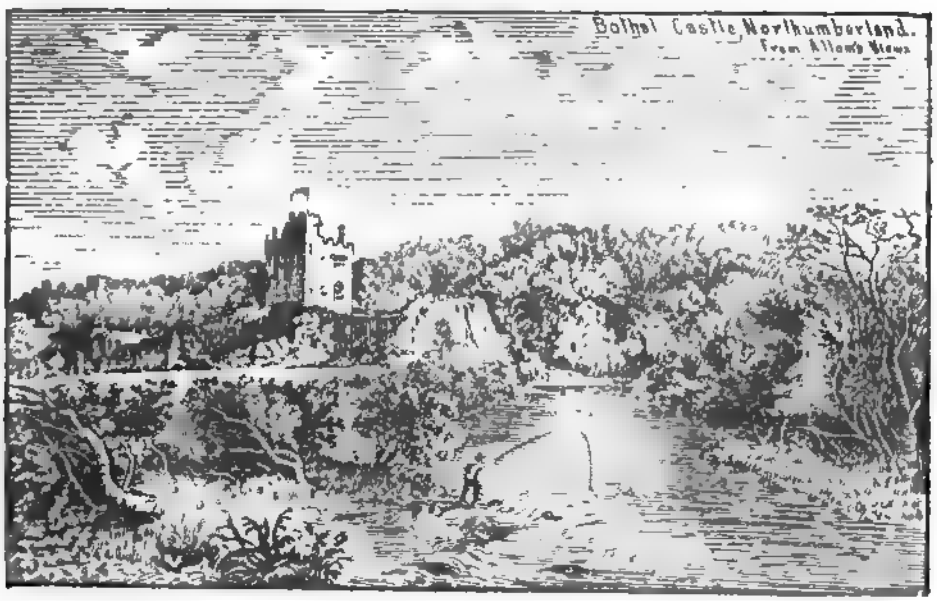
getting a light he found his blankets all spread upon the floor, towards the door, which was standing open. Turning towards his bed, his mare's stall was seen to be empty; his favourite was gone! The thief had picked the lock, stripped him of his covering, spread them down to prevent noise, and flown with his prize. The farmer instantly roused his servants and commenced a pursuit, but in vain. No trace could be discovered beyond a few yards from his own door. So, after venting curses innumerable upon the impudent thief, he was forced to content himself the best way he could. In the meantime, Dickey (for his was the misdeed), after clearing the neighbourhood, directed his flight eastward as fast as he could. Crossing Haltwhistle Fell, he was met by a man whom he recognised as the owner of the stolen cattle. This honest man, who had not the least idea of Dickey's real character, inquired if he had seen a yoke of oxen in his travels, describing them most minutely. Dickey, without the slightest hesitation, said he had, and directed the farmer to the very place where he had sold them. "You ride a good horse," said the man, "and I am completely knocked up with tramping on foot; will you sell her?" After much chaffering, a bargain was struck, the money paid, and the farmer and Dickey parted, the former to seek his stolen property from the owner of the stolen mare, and the latter to wherever his good or evil genius might direct him. The Denton farmer, on arriving at Lanercost, instantly recognised his oxen grazing in a field, and rode up towards an elderly person whom he supposed to be the master. "I say, friend, these are my cattle in your field; how did you come by them?" "And I'm ——," replied the other, "but that is my mare; how did you come by her?" On each describing the person from whom they had bought the animals, they discovered that they had both been duped by the same rogue, and could not help laughing at the ludicrousness of the whole affair. So they wisely lost no time in putting matters to rights, so far as the absence of the thief put it in their power to do so. A fair exchange took place between them, each getting back his own, but of course minus the price of the three stolen animals, which Dickey had got safely off with, he having lost no time in getting over the Border, like Jock o' Hazeldene, to a place where he was fairly out of reach among gentry pretty much of his own character, who would give him secret harbourage, he knew, as long as he needed it.

Whether Dickey ever came back to Northumberland we cannot tell, for tradition gives us no light on the point; and from the absence of any notice of him in the records we have consulted, we are led to conclude that Dickey of Kingswood, like his brother in "stouthrift," Rob Roy, died quietly in his bed, after he had run his rigge.

Bothal Castle.

BOTHAL CASTLE is romantically situated on the north bank of the River Wansbeck, about three miles to the east of Morpeth. The most comprehensive view is from the north-west, but from the south-east the castle has a more picturesque appearance as it rises above the trees and is reflected in the river. Our drawing is from the west, and is reproduced from Allom's Views, which were made more than half a century ago. The river banks are now covered with trees, and it is not an easy matter to get a glimpse of the castle under the conditions here depicted. Many alterations have been made to the castle since the date of the drawing—alterations which, while no doubt greatly adding to the comfort and convenience of the occupants, do not enhance its value from a pictorial point of view. The Wansbeck, in times gone by, was crossed by stepping-stones near the castle, but the floods have washed some of them down the river. A rustic wooden foot-bridge now takes their place, and forms a not uninteresting feature in the landscape.

The most perfect part of the castle is still inhabited. It was defended by two polygonal towers and a portcullis.



The arms of England and France, with six other shields, are carved over its north entrance. Overlooking the battlements are two stone figures, one sounding a horn and the other lifting a stone as if to cast it down upon assailants. There is reason to believe that this tower was built by Robert Bertram in the time of Edward III., from whom he obtained leave "to kernellate his manse at Bothal." Of the rest of the castle merely fragments of the walls remain, enclosing an area of about half an acre.

In the time of Henry II., Bothal belonged to Richard Bertram. In the reign of Edward III., Helen, the heiress of Robert Bertram, brought his property by marriage to Sir Robert Ogle of Ogle, whose grandson was created Lord Ogle of Ogle in 1461. The seventh Lord Ogle left a daughter Catherine, who married Charles Cavendish, of Welbeck, Nottinghamshire. Their son was the Marquis of Newcastle, so famous for his loyalty during the civil wars. His granddaughter married John Holles, Duke of Newcastle, whose heiress married Edward, Earl of Oxford. Their only daughter, Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, celebrated by Prior as "My noble, lovely little Peggy," married William, second Duke of Portland. and thus brought Bothal into the family of the present owners.

Early Wars of Northumbria.

VI.

BATTLE OF NECHTANSMERE.

BUT despite their previous successes, a great calamity for the Northumbrians was impending. Though opposed by the wise men of his kingdom, and warned by the terrible animosity that had been aroused by his raids on Ireland, Egfrid laid his plans for a crushing attack on Brude, the King of the Picts. It would appear that the tribute already paid by this people was not sufficient for the grasping avarice of their persecutor, and he now hoped, at one swoop, to add a large portion of valuable territory to his dominions. It was a fatal ambition, and many of his followers seemed fully cognisant of the risks it entailed. "A sense of coming ill," says Mr. Green, "weighed on Northumbria, and its dread was quickened by a memory of the curses that had been heaped upon her." But notwithstanding all remonstrances, the army advanced in 685, and those who were left behind had simply to watch and pray with the venerable Bishop Cuthbert. Meanwhile, the assailants proceeded on their way. They came in sight of the Picts near the Forth, and saw, with glee, that they were retiring to the hills of Fife. To all appearances they durst not chance an encounter, and the Northumbrians pressed forward more eagerly than before. But the wily Picts understood their business perfectly well. They had been strongly reinforced by the Scots, as well as by many of the Welsh tribes, and their supposed retreat was only a pretext for luring the advancing foe to destruction. Unsuspicious of danger, the pursuers rushed onward; crossed many an awkward marsh; and ultimately found themselves, hungry and weary, in a narrow gorge amid the mountains. It was here that the Picts secured their opportunity. They had for some time been cutting off stragglers, and making flank attacks on the advancing host; but now, abandoning all dilatory tactics, they poured upon the invaders from every hillside, and assailed them on all points at once. It was a well planned ambush, and resulted in a terrible discomfiture. Not only was the king killed, but his army was well-nigh annihilated—scarcely one being left to carry home the mournful tidings. There had already been many days of anxious expectancy, and months of sorrow were still to come. The Northumbrian people were horrified when a solitary fugitive—haggard and feeble—told how desperately the Picts had turned at bay, and how the headstrong "Egfrid, with the flower of his nobles, lay a ghastly ring of corpses on the far-off moorlands of Nechtansmere."

DECLINE OF NORTHUMBRIA.

This disastrous overthrow struck a blow at the greatness of Northumbria from which it never fully recovered. Following up their advantage, the Picts overran the exposed parts of their enemies' land, put the terrified population to the sword, and scattered the monks and nuns in search of safer retreats on the southern side of the Cheviots. It was a terrible time for the Lothian district while this rapine and bloodshed lasted; but the devastation ceased with the retreat of the Angles, and the Picts settled themselves strongly on the territory they had regained. All the lands north of the Tweed passed out of the possession of Northumbria, and all subsequent efforts failed to bring them again permanently into subjection. On the southern boundary, too, there was a similar curtailment. Ethelred, who had succeeded Wulfere, as King of Mercia, was no sooner made acquainted with the full extent of the Northern defeat than he set about the re-conquest of Lincoln. The time was admirably suited for the task, as there were few fighting men left to resist any serious attack. One after another the Northumbrian garrisons were driven from their posts; and then, being chased across the Humber, they were further mortified by an invasion of their own stricken land. There were many small conflicts, and much havoc wrought, before a peace could be secured; but, through the instrumentality of the great Archbishop Theodore, the fighting was at length stopped, and the Mercians were at liberty for their famous struggle with Wessex for the supremacy of the entire kingdom.

WHAT THE NORTH HAD ACCOMPLISHED.

To Cuthbert, and men like him, the downfall of the Northern Kingdom was ominous of evil for both Church

and people. Everywhere, says Mr. Grant Allen, the monks had settled on the riverside groves, had cut down forests, driven out wolves and beavers, cultivated the soil with the aid of their tenants and serfs, and become colonizers and civilizers at the same that they were teachers and preachers. They had been pioneers in the reclamation of marsh lands, and had substituted stone for wood in the erection of their buildings. They had encouraged many handicrafts, invented many luxurious accessories for the home circle, and were gradually paving the way for a more elevating, peaceful, and comfortable state of existence amongst the people. The Anglo-Saxon Church had never possessed a more fruitful field than in this northern land, and nowhere else had art and letters been studied to greater advantage. Now that the powerful monarchs had departed, however, there seemed a prospect of all this good being undone. For a hundred years, Lindisfarne had been the centre of English religion, just as York had given the tone to English politics from the days of Ethelfrith. But though Northumbria had fallen, it had secured a magnificent record. "By its missionaries and by its sword," says Mr. Green, "it had won England from heathendom. It had given her a new poetic literature. Its monasteries were already the seat of whatever intellectual life the country possessed. Above all, it had been the first to gather together into a loose political unity the various tribes of the English people; and, by standing at their head for nearly a century, had accustomed them to a national life out of which England, as we have it now, was to spring."

EVENTFUL CHANGES.

Though Northumbria was shorn of much of its military glory after Nechtansmere, it did not fail to play a very conspicuous part in the national annals. It was not always a very dignified part, perhaps, nor yet a very useful one; but it serves to throw a little acceptable light on the state of society in which our Anglian predecessors existed. When Egfrid fell before the Picts, he left no children, and was succeeded by an illegitimate son of Oswy. This was Aldfrid, a man who had long been in exile amongst the Irish, and who, as Bede tells us, was very learned in Scripture. We know next to nothing of his reign, except that he devoted himself to Christian work, and maintained the country in a state of the utmost tranquillity for nearly nineteen years. This pious ruler was succeeded, in 705, by his son Osrid; but as the prince was then only eight years of age, he was compelled to carry on the government with the aid of several guardians. One of the chief of these was a relative of the king named Eadwulf, who at once began to organise a scheme by which he might put an end to the boy, and so secure the throne for himself. On this design becoming known to Berthfrid, another of the guardians, he took the Royal infant to the shelter of Bamborough, and there defied all the efforts of the would-be usurper to dislodge him. After keeping the country in a state of turmoil for a few weeks, Eadwulf was quietly knocked on the head; and matters were then allowed to proceed in a somewhat humdrum fashion for the next half-dozen years. The Picts became active once more, in 711, and made a raid as far south as the Roman Wall—probably near Carrowborough—but they were there met by Berthfrid, who was now regent of the kingdom, and defeated with heavy loss. Affair, however, were reaching a climax in another direction. As he approached manhood, Osrid began to sow his wild oats in a manner that even the nobles of that day could not excuse. He broke away from his advisers, indulged in the most vicious pursuits, and, in 716, was murdered near Windermere, by two of his relatives, named Cenrid and Osric. The former of these assassins succeeded to the vacant throne, and reigned for above three years; while Osric rather feebly wielded the sceptre from 719 till 731. He, in turn, was then put to death by a party of his opponents; and Ceowulf, who is said to have been a descendant of Ida, was crowned king in his stead. This ruler, who was a highly intelligent man, was held in great esteem by the priests; and Bede even dedicated his "Ecclesiastical History" to him. But though a man of letters, Ceowulf was unfitted for authority in the turbulent times in which he lived. He was more than once suspected of absolute cowardice, and was seized, shorn, and shut up in a monastery, by the fierce chieftains around him. He obtained his release in due course, and carried on a semblance of kingship; but, as he was always terrified of treason, and could with difficulty defend his frontiers, he voluntarily abandoned his uneasy position about 738, and assumed the cowl as a monk of Lindisfarne.

THE DARKNESS AFTER BEDE'S DEATH.

For many years after this period we have no consecutive sketch of the warlike operations in Northumbria. Bede had died at Jarrow, in 755, and his works were still casting a halo of glory upon his country. What

with his learning, and teaching, and writing, he had made the Tyneside Monastery famous throughout the Christian world, and had earned for it a reputation as the greatest literary centre of Western Europe. No schools were more famous than his; no life more simple and unaffected. Nearly all that is known of these early

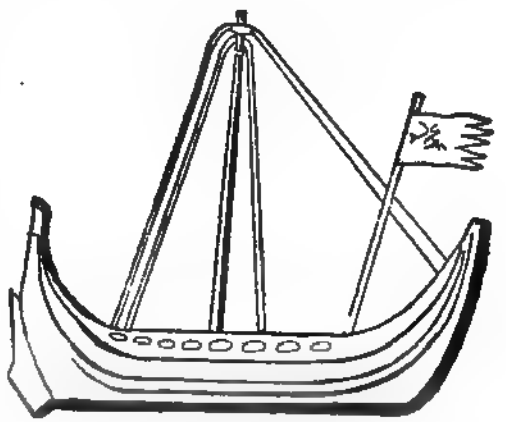
times must be credited to his pen; and when the action of that pen was stilled by death, we have a blank which deprives us of many an interesting recital. "First among English scholars, first among English theologians, first among English historians, it is in the monk of Jarrow that English literature strikes its root." This is almost renown enough for one district, even though its warlike glory had been less than we have shown it to be.

FROM BAD TO WORSE.

But though shorn of some of its possessions, and power less for aggressive wars, Northumbria could not yet be subjugated. Kings had come to the throne, quarrelled with their chiefs, and disappeared; but they had managed so keep their territory out of the grasp of the now all-powerful Mercians. Eadbert, who was king in 765, did a little to retrieve the lost repute. Having allied himself with the Picts, under Angus McFergus, he was able to hurl back the midland hordes that sought to invade him. Though not daring to venture south of the Humber, the allies kept together, and sought to recoup themselves by plunder. Turning into Strathclyde, therefore, they pounced upon the Britons, drove them away to the north, and, in the end, compelled them to submit at Alcluyd—the site of the present town of Dumbarton. But despite these brilliant achievements, Eadbert was utterly unable to check the growing anarchy in his own land. It was a source of unceasing trouble to him, and compelled him, eventually, to fling down his sceptre for the sake of a peaceful refuge in the cloisters of Lindisfarne. From this time, for many years, "the history of Northumbria is only a wild story of lawlessness and bloodshed." There had been strange sights in the sky that were regarded as portents of coming evil. Horrible lightnings had crossed the heavens, dragons had abandoned their usually secluded haunts, and these—together with mists, and frosts, and darkness that had never been equalled—were looked upon as omens against which it was useless to fight. There almost seemed reason for the popular superstition. "King after king was swept away by treason or revolt, the country fell into the hands of its turbulent nobles, the very fields lay waste, and the entire district was scourged by famine and plague." Of fourteen rulers who struggled for power, in little more than half a century, six were murdered by their kinsmen or rivals, five were turned adrift by their indignant subjects, two became monks, and only one died in the full dignity of kingship. The condition of the country was so wretched, indeed, that anything worse could hardly be imagined. And yet a time was quickly to arrive when the anarchy of the eighth century, with all its horrors, was to pale before the brutal savagery and ruthless destruction of a new foe.

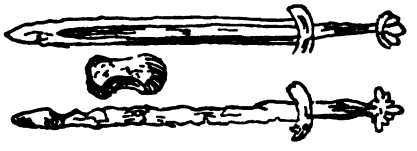
THE DANES AS INVADERS.

While Northumbria was being weakened by internal broils, and its puppet kings were being expelled or restored at the will of hostile factions, its independence was threatened by a far more terrible adversary from without. Band of Danish adventurers were beginning to make descents on the coast, just as their Anglian brethren had done three and a half centuries earlier. Their boats were larger and stronger, perhaps, and their military tactics more scientific; but they were quite as rude and uncultivated as their predecessors had been, and quite as devoted to their idolatrous worship of Woden. They were all familiar with the sea, and could handle their cruel weapons as effectively as they could ply the oar. When they landed on the English coast they were possessed of two kinds of craft. The chiule, for ocean service, was of considerable breadth, and could carry from 120 to 150 fighting men. It was tapered at both ends—the prow and stern being considerably higher than the sides—and had a rudder fixed pretty much after the fashion now in vogue. In appearance it is said to



have resembled somewhat the Tyneside keels, and to have been partly propelled by a sail attached to a mast in the very centre of the vessel. Being of too great draught for river work, they were accompanied by shallow coracles that could not only make their way up the smallest creeks, but could be easily carried overland from one waterway to another. On nearing the scene of any contemplated exploit, the invaders drew their tiny barks to shore, and then, after constructing a barrier around them for the protection of the guard, they hurried away for the rich booty that formed their principal aim. If, as sometimes happened, they met a superior force, they fled to their boats and quickly disappeared. This, however, was only a strategical move, and meant to disarm the popular vigilance. The Danes invariably returned with a greatly increased force, and never failed to wipe out the ignominy of their retreat by a complete and terrible vengeance. As fighting men they were extremely valorous. Their chief weapons consisted of a sword, a mace, and a club-ended battle-axe, and as these were all made of finely-tempered metal, and were wielded by arms long inured to hardship, they made many a detachment of Saxons quail. But the Danes were not only formidable along

the coast line. They often diversified their proceedings by a dash at some prize in the interior. As quicker transit was necessary for these inland enterprises, they helped themselves to all the horses they could find, and, being tolerably good riders, made many surprising journeys. Here, again, they were fully alive to their own security. Their night camps were always chosen with commendable skill, and were fortified with great alacrity. In every case the position was enclosed by a deep ditch and rampart, and occasionally had a double or treble line. When



thus protected, and aided by their bows and arrows, they were able to turn many a gallant attack into an utter rout before even the outer earthwork had been reached. As archery amongst the Angles had become almost extinct, it is more than likely that these Danish successes led to that marvellous proficiency with the bow for which Englishmen were in later days so famous.

DANISH ATROCITIES AND INTERNAL DISSENSIONS.

Though the Danes only commenced their depredations in Wessex, in 787, they lost no time in carrying fire and sword into every exposed part of the island. By 793 they were at work along the shores of Northumbria, and as the people, at the moment, were fighting over the restoration of Ethelred, a son of Mollo, they were in no condition to offer an effectual resistance. It was a golden opportunity for the Pagans. "Like stinging hornets," says Simeon of Durham, "they over-ran the country in all directions; like fierce wolves plundering, tearing, and killing, not only sheep and oxen, but priests and levites, and choirs of monks and nuns. At Lindisfarne, they laid all waste with dreadful havoc, trod with unhallowed feet the holy places, dug up the altars, and carried off the treasures of the Church. Some of the brethren they killed; some they bore away in chains; many they cast out naked, and loaded with insults; some they drowned in the sea." Amid this turmoil, Ethelred was slain by his own countrymen, and Eardulf was hoisted to the ricketty throne. Then followed more disasters. In 794 the Danes entered the Tyne, plundered the monastery at Jarrow, and renewed their career of extermination. The enormity of their misdeeds caused a momentary suspension of the rivalry amongst the Angles, and they hastened to avenge the destruction that had been wrought. Without waiting for a fight, however, the invaders took to their boats, swept down the river, and made all haste for the open sea; but the waves being high upon the bar, many of the vessels were damaged, and their occupants were compelled to face the fury of their pursuers. The issue was never doubtful. Though they fought with the strength of giants and the ferocity of despair, they were borne down by sheer weight of numbers, and died to a man in their efforts to gain a place of safety. When freed from this danger, the Northumbrians again resumed the slaughter amongst themselves. By 806, the enemies of Eardulf managed to depose him in favour of Alfwold, and the hostilities waxed hotter than ever. Then, by another turn of the constantly revolving wheel, Eardulf was restored to his old place and power, and began to punish all who had ventured to assail him. In a year, however, he once more dropped off the stage, and Eanred assumed the mantle of authority. The Danes, meanwhile, had renewed their acquaintance with the district, and done pretty much as they liked. They had wreaked their vengeance on the wealthy monastery at Tynemouth; they had desolated the venerable creation of Benedict Biscop on the Wear; they had left their deplorable marks on the old home of Hilda at Hartlepool; and had obliterated many valuable records of Caedmon and his coadjutors at Whitby. From one end of Northumbria to the other the seats of learning had been pillaged, their treasures appropriated, and manuscripts of inestimable value scattered to the four winds of heaven. Though people of the same race, speaking the same language, and the same in physical appearance, the Dane despised the Angle for his change of faith, and punished him terribly as a renegade to "the true religion."

WILLIAM LONGSTAFF.

The ruins of the Monastery as Jarrow, as shown in our first sketch, are taken from a picture in "Surtees' History of Durham." It may not be generally known that this famous building owed its origin to the action of King Egfrid. During one of his visits to the magnificent religious house which Benedict Biscop had founded at Wearmouth, the monarch is said to have been so deeply impressed by the many wonders he saw there, that he granted lands for the erection of a similar structure on the south bank of the Tyne. On the completion of the new edifice, Bede—who was then but a boy—became a resident student, and won for the place a reputation that was unrivalled throughout the land. Jarrow, like most monastic settlements, was made desolate during the ravages of the Danes, and so remained till after the Conquest. But though its walls were wrecked, and its treasures dispersed, a few holy men continued to cling to the neighbourhood, and were thus able to afford a much-needed resting-place for the bones of St. Cuthbert in 1069. When the whole country lay at the mercy of Duke William, and something like order was restored amongst the people, it was to the ruins of Jarrow that the Southern monks made their pilgrimage, and from thence they began their successful mission for the restoration of the Benedictine order. On the murder of Bishop Walcher by the mob at Gateshead, it was the Jarrow monks who recovered the body, conveyed it to their own retreat by water, and ultimately secured it decent burial at Durham.

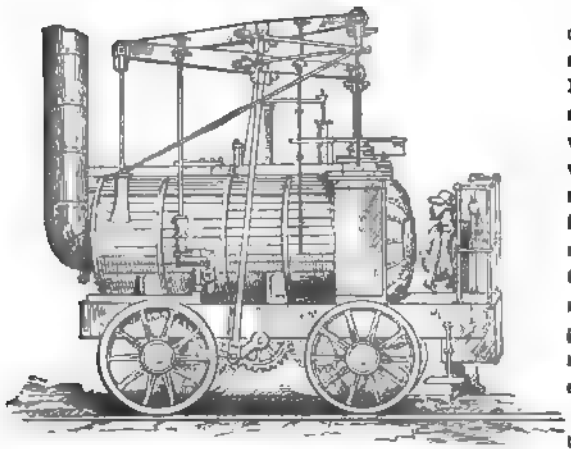
Our illustration of the chiule comes from Iona. It is there to be seen on the tombstone of Lachlan McKinnon, who is said to have been descended from a race of Norwegian kings.

The swords and axe-head are drawn from specimens in the British Museum.

Illustrations of Railway Development.

ALTHOUGH George Stephenson is rightly regarded as the "Father of Railways"—for it was he who first made the locomotive a practical success for traffic—the idea of a steam engine for traction had been previously worked out by several mechanical geniuses. Thus, Messrs. Trevethick and Vivian obtained a patent in 1802 for a high pressure locomotive engine, which, when the inventor had made certain improvements in it, was found capable of drawing a carriage on a circular railway at the rate of twelve miles an hour.

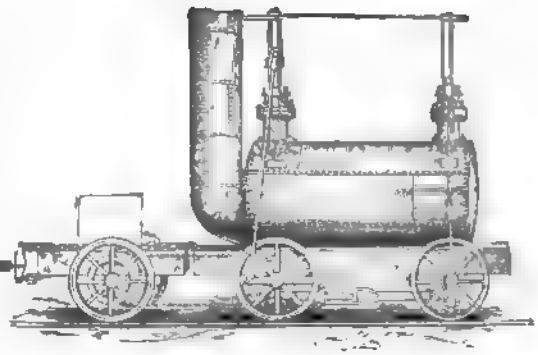
In 1813, Mr. William Hedley, of Wylam Colliery, made the first travelling locomotive engine, or substitute for animal power in the traction of coal waggons, ever seen in the North. The coal was worked on the south side of the Tyne, conveyed under the river to the bottom of the shaft, and drawn up there; and from thence it was sent by the locomotives on a tramway to Lemington, a distance of above five miles. Each engine drew ten waggons, carrying eight chaldrons of coals, or 21½ tons, and sometimes a dozen or more waggons were dragged by one engine. Strangers used to be struck with surprise and astonishment on seeing a locomotive engine moving majestically along the road at the rate of four or five miles an hour, drawing along from ten to fourteen loaded waggons; and their surprise was increased on witnessing the extraordinary facility with which the engine was managed. This invention was deemed a noble triumph of science, and so it really was, considering the time; but "Puffing Billy," as Hedley's locomotive was christened by the people near, is now only a curiosity, though it kept the road for a considerable time. The escapes of the jets of steam at high pressure, indeed, caused so much annoyance to the owners of horses in the neighbourhood,



PUFFING BILLY, 1813.

that the engine had to be stopped whenever a cart or carriage approached, and the working of the traffic was thus seriously interrupted, until Billy's manners were improved by an ingenious arrangement for allowing the steam to escape gradually.

George Stephenson, who had been for some time experimenting on the subject, constructed in 1815 the engine of which a figure is here given, and which was



STEPHENSON'S ENGINE, 1815.

a great improvement in many respects, and particularly in the simplicity of its mechanism, to Hedley's engine. It weighed about eight tons, and could make a speed of nearly sixteen miles an hour—in those days quite a marvel—but with this disadvantage, that the chimney often became red-hot when running at that rate. But George was one of those extraordinary men to whom failure in any task, not physically impossible, is an unrecognised thing; and though his first locomotive was not very efficient, he was never satisfied till he had improved it so far as to come up somewhat near his own ideal. Mr. Goldworthy Gurney's grand improvement of the steam blast was utilised by him to carry his experiments to a triumphal issue.

In 1820, Stephenson was appointed engineer for the construction of the Stockton and Darlington Railway; and when that line was opened on the 27th September, 1825, his locomotive engine was called into requisition, and drew a train of thirty-eight carriages, fully loaded with coals, goods, and passengers, exclusive of the tender with coals and water, a distance of eight and three-quarter miles in sixty-five minutes, the speed in some parts being frequently twelve miles an hour, and, in one place for a short distance, near Darlington, fifteen miles per hour. On this occasion the fields on each side of the railway may be said to have been literally covered with ladies and gentlemen on horseback, and pedestrians of all kinds. A man rode in front carrying a flag, as may be seen in our engraving.

The rapid growth of the trade of South Lancashire, together with the unpopular management of the Bridgewater Canal, gave rise in 1821 to the project of a railway

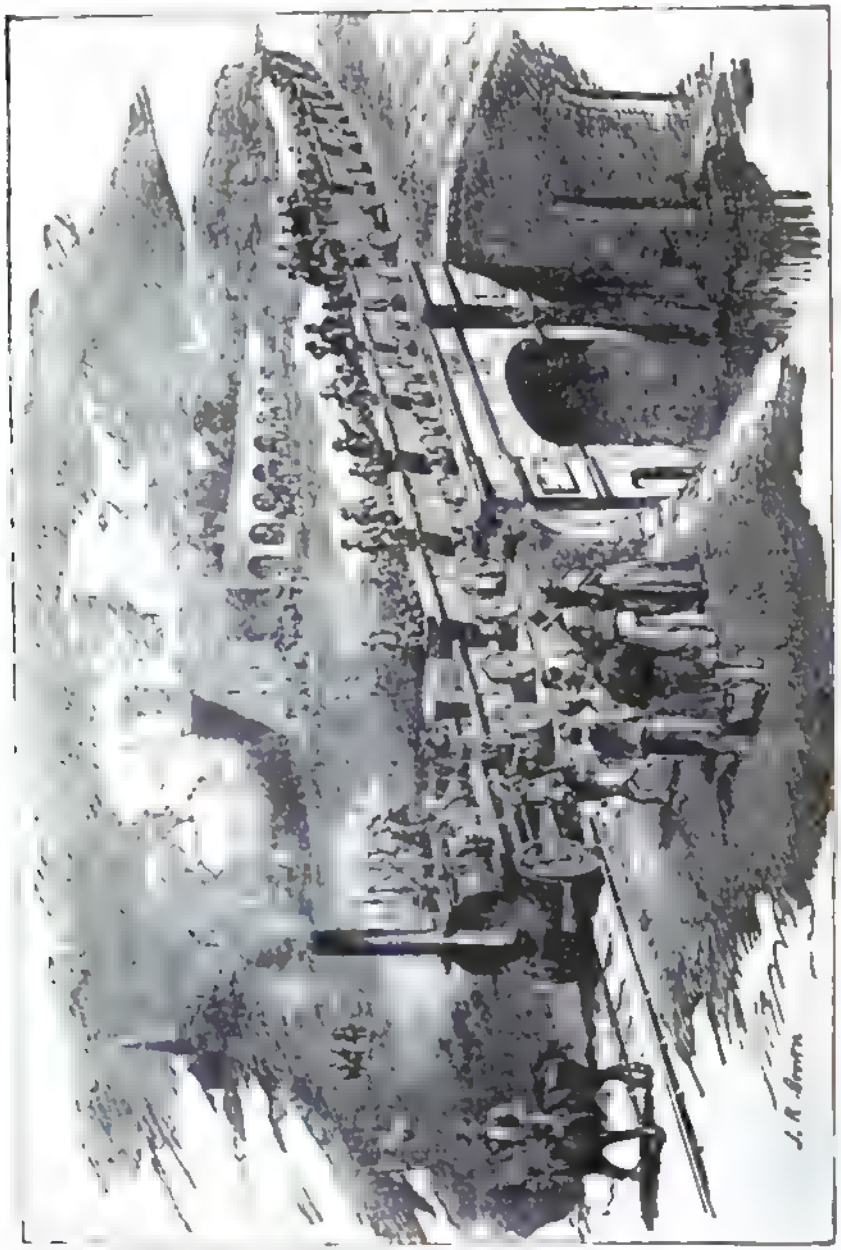
between Liverpool and Manchester. Stephenson, who had meanwhile fully established his reputation as a practical man, was chosen engineer by the directors, with a salary of £1,000 a year. He proposed to work the line with locomotive engines going at the rate of twelve miles an hour—an idea which was held up by some incredulous critics as sufficient to stamp the project as a bubble. "Twelve miles an hour!" exclaimed a writer in the *Quarterly Review*: "as well trust oneself to be fired off from a Congreve rocket!"

It had been originally contemplated to work the trains by horses; but locomotives having been long used in conveying coal in the Newcastle district, it was believed that they might be used to draw passengers with advantage. The company consequently offered a reward of £500 to the maker of the best locomotive, particularising certain conditions necessary to be fulfilled. The trial took place on the 6th October, 1829, at Rainhill, near Liverpool, on a level piece of the railway one mile and three quarters in length. The distance to be run was seventy miles, backwards and forwards, thus giving forty stoppages. The following engines appeared:—The "Novelty," made by Messrs. Braithwaite and Ericsson, of London, but this was withdrawn, in consequence of some derangement in her pipes shortly after starting; the "Rocket," made by Messrs. Robert Stephenson and Co., of Newcastle, weighing 4 tons 9 cwt., which did the seventy miles in six and a-half hours—an average speed of somewhat over five and a-half minutes per mile—and so gained the prize; the "Perseverance," made by Mr. Burstal, of Leith; and the "Sans Pareil," made by Mr. Timothy Hackworth, of Darlington. The two latter came in second and third. The "Rocket" afterwards astonished everybody by drawing a carriage containing

STEPHENSON'S ENGINE, "ROCKET."

from twenty to thirty passengers up the Whiston inclined plane, rising 1 in 96, at rates of from fifteen to eighteen miles per hour. Yet, marvellous as was the "Rocket" in its day, it would now be looked upon by railway engineers as a pretty toy. For it was soon discovered that the bite and steadiness of the locomotive on the rails were of so much importance as to counteract the dis-

CHAT MOSS, SHOWING STEPHENSON'S LINE.



OPENING OF STOCKTON AND DARLINGTON RAILWAY, SEPT. 27, 1825.

THE RAINHILL COMPETITION, 1829: THE "ROCKET" FIRST.

advantage of the *vis inertiæ* of increased weight; and therefore locomotives began to be made always heavier and heavier, till some of them are now, we believe, upwards of twenty tons weight.

One of the most difficult parts of the Liverpool and Manchester line to make was that over Chat Moss, a huge bog, between Bury Lane and Patricroft, comprising an area of twelve square miles, so soft as to yield to the foot of man or beast, and in many parts so fluid that an iron rod laid upon the surface would sink out of sight by its own weight. It varied from ten to thirty-five feet in depth, and the bottom was composed of sand and clay. On the eastern border, for about a mile and a-half, the greatest difficulty in the construction of the road occurred. Here an embankment of about twenty feet above the natural level was formed, the weight of which, resting on a soft base, pressed down the original surface; many thousand cubic yards gradually and silently disappeared before the desired level was attained; but, by degrees, the whole mass beneath and on either side of this embankment became consolidated by the superincumbent and lateral pressure, and the work was finally completed at less expense than any other part of the line. Hurdles of brushwood and heath were placed under the wooden sleepers, which supported the rails over the greater part of this moss; so that the road might be said to float on the surface. And on the 1st of May, 1830, the "Rocket" steam-engine, with a carriage full of company, passed over the roadway, along the whole extent of Chat Moss, thus affording the first triumphant proof of the possibility of forming this much-contested line.

WILLIAM BROCKIE.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford.

Robert Carey, Earl of Monmouth,

A NORTHUMBRIAN COURTIER.

THERE is an exciting passage in local history which describes the wonderful ride of Sir Robert Carey, of Widdrington Castle, who, on New Year's Day, March 25, 1603, spurred madly through Newcastle on his way from the death-bed of Queen Elizabeth to the Court of James VI. of Scotland, and who, notwithstanding "sundry shift of horses, and some falls that bruised him very sore," contrived to be the first to salute the Scottish monarch as King of England.

Robert Carey was a son of Henry Carey, Lord Hunsdon, Governor of Berwick, whose father, William Carey, an esquire of the body to Henry VIII., married Mary, sister of Annie Boleyn, Queen Elizabeth's mother. Born in 1560, the youngest of ten, he was trained to the life of a courtier and diplomatist, and introduced, soon after he arrived at manhood, to a career in Parliament. The burgesses of Morpeth elected him to be one of their members in 1584; he sat for that borough in three successive Parliaments; and he was returned for the county of Northumberland afterwards. But a seat in the House of Commons was not much to his liking. He used it merely as a stepping-stone to preferment. The favours of the Court and the triumphs of diplomacy were the objects of his ambition. To live alternately in the sunshine and the shadow of royal caprice, to be sent upon royal errands, and to form part of royal embassies, were pursuits dearer to him than skill in debate or achievements in legislation. His father's influence, his cousinship to the Queen, and his own resolute and courageous character enabled him to gratify his wishes. He became an accomplished courtier, an able diplomatist, a trusted servant of the Crown.

In after life Carey wrote a copious account of the principal events of his career. He tells us that the first important mission with which the Queen entrusted him was one of a delicate character, which nobody else about the Court cared to undertake. Mary Queen of Scots had been executed, and he was sent to her son, King James, to declare that Queen Elizabeth was innocent of her death. The errand was fraught with peril, for the Scots

Robert Carey, Earl of Monmouth.

were excited, and threatened to murder the apologist if he attempted to cross the border. James would not allow him to run the risk; he sent messengers to receive the protestation, and Carey delivered it with becoming dignity at the frontier, within the bounds of his father's governorship. A few months later, when the storm had blown over, he was despatched upon another embassy to

the Scottish King, found him at Dumfries, stayed with him a fortnight, being "nobly entertained" the while, and returned to London, "where the Queen and council allowed very well" of what he had done.

The following year (1588) the Spanish Armada made its appearance, and he joined the fleet that was sent out to disperse it. When by fire and tempest the pride of Spain had been broken, he and Lord Cumberland brought the news to Queen Elizabeth at Tilbury. Her Majesty appointed him again to be her ambassador to the Scottish monarch, but he was stricken down by fever and could not execute his mission. His next employment was with Lord Essex in France, where he assisted at the siege of Rouen. In adjusting a quarrel between the Queen and Essex which arose out of this expedition, he was fortunate enough to please both parties, was knighted on the field, and on his return was received at Court with honour, the Queen giving him out of the Exchequer £1,000 to pay his debts. Then, finding time hang heavily on his hands, he accepted from Henry Lord Scroop, his brother-in-law, the deputy-wardenship of the West Marches, left the Court, and entered upon the duties of his office at Carlisle.

On the 20th of August, 1593, he married, at Berwick, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Hugh Trevanion, and widow of Sir Henry Widdrington, of Widdrington, who held for life, under the will of her deceased husband, the castle and manor of Widdrington, and the manors of Woodhorn and Linton. His own account of the alliance and its immediate result is amusing :—

I married a gentlewoman, more for her worth than her wealth, for her estate was but five hundred pounds a-year jointure, and she had between five and six hundred pounds in her purse. Neither did she marry me for any great wealth, for I had in all the world but one hundred pounds a-year pension out of the Exchequer, and that was but during pleasure, and I was near a thousand pounds in debt; besides, the Queen was mightily offended with me for marrying.

Reconciliation with her Majesty was effected in a roundabout way, very pleasant to read, even in an abridgment of the narrative :—

My brother, Sir John Carey, that was then Marshal of Berwick, was sent to by the King of Scots to meet his Majesty on a matter of great importance that he would not trust the Queen's ambassador with, nor any other, unless it were my father, or some of his children. My brother sent notice to my father of the King's desire, and my father showed the letter to the Queen. Knowing (though she would not know) that I was in Court, she said: "I bear your fine son that has lately married so worthily is hereabouts: send him if you will to know the King's pleasure." My father answered he knew I would be glad to obey her commands. "No," said she, "do you bid him go, for I have nothing to do with him." [He went, and on returning to Court the Queen declined to see him, but he persisted in demanding an interview.] With much ado, I was called for in, and I was left alone with her. Our first encounter was stormy and terrible, which I passed over with silence. After she had spoken her pleasure of me and my wife, I told her that she herself was the fault of my marriage, that if she had but graced me with the least of her favours I had never left her, nor her Court, and seeing she was the chief cause of my misfortune, I would never off my knees till I had kissed her hand, and obtained my pardon. She was not displeased with my excuse, and before we parted we grew good friends.

Lord Hunsdon died in July, 1596, and the Queen ordered Sir Robert to undertake the duties of Warden till her further pleasure should be known. So he remained at Berwick, living at his own charge, and impoverishing his estate, for more than a year. Failing to obtain an allowance, he went to the Queen, and, gaining an interview by stratagem, was graciously received, secured a patent of the Wardenship, five hundred pounds, and the captaincy of Norham Castle. He had not been long settled in office before Lord Willoughby was made Governor of Berwick, and claimed the Wardenship. The claim being admitted, Sir Robert was appointed Warden of the Middle March, and took up his residence at Alnwick Abbey.

After five years spent in the discharge of his duties in Northumberland, Sir Robert went to Court again, found the Queen ill, obtained an interview, and heard a pitiful story. Her Majesty took him by the hand and "wrung it hard"; told him that "her heart had been sad and heavy for ten or twelve days," and in her discourse "she fetched not so few as forty or fifty great sighs." She grew rapidly worse, "remained upon her cushions four days and nights at the least; all about her could not persuade her either to take any sustenance or go to bed." He saw that the end was approaching, and began to look out for himself.

I wrote to the King of Scots (knowing him to be the right heir to the crown of England), and certified him in what state her Majesty was. I desired him not to stir from Edinburgh; if of that sickness she should die, I would be the first man that should bring him news of it. On Wednesday, the 23rd of March [1602-3], she grew speechless. That afternoon by signs she called for her Council, and by putting her hand to her head when the King of Scots was named to succeed her, they all knew he was the man she desired should reign after her. About six at night she made signs for the archbishop and her chaplains to come to her, at which time I went in with them, and sat upon my knees, full of tears, to see that heavy sight. . . . I went to my lodging, and left word with one in the cofferer's chamber to call me if that night it was thought she would die, and gave the porter an angel to let me in at any time when I called. Between one and two o'clock on Thursday morning he that I left in the cofferer's chamber brought me word the queen was dead.

The time for fulfilling his promise to King James had arrived. He went to the Palace to verify the statement that her Majesty was dead, and then set out on that flying journey to which reference is made at the beginning of this article.

I took horse between nine and ten o'clock, and that night rode to Doncaster (155 miles). The Friday night I came to my own house at Widdrington (300 miles) and presently took order with my deputies to see the borders kept in quiet, which they had much to do, and gave order the next morning the King of Scotland should be proclaimed King of England [there], and at Morpeth and Alnwick. Very early on Saturday I took horse for Edinburgh, and came to Norham about noon, so that I might well have been with the king at supper-time; but I got a great fall by the way. . . . The king was newly gone to bed by the time that I knocked at the gate. I was quickly let in and carried up to the king's

chamber. I kneeled by him, and saluted him by his title of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland. He gave me his hand to kiss and bade me welcome. After he had long discoursed of the manner of the Queen's sickness and of her death, he asked what letters I had from the Council. I told him none. And yet I had brought him a blue ring from a fair lady that I hoped would give him assurance of the truth that I had reported. He took it and looked upon it, and said, "It is enough; I know by this you are a true messenger."

Sir Robert Carey was rewarded for his daring ride by a bedchamber appointment and promises of further promotion. He gave up his Wardenry, accompanied the king on his journey southward, entertained him at Widdrington *en route*, and was, for a time, a great favourite. But the king forgot his promises, dismissed his Northern gentlemen of the bedchamber, and amongst them Sir Robert Carey. Thus this accomplished courtier found himself suddenly thrown from sunshine into shade—his Wardenry gone, Norham taken from him, and a whole train of misfortunes following in rapid succession. For a time his prospects were of the darkest. But, exercising the virtue of patience, he waited, and at length he was somewhat unexpectedly restored to favour through the influence of his wife. The Duke of York (afterwards Charles I.) was a weak and puny child, and somebody was wanted to take a motherly care of him. None of the great ladies were willing to assume the responsibility, and it fell into Lady Carey's hands. She did so well by her charge that the King and Queen were highly pleased, and "by her procurement she got me a suit of the king [the charge of the duke's household] that was worth to me afterwards four or five thousand pounds."

Sir Robert Carey secured the attachment of the young prince, and held his office in spite of many intrigues. In 1621, he was created Baron of Leppington, and a few days after his admission to the peerage was sent to Spain on that memorable sweethearting expedition of the Prince and the Duke of Buckingham, which has made King James and his favourite the laughing-stocks of English history. When Charles ascended the throne he gave his faithful friend a pension of £500 a year, and, at his coronation, elevated him to the rank and title of Earl of Monmouth. Carey was sixty-five years old when this crowning honour came to him, and, passing the rest of his days in comparative retirement, he died on the 12th April, 1639, just in time to be spared the sight of civil war and the execution of the monarch whose childhood had been spent under his care.

The Rev. J. D. Carlyle, B.D.,

AN ERUDITE VICAR.

Joseph Dacre Carlyle, son of a physician in the county town of Cumberland, was born on the 4th of June, 1758, and receiving his early education in his native place, entered Christ's College, and afterwards Queen's College, Cambridge. During his residence at the University, he became acquainted with a native of Bagdad, and, profiting by the instructions he received from him, attained to unusual proficiency in Oriental languages. He graduated B.A. in 1779, and M.A. in 1783, and, returning home to Carlisle, obtained one of the city livings. Between 1792 and 1796 he took his degree of B.D., was elected to the professorship of Arabic in his University, and received the chancellorship of the diocese of Carlisle in succession to Dr. Paley. In the same interval he became an author. The Cambridge Press put forth from his pen in the latter part of 1792 a Latin translation of "Maured Allatafet Jemaleddini Filii Togri-Bardii," with a learned, critical, and very elegant commentary, and in 1796, "Specimens of Arabian Poetry, from the Earliest Time to the Extinction of the Khalifat, with some Account of the Authors"—a volume in which the originals were reproduced in characters of great beauty and taste. The intimate acquaintance with Oriental literature displayed in these books brought the author under the notice of Mr. Pitt. The Earl of Elgin had been appointed ambassador to the Porte, and it was thought desirable to send with him some person of learning who might improve the facilities, then offered by the friendly disposition of the Turkish Court, of examining the literary treasures to be found in the public libraries of Constantinople. Mr. Carlyle was eminently qualified for this work, and when Mr. Pitt offered him the post he accepted it without hesitation. The embassy left England in 1799, and as soon as it arrived at Constantinople Mr. Carlyle entered upon his duties. He explored libraries, examined archives and muniment rooms, purchased manuscripts, and prepared catalogues with the assiduity of a scholar and the zeal of a collector. Having exhausted the capital, he set out for the Turkish provinces, spent some time at Troad, surveying the traditional site of ancient Troy, passed over to Egypt, visited the Holy Land, and returned to Constantinople laden with literary treasure. Then he explored the ruined cities of Greece, and amongst other labours (assisted by the Rev. Philip Hunt, a native of Newcastle, and chaplain to the embassy) catalogued the books, &c., in the libraries of the twenty two monasteries of Mount Athos. His next tour was through parts of Italy, the Tyrol, and Germany, and in 1801, after two years' absence, he came back to his native land.

About the time of his return, the Rev. James Stephen Lushington, who had been presented to the living of Newcastle by his father-in-law, the Bishop of Carlisle, died. To the vacancy so created the bishop appointed Mr. Carlyle. He was inducted on the 5th October, 1801, and made chaplain, or one of the chaplains, to the Bishop of Durham soon afterwards. Taking up his residence in the old home of the vicars of Newcastle in Westgate Street, he formed projects for utilising his special gifts and the result of his travels. He prepared a "Dissertation on the Troad," a book of poetry, and "Observations made during a Tour through Lesser Asia, Syria, and Egypt." He also undertook, at the request of the

Bishop of Durham and other eminent persons, to superintend the printing of a correct edition of the Bible in Arabic, and had set his heart upon being able to produce, when these books were completed, an edition of the New Testament in Greek, to contain not only the various readings collected by Mill, Bengell, Wettstein, Griesbach, and Matthæi, but also those of more than thirty Greek manuscripts which he had collected during his travels, together with a new and accurate collation of the Syriac and other eminent versions. Unfortunately for literature, and for the town in which he had settled, he did not live to realise his desires. Injured probably by his exertions abroad, his health gave way very soon after he came to Newcastle, and the laborious work which he had projected was carried on amidst great suffering, which death ended on the 12th of April, 1804.

The literary projects which Mr. Carlyle left unfinished at his death were in part undertaken by others. His superintendence of the Arabic Bible (printed by Mrs. Hodgson, in Union Street, Newcastle) was continued by the Rev. Edward Moises and Dr. Ford, and completed in 1811. The book of poetry, with an introduction by Miss Carlyle, his sister, was printed by William Bulmer, at the Shakspeare Press, under the title of "Poems suggested chiefly by Scenes in Asia Minor, Syria, and Greece, with Prefaces extracted from the Author's Journal, and Embellished with Two Views of the Source of the Scamander and the Aqueduct over the Simois." In this handsomely printed volume is a hymn which finds a place in every modern hymn book, commencing

> Lord! when we bend before Thy throne,
> And our confessions pour,
> Teach us to feel the sins we own,
> And hate what we deplore.

—a hymn that has probably been sung hundreds of times at St. Nicholas' Church in happy ignorance that its composer was vicar there, and may have caught his inspiration while listening to the voice of prayer within its venerable walls.

The rest of Vicar Carlyle's MSS. do not appear to have been sufficiently advanced for publication, and the ultimate destination of them is unknown. Newcastle possesses no memorial of this erudite and amiable man, but his connection with the church in preserved by a remarkable eulogium which he bestowed upon its lantern-crowned tower. In local guides and handbooks the reader is assured, upon his authority, that the tower of St. Nicholas' is the most beautiful that exists in the world; surpassing the Cathedral of St. Sophia at Constantinople, the Mosque of Sultan Saladin at Jerusalem, the Church of St. Peter at Rome, and even the Temple of Minerva at Athens!

The Right Rev. James Chadwick, D.D.,

BISHOP OF HEXHAM AND NEWCASTLE.

At the episcopal residence, Rye Hill, Newcastle, on the morning of Monday, May 14, 1882, at the age of sixty-nine years, died Dr. Chadwick, second bishop of the Catholic diocese of Hexham and Newcastle.

Bishop Chadwick was descended from an old and honourable Lancashire family—the Chadwicks of Birkacre and Burgh Hall. His ancestors were devoted Catholics and pronounced Royalists. They had remained faithful to the ancient creed of Christendom through all vicissitudes of fortune. Neither temptation nor persecution shook their allegiance to the Pope, nor weakened their fidelity to the Stuarts. To their fostering care was chiefly due the preservation of the Catholic faith in Lancashire after the political crash of the '45 rebellion. One member of the family, the Rev. John Chadwick, distinguished himself especially in disarming Protestant hostility against the rebels, and in building up anew the Church of his forefathers. He was a great-uncle of the bishop, a

Bishop Chadwick.

man of genius and power, who narrowly escaped becoming a bishop himself. For some years he was professor of poetry and rhetoric at Douay, and, later in life, was appointed Vicar-General of the Northern District of England.

John Chadwick, father of the bishop, married Frances Dromgoole, of Lowth, and settled, in the early part of the century, at Drogheda. In that town, third son of this marriage, on the 24th April, 1813, the bishop first saw the light. When he had reached his twelfth year, he was entered as an alumnus at Ushaw College, then in the infancy of its history, under the presidency of Dr. John Gillow. He received the tonsure and minor orders from Bishop Briggs in December, 1835, and the following year was ordained deacon and priest. Remaining at Ushaw, he was appointed General Prefect, and later on was suc-

cessively Professor of Humanities, Mental Philosophy, and Pastoral Theology. About the year 1850 he joined a community of diocesan missionaries who had established themselves at Wooler, and helped to found the Church of St. Ninian and St. Cuthbert in that town. From Wooler as a starting point the missionaries spread themselves over the greater part of Northern England, until, in 1856, a fire destroyed their house and chapel, and compelled them to separate. Then Dr. Chadwick returned to Ushaw, resuming for two or three years his duties as professor, and afterwards officiating as chaplain to Lord Stourton. He again returned to Ushaw in 1863, and was filling the chair of Pastoral Theology there when the death of Bishop Hogarth (January 29, 1866) called him to higher duties.

Dr. Chadwick was elected Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle on the 12th August, 1866, was consecrated at Ushaw by Archbishop (now Cardinal) Manning in the following October, and was solemnly enthroned in November, at his Cathedral Church of St. Mary, Newcastle. The office he had undertaken was not a sinecure. His diocese extended over the counties of Cumberland, Durham, Northumberland, and Westmoreland—an area of 5,457 square miles—comprising eighty-one churches and chapels, eleven convents, and ninety-six priests. To superintend all these widely-scattered communities, and to provide for ever-increasing additions to his Church among the growing populations of the Tyne, the Wear, and the Tees was a task for a strong man. The new bishop was equal to the strain. He laboured incessantly, and never seemed to weary. When Monsignor Tate, president of Ushaw, died, in August, 1876, and Dr. Wilkinson, his successor, was taken away a month later, all eyes were turned towards Dr. Chadwick, and he was importuned to undertake the double duties of President and Bishop. Bravely he consented, and for a year filled both offices; but this task was beyond his strength, and he returned to Newcastle and devoted himself to his episcopal duties alone. How successful his performance of these duties was may be gathered from the fact that when he died the churches and chapels of his diocese had increased from eighty to a hundred and nine, monastic institutions from eleven to twenty-seven, and priests from ninety-six to a hundred and fifty-eight.

Excepting his pastorals Bishop Chadwick contributed little to the literature of his Church. He published in youth an Epic Poem on Judas Iscariot, describing his life and miserable end, but committed the greater part of the edition to the flames. In later life he wrote a poem upon the Yew Tree at Ushaw, tracing it back to the time of the Druids when they rested under the "Yewshade," from which the name of Ushaw is supposed to be derived. He also edited C. Leuthner's "Cœlum Christianum," and "St. Teresa's Own Words, or Instructions on the Prayer of Recollection, arranged from her Way of Perfection." But incessant occupation left him little time for authorship. His strength lay in teaching, governing, administering. As a college professor he had marvellous tact in attracting and instructing youth; as a bishop he succeeded in building up a powerful ecclesiastical organisation without giving offence to the Protestant community. On the day that he was buried in the college cemetery at Ushaw, the great bell of St. Nicholas' Church, Newcastle, tolled out the respect and veneration in which all classes of his fellow-citizens held him.

The Streets of Newcastle.

Gallowgate and Percy Street.

IT is hardly necessary to point out the reason for the name of Gallowgate. It is, of course, only the corruption of the more repellent name of Gallows' Gate. We have seen that the New Gate, hard by, was for centuries the common gaol of the town. Such of its prisoners as were condemned to suffer the last penalty of the law were led forth to die on the Town Moor by way of the road on which we are now entering. It cannot be said to be an inviting one, either from its ancient associations or its more modern surroundings; yet nevertheless it is one of the highways of Newcastle, and as such we may not altogether pass it by.

Starting on our journey, we note at the corner of Newgate Street on our left the Corporation Baths and Washhouses, put up for the benefit of the residents in this locality.

Passing Dalrymple Court, as we wend our way along Gallowgate, we come to some old houses which still serve to show what the architecture of the old thoroughfare must have been at one time. The slate yard opposite was once the property of Alderman James Archbold, Sheriff in 1840, Mayor in 1846, who lived in one of these houses, and died there in 1849, leaving a considerable fortune. Here also lived, at the close of last century, Alderman James Rudman, Sheriff in 1772, and Mayor in 1784 and 1792. Now we pass Strawberry Lane, St. Andrew's Street, and Bulmer Street, which all tend towards the Leazes; and as we approach Darn Crook, formerly called Heron Street, at this point, we are reminded by our organs of smell that we are in the neighbourhood of a tannery. Nearer to the Leazes, Sir Cuthbert Heron, a prominent townsman of his day, had one of his houses; but the time for greatness of this sort has long since passed away from the locality.

Gallowgate is continued, in straggling fashion, by the Barrack Road—the road leading to the Barracks. Here the engine works of Messrs. Thompson and Boyd once gave employment to several hundred men; but the firm

could not stand the strain of the nine hours strike, and the extensive premises stood idle and empty for years. Above these works is Spring Garden Terrace, which derives its name from Spring Gardens, "formerly used as a place of genteel resort, where the gay and fashionable were entertained in tents, and amused with music, singing, &c." It was in these gardens that William Shield, the composer of "The Wolf," "The Thorn," and many other well-known songs, at one time acted as musical conductor. Passing on, we come to Todd's Nook; the Barrack Square, where formerly married soldiers were housed; a lane in which are two dismantled windmills; and so to the Barracks proper, which have of late years been greatly increased in size and accommodation.

Such, then, is the Gallowgate of the present, with its extension, the Barrack Road, to boot. But what of the Gallowgate of the past? We find it called Galogate, as far back as the reign of Edward IV. We know the reason for that name. The fatal tree to which it is due stood near the entrance to the Town Moor, in a place called Gallows-hole. Who were its victims, or its fruits? Here is the answer, going no further back than 1751. In that year, Richard Brown, keelman, suffered death on the Moor, for the murder of his daughter, sixteen years of age, by throwing her down stairs. In 1754, a woman was the victim of the law—Dorothy Cantinby, a widow—executed for the murder of her illegitimate child. Four surgeons, after her death, dissected her body and lectured upon it. She left two sons and a daughter by her lawful husband. The sons drowned themselves for very desperation at the thought of their mother's ignominious end; the daughter went to a remote part of the country, where she might live without reproach. Alice Williamson, an old offender, suffered for burglary in 1758; and in 1764 Sandgate gave its tribute to the Town Moor "stob" in the person of George Stewart, a pawnbroker. Robert Lindsay, a keelman, mounted a wall in a lane near to the pawnbroker's house. Stewart's wife saw this peeping Tom, and asked him to get down and go home. He refused; high words passed; and at length the angry wife struck at the aggressor out of the window with a pair of tongs. The quarrel raged more furiously than ever, and at last Stewart himself rose out of bed, took a loaded gun from his bed-head, and told Lindsay fairly that "if he would not go down he would shoot him." Still the stupid man refused, and Stewart snapped the gun at him. It missed fire, and the wife was asked to bring some more powder. She did so, and primed her husband's gun for him. He fired, and Lindsay fell dead. For this Stewart was hanged.

The next victim of the law on the Moor was William Alexander, who was executed in November, 1783, for the forgery of a bill of exchange. A legal technicality delayed his execution after trial and sentence; for one of the jury had not been returned on the sheriff's panel, but had been summoned in mistake instead of his father. The informality was submitted to the consideration of the twelve judges, who decided that the conviction was, notwithstanding, legal and binding. Meanwhile, it became evident that Alexander was "a person of cultivated mind, and he was supposed to belong to some respectable family in Scotland." Ultimately, he was taken from Newgate to the place of execution in a mourning coach provided by the Sheriff, and was attended by the prison ordinary and a Dissenting minister. "On his road, and after his arrival at the gallows, he read, with the greatest composure, the 53rd chapter of Isaiah. He alighted from the coach and ascended the cart with the greatest firmness, and proceeded to address the spectators from a written form which he had previously composed."

A great moral lesson was taught at the next execution, in 1786, when Henry Jennings suffered for horse-stealing. On the gallows he gave an explanation of the cant terms used by highway robbers and pickpockets, which he desired to have published for the benefit of the public at large. Now for the moral lesson. "During the awful ceremony, a boy named Peter Donnison was apprehended picking the pocket of a gentleman standing near the foot of the gallows." In 1795, Thomas Nicholson, a pitman, suffered death on the Moor for the murder of one Thomas Purvis, a carver and gilder. This murder occurred during the races at Newcastle. Purvis and a party of pitmen were in a tent on this same Moor, and high words rose amongst them. The result was that the pitmen waylaid the unfortunate Purvis, and used him most brutally. But Nicholson alone suffered death, "as it was stated that, after the rest left, Nicholson, to complete the horrid act, returned and jumped upon the body." In 1817, Charles Smith suffered for the murder of Charles Stuart. In 1829, Jane Jameson was hanged, on the Nun's Moor, for the murder of her mother, an inmate of the Keelmen's Hospital, by stabbing her to the heart with a red-hot poker. The last to be hanged on the Town Moor was Mark Sherwood, in 1844, for the murder of his wife in Blandford Street. There are old residents amongst us who still remember the execution, and narrate how the condemned man was carted to the place of execution sitting on his own coffin.

These punishments cost money. As a curiosity, now that we have no more of them in public, we append the order of the procession, and a list of the expenses, attending the execution of Jane Jameson just mentioned:—

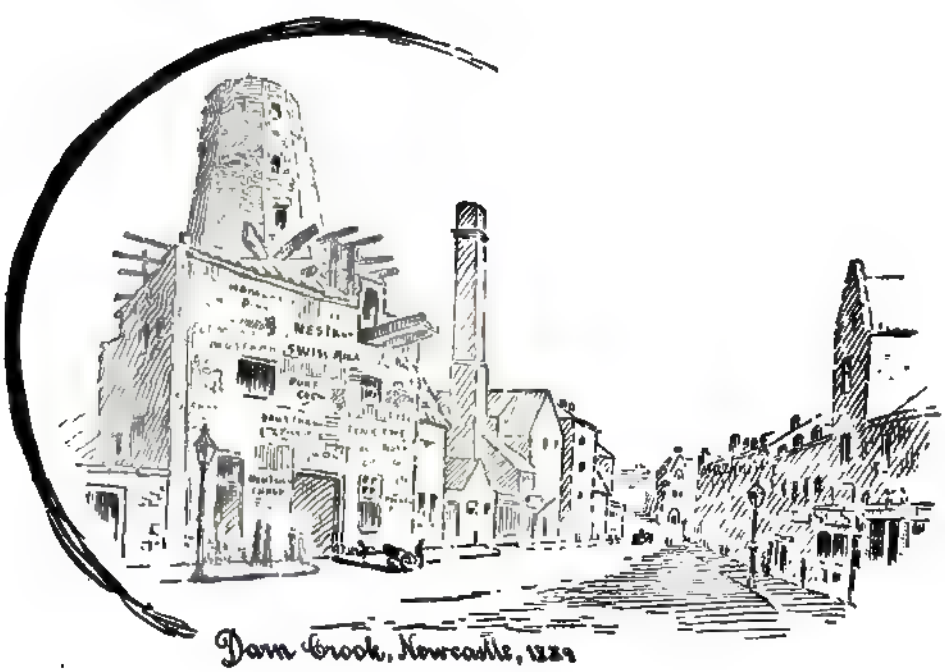
The town sergeants on horseback, in black, with cocked hats and swords; the town marshal, also on horseback, in his official costume; the cart, with the prisoner sitting on her coffin, guarded on each side by eight free porters with javelins, and ten constables with their staves; then came a mourning coach, containing the chaplain, the under-sheriff, the gaoler, and the clerk of St. Andrew's. The expenses were:—To seven sergeants, 5s. each, £1 15s; twenty constables, 3s. 6d. each, £3 10s.; sixteen free porters, 5s. each, £4; tolling St. Andrew's great bell, 2s. 6d.; executioner, £3 3s.; halter and cord, 3s.; cart and driver, 15s.; mourning coach, 15s. 6d.; nine horses for officers, 5s. each, £2 5s.; summoning twenty constables, 6d. each, 10s.; allowance for free porters,

sergeants, constables, &c., £2 18s.; a person attending the prisoner to the place of execution, 5s.; a joiner's bill, £2 5s. 3d.; allowance to joiners, 6s.; total, £28 13s. 3d.

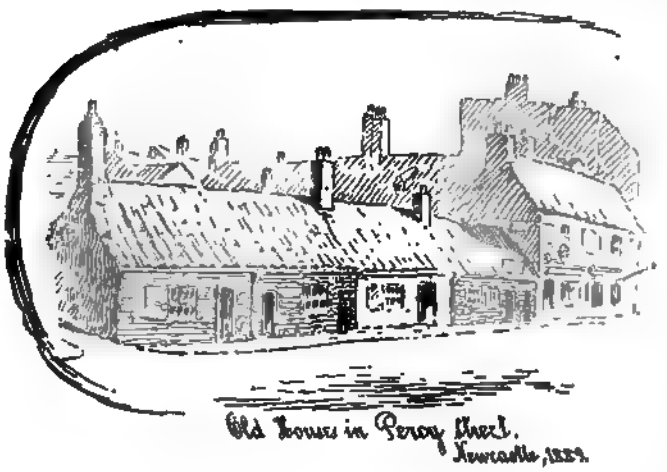
Gallowgate was one of the districts of Newcastle which had the privilege of holding a "hopping"—or rural fair, with its shows, merry-go-rounds, and other diversions of a homely character, mixed with a good deal of dancing, or "hopping"—whence the name. It was held every year at Whitsuntide, and, next to that of the Forth, was the principal entertainment of the kind in the town. The engraving on page 274 is copied by permission from a painting by Mr. Wilson Hepple. A couple of herons, seen to the right of the picture, show the entrance gate to the mansion of Sir Cuthbert Heron.

Percy Street, so named in compliment to the ducal family of Northumberland, commences at the entrance to Gallowgate. Originally this street was known as Sidgate. Some of the ancient houses on the left still remain to show us what this part of Newcastle was like in the olden days. In one of these lowly, old-fashioned house, situated on our left as we walk up the street (the white house shown in our sketch on page 273), the celebrated Charles Hutton, LL.D., F.R.S., was born. So writes Mackenzie. But another authority, without affirming or denying this statement, contents himself with saying that Hutton went to school here in his early years. The school was a house projecting into Percy Street from Gallowgate.

Near at hand, on the same side of the way, is Albion Street, at the further end of which is Albion Place. It, too, has its literary record, for here there lived and died John Trotter Brockett, F.S.A. (See Mr. Welford's



"Men of Mark," page 14.) It may be noted that the Jews have built a very handsome synagogue at the upper end of Albion Street, in lieu of an inconvenient structure formerly used by them in Temple Street, behind the Tyne Theatre. The next opening to the left is Leazes Lane,



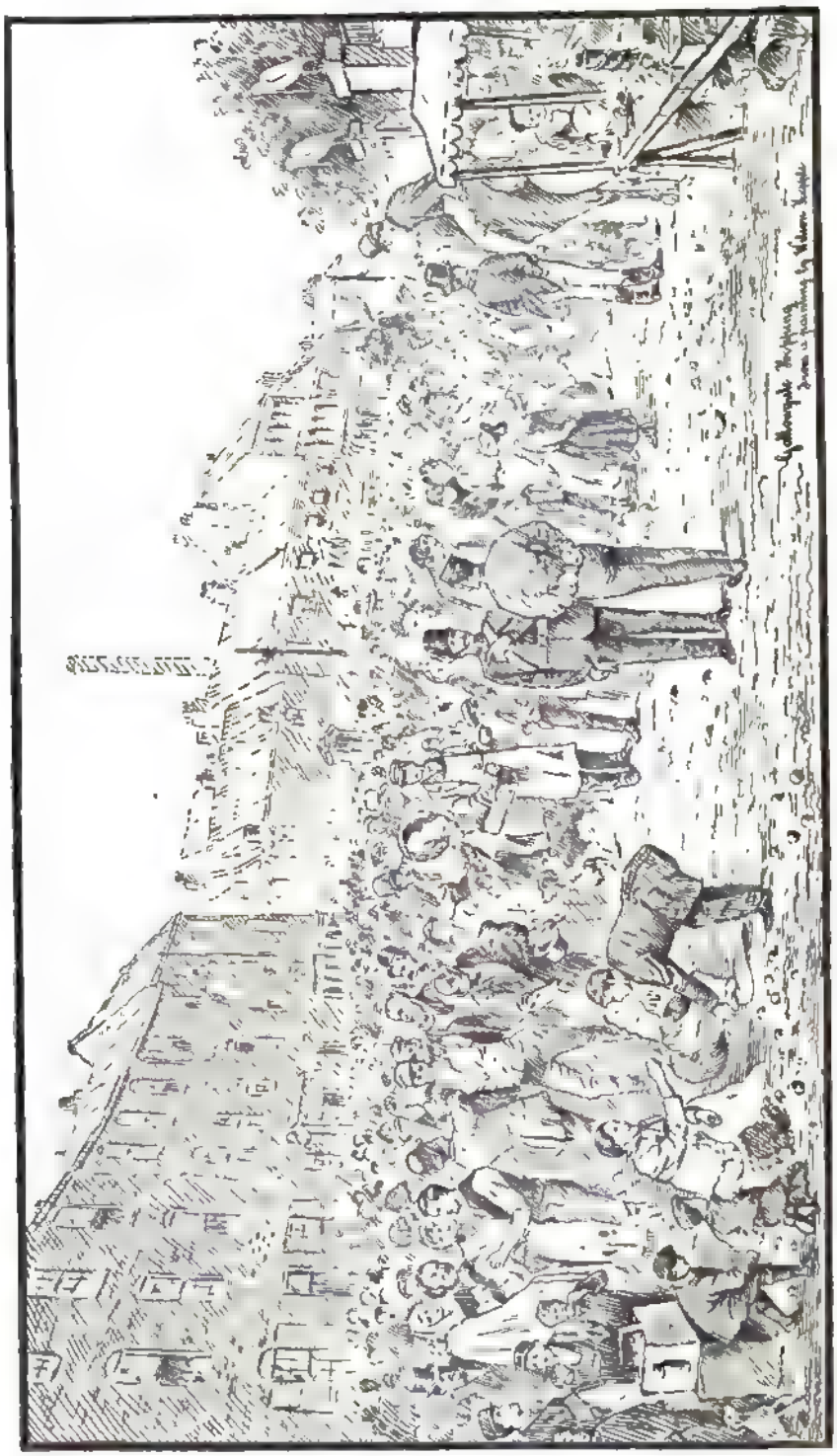
Old Houses in Percy Street. Newcastle, 1884.

obviously named from the circumstance that it leads to the Leazes. Anciently this lane was known as Myln Chare, and afterwards as Blind Man's Lonnin, or Lane.

The old parish schools of St. Andrew's were on the opposite side of the way where we are now pausing. They were afterwards converted into the Church of England Institute. In the boys' school Richard Grainger, Samuel Storey, M.P. for Sunderland, and the late Alderman Thomas Forster, obtained their early education as "greenies," or free scholars. In Eldon Lane, adjoining, a melancholy case of stabbing, which proved fatal, occurred on April 15, 1841. One Henry Robson, a shoemaker, had four apprentices at work in his shop on that day, and one of them, named John Donkin, "larking on," as lads often do, snatched off the cap of another named Cattermole, and tossed it across the room. Cattermole, who was of weak intellect, thereupon seized a knife which happened to be only too conveniently at hand, and stabbed his tormentor in the thigh, with such effect that, four days later, he died. For this act, Cattermole was brought up at the assizes, found guilty of manslaughter, and sentenced to a month's imprisonment.

Keeping on our way to the right, we find ourselves at the Salvation Army Temple, flanked by a marine store on the one side and a provision shop on the other. The place was formerly known as the New Jerusalem

Corner in Percy Street, Newcastle, 1884.



Temple, and was the meeting-house of the Swedenborgians. "A bustling, insane, Methodist shoemaker, of Shields," says Mackenzie, seems to have been the first advocate of the peculiar doctrines of Swedenborg in this countryside. In Newcastle, the converts first met in the Nungate, then in the Turk's Head Long Room, next in the Smiths' Hall, then in Low Friar Street, until, in 1822, they commenced this building in Percy Street, which they opened in the following year. It cost £1,221. A good friend to the building was Mrs. Elizabeth Birch, to whose memory there is a tablet erected near the vestry. It records her name as that of the "Foundress of this Temple by a liberal donation of £422 4s." In early life, Elizabeth was a forlorn outcast, subsisting on casual charity. She went, in a humble way, into the hawking business, and in time joined her fortunes with one Norman, a pedlar, when they were able to boast of possessing rather more than £20 between them. With this capital they travelled and traded for some years, and finally settled in Hull, where Norman died, leaving his wife about £20,000. She was distinguished for generosity and charity, though she lived with such strict regard to frugality that it might almost be called penury. She married a second time, but again became a widow. To her honour be it recorded that, knowing well by experience what the want of education meant, for she could neither read nor write, she interested herself greatly in the education of the poor. Swedenborgianism is, on Tyneside, not too flourishing, though the Rev. J. R. Boyle, the late minister of the body, and one of the most active antiquaries in the city, did much to sustain it, and a local writer, "Lancelot Cross," in a work entitled, "Hesperides," has written an elaborate exposition of its tenets, to which the inquirer may be referred.

Prudhoe Street, beyond the Jerusalem Temple, was formed in 1822. At that time the houses were substantial and convenient, and some reputable citizens occupied them. But the street seems gradually to have deteriorated in character. At present, though only a short thoroughfare, it can boast of a huge public-house at either end, and five establishments of the same sort between; a pawnshop and a police-station; and some squalid alleys, which go by various names. There are also a mission-house, a working girls' club, and a large and substantial Free Methodist chapel, built in 1862. The plastering trade had its representatives in this street up to within a comparatively recent date. The late Alderman Dodds, popularly always spoken of as Ralphy, who was a plasterer to business, lived here at one time, and, when he removed to the purer atmosphere of Bentinck, still kept on his old house for business purposes. Even when Mayor of Newcastle, the plain brass plate was to be seen on a door just in the centre of the street, with its simple inscription, "R. Dodds, plasterer." For the alderman, who was in his time Sheriff and twice Mayor, was never ashamed of his humble origin.

Returning to Percy Street, we cross that thoroughfare, and come upon the Circus, built by Mr. John Irving. In addition to the purposes for which this spacious building was primarily built, the Circus has been found very useful for the holding of public meetings and the like. In regard to the first object in view, it is associated with the names of Newsome and Batty, and a host of equestrian and gymnastic talent. In regard to the second, it has been impartial enough. Amongst those who have addressed large meetings here have been Lord Salisbury, Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Joseph Cowen, Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. John Morley, Lord Armstrong, Mr. Bradlaugh, Mrs. Besant, and others of public fame. The fabric is now a place of public entertainment known as the People's Palace

Near the Circus is the building now known as the Percy Laundry, St. Thomas's Street separating the two. This laundry is much better known, though, to old residents as "Bruce's School"—that is to say, as the scene of the labours, first of Mr. John Bruce, and then of his son, Dr. John Collingwood Bruce. "Bruce's," as the lads of a former day used always to call this celebrated school, obtained a great reputation under the governance of these two able and estimable men.

At one time the Nonconformists had a burial ground of their own here. It is mentioned in St. Andrew's register as early as the year 1708, where it is described as "the Quig's buring place, near the Swirll in Sidgatt." (See page 249.)

Percy Street is continued alongside the Haymarket by some old houses until we come to the inn called the Crow's Nest. The name is easily accounted for. Thirty years back there was a whole colony of rooks surveying mankind from their nests in the trees which decorated the neighbourhood, but which have now all disappeared, except one in St. Thomas's Church grounds opposite. But the whole of this part of the town has of late years undergone a complete transformation. One of the old houses which formerly stood here was figured on page 335 of the *Monthly Chronicle* for 1888. Another—the Miller's Cottage, Barras Bridge—is shown on page 234 of the present volume. Behind these houses, and extending to the Leazes, was what was known as Lax's Gardens. The new College of Physical Science (see vol. ii., page 575) is now erected on part of the site of the gardens, while a new hotel and assembly rooms are being reared on the space fronting St. Thomas's Church.

The wide triangular space extending from St. Thomas's Street to St. Thomas's Church, known as the Haymarket, was formerly called the Parade Ground. It was opened for the inspection of the Newcastle Volunteers by Colonel Rawdon, on the 26th of April, 1808. It had long been a dirty, unseemly waste, full of little putrid pools, alike offensive to the senses and injurious to the health. In 1824 the market for hay and straw was established, and it is still held here every Tuesday. Occasionally open-air

meetings have been held on the spot also. Dr. Rutherford commenced his ministrations in Newcastle here, preaching each Sunday in the open air. Thence he went to the Lecture Room in Nelson Street; and thence to Bath Lane, where, in a permanent building, he has been now long located. Hirings for agricultural servants, held in the Haymarket at one time, were commenced in 1835; but they are now discontinued. Wild beast shows and other exhibitions are frequently located here. It is the scene, too, of occasional hoppings, when rival showmen do their best to outvie each others' din.

The sketch of old houses in Percy Street, on page 273, is copied from a photograph by Mr. Robert Wallis, Ormonde Street, Jarrow.

Kossuth's Visits to Newcastle.

LOUIS KOSSUTH was born in the little town of Monok, in the county of Zemplin, near Tokay (famous for its vintage), Hungary, and was the eldest of five children. His father was a descendant of an ancient family of the Magyar race, and was the owner of a small landed estate. Louis, who was born in 1802, studied law at the Protestant College of Sarosnatak, and at an early age began practice under his father. His eloquence having gained him high admiration, he was, at the age of 21, elected to a seat as a "Nobilis" in the Comitäts (county meetings) of Zemplin. In 1831 the cholera appeared in Northern Europe, and played great havoc in the North of Hungary especially. In their ignorance and terror the peasants gave heed to a dreadful story that the plague was the work of the nobles, who, they said, had poisoned the wells. Those suspected were murdered, and their houses pillaged and destroyed. Kossuth boldly confronted the excited populace, and by his clear and convincing eloquence succeeded in restoring order. The year after the cholera outbreak, he became editor of a Liberal paper, which, owing to the severity of the press laws, was transcribed, not printed, and then privately circulated. Some time later he suffered a lengthy imprisonment for the publication of a lithographed paper, the views of which were too pronounced for the Austrian Government. But his earnestness and talents took strong hold of the people, so that in 1847 he was sent by the county of Pesth as deputy to the Diet. He proved himself an able debater, and was soon recognised as leader of the Opposition. What he chiefly desired then was the emancipation of the peasants, the elevation of the citizen class, and the freedom of the press. The stimulus which the French Revolution of 1848 gave to struggling patriots led him to demand, in that year, an independent government for Hungary. In April, 1849, the National Assembly declared that the Hapsburg dynasty had forfeited the throne, and Kossuth was appointed provisional Governor of Hungary. He was soon, however, beset with difficulties; a Russian army came to the assistance of Austria; and dissensions arose between the Governor and the commander of the troops. To put an end to these he resigned the dictatorship to his rival, General Görgey. While fighting against terrible odds, the Hungarian patriots were defeated at Temesvar on August 9, 1849, and Kossuth fled into Turkey. Here he received protection and the kindest treatment, the Government refusing to surrender him in spite of the demands and threats of Austria and Russia.

There are many who will be able to remember the great reception Kossuth met with when he came to England in 1851. In Southampton, London, Birmingham, Manchester, he was received with the greatest enthusiasm, and a welcome was accorded to him seldom given to a foreigner, even in England.

It was not till 1856 that the illustrious exile found his way to Tyneside. There, however, on the 19th of May in that year, he was welcomed with the warmest approbation. To quote the *Newcastle Chronicle*, "his arrival created such an amount of popular feeling as has not been

witnessed here for many years." The same paper went on say—"It is creditable to the people of Newcastle that, although Kossuth has not visited this town till, as he himself expresses it, 'the lustre of his misfortunes has grown dim,' their enthusiasm for the Hungarian exile has not cooled as the novelty of seeing a brave man struggling with adversity wore off." Long before the time of his arrival, the streets through which he was to pass were crowded with people. On leaving the Central

Station he was first taken to Hinde Street, Scotswood Road, a band of music and banners bearing words of welcome and congratulation preceding the carriage. In the conveyance were Mr. Joseph Cowen, Jun., and Mr. James Mather, of South Shields. After a short stay in Hinde Street, the party were driven to the Music Hall, where Kossuth was to deliver his first lecture on the Austrian Concordat. The room was packed with a most enthusiastic audience, and the tremendous reception accorded to the great Hungarian when he appeared on the platform seemed to affect him deeply. Throughout the lecture the applause was frequent and hearty, and when in the course of his address he spoke of his condition in England as "poor, but not friendless," there was such an energetic outburst of sympathy and admiration that the crowds in the street took up the cheering, and continued it for some minutes after it had ceased in the hall. Mr. James Mather presided on this occasion, and amongst other gentlemen present on the platform were Sir John Fife, Mr. Cowen, the Rev. George Harris, &c.

Kossuth's second lecture was also delivered in the Music Hall, and before an audience even more enthusiastic than the previous one. Mr. Cowen was chairman. At the close of the address Sir John Fife called upon the audience to give the illustrious Magyar three hearty British cheers, which request was responded to with great good will, the applause lasting for several minutes. In reply, Kossuth said the sympathising, enthusiastic, and affectionate welcome he had received would henceforth be to him amongst his most pleasing recollections. He concluded by expressing his thanks to the chairman (Mr. Cowen, whose guest he had been at Blaydon) for his kind hospitality. As Kossuth and his friends left the room, the people cheered again and again, pressing round to shake his hand, and continuing their demonstrations till the carriage drove away.

During Kossuth's residence at Blaydon, he attended a meeting of the Mechanics' Institute in that village, delivered an address, and was made an honorary member.

The day after his second lecture in Newcastle (May 22, 1856), Kossuth was entertained to a public breakfast at the George Inn, Pilgrim Street. Sir John Fife occupied the chair, and about a hundred gentlemen were present. Kossuth left Newcastle the same day for Darlington, where he also received a most hearty welcome.

Other visits were subsequently paid to Newcastle by the great Hungarian; but these were all of a private character. On each occasion he was the guest of Mr. Cowen.

The Magpie.

THE magpie (*Garrulus picus*, Bewick; *Picus caudatus*, Yarrell) has almost as many scientific as popular names. In some parts of the country (as in Scotland) it is best known as the pyot, or pyet; in Lancashire as the pynot; and in the Midland and South-Eastern Counties as the chatterpie. In other districts it is best known by the abbreviated title of "mag"—short for magpie. It is one of the most handsomely-plumaged of our native birds, and is brisk and nimble in all its movements. Unfortunately it is so hotly persecuted by game-preservers and their

keepers, and also by farmers, that it is fast becoming scarce in most parts of the country—in fact, is threatened with speedy extinction, especially in cultivated dis-

These forays on the eggs and young of domestic fowls and game birds are chiefly confined to the breeding season, when the magpies are rearing their young broods; but at other periods of the year their chief food is the insects and vermin which prey on the produce of the farm. Though by no means so harmless as the barn owl—another much persecuted and useful bird—the magpie is almost as nimble a mouser as the former, and it will also kill and devour rats. Popular folk-lore is inimical to the magpie, as the bird, under certain natural conditions referable to certain times of the year, is looked upon as ominous of sorrow, and is consequently persecuted from stupid superstitious motives. As Mr. John Hancock remarks, "this beautiful resident species, once so abundant in the district (Northumberland and Durham) has

now almost disappeared from the neighbourhood of Newcastle, and has everywhere become rare."

The magpie is found in Europe, Asia, and Africa, while in the Northern States of America it is represented by a very similar bird. It seldom visits mountains, open plains, or dense forests, but usually inhabits lightly wooded parts of the country.

In some of the Northern European countries magpies are treated with great consideration, especially in the Baltic provinces, where they may be seen feeding in the streets of populous towns like pigeons and jackdaws. There they are so familiar and trusting that they will even enter houses in search of food, the sagacious birds well knowing that they will not be molested. How different their treatment in this country!

The flight of the bird, owing to its short and rounded wings and long tail, appears somewhat heavy, and is made with quick vibrations, as if laboured, and in a high wind it does not seem to make much progress. Occasionally, however, the bird may be seen flying very rapidly and at a great height, though, as a rule, it does not seem partial to long flights. On the ground the bird is very nimble, and it can progress quickly either by hopping or walking, while the long and handsome tail is perpetually jerked up and down. The peculiar chatter of the bird can be heard for considerable distances.

The nest is mostly placed at the top of a tall tree, but sometimes in hedges and thorn bushes. It is a domed structure, composed of thorns and sticks, with a hole at the side. The inside is lined with roots and grass. The eggs run from five to seven, rarely more. The male weighs from eight to nine ounces; length, one foot and a half; bill, black; iris, dark brown; head, crown, neck, and nape, jet black; chin and throat black, the shafts of some of the feathers being greyish white; breast above, black; below, pure white; back, dull black. The wings are short and rounded, and the white feathers from the shoulder form a distinct patch of white along them; greater wing coverts, fine, glancing blue; lesser wing coverts, black; primaries, black, with an elongated patch of white on the inner web of each of the first ten feathers; secondaries and tertiaries, fine blue. The handsome tail is graduated and rounded, the outer feathers being only five inches long, and the middle ones nearly eleven inches.

Crowdy.

FAMOUS dishes are not always palatable at the first taste. When the waiter brought on the black broth, Dionysius thought poorly of the chief dish of the Lacedæmonians. There was little wonder at this, when the condiments were wanting. It was explained to him that the Spartan sauces recommended were—toil in the hunting field, the sweat of one's brow, a race to Eurotas, hunger, thirst—and with these the black broth was delicious. Crowdy equally inspires the enthusiasm of its votaries. It is delightful food if the intelligent traveller only bears in mind the Spartan prescription, and brings to it an appetite keen as the east wind—a zest that can be acquired by a twenty mile tramp over the breezy, heather-scented uplands.

The crowdy, as a Northumberland dish, is made by filling a basin with oatmeal, and then pouring in boiling water. A vigorous stirring is required whilst the water is being poured; and, when the two ingredients are thoroughly mixed, the "hasty pudding" is ready. It is served with a little butter, dripping, or other flavouring, according to taste, or it is taken with milk. In the house of the hard-working farmer, as well as in the cottage of the labourer, this dish was highly esteemed, and its economy, and the readiness with which it could be prepared, no less than its nutritive properties, commended its use to a thrifty people. Singular virtues have always been connected with taking *crowdy*. A young local preacher stayed overnight in a farm house, and in the morning a breakfast of *crowdies* was set out. The primitive host eyed the young preacher as he ate up the frugal dish, and exclaimed—"Man, aa like thee! Aa divvent like thor coffee preachors." Previous guests had inquired for their more congenial coffee. "The word *crowdy*," it has been suggested, "seems to signify something more than the mere dish of scalded oatmeal to which it is usually applied." Thus the question, "He' ye had yor crowdy?" is said of any repast whatever; and "That man's not worth his crowdy!" is equivalent to saying "he is not worth his keep."

Crowdy is probably corrody, the English equivalent for *corrodium* (Mediæval Latin). "A *corrodium* was used to signify the privilege of freeboard, or whittle gate in a monastery." Some interesting examples of the *corrodium* will be found in the Rev. J. Raine's "Priory of Hexham," published by the Surtees Society. To persons of quality the corrody makes provision that the recipient, when well and able to work, shall eat and drink daily with the free family of the household, and when old and infirm "he shall receive daily from our monastery one convent white loaf, and one convent flagon of beer, and one course of cooked meat." Poorer folk would receive poorer fare, and thus the term corrody has naturally adhered to the principal dish given in such cases. An old ballad says:—

Crowdy! ance, crowdy! twice,
Crowdy! three times in a day,
An' ye crowdy onny mair,
Ye'll crowdy a' my meal away.

The Rev. Canon Greenwell, in his Glossary to the Boldon Buke (Surtees Society, 1852), defines *corrodium* thus:—"A corrody, food, sustenance. In Boldon Buke it means the portion of meat and drink which on certain occasions the bishop gave his villans, whilst they were making their stated works for him. Our Northern word *crowdy*, oatmeal with boiling water poured on it, is doubtless derived from *corrodium*, the staple of which

was then formed of that kind of meal which is still much used by the farm servants of the North."

In North Cumberland the crowdy is made as in Northumberland; but in Scotland, meal and water, or meal and milk, in a cold state, are called crowdy; so is called any food of the porridge kind. The Scottish equivalent of the Northumberland hot crowdy is called "brose."

Many a sturdy Northumbrian looks back with pride to his "upbringing" on crowdy; but the simpler tastes of our fathers gave way to the new-fangled luxury of tea drinking and the effeminacy of "thor coffee preachors." Already, in Thomas Wilson's "Pitman's Pay," we see how the enthusiam for crowdy had succumbed to the luxuries of a degenerate age. There the unthrifty wife

Gets a' her heart can wish,
In strang-lyced tea and singin' hinnies;

whilst for husband and bairns very different fare is provided, and her "poor Will" laments that "the crowdy is wor daily dish." As far as crowdy is concerned, it is to be feared that civilization is a failure; for the well-worn adage tells us that

Crowd-moudy myed a man;
Tea an' coffee nivvor can.

R. Oliver Heslop.

Gas-Lighting in the North.

GREAT difficulties beset the promoters of gas-lighting seventy years ago. Gas-light was introduced at Boulton and Watt's foundry, Birmingham, in 1798; but nine years passed away before it was applied to the illumination of a London street. Golden Lane was lighted by gas in 1807, Pall Mall in 1809, and by 1816 the system had been generally adopted throughout the metropolis. Although situated in the heart of the coalfield, Newcastle did not participate in the advantages of the new light till January, 1818. Gateshead followed suit the same year. The harbour towns resisted the innovation for some years longer. In the *Tyne Mercury*, of November 11, 1817, is an account of the presentation of a testimonial to a leading inhabitant of North Shields, by whose exertions the good folks of that town were enabled to maintain their preference for darkness. "On Monday evening last," we are told, "a number of freeholders and inhabitants of North Shields assembled at Mr. Isaac Bolton's Long Room, for the purpose of presenting Mr. John Motley with an elegant silver snuff box, which had been purchased for the occasion by voluntary contribution, bearing the following inscription:—'Presented Nov. 5th, 1817, to John Motley, by the inhabitants of North Shields, for his conduct when chairman at a meeting held Sept. 11th, 1817, to oppose the innovation of lighting the said town,' &c. The night was spent with the greatest harmony." By the autumn of 1820, however, gas had obtained a footing even in North Shields, and very soon afterwards the triumphant light shed its rays from Milburn Place to Dockwray Square. South Shields did not take kindly to the new illuminant till 1824, and the public streets there were not lit by it till 1829. W.

West Hartlepool.

THE formal opening of the new Municipal Buildings on May 1, 1889, was the occasion of the first Royal visit to West Hartlepool, though one or two members of the Royal family have previously passed through the place. It is only forty-two years since the opening of the West Hartlepool Harbour and Docks. The undertaking was the embodiment of the idea of the late Ralph Ward Jackson, third son of Mr. W. Ward Jackson, of Normanby in Cleveland.*

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR.

The township of Stranton, in which the new town of West Hartlepool has arisen in two score years, had at the time of the previous census (that is, in 1841) a population of no more than 381, whereas now probably 40,000 are located in it. Its ancient church—of which we give an illustration—had to the east a little village green where the "feast" sports took place; scattered

* For a sketch of the career of Ralph Ward Jackson, accompanied by a portrait, see *Monthly Chronicle*, 1887, page 476.

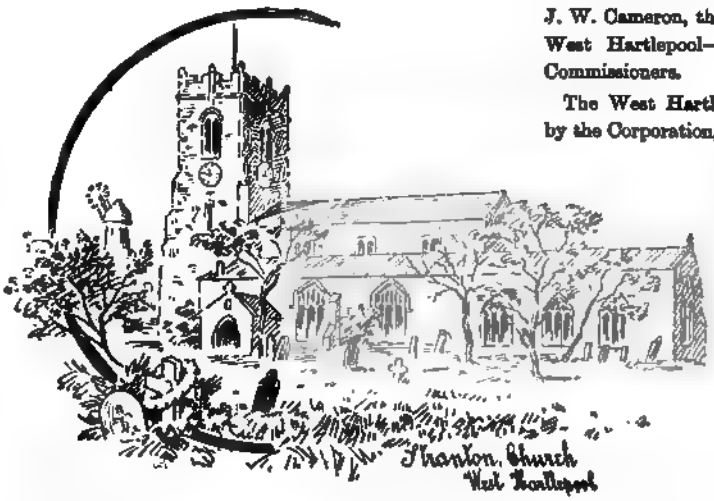
houses formed the village, whilst the flour-mills were one of the features of the landscape in almost every direction. The proximity of the church and the mill at Stranton has furnished a text on which the late James Clephan wrote a pretty poem. For centuries Stranton held on the even tenour of its rural way. When coal

Mr. William Gray.
First Mayor of West Hartlepool.

Mr. George Pyman.
Mayor of West Hartlepool.

New Municipal Buildings, West Hartlepool, 1889

sought additional outlets, the shore of Stranton township was deemed a suitable spot for furnishing the required facilities. In June, 1847, the first dock was opened. Thenceforward the growth of West Hartlepool was continuous. The old village of Stranton has now lost its identity in the new town that occupies the erstwhile agricultural fields of the township. The view we give of



Church Street, the principal thoroughfare of West Hartlepool, will indicate some of the changes that have taken place since 1847.

With growing extent, influence, and trade, the method of local government, under a private Act of Parliament that dated from 1854, became inadequate. After several attempts, a petition in the jubilee year of the Queen was successful in obtaining a municipal charter for West Hartlepool. The borough then desired municipal buildings, where the affairs of the town could be conducted, and of these buildings, which were opened on May Day by Prince Albert Victor, the accompanying illustration will give a good idea. They were designed by Mr. R. K. Freeman, of Manchester and Bolton. The foundation stone was laid on August 17th, 1887, by Mr. J. W. Cameron, then chairman of the governing body of West Hartlepool—the West Hartlepool Improvement Commissioners.

The West Hartlepool Commissioners were superseded by the Corporation, the members of which were elected in November, 1887. Mr. William Gray, one of the leading shipbuilders on the North-East Coast, was the first Mayor of the new borough. Mr. Gray is a member of a Blyth family; he settled in business in Hartlepool, associated himself with shipping, became a member of the firm of Denton, Gray, and Co., and transferred the operations of the firm to West Hartlepool, where now his works form the chief industrial establishment.

Succeeding Mr. Gray in November last, the present Mayor, Mr. George Pyman, was appointed. Springing from Raithwaite, near Whitby, Mr. Pyman followed the example of many of the sons of that quaint and beautiful Yorkshire town—he chose a seafaring life, afterwards leaving the sea to commence business in the new town of West Hartlepool. Connected with ships and shipping, a quarter of a century ago, Mr. Pyman introduced at the

young port the method of associated owning of steamships. Of the first vessel which his firm owned, the George Pyman, the two hundred now owned at West Hartlepool may be said to be the successors. Branches of the firm are now located at most of the chief British seaports, so that the name of the present Mayor of West Hartlepool is almost as well-known on the sea as an owner as that of his predecessor in the chair is known as a builder.

The portrait of the Mayor and the view of the Municipal Buildings are copied by permission from photographs by Mr. T. Braybrook, West Hartlepool.

Notes and Commentaries.

JOHN BARKSBY.

Mr. John Barksby, of Seaham Harbour, an indefatigable collector of local and other songs, died on April 7, from the results of an accident in New Seaham Colliery on the previous day. He was one of those cheery, unassuming men whose mission seems to be to lighten the burdens of life. With this object in view he collected songs and ballads of every description, many of which he

sang and recited in public to the delight of his numerous friends. Nor was that the only use he made of his hobby, for ever since the editor of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* opened a department for the distribution of songs and recitations, John Barksby had been his best contributor. Many hundreds of people have had to thank this worthy man for the prompt manner in which their wants have been supplied. In nearly every case he sent the printed copy itself, and yet, so complete was his stock, his collection of ballad literature remained perhaps unrivalled in the North of England. He visited Newcastle regularly to pick up "songs and recitations," both old and new, and he would tramp many miles to secure a copy of a scarce description. Mr. Barksby was fifty-eight years old at the time of his death. EDITOR.

THE NEST ON THE TOMB.

It was mentioned in Robin Goodfellow's gossip in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* that a pair of thrushes this spring built a nest on one of the monuments in Jesmond Cemetery. Although the nest was built within a few feet of a footpath, and could easily be reached by the hand,

the brood was successfully reared. The monument which the birds thus favoured was erected to the memory of Thomas Stokoe, who died 6th August, 1877. The accompanying sketch shows the position of the "nest on the tomb." EDITOR.

A LESBURY EPITAPH.

There is in Lesbury Churchyard, Northumberland, a gravestone with a representation of a shipwreck, and the following inscription :—

To the Memory of
Geo. Brown, of Bedlington,
Master Mariner, who on the 5th of April, 1799, was Shipwrecked on this Coast, aged 46 years.
Tho' Boreas' blasts and Neptune's waves
Hath tossed me to and fro,

In spite of both, by God's decree,
I harbour here below.
Now here at anchor I do lie,
With many of our fleet,
In hopes to set my sail again,
My Saviour Christ to meet.

JOS. DICKMAN, Newcastle.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

THE VERGE WATCH.

An elderly workman, in a Tyneside factory, was exhibiting, with some pride, an old-fashioned silver watch, which represented seconds, minutes, hours, day of the week, &c., and which he boasted was "aador than thoo, an' me, an' him (meaning another shopmate) put tegithor." "Wey, is it a heirloom?" was the query. "No," was the reply, "it's a varge!"

A PROOF OF INTIMACY.

A resident in Jarrow met a friend who hails from Hebburn, whom he had not seen for some time. After the usual greetings, the latter asked: "Whe's yor foreman at Palmer's noo?" "Oh," was the reply, "his nyem is John Blank: d'ye knaa him?" "Div aa knaa him?" was the indignant exclamation: "wey, just ye ax him if he had a sistor whe tyuk fits!"

HORSE CLIPPINGS.

Some miners, down a Northumberlan pit, were standing beside the ponies, when one of them asked the horsekeeper if he saved the hair after clipping the ponies, adding: "Aa yence gat as much hair off yen horse as wad myak a good feathor bed!"

JOHNNY.

A young mother in Northumberland was once asked what her little boy's name was. "Wey, hinny," said the fond parent, "his name is John; but we caall him Johnny for short!"

FUNERAL DEPORTMENT.

It is said of a rather noted character in a small town in the North, that when he was following the funeral procession of his third wife, a companion who was walking by his side called his attention to a buxom widow standing at the door of a house they were passing at the time. "Luik, Ralph," said the companion, "that yen'll suit thoo for the next wife." "Whist, man," replied the disconsolate widower, "thoo'll mak us laugh!"

North-Country Obituaries.

On the 12th of April, the Rev. Beilby Porteus Hodgson died at Hartburn Vicarage, Northumberland. He was 81 years of age, and had been vicar of the parish for 33 years.

On the same day, Mr. John Collingwood Richardson, son of the late Rev. Benjamin Richardson, vicar of Glaisdale, died at his residence, Eskdale, Leamington. The deceased was intimately connected with the chief friendly societies.

Mr. W. O. Johnston, for thirty years an engineer in the employment of the late Mr. Alderman Laycock at Seghill Colliery, died at his residence, Hedley Street, Gosforth, on the 13th of April, in the 70th year of his age.

Mr. Robert Clark, land agent, of Lintz Green, and noted for his great interest in breeding horses, died at Marseilles, on the 15th of April.

On the same day, died Mr. William Hawksby, a well-known cattle salesman, of Newcastle. The deceased, who was for a long period a member of the Board of Guardians, was 78 years of age.

On the 16th of April, Mr. Alexander Gow-Stewart, a partner in the firm of Messrs. Locke, Blackett, and Wilson, Hebburn Lead Works, died at his residence, St. George's Terrace, Newcastle. On the death of his uncle, Mr. Gow inherited a large fortune, and, by request of the testator, added the name of Stewart to his own. The deceased gentleman was 59 years of age.

Mr. John Kidd, one of the men who were rescued from the Forfarshire by Grace Darling when the vessel went ashore on the Farne Islands on 7th September, 1838, died at Carnoustie, Scotland, on the 20th of April. On the night of the disaster he remained at his post in the engine-room until the vessel parted in two. He was the last survivor of the nine who were landed by Grace Darling, and one of the two who went back to the vessel on a mission of rescue. Deceased was 78 years of age. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1888, page 263.)

Mr. Robert Stirling Newall, alderman and justice of the peace for the borough of Gateshead, died at his residence, Ferndene, in that town, on the 21st of April.

Robt. R. S. Newall, J.P.

Born in Dundee in 1812, Mr. Newall entered a mercantile office and afterwards went to London, where his talents found more genial employment under the late Mr.

Robert M'Calmont in connection with experiments on the rapid production of steam. In 1840 he took out a patent for making wire rope; and it was his invention that rendered possible submarine telegraphy, the idea of which he had suggested in 1848. He established works at Gateshead, and his firm manufactured and laid the Dover and Calais cable in 1850, the Holyhead and Howth and Portpatrick in 1852, and the Dover and Ostend, the Frith of Forth, and Holland cables in 1853. In November, 1854, Mr. Newall suggested a cable from Varna to Balaclava to the Duke of Newcastle, then Minister of War. When this cable was completed, Mr. Newall received the thanks of the Minister. The Black Sea cable was laid by Mr. Newall in 1855, and the Red Sea cable in 1859. After laying the latter, Mr. Newall was wrecked in the Alma, when his courage and coolness proved of the greatest help to the shipwrecked passengers. He devoted much of his time to scientific work, and had constructed a 25 in. refracting telescope, which just before his death he offered as a gift to the University of Cambridge. To local matters Mr. Newall devoted much of his time. He was a magistrate and had been twice Mayor of Gateshead. The University of Durham, in recognition of Mr. Newall's eminent services to science and literature, about two years ago conferred upon him the honorary degree of D.C.L. Not long before his death he inherited a very large fortune bequeathed by his brother. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1888, page 480.)

On the 22nd of April, Mr. John Robinson, retired shipowner, who for many years took an active part in the public life of South Shields, died at Highgate, London, at the advanced age of 84 years. He was a member of the first Town Council on the incorporation of South Shields, in 1850, representing Westoe Ward, and was elected an alderman on the 9th November in the same year. On the 11th July, 1851, he was appointed one of the borough magistrates, and from November 9th, 1853, till the November following he officiated as Mayor. He was appointed on the Tyne Commission when it was constituted in 1850, and acted as a representative for South Shields Corporation on that authority for many years. The remains of the deceased gentleman were interred in York Cemetery.

On the 23rd of April, Dr. Robert Jackson died at Bellingham, where he held the appointment of medical officer for the second and fourth districts of the Union.

On the same day, at his residence, in Norroy Road, Putney, London, died Dr. James Barron, formerly a medical practitioner in Sunderland, from which he removed a few years ago. The deceased, who was 70 years of age, was father of Dr. T. W. Barron, of Durham.

Mary Biggs, widow of John Biggs, steam thrashing-machine proprietor, of Whittingham, Northumberland, died at that village, at the advanced age of 101 years, on the 25th of April. Up to a short period previously, the deceased was able to attend to her household duties.

On the 27th of April, the Rev. Marmaduke Miller, a United Methodist Free Church minister, well known in the North of England, and formerly stationed at Darlington, died at Manchester, in the 61st year of his age.

Mr. William Harty, of the firm of Harty, Lidgerton, and Potts, shipbuilders, died at his residence in North Bridge Street, Monkwearmouth, on the 28th of April. The deceased, who was 80 years of age, was for three years a member of the Town Council, and was also for some time connected with the Board of Guardians.

Mr. James Menzies, hostler at the Blue Bell Hotel, Belford, who had witnessed the transition from the coaching system to the new railway era, died on the 29th of April, at the advanced age of 85 years.

On the 29th of April, also, died Mr. James Horsley, who for a long period had carried on the business of grocer and provision merchant at Alnwick. The deceased, who was 87 years of age, was the possessor of one of the finest collections of old coins in the country.

On the 30th of April, the Rev. Frederick Scott Surtees, of Manor House, Dinsdale, Darlington, dropped down dead at Bristol Railway Station. The deceased gentleman was rector of Sprotborough, Yorkshire, from 1856 to 1880, but he had not undertaken any clerical duty for some years past.

Mr. Alexander Scorer died very suddenly at the Elswick Engine and Ordnance Works, Newcastle, on the 1st of May. Mr. Scorer had been associated with the *Weekly Chronicle* in one way or another for twelve or fifteen years—first as winner of prizes for local songs, then as contributor to "Notes and Queries," and ultimately as conductor of the Draughts and Sphinx Departments.

On the 2nd of May, Mr. William Lowe Borland, assistant to Dr. Wilson, Birtley, died from the effects of poison taken by himself, while labouring under temporary insanity. He was 38 years of age.

The death was announced on the 4th of May, of Mr. John Harrison, of Darlington, proprietor of the Linthorpe Ware Works, Middlesbrough. The deceased, who was about 48 years of age, was a leading supporter of local temperance and other social movements.

On the 6th of May, the death was announced of Miss Priscilla Mounsey, of Hendon Hill House, Sunderland, who for many years had taken an active interest in all religious and charitable institutions in the county of Durham.

On the 6th of May, Mr. George Weatherhead, a Harbour Commissioner, and a member of the Town Improvement Committee of Berwick, died suddenly there, his age being upwards of 70 years.

The death occurred on the 7th of May of Mr. William Havelock Potts, of Warwick Street, Heaton Park Road, Newcastle, at the age of 68 years. The deceased was formerly a tradesman in Sunderland, and was one of the founders of the Working Men's Club in that town.

Sir George Richard Waldie-Griffith, Bart., son of Sir Richard Griffith, famous in connection with the geological survey of Ireland and "Griffith's Valuation," died at his residence, Hendersonsyde Park, Kelso, on the 8th of May. The deceased baronet was 69 years of age, having been born at Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1820.

On the 9th of May, the death was recorded as having taken place on the 1st, of the Hon. William Francis Littleton, fourth son of the late Lord Hatherton, and nephew of the Duke of Northumberland. Mr. Littleton, who was 41 years of age, was private secretary to Sir Bartle Frere during the whole period of his Governorship of the Cape.

On the 10th of May, the death occurred, in St. George's Stairs, North Shields, of a veteran soldier, Edward Jennings, who served with such distinction in the Crimean War and Indian Mutiny as to merit, along with other medals, the much coveted Victoria Cross. The deceased, who was of an advanced age, was an army pensioner, and had latterly been employed as a scavenger under the Tynemouth Corporation.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

APRIL.

10.—A branch of the Boys' Brigade was formed at Seaham Harbour.

11.—In the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice, London, the case of the Attorney-General *v.* the Mayor and Corporation of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, came before Mr. Justice Wills, sitting without a jury. The action, which was instituted by the Byker Bridge Company, was to restrain the Corporation from applying the city funds or rates for the purpose of freeing the North-Eastern Railway Company's bridge over the Ouseburn valley. On the 17th, Mr. Justice Wills delivered judgment, dismissing the action with costs, being of opinion that the order upon the borough fund would be valid, and the order on the improvement rate good, if the rate produced an adequate surplus after the classes of expenditure ranking in priority had been met.

—George Allison and Thomas Cromarty, fishermen, were brought up at the Northumberland Sessions, charged with rioting at Holy Island on the 22nd of February; but the evidence being insufficient to convict, the men were discharged.

12.—The command of the Newcastle Regimental District fell vacant by the expiry of Colonel Rowland's tenure, and he was succeeded by Colonel C. E. Hope.

—The Newcastle and Tyneside Burns Club inaugurated a series of social gatherings by a meeting in the large dining-room of the County Hotel, Newcastle, when Mr. James Dick read a paper on "Songs of Scotland prior to Burns."

13.—The medical officer of the borough of Middlesbrough presented a report to the Sanitary Committee in favour of the adoption of cremation as a means of disposing of the dead.

—A young Belgian named Robert Feron, 20, whose parents resided at Brussels, and Lillie Burford, a young woman about 21 years of age, belonging to Spennymoor, in the county of Durham, were found dead in a railway carriage at Trent Station, near Derby, on the Midland Railway. An attachment had sprung up between the couple, and for a considerable time past they had been on most affectionate terms. The presence of a six-chambered revolver on the seat of the compartment, however, in conjunction with other evidence which subsequently came to light, led to the conclusion that Feron had murdered his sweetheart, and then committed suicide. The coroner's jury returned a verdict to this effect.

14.—In accordance with a suggestion by Robin Goodfellow, in the *Weekly Chronicle*, a meeting of Newcastle Tramway drivers and conductors was held in the Haymarket, Newcastle, for the purpose of hearing a deputation from the Tyneside and District Labourers' Association. The names of a number of the employees were taken as members of the association, and a statement of the demands of the workmen as a body was shortly afterwards submitted to the manager of the Tramways Company.

15.—Mr. Henry George, the well-known author of "Progress and Poverty," delivered the first of a series of

addresses on the land question in the North of England, in the Town Hall, Alnwick. The Newcastle meeting was held on the 18th, and on Sunday, the 21st, Mr. George occupied the pulpit of Dr. Rutherford in the Bath Lane Church.

—The Board of Conciliation for the Northern Manufactured Iron Trade adopted a wages sliding scale for two years, on a basis of 2s. per ton above shillings for pounds for the price of iron.

17.—The Marquis of Hartington paid a public visit to Sunderland. His first engagement was to lay the memorial stone in connection with the Hartley wing of the Infirmary. Shortly after that ceremony had commenced, the temporary platform, which was crowded with ladies and gentlemen, unfortunately collapsed. Several well-known ladies and gentlemen were more or less seriously injured. The proceedings were, in consequence, postponed till the following day, when the work was formally completed. On the afternoon of the 17th, his lordship attended a conference designed to further the interests of the Liberal Unionists in the county of Durham. He afterwards witnessed the launch of the Mombassa from the yard of his host, Mr. James Laing, the vessel being, in point of tonnage, the largest that had ever left the Wear. The Marquis in the evening of the same day addressed a large Liberal Unionist meeting in the Victoria Hall, under the presidency of the Earl of Durham.

—Under the auspices of the local branch of the Bi-Metallic League, the Right Hon. Henry Chaplin, M.P., Mr. George Howell, M.P., and other gentlemen, ad-

dressed a public meeting in the Town Hall, Newcastle, the chair being occupied by the Sheriff, Mr. William Sutton.

—Mr. William Allan, poet, of Scotland House, Sunderland, presented to the Museum and Library of that town the original manuscript of Robert Burns's "Holy Willie's Prayer." The gift was valued at 180 guineas.

18.—It was announced in the *Evening Chronicle* that the will of Mr. Lewis Thompson, a gentleman who lately died in Newcastle, had been proved by his cousin, the executor, Mr. Charles D. Andrews, solicitor, of Leominster, Herefordshire. The testator devised and bequeathed to his executor, out of so much of the personal estate as may by law be bequeathed for charitable purposes, the sum of £15,000 upon trust, to be by him employed in the purchase, with the sanction of the Board of Charity Commissioners for England and Wales, in the name of the official trustees of Charitable Funds, of an equivalent amount of Government stock. The income or annuity arising from this investment was to be known as "Thomas Thompson's Poor's Rate Gift," in memory of the testator's father, and it was directed that the dividends and income accruing from time to time on the stock so to be purchased, should be paid over by the official trustees of Charitable Funds, as the same should be periodically received by them, to the Poor-Law Guardians for the township of Byker, in the county of Northumberland, and their successors, as the administering trustees. It was further directed that the dividends and income should be held by the said Guardians upon trust, to apply the same for ever in diminishing the poor's rate upon the inhabitants of the township of Byker, upon condition that the Guardians keep and maintain in a good and substantial state of repair the tomb of the testator's father in Jesmond Cemetery, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and place thereon each successive year a memorial garland of the value of not less than two shillings; the garland in question to be so placed on the 17th day of August, or, when that day falls upon a Sunday, then on the 16th day of August. If, from any cause, the Guardians failed to comply with the whole or any part of these conditions for a period of three successive years, then the aforesaid sum of £15,000 should pass to, and, without any condition, become the property of the British nation. (See *ante* page 188.)

—St. Andrews University conferred the degree of LL.D. on Professor G. S. Brady, of Sunderland.

—Mr. R. L. Dunford was elected chairman of the Newcastle Board of Guardians.

19.—Mr. R. L. Booth, Ashington, laid the foundation stone of a new Primitive Methodist chapel at Longhirst.

—Mr. J. H. Fox was elected greeve for the township of Norton, in the manor of Stockton, in the room of Mr. Joseph Dodds, who had ceased to reside in the said manor. It was stated that it would be the new greeve's duty to see that the green and other places in the township were not encroached upon.

20.—A shocking murder and suicide were committed in Oakwellgate, Gateshead. The victims were Mary Martin, aged 37, who was married but twelve months, but had got a separation order from her husband, who paid her 5s. a-week; and Walter Fairbank, 45, a riveter. Fairbank, who was a widower, lodged near Martin, and frequently visited her. On the day in question he borrowed a razor from his landlord, saying he wanted to shave himself. Shortly before ten o'clock a policeman heard screams issuing from Martin's house, and found the woman with her head and shoulders out of the window, and blood flowing down on to the pavement. On being drawn back, she fell on the floor and died almost immediately from a wound in the throat. The policeman entered the other room, and found Fairbank with his throat cut and a razor beside him. He died ten minutes afterwards. The cause of the quarrel was not known. The coroner's jury found that the woman had been murdered by Fairbank, who then committed suicide.

—A public meeting was held in the Avenue Theatre, Sunderland, under the auspices of the Tyneside and District Labourers' Union, when an address was delivered by Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P.

21.—In accordance with the decision of the Watch Committee of the Corporation, the lamps in the public thoroughfares and back streets of Newcastle were only partially lighted at the commencement of the summer season, about 1,700 lamps in all being left unlighted.

22.—Mr. John Morley, M.P., was present at a meeting of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, in Newcastle, and spoke on several social subjects. On the evening of the 24th, the right hon. gentleman and his colleague, Mr. James Craig, addressed a meeting of the Newcastle Liberal Association.

—Mr. Samuel Storey, M.P., returned to Sunderland, after wintering in California. During his absence, the hon. gentleman addressed a series of interesting letters descriptive of his tour to the *Newcastle Chronicle*.

—A switchback railway was opened at Roker, near Sunderland.

—It was reported that the value of the personalty under the will of the late Mr. W. E. Surtees, barrister, of Fairfield, Somerset, and Seaton Carew, Durham, had been sworn at £52,464 18s. 11d.

23.—The twenty-seventh annual conference of Sunday School teachers connected with the Unions in the Northern Counties was held at Gateshead, under the presidency of Mr. W. H. Dunn.

—A grand nautical bazaar in connection with the Sunderland Seamen's Mission was opened by the Countess of Scarborough, in the Victoria Hall, Sunderland, the object being to provide funds for the completion of the new Seamen's Church and Institute, in High Street of that town. The attractions included *tableaux vivants*, with an excellent representation of the well-known and popular picture of Uncle Toby of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, with his charming children around him.

—The foundation stone of a Primitive Methodist Chapel was laid by Mr. John Robinson in Westoe Lane, South Shields.

24.—A destructive fire broke out in the premises of Mr. F. W. Pittuck, chemist, in Carr Street, Hebburn.

—A man and a boy were killed by an explosion in the Brancepeth C Pit, Willington, another man dying on the 27th; and two men lost their lives by being thrown out of a cage at Messrs. Pease and Partners' Adelaide (Shildon Bank) Colliery.

—It was announced that, as the result of a ballot, an immense majority of the miners of Durham had voted for the entire abolition of the sliding scale as a means of regulating wages.

—At a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries, Dr. Bruce was asked to place on record his reminiscences of life and society in Newcastle during the early part of the century; and he stated that, in conjunction with Mr.

John Clayton, he would take the matter into consideration.

27.—It was announced that there had been exhibited in a watchmaker's shop at Alnwick for the last few days, a gold watch which formerly belonged to the Duke of Wellington. It had been presented to a Berwick lady by the Duke himself, and after several vicissitudes had passed into the hands of Major A. H. Browne, of Callaly Castle. The watch was in a good state of preservation.

—A blue shark, 9 feet 11 inches long, was caught off Hartlepool.

—During a performance in the Albert Hall, Jarrow, a part of the gallery suddenly gave way, precipitating about a hundred spectators into a net suspended over the pit, and injuring two lads.

—The Marquis of Londonderry announced his prospective retirement from the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland.

29.—The centenary of the Newcastle firm of wireworkers, Messrs. William Mountain and Sons, was celebrated by a dinner at the Crown and Mitre Hotel, Grey Street, Newcastle.

—Meyerbeer's opera "The Star of the North," as prepared by Mr. Carl Rosa, was produced at the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle. By a sad coincidence, the eminent impresario died on the following day in Paris. The announcement of the melancholy event was received at the Tyne Theatre during the rehearsal, which was at once brought to a close.

—Reference was made in the House of Commons to what is known as the Duddo Hill case, as tried at the Northumberland Assizes in 1879, and in which a miscarriage of justice was alleged to have taken place.

—In connection with a case of assault heard at the Gateshead Borough Police Court, evidence was called on the part of the defendant to show that there was an old Easter custom in vogue in the neighbourhood, whereby, if a female refused to give an egg, her boots were taken off; whereas, should a man refuse to give an egg to a female, his cap was liable to be seized and retained till the forfeit was paid.

30.—At the Society of Arts, in London, Captain Wiggins, of Sunderland, read an interesting paper on the North-East Passage to Siberia.

MAY.

1.—A large oak coffin, buried at a depth of seven feet, and containing the skeleton of a full-grown person, was unearthed during excavations being executed near the railway wall, in Orchard Street, Newcastle. Several old coins, stones bearing curious workmanship, and some carved woodwork were discovered near the same spot.

—A satisfactory report was presented at the annual meeting of the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society, there being a balance in hand of £253 2s. 5d.

—Prince Albert Victor, eldest son of the Prince of Wales, opened, amid great rejoicings, the new Municipal Buildings recently erected at West Hartlepool. (See page 272.)

—In accordance with a ceremony observed since 1609, an official survey was made of the boundaries of Berwick-on-Tweed.

2.—The Jack Crawford public-house, in Adelaide Place, near to the Town Moor, Sunderland, suddenly collapsed, but fortunately no one was injured by the accident.

4.—A young woman named Theresa Matthews, belonging to London, but lately employed as a barmaid in Newcastle, was found lying on the door-step of a house in Ryehill, suffering from a wound in her right temple. A small revolver was near her, and she was removed to the Infirmary, where she died a few hours afterwards. David Hilldrop, a young married man, described as a cellarman, was taken into custody on the charge of having murdered the deceased.

—Dr. Ballard and Dr. Page, on behalf the Local Government Board, held an inquiry touching an outbreak of typhoid and pleuro-pneumonia at Herrington, Philadelphia, and adjoining villages in the county of Durham.

5.—James Craig, aged 53, rescued from drowning a little boy named Scott, who had fallen into the Ouseburn, Newcastle. Robin Goodfellow thus described the occurrence in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*:—

Mr. Craig, who is employed as a wharfman by Messrs. Nielsen and Andersen, while looking out of a back window of his house about five o'clock on Sunday evening, saw a lad struggling in the water. Accustomed to saving the lives of persons in peril, he jumped from the window of his house,

Mr. James Craig.

a distance of about 16 feet, ran along a gangway, a distance of 40 or 50 yards, and then dived a distance of some 12 feet into the burn. The daring fellow had already exhausted himself by these exertions. Nevertheless, he swam several yards into the stream, seized the drowning lad just as he was disappearing for the third time, and ultimately succeeded in reaching a wherry which lay near at hand. It goes without saying that the gallant exploit was witnessed with intense excitement and anxiety by the persons who had congregated on the

spot. The rescued lad, however, soon recovered from the effect of the immersion; but the rescuer, unfortunately, injured himself in leaping from the window and exhausted himself in struggling through the water, so that he was for some days afterwards in a weak and suffering condition. I have said that Mr. Craig was accustomed to saving others. Over and over again has he risked his own life in adventures of the kind. Mr. Craig is not only a hero himself, but the father of a family of heroes; for two of his sons have already distinguished themselves in the same humane and honourable manner.

6.—At the invitation of M. Barry, French Consul in Newcastle, the members of the French colony resident in the city and district assembled at the Consulate, in Grey Street, on the occasion of the celebration of the centenary of the Convocation of the States-General in France.

7.—It was announced that Lady Armstrong had acquired the old hospital in Hanover Square, Newcastle, and had re-established it as the place of call for the medical and surgical treatment of sick poor children.

—A boiler explosion occurred at Hebburn Colliery A Pit, resulting in the deaths of John Kennedy and Daniel Button; while James McKenna, one of several men who were injured, died on the following morning. John Halliday, a fourth man, expired on the 10th.

—It was intimated that the King of the Belgians had communicated, through Mr. George Reid, Belgian Consul, his desire to contribute £500 towards that portion of the Durham College of Science at Newcastle-upon-Tyne which is to be erected to perpetuate the memory of George and Robert Stephenson.

8.—An advance of 1s. per week in wages was conceded to the servants of the Newcastle Tramways Company.

—A county rate of 1½d. in the pound, an asylum rate of ½d. in the pound, and a police rate of ½d. in the pound were levied by the Durham County Council.

9.—Mr. James C. Laird, tailor and town councillor, of Newcastle, was examined before a Select Committee of the House of Lords, in London, on the sweating system.

General Occurrences.

APRIL.

15.—The election for a member of Parliament for the Central Division of Birmingham, in the room of the late John Bright, resulted as follows:—Mr. John Albert Bright (Liberal Unionist), 5,610; Mr. W. Phipson Beale (Gladstonian), 2,560; majority, 3,050.

16.—The result of an election at Rochester was declared as follows:—Hon. E. Hugessen (Gladstonian Liberal), 1,655; Horatio Davies (Conservative), 1,580; majority, 75.

22.—The Oklahoma country, in Indian territory, United States, was opened for settlement, in accordance with a proclamation by President Harrison, when about 50,000 persons made a rush for land.

23.—Serious rioting occurred in Vienna, on account of a strike of tramway servants. The mob was repeatedly charged by cavalry, many people being wounded.

24.—General Boulanger arrived at Dover, and thence proceeded to London.

—Information was received from New York of the safety of the passengers and crew of an emigrant steamer named the Danmark, all having been heroically rescued by Captain Hamilton Murrell and the crew of the Missouri.

29.—Mr. Carl Rosa, the well-known impresario and managing director of the Carl Rosa Opera Company,

died at the Grand Hotel, Paris, after ten days' illness, at the age of 47 years.

30.—Mr. C. S. Parnell, M.P., was called as a witness before the Special Commission appointed to inquire into Irish affairs.

MAY.

5.—As President Carnot was proceeding to Versailles to attend the centenary celebration of the French Republic, a man named Perrin fired a revolver at him. Perrin was at once arrested, when it was found that the weapon was loaded with blank cartridge.

6.—The Universal Exhibition at Paris, the chief attraction of which is the Eiffel Tower, 975 feet high, was opened by President Carnot.

7.—Death of Count Tolstoi, Russian Minister of the Interior.

8.—A sanguinary encounter took place between troops and miners on strike in the Westphalian Coal Field, Prussia. Three of the miners were killed. Other fatal conflicts took place on the 10th.

10.—News was received of the death of Father Damien, a Belgian priest who had for years laboured among the leper colony of Molokai, in the Sandwich Islands.

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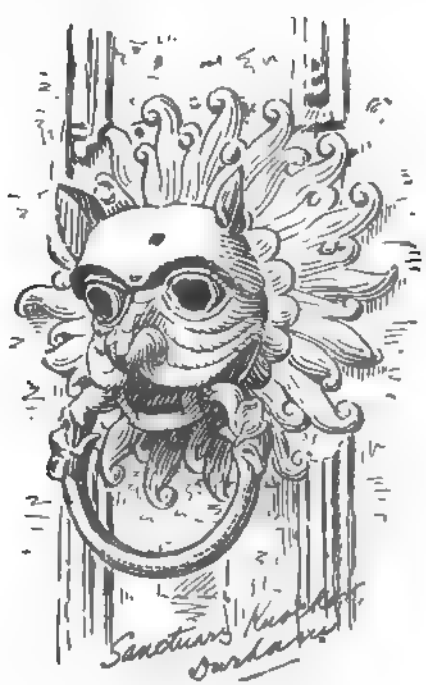
Sanctuary at Durham Cathedral.

ONE of the first objects which arrest the attention of the visitor to Durham Cathedral is the ponderous bronze knocker on the north door. The knocker itself is a large ring, held between the teeth of a grotesque head. This is the "sanctuary" knocker. It is now never used, for the privilege of sanctuary in churches is a thing of the past. But the knocker remains, a memorial of an ancient practice, which, whilst capable of being greatly abused, was also in very many cases a source of safety and a blessing.

The development of the laws relating to sanctuary would form a curious and interesting subject for investigation. Here, however, we have only space for the briefest possible sketch. The laws of Ina, King of the West Saxons, framed in 693, provide that if any one accused of a capital offence flee to a church, his life shall be spared, and he shall make compensation according to justice; and if anyone deserving stripes take refuge in a church, his stripes shall be forgiven. Alfred the Great, in 887, enunciated a law by which the privilege of sanctuary was given for three nights to anyone fleeing to a church, during which time he might provide for his own safety, or compound for his offence. If anyone should inflict bonds, blows, or wounds on the refugee, he was compelled to pay the price awarded by law to the injury he had done, and, in addition to this, 120 shillings to the ministers of the church. If a criminal fled to a church, no one should drag him thence within the space of seven days, if he could live so long without food, and had not attempted to force his way out. If the clergy had occasion to hold service in the church whilst the refugee was there, they might keep him in some house which had no more doors than the church had.

In the ecclesiastical laws of Edward the Confessor, as confirmed by William the Conqueror, in 1070, the privilege of sanctuary is defined. Wherever an accused or guilty person had fled to a church for refuge, from the moment when he touched its threshold he was on no account to be



seized by his pursuers, except by the bishop or the bishop's servants. If in his flight he entered the priest's house or its court-yard, he enjoyed the same peace and security

that he would have in the church itself, provided the house and court-yard were within the glebe of the church.

We see, then, that in the middle ages all churches possessed the privilege of sanctuary, though some churches possessed it in a much greater degree than others. The Cathedral of Durham was one of these more favoured churches. The reason of the greater privilege was, doubtless, in the case of Durham, because it contained the shrine of St. Cuthbert. Criminals who fled hither "besought the immunity of the said church and the liberty of St. Cuthbert," just as, at Beverley, they came "to the peace of St. John of Beverley."

When the claimant of sanctuary reached the cathedral of Durham, he proceeded to the north door, and, raising the bronze ring which hangs from the bronze monster's mouth, knocked loudly for admission. When the echoes died away, he listened intently. Perhaps his avengers were close upon his track, and he feared every moment to hear their footsteps. Each minute that he waited would seem to him an age. But he had not long to wait. Day and night alike there were persons within the church ready to answer his knock. "There was certain men," says the Ancient Rites of Durham, "that did lie always in two chambers over the said north church door, for the same purpose that when any such offenders did come, and knock, straightway they were letten in, at any hour of the night." How the refuge seeker's heart would beat when he heard the monks drawing back the long oaken bar which secured the door, and what a sense of unspeakable relief would he feel when he had entered the sacred edifice and the door was once more bolted!

"So soon as the refugee had entered the church he did run straightway to the Galilee Bell and tolled it, to the intent that any man that heard it might know that there was some man that had taken sanctuary." The prior was informed with all speed of the culprit's arrival, and thereupon issued an injunction that he should keep within the limits of sanctuary, which, at Durham, extended to the bounds of the churchyard. He had also, in the presence of reliable witnesses, to make a full and explicit statement of the crime he had committed, giving names, place, and date, and, in cases of murder or manslaughter, stating the character of the instrument he had used. He was then furnished with a gown made of black cloth, on the left shoulder of which a yellow cross, "called St. Cuthbert's cross," was set, "to the intent that every one might see that there was such a freelige granted by God unto St. Cuthbert's shrine, for every such offender to flee unto for succour and safeguard of their lives." The sanctuary of Durham continued for every culprit for a period of 37 days, during which he was furnished with meat, drink, and bedding at the expense of the convent. His sleeping place was on "a grate" within the church, "adjoining unto the Galilee door on the south side," that is, at the west end of the south aisle of the nave.

During the days of sanctuary, the refugee might, if he could, compound with his adversaries. If he failed to do this, he was required to appear, clothed in sackcloth, before the coroner, confess his crime, and abjure the realm. The usual form of abjuration was as follows:—

This hear thou, Sir Coroner, that I [mentioning his name] of [mentioning his previous place of residence] am a [mentioning the character of his crime], and because I have done such evils in his land I do abjure the land of our lord the king, and I shall haste me towards the port of [mentioning a port appointed by the coroner], and that I shall not go out of the highway; and if I do, I will that I be taken as a robber and a felon of our lord the king; and that at such a place I will diligently seek for passage, and that I will tarry there but one flood and ebb if I can have passage; and unless I can have it in such a place, I will go every day into the seas up to my knees assaying to pass over: and unless I can do this within forty days, I will put myself again into the church as a robber and a felon of our lord the king, so God me help and His holy judgment.

As he travelled on his way to the port appointed for his departure, the culprit was conducted from place to place by the constables of the different parishes through which he passed.

Amongt the records of Durham Cathedral is a register of the persons who sought sanctuary there between 1464 and 1524. This register was printed more than fifty years ago by the Surtees Society. The entries, which, with one or two exceptions, are in Latin, give the name and place of abode of the claimant, the date and place of the commission of his offence, the name of the person he killed, robbed, or injured in any way, with other particulars. Each entry closes with the names of the witnesses who heard the culprit's confession. Many incidental remarks in this register are interesting. For instance, "the ringing of bells" when the refugee urged his plea of sanctuary is frequently mentioned; showing the importance which was attached to the ancient practice. In one case the culprit desires "the immunity of the church aforesaid and the liberty of St. Cuthbert, *between the Tyne and the Tees*, for himself, his chatells, and all his goods." The register to which I refer affords a most valuable picture of the state of society prior to the Reformation, and indicates the extent to which sanctuary was claimed and the nature of the crimes from the consequences of which it afforded a refuge to the perpetrators.

The instances in which persons claimed sanctuary for offences committed in Newcastle are rather numerous; but the following abstracts will not, perhaps, be quite without interest:—

1477, 4th July. Christopher Holme desired sanctuary, and confessed that on the 24th April last, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, he, with Harry Stobbes and Humphrey Ussher, met one William Marley, and grievously struck and wounded him with a staff called a "walshbill," in consequence of which the said William died.

1489-90, 13th January. Alexander Taylleyour desired sanctuary, because he, on the Wednesday after the feast of Epiphany, in the year aforesaid, in Newcastle, near

Caylecrosse, had feloniously struck one Thomas Smyth, in self-defence, with a certain weapon, under the left breast, whence the said Thomas died the same day.

1493, 4th August. Robert Grene, of South Shields, desired sanctuary, because he, on the 1st August, in the year aforesaid, in Newcastle, in a certain street called the Close, in consequence of an attack made upon him by one Robert Nicholson, of Winlaton, twice struck and feloniously wounded the aforesaid Robert in his chest, from which wounds he died.

1495, 16th December. John Bonner, of Gateshead, desired sanctuary, because he, on the Sabbath Day next before the feast of St. Peter ad Vincula, 14 years before, attacked one Alexander Stevenson, near Dotland Park, in Hexhamshire, and feloniously wounded in him the chest with a dagger, otherwise called a "whinyard," from which wound he immediately died.

1502, 9th August. Roger Raw, merchant, of Newcastle, desired sanctuary, because he, on the 6th day of the month aforesaid, in the town of Newcastle, in a street commonly called the Side, with a Scotch axe, attacked one Antony Ray, and grievously wounded him in four parts of his body, viz., in the flank, and in the left breast, and in both arms.

1503, 2nd August. Thomas Wylkynson, of Gateshead, desired sanctuary, because on account of an attack made on him by one John Rede, of Alnwick, on St. Michael's Day, 1502, in self defence he struck the said John Rede with a whinyard, and mortally wounded him twice in the chest and also in the neck, from which wounds the said John immediately died.

1507, 9th June. John Sharparow, of Newcastle, desired sanctuary, because he, on the 6th of the said month, in consequence of an attack made on him by Edward Gallon, of the said town, feloniously struck the said Edward with a dagger, inflicting upon him a mortal wound on the right side of his neck, from which, the day after, the said Edward died.

1508, 7th November. Edward Robson, of Tynemouth, desired sanctuary, because on the Sabbath before Palm Sunday, in a street commonly called Cloth Market, in the town of Newcastle, he feloniously struck one Edmund Tailyour on the shoulder with a dagger, of which he immediately died.

1509, 31st March. Robert Bynks, of Newcastle, desired sanctuary, because on the last Sunday in Lent, in the house of a certain Thomas Sanderson, near the churchyard of St. Nicholas's Church, he feloniously and mortally struck one Robert Tailyour in the right breast with a dagger, in consequence of which he died within five days.

1512, 11th October. Robert Lee desired sanctuary, because he, with others, was present when one John Fresill, between the walls of the town of Newcastle and the water of Tyne, and below the bridge of Tyne, mortally struck one William Wright with a dagger on his back between the shoulders, on the ninth day of the month aforesaid; from which wound he died the same day. Lee also declares that he aided and helped Fresill to escape from the hands of the bystanders.

1514, 22nd May. John Horsley, of Newcastle, desired sanctuary. On the 13th December, 1513, on the Sandhill, in Newcastle, in consequence of an attack made on him by one John Taytte, he feloniously and mortally struck the said John Taytte with a dagger on the right side of the chest, inflicting on him a mortal wound, from which he immediately died. For which felony John Horsley was taken and arrested by the officers or servants of the lord the king in that town, and put in the prison there called Newgate, which prison the same John Horsley feloniously broke and escaped.

1515, 5th September. . . . . Colt, of Alnwick, shoemaker, desired sanctuary, because he on the —— day of the month of ——— in the year aforesaid, feloniously broke and escaped from a certain prison in the town of Newcastle called the Newgate, where he with others was imprisoned, and because he is afraid, on account of such prison breaking and escape, to submit himself to the secular law.

1515, 9th September. Roland Hall, of Marley-on-the-Hill, in the parish of Whickham, desired sanctuary because, in consequence of an attack made upon him, he struck one Thomas Herysby, of Whickham, with a sword, at the Close Gate, on the feast of Our Lady's nativity, inflicting on him a mortal wound, of which he died the same day.

It would be very easy to extend these extracts. They have a local interest, but in other respects are by no means so remarkable as are the records of persons who came from other parts of the country to claim sanctuary. By far the largest number of fugitives are homicides. A few are thieves, cattle and horse stealers are rather numerous; a smaller number are prison breakers; about the same number are burglars; whilst some only ask sanctuary from the claims of their creditors.

Amongst the most remarkable cases of murder are the following:—

Jacob Manfield, who describes himself as a "gentilman," accuses himself of having, about a month previously, with a Welch bill, murdered Roland Mebburn, the rector of Wycliffe, at Ovington. Roland Carlyll, a yeoman of the county of Durham, at Ashby, in the county of Lancaster, murders one John Cowton of that place, with a wood axe, then steals the murdered man's horse, and very quickly makes off. A year and a half after he comes to Durham and claims sanctuary. Thomas Spence, "esquire," of Bowes, in Yorkshire, has commanded Hebart Conyngham, probably his servant, to hang one Thomas Meburn, "a Scotchman," without any legal trial, and the command has been obeyed. Doubtless, Meburn's only offence was that of having come from over the Border. The Yorkshire squire becomes alarmed about the consequences of his rash act, and seeks sanctuary.

Three canons of Eglestone Abbey, near Rookby, accompanied by one of the abbey servants, are met near Lartington by one Richard Appleby, of Cutherstone, and his accomplices and adherents. Appleby and his followers attack the canons, whose servant strikes Appleby with a Welch bill, dealing him a blow on the back of the head, from which he died within twelve days. The servant claims sanctuary for the homicide he has committed, and the canons because they defended their servant.

Three men from Calton, in Yorkshire, claim sanctuary, two of them, in December, 1510, and one in July of the following year, because they were present when one Richard Horsley, of Calton, was forcibly taken from his mother's house, carried into a neighbouring field, and so seriously wounded that he died within a month.

In October, 1510, one Thomas Gy or Gye, of Wistow, near Selby, claims sanctuary for having, eleven days before, killed one William Pynchebek, at Wymersley. The sanctuary is granted, and Gye is able to make such arrangements as permit him to remain in England. But three month later he re-appeared at Durham, this time, however, to confess both to an older and a more recent crime. In the previous May he had stolen twenty heifers and calves from the forest of Gawtress, near Easington.

These he had driven off to Bridlington, selling two of them on his way, and disposing of the remaining eighteen to the Prior of Bridlington. On the last day of November, that is, shortly after his previous visit to Durham, he had gone once more to the forest of Gawtress, and had stolen four calves, which he sold at Welton to one Gilbert Gye, doubtless a relative. Yet, for his repeated offences, Durham afforded him protection from secular law.

A most singular feature of many of the cases recorded is the length of time which elapsed after a crime was committed before the criminal sought sanctuary. For instance, a man at Carlisle kills another with a Carlisle axe, and comes to Durham for sanctuary twelve years afterwards. A murder at Ripon is confessed at Durham thirteen years after the event. Four brothers named Hayden, of Whickham, attack a man with swords on the banks of the Dryburn in Allandale, and kill him. Eighteen years afterwards one of the Haydens seeks sanctuary at Durham; and his example is followed two and a half years later by one of his brothers. But the most extraordinary instance is that of a man who kills a stranger at Shoreditch, near London, "with a pitching-staff," and confesses his crime at Durham twenty-six years afterwards.

A considerable number of persons claimed sanctuary for crimes committed in poaching affrays of one kind or other. In one case five men, evidently poachers, four of whom came to Durham together for sanctuary, murdered a gamekeeper by striking him with a crabstaff in Huntington Park, in Cheshire.

Amongst cases of horse-stealing, the following is the most interesting:—John Tod, of Swine, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, confesses that at Westminster, "near London," nine years before, he had stolen a horse, and certain moneys, to the amount of five marks, from N. Dale, a priest, the seneschal of the Lord of Hastings.

One entry I have determined simply to translate, inasmuch as it throws considerable light on the ceremonies observed when a fugitive abjured the country:—

Be it remembered that, the 13th day of the month of May, Anno Domini, 1497, one —— Colson, of Wolsingham, in the county of Durham, was detected in the act of theft, and by reason of this theft was taken and thrust into prison, and detained, yet, escaping from prison, he fled to the Cathedral Church of Durham, on account of the immunity to be had there, and whilst he stood near the shrine of St. Cuthbert, he requested that a coroner might be appointed for him. John Raket, coroner of the ward of Chester-le-Street, therefore came to him, and to him the same Colson confessed the felony, he taking oath to abandon the kingdom of England, and leave it with all the speed that he conveniently could, and never to return to it; which oath he took at the shrine of St. Cuthbert, before George Cornforth, Sacristan of the Cathedral Church of Durham, Ralph Bows, knight and High Sheriff of Durham, John Rakett, Robert Thryl-kett, Under Sheriff, Hugh Holland, Nicholas Dickson, and many others then present. By reason of which renunciation and oath all the ornaments of the aforesaid Colson, in due right, pertained to the aforesaid sacristan and his office; for which reason Colson was commanded that he should take off his garments even to his shirt, and deliver them to the aforesaid sacristan. This he did, and placed those garments at the disposal of the aforesaid sacristan, and the sacristan, when those garments had been delivered and placed in his possession, graciously returned and gave him all his ornaments in which he was at that time vested. And afterwards the said Colson retired from the church, and was delivered to the nearest constables by the aforesaid High Sheriff, and afterwards from one party of constables to another, carrying a white cross made of wood, as a fugitive, and being led to the nearest sea-port, in order there to take ship, and never to return. These things were done in the year of our Lord, the month, day, and place aforesaid.

By several Acts of Parliament, passed in the reign of Henry VIII., the privileges of sanctuary were considerably abridged; and, after being further limited in 1603, they were completely abolished in 1624.

J. R. Boyle, F.S.A.

Northern Sun Dials.

A HANDSOME and elaborate work on sun dials, chiefly consisting of a collection of mottoes on these interesting objects from all parts of the United Kingdom and the Continent, has been published by Messrs. George Bell and Sons, York Street, Covent Garden, London. The book was originally compiled by the late Mrs. Alfred Gatty, but the new edition is edited by Miss Horatia Gatty and Miss Eleanor Lloyd. Most of the dials existing in this neighbourhood that are adorned with mottoes are enumerated in the book. So far as we know only one important omission occurs—that of the dial over the front door of Gibside Hall. The mottoes of all that are in Latin—as most of them are—are duly translated, while the history of the dials themselves, together with some description of them, is frequently related. But the special feature of the present edition is a scientific treatise by Mr. Wigham Richardson, of Newcastle, on the "Construction of Sun Dials." It is interesting to read in Mr. Richardson's list of the works which he can recommend on the science of dialing, that the "clearest of all" was that published in Newcastle by Peter Nicholson in 1833, though it requires some patience to acquire the author's method of projection. Equally interesting is the information that Mr. Thomas Wright, a distinguished mathematician and astronomer, received a gratuity of twenty guineas from the Conservators of the River Wear for "a composition of dials which he invented, setting up the model on the pier at Sunderland in 1733." Nor is it less interesting to read again the old story of how George Stephenson set up a dial over his cottage door at West Moor, finding how to make the necessary calculations to adapt the dial to the latitude of Killingworth with the aid of Ferguson's "Astronomy." Again, Mr. Howitt's "Visits to Remarkable Places" is quoted as the authority for the statement that the village of Heworth, in the county of Durham, is (or was) dis-

tinguished by the greatest number of sun dials on the fronts of its houses of perhaps any village in the kingdom. These sun dials were due to the eccentric William Emerson, one of the first mathematicians of his age, who was born at Heworth, and died there in 1782. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1888, page 29.) But items of interest to people in the Northern Counties are scattered throughout the volume. We have pleasure in transferring to our pages the account which the authors give of some of the more striking of our Northern dials.

ASPICE IN HORAM, ET MEMENTO MORI.
Look upon the hour, and remember death.
R. E.
1775.

Over the door of an old house in Thomas Street North, Monkwearmouth, which was formerly the town house of the Barons of Hylton, and afterwards inhabited by the father of the noted Northern antiquary, George Cooper Abbs. The initials R. E. are those of Robert Emerson, who was parish clerk and schoolmaster of Boldon from 1770 to 1805. He possessed considerable mathematical knowledge, and constructed two dials in his own village, one of which he placed over his house, and the motto of this is now (1888) illegible. The other remains over the church porch.

COME, LIGHT! VISIT ME!

At the Knoll, Ambleside. 1846.

The history of this motto, and the sun dial which bears it, is given at length by Harriet Martineau in her autobiography, vols. i. and ii., pp. 80 and 265. At the age of seven she visited her grandfather, near Newcastle, and in his garden there was a large, heavy stone sun dial. "That dial," she says, "was of immeasurable value to me, I could see its face only by raising myself on its step, and there, with my eyes on a level with the plate, did I watch and ponder, day by day, painfully forming my first clear conceptions of Time, amidst a bright confusion of notions of day and night, and of the seasons, and of the weather. I loved that dial with a sort of superstitution; and when, nearly forty years after, I built a house for myself at Ambleside, my strong wish was to have this very dial for the platform below the terrace, but it was not to be had. It had been once removed already, when the railway cut through the old garden, but the stone was too heavy, and far too much fractured for a second removal. A friend in London who knew my desire for a sun dial, and heard that I could not obtain the old one which had told me so important a story in my youth, presented me with one to stand under my terrace wall, and above the quarry which was already beginning to fill with shrubs and wild flowers. The design of the dial is beautiful, being a copy of an ancient font, and in grey granite to accord with the grey stone house above it. The motto was an important affair. A neighbour had one so perfect in its way as to eclipse a whole class. 'The night cometh.' In asking my friends for suggestions, I told them of this, and they agreed that we could not approach this motto in the same direction. I preferred a motto of my own to all that were offered in English, and Wordsworth gave it his emphatic approbation. 'Come, Light! visit me!' stands emblazoned on my dial, and it has been, I believe, as frequent and impressive a monitor to me as ever was any dial which bore warning of the fugacious nature of life and time."

DUM SPECTAS, FUGIT HORA: CARPE DIEM.
Whilst thou art looking the hour is flying; seize to-day.

On a house-dial at Wolsingham, Co. Durham. The figures are gilt on a black ground.

HARUM DUM SPECTAS QUASUM
RESPICE AD NOVISSIMAM HORAM.

C.C.
Walker, 1881. I. Lat. 54° 58',
W.R.

Watching these fleeting hours soon past
Remember that which comes at last.

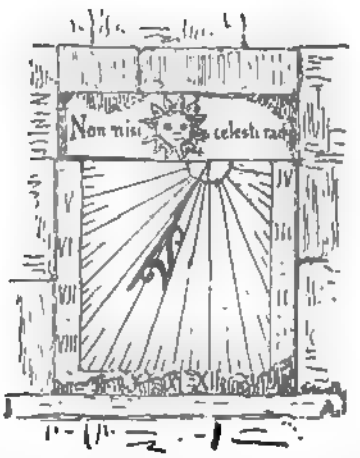
On a storehouse of the Neptune Works, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Erected by Wigham Richardson, Esq., to whom the translation is due.

NON DEDERUNT TIBI DI QUAM PRAESENTEM SUPERI HORAM. AD FINEM ASPICIAS, HORA FUTURA LATET.
The gods above have given thee but the present hour.
Look on to the end, the future hour lies hid.

At Carville Hall, an old mansion on the Roman wall near Wallsend, is a fine old sun-dial with faces so that the pointer is parallel to the face. The motto given above is perhaps of more recent date than the dial itself. (*A Correspondent in "The Guardian."*)

NON NISI CAELESTI RADIO.
Not save by a ray from heaven (do I tell the time).

On the porch at Haydon Bridge, Northumberland. The dial is square, and the motto is above, the words being divided by a full-faced sun, which emits rays all round. They bear an obvious moral signification. There



is no date on this dial, but the church was built out of the the nave of an older church, and opened for service July, 1796. The features of the Sun God are too decidedly Hanoverian to suppose a much earlier date.

SPECTATOR FASTIDIOSUS, SIBI MOLESTUS.
He that looks too proudly is a trouble to himself.

At Bywell, near Newcastle-on-Tyne. It is difficult to understand what this motto means; we have translated it literally. It may either point to a spectator bending over the dial so as to intercept the sunshine; or to a passer-by who is too proud to use this humble means of learning the time.

THE LAST HOUR TO MANY, POSSIBLY TO YOU.

On the church at Hartlepool, Co. Durham.

THE NATURAL CLOCKWORK BY THE MIGHTY ONE
WOUND UP AT FIRST, AND EVER SINCE HAS GONE;
NO PIN DROPS OUT, ITS WHEELS AND SPRINGS ARE GOOD,
IT SPEAKS ITS MAKER'S PRAISE, THO' ONCE IT STOOD;
BUT THAT WAS BY THE ORDER OF THE WORKMAN'S POWER;
AND WHEN IT STANDS AGAIN IT GOES NO MORE.

JOHN ROBINSON, Rector.
A. DOUGLAS, Clerk, Fecit. } A.D. 1773.
THOMAS SMITH.
SAMUEL STEVENSON. } Churchwardens.

Seaham, in Latitude 54° 51'.

SOLES PEREUNT ET IMPUTANTUR.

Days (literally, *suns*) *depart and are reckoned.*

Outside the Dean's kitchen, at Durham, is a square dial, gold-lettered, which bears this inscription. It is now (1888) much decayed.

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(1) TIME BY MOMENTS STEALS AWAY, FIRST THE HOUR AND THEN THE DAY.

(2). EXAGORAZOMENOI TON KAIRON HOTI HAI HEMERAI O PONERAI EISI.

Redeeming the time because the days are evil.

(3). TEMPUS EDAX RERUM.

Time the devourer of (all) things.

(4). BOAST NOT THYSELF OF TO-MORROW—FOR ON THINE EYELIDS IS THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

(5). THE MORNING COMETH AND ALSO THE NIGHT.

(6). THE LORD BY WISDOM HATH FOUNDED THE EARTH, BY UNDERSTANDING HATH HE ESTABLISHED THE HEAVENS.

(7). THE EARTH IS THE LORDS AND THE FULNESS THEREOF.

"How grand the orbs of light on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim!
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine
"The hand that made us is divine."

These seven mottoes, and eight lines from Addison's paraphrase of Psalm xix., are engraved upon the face of a vertical south dial, erected in the Albert Park, Middlesbrough, by the gift of H. W. F. Bolckow, M.P. The design and workmanship were done by Mr. John Smith, of South Stockton, who was seventy years of age when he executed the commission, but he has been deeply interested in the art of dialling since his boyhood. [The second motto being in Greek characters, we have given the English equivalents.]

TIME TIDE
DOTH WAIST
THEREFORE
MAKE HASTE
WE SHALL—

On a dial which originally stood in the garden at Carville Hall, the teaching of the motto being enforced by the position of the house, which stands midway between Newcastle and the sea, overlooking the Tyne. Carville Hall is now the property of Wigham Richardson, Esq., and he has presented the dial to the members of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries, who have placed it upon the roof of the Norman keep of the Castle. The following description of the dial has been given by the Rev. J. R. Boyle:—"The dial stone is an oblong slab, two sides of which are parallelograms, and two are rhomboids. This rests upon an upright pillar. The dial slab lies in the plane of the earth's equator. On its upper surface is a north polar dial, which will show the time from the vernal to the autumnal equinox. On its under surface is a south polar dial, which will show the time from the autumnal to the vernal equinox. On the vertical sides of the dial are four erect direct dials, facing exactly the four quarters of the earth. The dials are all graduated to half hours. I have placed the dial in the meridian of the castle of Newcastle. It will therefore show, when the equations of time are applied, not Greenwich, but local time. On the north side of the stone is a shield bearing *two bends and a crescent for difference impaling, ermine, a chevron engrailed.*" The latter are the arms of John Cosyn, who built Carville Hall, and died in 1662. He was buried at All Saints, Newcastle. The Hall is also called Cosyn's House. The date 1667 is engraved on the pillar of the dial, and it was probably erected by John Cosyn's son-in-law, to whom the coat of arms evidently belonged. The motto is placed just above the north polar dial; the word "dial" being of course required to complete the sense of the inscription."

UT HORA SIC VITA.
1727.

Life is an hour.

This motto may be seen on a little white wooden dial which formerly stood on the porch of Stanhope, co. Durham, but has now been placed on the south wall of the chancel. The register books show that the dial was put up by Bishop Butler, then rector. His "Analogy" was written when he lived at Stanhope.

WATCH AND PRAY,
TIME HASTES AWAY.

Over a cottage at Barton, near Darlington; also on the church porch of Llantiglos-by-Fowey, Cornwall; and on a horizontal dial in the churchyard of Westward, Cumberland.

THE GIBSIDE DIAL.

This dial stands above the front door of Gibside Hall, and bears the motto:—

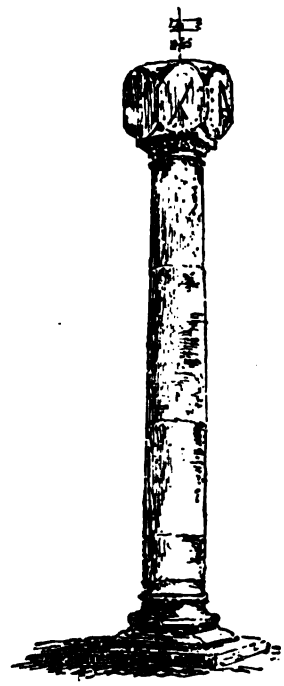
UTI HORA, SIC VITA.

As an hour, so is life.

The arms of Bowes and Blakeston, Mr. James F. Robinson informs us, are marked on the front with initials of the names of Blakeston, Bowes, and Strathmore, and the dates of 1620, that of the first erection of the hall, and of 1805, the time when the hall was put into its present form.

THE SEVEN DIALS.

The locality which goes by this designation in London is fairly well-known all over the kingdom. Few of those, however, who are familiar with the name know how it originated. We will let our authors tell us. "The seven dials," they remark, "which give their name to the district in the parish of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, were,



curiously enough, only six in number. They form the six faces of the block of stone which crowned the Doric column, and each dial fronted one of the streets which

met in the open space where the pillar stood. Two of these streets opened into one angle, so that the seven formed an irregular star, as described by John Evelyn. 'I went,' he says, 'on the 5th of October, 1694, to see the block of stone—St. Giles—where seven streets, making a star from the Doric pillar placed in the middle of the circular area, said to have been built by Mr. Neal, introducer of the late lotteries.' Cunningham's 'Handbook to London' says it was removed in July, 1773, on the supposition that a considerable sum of money was lodged at the base, but the search was ineffectual. The old column had been some years in a stone mason's yard, and in 1822 was bought by the inhabitants of Weybridge, and set up on the green as a memorial to the Duchess of York."

John the Pieman, a Sunderland Character.

JOSEPH CAWTHORNE, familiarly known as John the Pieman, was a well-known figure in the streets of Sunderland thirty or forty years ago. John's "pies all hot" were made of good materials, and he used to cry them in a fashion peculiarly his own. When any young customers came, they were required to put pennies down on the tin-lid, and ask: "Heads or tails?" If "John" guessed right, he

whipped up the pennies and gave them no pies; but if he guessed wrong, they got their pennies back, and pies each into the bargain. "Toss or buy, gentlemen," he said on such occasions; "I am the only man in Sunderland who fought at Waterloo." And this boast was commonly taken to be well founded, as it was sustained by the medals he displayed on his breast when in holiday costume. These seemed to bear out that "John" was one of the few surviving heroes of the Peninsular War, and of the great battle on the plains of Waterloo. According to his own account, Joseph Cawthorne was born on the anniversary of the Decollation of St. John the Baptist, the 29th of August, 1790, at Newark-on-Trent. When he was fourteen years of age, he was bound apprentice to a canvas weaver; but he was hardly out of his apprenticeship when he joined the Montgomeryshire Militia, and shortly afterwards volunteered into the first battalion of the Rifle Brigade. After a six weeks' furlough, he proceeded to Lisbon to join his regiment, marching through Portugal to Spain. He fought at Vittoria, the Pyrenees, and Toulouse, and in nearly every one of the hotly-contested engagements in the Peninsula; and he had the rare good fortune to be only once wounded, and that but slightly. But at Waterloo he was wounded a second time, and that rather more severely. After returning to England, he continued in the service of his country for three or four years more, and then took his discharge. This was about the year 1819. Unfortunately, he got no pension, for what reason we cannot say; neither do we know what chance brought him to Sunderland, where he eventually took up his abode, and managed to make a decent living in the way above indicated. When he had reached his sixty-eighth year and began to feel the infirmities of old age, efforts were made to get him a small pension, and the consequence was that he had sixpence a day allowed him, which was increased in 1863 to ninepence, and in 1866 to a shilling a day. The old pieman died in 1869, in his seventy-ninth year.

Calaly Castle, Northumberland.

WHEN a certain baronial tower was being built in Scotland, we forget in what county, the masons were astonished each morning to find that all they had accomplished the previous day had been thrown down during the night. This playing at cross purposes continued for some time. At length one day a loud voice was heard, exclaiming:—

> Build it in a bog,
> And it will neither shake nor shog.

The laird immediately took the hint, abandoned the chosen site, and pitched upon a new one on a small knoll in the midst of a neighbouring morass. And there the tower stands to this day.

A precisely similar legend exists relative to the old castle of Calaly, near Whittingham, the seat of the Claverings. The tradition runs that while the workmen were engaged in erecting it upon a hill, a little distance from the site on which it now stands, they were surprised, like their Scottish brethren, every morning to find their last day's work destroyed. They likewise found themselves constantly impeded by what seemed supernatural obstacles, enough to dishearten, if not terrify, the boldest. A watch was at length set to find out, if possible, who the mischief-makers could be. The watchers remained till midnight without seeing any symptoms of hostility or disturbance. All remained till that hour just as the builders had left it. Suddenly, however, just as night's black keystone was passed, a strange commotion and stir was seen to have commenced among the closely compacted materials. Each particular stone, one by one, rose gradually up on its end, toppled over, and fell noiselessly to the earth. No incarnate agent—man, beast, or devil—was discernible, but the work of dilapidation went on, without intermission as without din, till every one of the rows of masonry was displaced, and the whole lay together in a ruinous heap. A voice was then heard, saying :—

> Calaly Castle stands on a height;
> It's up in the day and down at night;
> Set it up on the Shepherd's Shaw,
> There it will stand and never fa'.

The site thus interdicted was forthwith abandoned, and the work recommenced on the spot which the voice had considerately pointed out. There no interruption took place, and the castle therefore rose in due season, in what James Hardy, who transferred the tale from the pages of Bell's "Rhymes of the Northern Bards" to those of the "Local Historian's Table Book," calls "the proud grandeur of the stern battlements, bidding defiance to the foe and to time—strong in the adamantine workmanship of an iron age, and fortified with the valiant arms of warlike defenders."

Mr. W. W. Tomlinson, in his "Comprehensive Guide to Northumberland," taking a practical view of the legend, avers that it arose from the dislike of the lord of Calaly's lady to the proposed site of the castle, and that she devised a scheme by which she might get her own way. A faithful attendant, dressed up like a boar, was to pull down nightly all that had been built during the day, and so awaken the superstitious fears of her good lord. The plan succeeded, and the work of destruction was set down to supernatural causes.

The tooth of Time, however, or the happy change that has taken place since the union of the crowns and kingdoms of England and Scotland in the conditions, habits, and requirements of the dwellers in our old Border Land, has done what the boldest and best accoutred leader of a raid or foray from the Scottish side could scarcely have dreamed of accomplishing. For an old tower now alone remains of the ancient edifice, all the other parts of the present building being modern.

A conical eminence, called the Castle Hill, not far from a lofty wooded hill locally known as the Crag, whence there is a very extensive prospect over the vales of Coquet, Whittingham, and Glendale, would seem to have been the site originally fixed on by the Saxon or Norman owner of Calaly, whoever he was, whereon to build his castle. The top of this eminence, comprising about two acres, has been surrounded by a strong wall, and, in the weakest places, by a fosse twenty feet deep, hewn out of the solid rock, and flanked on the outside with another wall. Down the western brow, about one hundred paces distant, is a third wall, the ruins of which are said by Dugdale in his "British Traveller" (1819), to have measured upwards of twenty-two feet at their base. The whole fortified area contains nearly six acres, and is diffi-

cult of access. There are several other ancient camps in the vicinity, which has been the scene of innumerable battles and skirmishes.

These pre-historic ruins on the Castle Hill may have given rise to the tradition respecting the intervention of the tricksy spirits to hinder the place from being in a manner desecrated by the new possessors of the manor. But we must be content with the legend as we find it.

Calaly was a vill of William de Calaly, in the beginning of the reign of King Henry III., and of his son Gilbert de Calaly, in the same reign. The family of the Claverings derive their descent, in the male line, from Charlemagne. The old name of the Claverings was De Burgh, and a former Marquis of Clanricarde, descended from the same stock, obtained royal leave to assume the name and arms of De Burgh in 1752. The Claverings were represented amongst the barons who compelled King John to sign Magna Charta. At a later period the representatives of the family were adherents of the Stuart cause.

Help, the Railway Dog.

THE Scotch collie, on account of his intelligence and tractability, is a general favourite. But although he is frequently put to uses for which he was never intended, he soon adapts himself to his changed circumstances, and proves himself the friend of mankind. Help, the railway dog, an interesting specimen of the collie breed, is the property of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants. He will follow, without leading, any railwayman with whom he has had a few hours' acquaintance The idea of keeping and training a dog to act as a medium for the collection of money in aid of the Railway Servants' Orphan Fund originated with Mr. John Climpson, the guard of the "night boat train" on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway—a position which he has filled for over twenty-seven years. Mr. William Riddell, of Hailes, Haddington, having become acquainted with the fact that such a dog was required, presented the subject of this notice to the Orphan Fund. Help has been the means of adding about a thousand pounds to the funds of the society. When he visited Newcastle in October, 1887, the local contribution amounted to £2 4s. 9d. He has not been trained to perform any antics, so that his mission is known only by a handsome silver collar, to which is appended a silver medal bearing the following inscription:—"I am Help, the railway dog of England, and travelling agent for the orphans of railwaymen who are killed on duty. My office is at 55, Colebrooke Row, London, where subscriptions will be thankfully received and duly acknowledged." Our drawing of Help is reproduced from a capital lithograph executed by the Newcastle artist, Mr. Wilson Hepple.

"HELP" The Railway Dog

Early Wars of Northumbria.

VII.

THE SAXON ADVANCE.

AFTER a century of internal broils, and a long succession of attacks from Danish invaders, it would be difficult to conceive anything more miserable than the condition of the North Country in 825. Eanred, the Anglian king, was too weak to control his unruly followers, and, amid the intrigues that were constantly going forward, the people could make no substantial progress. They were not only dissatisfied, but disheartened, and seemed ready to welcome almost any change that promised amelioration. It is not surprising, therefore, that Egbert of Wessex—after overrunning the whole of Mercia—should have marched his victorious Saxons beyond the Humber. The southern forces, at all events, were better than the harrying Danes, and the opposition to their advance was neither serious nor determined. Though not relishing the new situation, Eanred wisely bowed to the inevitable, resigned his shadowy sceptre, and paid homage to the conqueror. Some writers have endeavoured to show that Egbert was, as his courtiers called him, "first King of the English." Even Mr. Green would appear to endorse this opinion, as he places him at the head of his genealogical tables. Hume, however, is inclined to think that the title was never properly assumed till the reign of Edward the Elder, in 901, and Sharon Turner even puts it as late as Athelstane, in 934. But whoever may have been first king, or whatever may be the precise date, it is certain that Egbert never consolidated the Anglo-Saxon power. "Each State and People," says Sir Francis Palgrave, "continued as distinct as before. There was no common Legislature, and no means of concentrating, in the supreme Government, the strength and resources of the community." It was this defect, more than any other, that enabled the Danes to prove so troublesome. They found their opportunity in the jealousies and rivalries so prevalent in the tributary kingdoms, and were not slow to take advantage of a combination of circumstances so favourable to them. Though their inroads were splendidly checked during the height of Egbert's prosperity, they had managed, before the close of his reign, to establish themselves securely on many a well protected stretch of coast-line, and to work much mischief amongst the inhabitants and buildings of the adjacent territory. It would be beyond the scope of these articles to notice all the changes that took place during the long and bloody struggles that ended in the succession of a Danish king. We can only indicate the part that Northumbria played in shaping the country's destinies, and trust that the record may convey a tolerably accurate idea of the scenes and incidents that were so prevalent elsewhere.

BATTLE OF CARHAM.

After their very complete plundering of the Northern monasteries, there had been a brief and welcome respite from the periodical inroads of the Norsemen. It is not quite clear when they next appeared in force, but probably not before 832. In that year, we hear of a daring attack on the Isle of Sheppey, and a hasty flight with a load of ill-gotten booty. There was also an attempt made to land on the promontory at Tynemouth; but the long notice which the inhabitants received before the onslaught took place, enabled them to beat back the assailants to their ships. In 833, there was a much more numerous arrival, and a tolerably severe fight. The Danes are supposed to have alighted, on this occasion, in the neighbourhood of Tweedmouth, and to have used the river as a means of forming a junction with allies they had secured amongst the Britons of Strathclyde. They had only reached Carham, however, when they were intercepted by a hastily organised force, under King Egbert in person, and a battle at once ensued. The invaders received the

English attack on ground of their own choosing, and played such havoc amongst them that the assault was repulsed with very heavy loss. Following up this advantage, the Danes rushed upon the confused ranks of their opponents, and very quickly drove them from the vicinity of the river. The defeat proved fatal to 11 bishops and 32 earls, and if the remnant of Egbert's force had not quietly retreated during the night, the casualties would doubtless have been much more considerable.

DOUBTS AS TO LOCALITY.

There seems to be rather more uncertainty about this battle than about almost any other that had previously occurred. Most modern writers have fixed the locality at Charmouth, in Dorset, and have given the victory to the Saxons. They all speak of the ferocity and desperate valour of the new foe; but add that, in spite of their great numbers and the resolute manner in which they

clung to their position, they were compelled to retreat to their ships. Other authorities—though adhering to the southern county as the scene of the *melee*—assert that the English sustained a serious reverse, and that "Egbert himself only escaped by the covert of night." In the face of these conflicting records, the problem is not an easy one to solve. All the probabilities, however, seem to favour the Northern district. The invaders, who unquestionably meant to settle in the land if they could, were far more likely to fasten upon a province that had only recently been subdued—and where there was a prospect of securing ready assistance—than they were to seek a home in the heart of a powerful and long-established kingdom like Wessex. Leland, who was both competent and diligent in his antiquarian researches, seems to have had no hesitation in saying that the battle was fought on the Tweed. Mr. Green's testimony, in a negative sense, supports this view; because he alludes to the Charmouth battle as having taken place in the reign of Ethelwulf. Mr. Grant Allen, too, appears to have been struck by this discrepancy in the dates of the old chronicle, for he tells us that an almost identical record appears on two pages. Egbert is said to have fought, at an unnamed place, against the crews of thirty-five ships; but that the Danes, after muckle slaughter, held the field. A similar entry, having reference to Charmouth, occurs under Ethelwulf, seven years later, and this, he thinks, is the correct one. But, wherever the battle was fought, there can be no doubt that the strength of the invaders has been greatly over-estimated. All records agree in stating that their fleet consisted of thirty-five vessels. If this was so, they could not possibly have carried the 15,000 men who are said to have ranged themselves under the Danish banner. What more likely, therefore, than that the Danes had joined hands with a portion of their allies before they got to Carham; or that their ranks had been swelled by a considerable section of the discontented inhabitants of Northumbria itself?

ABSENCE OF RECORDS.

It may appear somewhat strange, if this supposition is admitted, that there should be no further reference to exploits which were sure to have followed the Danish triumph. But even this is capable of explanation. It is pretty generally admitted that the Norsemen did gain a permanent footing in Northumbria sooner than in any other part of the country, and the manner in which they plundered the religious houses, and scattered their inmates, would naturally lead to the destruction of documents in which their proceedings had been narrated. The old monks were the chroniclers in these early times, and the conditions under which they did their work were not of the most favourable description. From 812, we are told, right away to the end of the century, and for at least two decades of the succeeding one, ecclesiastical history was in utter obscurity. The names of the successive archbishops have been preserved; but, beyond this fact, little else is known concerning them. In such a lamentable state of society, and with only the West Saxon records to depend upon, it is hardly surprising that there should be such a dearth of information concerning the many battles and raids that must have preceded the Danish domination.

SAD CONDITION OF THE COUNTRY.

The outlook in Egbert's own land of Wessex had become very critical before his death, in 836, and it had required all his strength and resource to check the inroads that were constantly being attempted. Ethelwulf, his weak successor, was similarly assailed; and at so many places simultaneously that he could not even prevent the storm and pillage of London. There was no time, therefore, to give attention to disturbances far from the seat of Government, and the sea kings were practically left at liberty to consolidate their strength in Northumbria. And this they set about with savage ferocity. There was pity for neither old nor young. "The Vikings," says Sir Francis Palgrave, "were enemies who tore the screaming babes from mothers' arms, and tossed them on the point of the spear. If they took any prisoners, they never spared the lives of their captives, except for the purpose of extorting money by way of ransom; and they often put their victims to death with the most cruel torture." There was retaliation, as a matter of course, but it was powerless to stem the onward progress of the invading hordes. The terrible flood of heathen savagery was so formidable that the Anglo-Saxon people were quite unable to cope with it. They had no central organization, no properly equipped army, no commissariat, and an inadequate supply of ships. There was a general call for men, it is true; but, being without the means of sustaining a lengthened campaign, the recruits, of necessity, were compelled to return to their own homes after the first conflict was decided. If the fight was in their favour, they drank over its success. If fortune was adverse, the demoralised bands sought shelter in flight, and left the occupants of the defended towns to battle or bribe for their safety.

THE STORY OF REGNER LODBROG.

Being thus thrown on their own resources, it is not surprising that the Angles of Northumbria and Mercia should have repudiated their allegiance to the Southern king. If this step had been followed by a union between them, it is more than likely that the Danish triumphs

would have been averted, and that the Saxon power would have been crippled for good. As it happened, however, there was a renewal of the old jealousy and discord. Not only did each state struggle for its own independence, but each chieftain made a bid for the supreme authority. How the feuds ended, there is no precise information to show; but Redwulf, who was in possession of the throne of Northumbria in 844, is said to have been killed during an expedition against Wessex. This, it is probable, is little more than conjecture, as there seems no good evidence on which it can be supported. There is more than a suspicion, also, that the alleged fate of Regner Lodbrog is only pure romance. Scandinavian writers have a good deal to say about this heroic King of Denmark, and as to the vastness of his conquests in various parts of Europe. They tell us, with many picturesque phrases, that this distinguished person—when on his return from a successful enterprise in the Mediterranean—was wrecked on some dangerous portion of the Yorkshire coast, and that it was not without much difficulty that he saved himself and 500 men. Ella—who at that time was guiding the destinies of Deira—is said to have conducted an overwhelming force against the unfortunate party, and to have destroyed everybody but the king. To the astonishment of all his assailants, we read, Regner seemed impervious to either sword cut or spear thrust, and to bear himself like a man with a charmed life. Casting themselves upon him in a body, the Angles compelled him to submit, and then threw him into a dungeon that swarmed with vipers. Here, again, was some miraculous interposition, as none of the reptiles would bite him. In the examination that followed, it was discovered that the hero's body was swathed in a silken robe, and, as this was thought likely to constitute his strange protection, it was at once torn from his back by the angry men around him. No sooner had this task been accomplished, than the vipers turned upon him from all sides. Though the sufferings of the unfortunate king were frightful to witness, not a groan escaped his lips; and, even in his agony, he is said to have composed and sung the "death song" that has since held a foremost place in the legendary literature of the Scandinavian people.

DANISH VENGEANCE AT YORK.

But putting aside all the harrowing details that are said to have befallen this unhappy Dane, it is pretty certain that some of the Anglian excesses did lead to the famous invasion of 865. Hingvar and Hubba, two of the sons of Regner, had associated themselves with several other Vikings, and determined to wreak a terrible vengeance on their foes. They landed a mighty host on the coast of East Anglia, and there fraternised, during the winter, with the numerous bands of their countrymen who had already established themselves. On the ample folds of their standard was to be seen the raven of Odin, and there were few amongst the encamped men who did not believe that this national ensign was endowed with magical powers. If victory was to follow an onslaught, the raven stood proudly erect; but, if defeat was impending, the poor bird hung its head as if in shame, and sadly drooped its sable wings. In the early spring of 866, the gathering storm burst upon the island. It was no longer the intention of the Danes to merely ravage the country for the spoil they could carry away. They now meant to settle as they conquered, and had made ample preparations for that end. Gathering up their forces, and seizing all the horses that were available in the district round about, they marched rapidly in the direction of York. Civil strife, as usual, was distracting the energies of Northumbria. Osbert and Ella were so busily fighting for the subject crown, that they had left the Deiran capital in possession of a very inadequate garrison. It followed, almost of necessity, that when the Danish vanguard appeared before the defences of the city, the burghers admitted them without a struggle. When thus securely settled, the invaders lost no time in making their power felt amongst the people of the adjacent territory. This easy capture of their stronghold was a serious shock to the native combatants. Ella's peaceful advances to Osbert were unhesitatingly accepted; and then, making common cause, the Anglian leaders endeavoured to expel their unwelcome visitors. But in this they failed. Though they fell upon the town with the utmost fury, and fought as valiantly as men could fight, their attack was repulsed with heavy slaughter. Again and again they renewed the conflict, and, on one occasion, broke through the outer line of fortifications. Then ensued a series of hand-to-hand encounters in which Osbert was slain, Ella captured, and the bulk of their followers put to the sword. For the people generally there was now a period of grievous affliction, in which the most inhuman cruelties were perpetrated. For Ella, it is said, was reserved the most terrible punishment of all; as it was not until the skin had been carved off his back, in the shape of a wild boar, that his treatment of Regner was thought to be avenged. When, in addition, the wound had been scrubbed with salt, and the wretched man was left to finish his life in agony, the Danes conceived that a proper interest had been added to the debt they owed him. Having satisfied their thirst for blood, the victors appointed Hingvar to rule over the newly-won territory, and the hold they thus secured was never thoroughly loosened. After this unexpected success, the whole of Northumbria practically submitted. Two years later East Anglia was in the toils; and its people saw their king bound to a tree, and shot to death with Danish arrows. Mercia, too, was crouching at the feet of the conquerors by 870. Its monasteries were in flames, its monks amid the ruins, and the rich possessions of the Church were divided amongst the heathen. In five years the work of Egbert had been undone, and England, north of the Thames, had been torn from the overlordship of Wessex.

GUTHRUN AS KING.

During these early days of Danish domination, the condition of the country was far from enviable. Whitby had been plundered, in 867, and its monastery again destroyed. Ripon, the favourite home of St. Wilfrid, shared the same fate. Aldborough, the Roman Isurium, was burnt to the ground in 870, and similar depredations were committed in many other districts. It was during the latter year that the death of the mighty Hingvar made way for the accession of Guthrun to the throne of York. The Danish chroniclers speak in high terms of the liberality of this prince, and assert that all the gold he gained was apportioned amongst his men. In disposition, however, he was a veritable savage. So relentless was he towards his opponents that he not only killed all who crossed his path, but burnt down their towns and churches wherever he could find them. It was during the reign of this strangely constituted personage that an attempt was made to bring the people north of the Tyne more completely into accord with their masters. They had so often rebelled against the authority of Hingvar, that it was deemed advisable to conciliate them with a ruler of their own race. Egbert, an Anglian chieftain, was appointed to the post; but he speedily discovered that the duties expected of him were so irksome that he could not retain the position, and he abandoned it in 873. He was succeeded by Ricsig—the first Norseman who ever really governed north of the Tyne—and, for a few months, the aspect of affairs showed signs of improvement. In one of his periodic journeys to York, however, the new ruler was waylaid and murdered, and the disorders to which the event gave rise were not easily quelled.

WILLIAM LONGSTAFF.

The Wags of Durham.

THE first number of *Bentley's Miscellany*, which appeared in January, 1837, under the editorship of Charles Dickens, contained, among other contributions by that famous Irish humourist, the Rev. Francis Mahony, better known as "Father Prout," what purported to be the original of the noble ode on "The Burial of Sir John Moore," which Byron pronounced one of the finest in the language, which Goethe said was one of the most impressive he had ever read, and which Prout himself speaks of as "unparalleled in the English language for all the qualities of a true lyric, breathing the finest spirit of the antique, and setting criticism completely at defiance." But no fact in literature is better ascertained than that the ode was the production of a native of Dublin, the Rev. Charles Wolfe, C.B., curate of Donoughmore, in the diocese of Armagh, who died on the 21st of February, 1823, in the thirty-second year of his age, and in whose "Remains," edited by the Rev. John A. Russell, M.A., Archdeacon of Clogher, of which there are many editions, it will be found, with a full detail of the circumstances under which it was composed. Yet, notwithstanding this, the authorship of the poem was long disputed by persons ignorant of the real circumstances, or anxious to play a trick upon the public.

A letter appeared in the *Courier*, a London newspaper, of November 3rd, 1824, purporting to come from "Henry Marshall, M.D., South Street, Durham," in which the writer characterised as false the statement which had been made in the *Morning Chronicle* a few days before, to the effect that the "Lines on the Burial of Sir John Moore" were Wolfe's. It was, he said, "as barefaced a fabrication as ever was foisted on the public." The letter went on to say:—

> The lines in question are not written by Wolfe, nor by Hailey, nor is Deacon the author, but they were composed by *me*. I published them, originally, some years ago, in the *Durham County Advertiser*, a journal in which I have at different times inserted several poetical trifles, as "The Prisoner's Prayer to Sleep," "Lines on the Lamented Death of Benjamin Galley, Esq.," and some other little effusions. I can prove, by the most incontestable evidence, the truth of what I have asserted. The first copy of my lines was given by me to my friend and relation, Captain Bell, and it is in his possession at present: it agrees perfectly with the copy now in circulation, with this exception—it does not contain the stanzas commencing with "Few and short," which I added afterwards at the suggestion of the Rev. Dr. Alderson, of Butterby.

This epistle was a mere hoax, perpetrated by a party of gentlemen who came to be known as the "Wags of Durham." The self-styled M.D. was a well-known horse-doctor in Durham, whose habits were convivial rather than literary; "The Prisoner's Prayer to Sleep," which he was also made to claim, was written by

Rev. Alderson. Bellman of Durham.

Professor Wilson, who subsequently avowed himself the author; Benjamin Galley was a poor Durham idiot, on whose death Marshall never wrote any lines; and the

Rev. Dr. Alderson was Hutchinson Alderson, otherwise Hut. Alderson, the then bellman of Durham, commonly known as "the Bishop of Butterby," of whom the portrait on the previous page appeared originally in Hone's "Table Book."

A bosom friend of the real author of the ode, Mr. John Sidney Taylor, indignant at the claims put forth in Marshall's letter, which he took for granted was the genuine production of a real physician, immediately wrote a furious reply:—

I know not who this professer of medicine is, but his rampant rudeness strikes me as being very characteristic of the quack. Had the doctor made his claim in the consciousness of its rectitude, he would have felt that it did not promote his cause to be equally imbecile in argument and ferocious in expression. As his main argument, the doctor tells us that he gave a copy of the verses some years ago to one of his friends, who has it still in his possession, and that, with the exception of one verse, which he subsequently wrote, the copy perfectly *agrees* with the *one which is now in circulation*. I have no reason to doubt his statement; but if he makes this a proof of authorship, he is as bad a logician as a poet, however bad that may be. That he *represented* the anonymous verses as his own, may be very true; that he should have found anyone to believe him, is more extraordinary. The circumstance of his copy perfectly agreeing with that now in circulation, *which is full of errors*, proves that he was as clearly the author of the original verses as that Alexander the coppersmith was the founder of the Macedonian Empire.

On this letter the *Durham Chronicle* made the following comment:—

We could not help pitying the poor doctor when we perused Mr. Taylor's violent attack on his character, which, we can assure our distant readers, is very respectable; but we could not refrain, at the same time, from indulging in a hearty laugh at the idea of a Student in the Middle Temple throwing aside his Bracton, Glanville, and Coke, and sitting down to pen a philippic against a humble and inoffensive practitioner of the Veterinary Art, and thinking (there's the rub!) all the while he was thus employed he was cutting up a regular physician.

Alluding to the fact that Marshall's name had been taken in vain by the perpetrators of the hoax, and that the worthy man was as ignorant as a Hottentot of the claim he had been alleged to make, the editor of the *Durham Chronicle* went on to say:—

Although we have been much amused with the humorous discussion to which the Durham letter has given rise, we would wish it to be understood that we highly disapprove of tricks of such a description, and that we think the most unwarrantable liberties have been taken with Dr. Marshall, who must have felt most poignantly the unmerited and severe attacks that have been made upon him, not only in the metropolis, but in his native city, for even our brother editor, Mr. Humble (tu quoque Brute!), who was once the doctor's printer, and whose columns used formerly to be adorned with his "poetical trifles," has endeavoured to give a cruel stab to his literary reputation by styling his productions "doggerel." This was the unkindest cut of all! But let not the worthy doctor be disheartened; let him be of good cheer; the merits of his "little effusions" are too well known to suffer their value to be lessened by the fiat of Mr. Humble—for everyone acquainted with them is aware of their pathos, bathos, tenderness, sublimity, and elegance; and when Hut. Alderson's bell is silent, and no longer thrills gratefully in the ears of the delighted fishwomen, when all the waggery of the Durham wits is forgotten, when the file of the *Durham Advertiser* is mouldering in rottenness, and when the writer of this article is slumbering in the cold and silent tomb, the name of Marshall will be immortal, and be classed by posterity with that of his illustrious Roman namesake?

The joke had turned out so well that the wags did not like to part with it too soon. And, therefore, as a second act in the farce, they persuaded Dr. Marshall that he ought to send up to London a specimen of his veritable writing, for the purpose of clearing his poetical character. And this he did. The *Globe* was chosen as the journal in which the poem should appear; and accordingly in due course the columns of that paper contained "Lines on the Death of Mr. John Bolton (formerly of Chester-le-Street), Clock and Watch Maker, Elvet, Durham." The first four lines, quoted in "Richardson's Table Book," were as follows:—

> Behold, the great Mechanic is no more;
> I hope he's landed on the Elysian shore.
> He died on Saturday, collected, sober,
> The twenty-seventh day of last October.

Several clever parodies on Wolfe's lines were penned by the wags of the day. One of them, entitled "Ode on the writing of Dr. Marshall's Letter," ran thus:—

Not a snoring note, not a sound was heard
As we sat by our old round table;
And we none of us laugh'd—though we all averr'd
To refrain we were scarcely able.

We in conclave met at the dead of night,
All fear of detection spurning,
By a farthing candle's twinkling light,
And an oil lamp dimly burning.

No useless masks did our forms invest,
Nor in cloaks for disguise we bound us,
But calmly we did in our arm-chairs rest,
With bottles of brandy round us.

Few and short were the words we wrote,
For to brevity we were partial;
But we put "Hut. Alderson" into our note,
And signed it—"Henry Marshall."

We waggishly thought, as we penn'd our hoax,
And lean'd o'er the Bath-post paper,
How the wits of the North would laugh at our jokes,
While Taylor would storm and vapour.

We thought how Taylor our new M.D.
Would abuse, and in print upbraid him,
And how the horse-doctor would laugh to see
What we Durham wags had made him.

But now that our pleasant task was done,
The hour was each inquiring,
When the bell of St. Cuthbert's, tolling one,
Told it was time for retiring.

Then we gave the Doctor's health as a toast,
And we all sallied forth in our glory.
Our effusion we put in the *Durham Post*,
And the knowing ones gulled with our story.

The true history of the ode is, that it was composed by Mr. Wolfe in 1817, on reading Southey's prose narrative of the battle of Corunna in the *Edinburgh Annual Register*, and that it first appeared soon after with his initials, though without his knowledge, in the *Henry Telegraph*, from which it was immediately copied into the London papers, and from them into those of Dublin, Edinburgh, and the provinces. A letter from Mr. Wolfe to his friend Taylor, containing the ode, is preserved in the archives of the Irish Royal Academy; and

Mr. R. W. Dixon, of Seaton Carew, in a letter inserted in an early volume of *Notes and Queries*, says :—

If any doubts remain as to the authorship of the lines "On the Burial of Sir John Moore," I have it in my power to satisfy them satisfactorily, for I know for certainty that the Rev. Charles Wolfe, when chaplain to the old county jail, in the city of Durham, acknowledged the authorship by inserting them in the *Durham Advertiser*, with his signature attached.

But who were the wags that perpetrated the hoax of 1824? A full account of the affair appears in "Richardson's Table Book," published in 1844. The writer therein states that the wags were so completely organized, and so admirably kept their own counsel, that their pranks were never in a single instance "brought home to any of their doors." It appears from the same writer that the reign of the wags, commencing in 1821, extended over a space of five or six years. One of their practical jokes was to dress the figure of Neptune in the Market Place in shirt and cravat! Mr. J. H. Dixon (brother of the gentleman just named) was the writer of the article which described the proceedings of the wags. And Mr. Dixon was himself one of them, while another is believed to have been Mr. William Crighton, afterwards an eminent solicitor in Newcastle.

Mrs. Browning's Birthplace.

TO many people who travel by railway from Newcastle to Hartlepool *via* Ferryhill, the country they pass through—the "soft" coalfield of Durham—is a "sealed book." Black and unsightly collieries meet the eye at every turn. Yet the district is full of traditional interest. An encampment was stated to have existed in the old Roman days in the valley midway between the village of Kelloe and the height on which stand Coxhoe Hall and Kelloe Church. Nearly everything appertaining to this encampment has, however, been swept away, and, but for the works on the heights to the southward, there is little to tell that the Romans once sojourned there.

As the train bound eastward leaves Coxhoe Bridge Station, after speeding past the slag heaps of Ferryhill and the rows of cottage dwellings which constitute the Cornforth villages, a valley is reached with banks sloping somewhat steeply from both north and south. Here is seen a wild-looking, rush-grown lake, which wild fowl must regard as a perfect "haven of rest" in severe weather. The land on the south side appears sour and hungry enough, with its short, wiry grass, scanty crops, and bare crest away towards Sedgefield. On the north side, however, the prospect is different. The land rises by regular terraced ascents until the woods, gardens, and shrubberies of Coxhoe Hall close the view, with the hall itself, in pure Gothic outline, peeping from amid a luxuriance of foliage. But what a change meets the eye to the eastward! Passing the farmhouse beyond Kelloe Church, the hungry look of the land is again predominant as far as bleak Garmondsway Moor, the only "redeeming feature" of which is the Raisby Company's immense limestone and manganese quarries.

It was amid such surroundings, at once stern and classical, that Elizabeth Barrett (afterwards Mrs. Browning) was born and spent the first three years of her life.

The site now occupied by Coxhoe Hall is believed to have been an important point in connection with the Roman encampment below, and the terraced construction of the grounds surrounding it, together with the land on either hand up to the crest of the ridge, even if old remnants of masonry had not been found to bear out this theory, fully justifies the assumption. The property hereabouts was owned in the early part of the last century by Mr. John Burdon (no relative of the Castle Eden family), who about 1725 built the present hall. The site he selected had long been occupied by the ruins of an old Catholic chapel, whose history is unknown. According to Hatfield's Survey, a resident family had then assumed the local name; but the Blackistons had previously acquired the manor and vill, which they continued to hold till 1621, when the estate passed by marriage to William Kennett, whose great-granddaughter, Mary, married Kenneth, Earl and titular Marquis of Seaforth, of the Kingdom of Scotland. The earl engaged in the rebellion of 1715, and the countess died in exile in Paris in 1739. Before this Mr. Burdon had purchased the manor; and in 1758 he conveyed it to John Swinburn, husband of his niece, Sarah Burdon. William Swinburn, brother and successor of John, died without issue, and the estate, after passing to Major William Swinburn, was sold on December 19, 1794, under a decree in Chancery, to Mr. John Forster, of Lincoln's Inn, from whom it passed to Mr. Thomas Cook, and afterwards to Mr. Anthony Wilkinson. When Mr. Burdon commenced building the hall, he brought a number of Italians to work at the internal decorations of the various rooms, and these workmen have left rich specimens of their handicraft, not only at Coxhoe, but in the ornamentation of Aykley Heads, near Durham.

The hall faces to the southward, and its architectural design is the castellated Gothic. To harmonise with this, subsequent occupants have followed the same line of taste in the construction of adjacent buildings, and also of enclosure walls, &c., so that the whole outside appearance of the place is uniformly maintained. The west façade is almost as striking as the principal one, with the advantage of having a better prospect, for it overlooks the carefully kept tennis ground, which is surrounded by ornamental shrubs that shut out completely the vista of ragged country away towards the Cornforths and the marsh land about Mainsforth; whilst behind is one of the most pronounced of the terraces, which, besides pos-

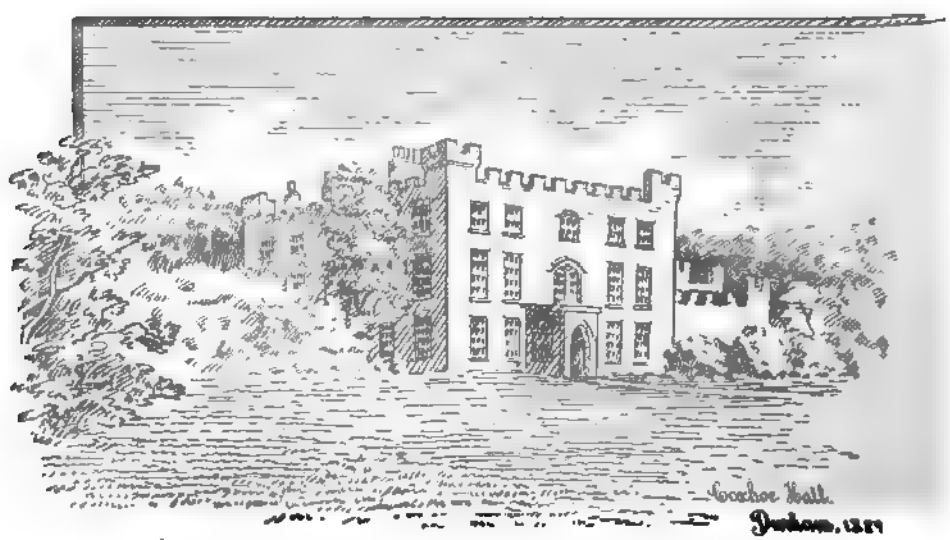
cessing Roman relics, has been beautified by flower borders and rustic seats. The extensive grounds attached to the hall are laid out with great taste, as may be gathered from the accompanying sketches of the Avenue and Long Walk.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning
1839

Coxhoe Hall is a three-storeyed structure, containing, on the ground floor, three reception-rooms and a billiard-room, whilst in the two storeys above are the morning-room and some twenty bedrooms. In the three principal of the reception-rooms the carving is extremely rich. Whichever way the visitor happens to turn, handsomely modelled brackets, cornices, &c., claim his attention, whilst overhead the ceilings are elaborately enriched. The ornamentation on every hand is of the florid Italian style, intermixed with a few classical modellings. The fireplaces, however, merit special mention. That in the drawing-room is formed of carved wood—figures with floral wreaths and shells, the Burdon crest (a squirrel) taking the centre place; and cunning hands indeed must have been at work to form the intricate curves of flowers, fruit, and stalks, which are its leading features. A more beautiful specimen of its kind does not exist, in the county of Durham at least. The noble staircase is a fine sample of highly decorative work. In the bedrooms, the same florid architecture has been carried out, whilst coloured marbles, more or less ornamented, have been employed in the setting of each fireplace. In fact, the builder of Coxhoe Hall appears to have been an enthusiast in art and architecture.

Mr. Burdon removed from Coxhoe at the beginning of the last century, and took up his residence at Hardwick Hall, near Sedgefield. Here, again, he appears to have indulged his tastes to the utmost. Following the fashion set at Studley Royal, he laid out the gardens and pleasure grounds in a magnificent fashion, interspersing the wealth of flowers, foliage, and ornamental water with classical structures, amongst which what is known as The Temple stands pre-eminent. But his greatest achievement at Hardwick was the building of the banqueting hall, which is stated to have cost fully £10,000. This great outlay, coupled with his previous prodigal expenditure was too much even for John Burdon to stand. He, therefore, retired into obscurity, and his later life is not generally known.

Coxhoe Hall was occupied at the beginning of the present century by Mr. Edward Mouldron Barrett, a gentleman of good means, whose family are stated



to have sprung from South Lancashire, though he himself was born in Jamaica. Mr. Barrett, having married Miss Mary Clarke, of Newcastle, set about building a new residence in Herefordshire, and, in the meantime, whilst this work was being completed, he took up his residence at Coxhoe Hall. This was in 1805, and on March 6th, 1806, his first child, Elizabeth Barrett Mouldron Barrett, was born; on the 26th June, 1807, his second child, Edward Barrett Mouldron Barrett, was born; and about the commencement of the year 1809, the family removed to their Herefordshire home, and all connexion with the North ceased.

The Long Walk, Coxhoe Hall.

The hall appears to have stood tenantless for some years after the departure of the Barretts. About thirty years ago, however, it was purchased by Mr. Thomas Wood, J.P. and D.L., now of Surrey, who will be well remembered in connection with mining engineering in the county of Durham, particularly in the South-East Coalfield, and who for some years discharged the onerous duties of chairman of the Finance Committee of the County Justices. Mr. Wood made many additions to the buildings of the hall. Most of them harmonise most thoroughly with the principal erections, while those that do not are so skilfully hidden out of sight that the visitor might well be excused for not observing their presence at all. On Mr. Wood's removal from the North, he was succeeded in the occupation of Coxhoe Hall by his son, Mr. W. H. Wood, to whose courtesy and kindness we are indebted, not only for the illustrations we here give, but for such notes of the history of the hall as have come down to the present time.

With such an uneventful period of her life as her first three years must have been, it is scarcely surprising that few (if any, indeed) of the present dwellers retain any recollection of Elizabeth Barrett. Indeed, the tenancy of Coxhoe Hall was of so short a duration, and is so far distant, that all memory of the Barretts appears to have been obliterated. There is, however, a scanty record of the poetess furnished by the parish register. This is a jumbled up and somewhat puzzling book, written throughout apparently by the skilled hands of the clerk of the parish, each page being duly certified at the bottom by the vicar and his curate. It is now under the immediate care of the Rev. Canon Burnet, the present rector of Kelloe. From this volume we glean the fact that Elizabeth Barrett Mouldron Barrett was born on the 6th of March, 1806, and from some cause or other—"no doubt," as Mr. Browning says, "on account of the infant's uncertain condition of health"—was privately baptised by the then vicar, the Rev. George Stephenson, at Coxhoe Hall. Thus she was only "admitted to the church" on the occasion of the baptism of her brother, Edward Barrett Mouldron Barrett. The latter was born on June 26th,

The Avenue, Coxhoe Hall.

1807, and his baptism at Kelloe Church took place on February 10th, 1808, Elizabeth being then two years old. The ceremony of "receiving" consists mainly of the reading of prayers, the presiding clergyman raising the "admitted one" over the font. From there being no signatures attached, and nothing but the entry of the facts in their briefest form, and in the same clerkly hand that has made the entries both above and below, the register of Kelloe Church is only important as containing trace and proof of the residence in the district of the Barrett family. The record as it relates to Mrs. Browning reads thus—"Elizabeth Barrett Mouldron Barrett, first child of Edward Barrett Mouldron Barrett, Esq., of Coxhoe Hall, a native of St. Thomas's, Jamaica, by his wife, Mary, late Clarke, of Newcastle, born March 6th, 1806, and admitted February 10th, 1808."

Such are the few facts which connect Mrs. Browning with the county of Durham. The brother Edward here mentioned was drowned, and to his death is ascribed the first giving way of Mrs. Browning's health. Members of the Barrett family still survive, and one brother is a retired gentleman enjoying his ease and old age in the Isle of Wight.

The parish church at Kelloe, in which Mrs. Browning was "admitted," is a low, barnlike-looking building externally, apparently built at different periods, and looking anything but a "thing of beauty" in a landscape that decidedly requires all the adornments that can be bestowed upon it to make it presentable. The Rev. George Stephenson, mentioned above, was the rector of Thomas's Church, Bishopwearmouth, from which he went to Kelloe. Mr. Stephenson was succeeded in his Sunderland living by the Rev. Mr. Skipsey, who in turn was succeeded by the Rev. W. R. Burnet, M.A. The latter gentleman will be remembered in connection with St. Thomas's Church, Newcastle, to the chaplaincy of which (minus the Mastership of the Hospital for Lepers, which was conferred on the vicar, the Rev. Clement Moody) he was appointed on the resignation of the Rev. Mr. Pilkington, Mr. Burnet was made an honorary canon of Durham Cathedral in 1883, and four years ago he was presented by the Bishop of Durham with the vicarage of Kelloe.

It is to Mr. Burnet's researches that the public is indebted for solving the mystery of Mrs. Browning's birthplace, concerning which there had been much speculation among persons interested in literary history. Mr. Browning could throw little light on the subject, and it has even been asserted that Mrs. Browning herself was unaware of the place of her birth. The disclosures of the parish register at Kelloe, however, have for ever set that question at rest.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford.

George Carr,

ELEVEN TIMES MAYOR OF NEWCASTLE.

FOR more than five hundred years, in every department of public usefulness, the vast and far-spreading family of Carr have given to the Northern Counties men of mark—men distinguished by activity of intellect, firmness of purpose, and probity of character. It is not proposed in these series of biographies to notice them all; the attempt would exhaust both writer and reader. Still less is it proposed to try and link the various branches of the family together, and trace their common descent; the effort would end in lunacy. It must be sufficient to account for two or three of the principal men who have carried the family name into honourable positions, and leave the rest to be hunted up in the rich pastures of local history.

George Carr, whose name heads the list of Newcastle worthies bearing his name, is supposed to have been a son of Alan Carr, who was sheriff of the town in the municipal year 1451-52. He came to the shrievalty himself at Michaelmas, 1472, but he won corporate honours far exceeding those of his predecessor, or any other of his race. He was Mayor of Newcastle no fewer than eleven times, and most of his mayoralties were marked by important events in history. Thus, during his first term of office, the Duke of Gloucester (soon to be Richard III.) came down to the North of England and obtained the cession of Berwick, which had been held by the Scots for over twenty years. In his second mayoralty the battle of Bosworth Field, ending the usurpation of Richard and the Wars of the Roses together, brought peace to the country, and he had the honour of proclaiming, or assisting in proclaiming, the accession of Henry VII. When he was in office for the fourth time, the King himself came to Newcastle, and stayed here for some days, receiving courtly attentions from the Mayor and his brethren, giving grants, making appointments, and endeavouring to compose some of the ever-recurring disputes with Scotland. In his fifth mayoralty the town obtained the privilege of holding a fair on the feast of St. Luke—a privilege which, under the name of the October Fair, has continued down to our own day. Finally, he was the mayor who, being in office for the eleventh and last time, received the Princess Margaret in Newcastle, as she journeyed North to her marriage with James IV. of Scotland, the king who fought and died at Flodden.

The 23rd of the said month (July, 1503) the queen

[princess] departed from Durham, accompanied of her noble company, as she had been in the days past, in fair manner and good order, for to come to the town of Newcastle. . . . At the entering of the said town of Newcastle the queen appointed her, and entered in noble estate. . . . Upon the bridge came in procession, richly re-vested, the college of the said town, and with them the Friars, Carmelites, and Jacobins, with the crosses, the which were given to the said queen to kiss, as before, by the archbishop. And after them was the mayor of the said town, accompanied of the sheriffs and aldermen, well appointed, on foot. The which received the said queen honourably, and after the receiving, the said mayor mounted on horseback, bearing his mace before her. . . . The 26th of the said month, the said queen departed from the said place, after the custom precedent, very richly and in fair array. And the said mayor conveyed her out of the said town, and after took leave of her.

Shortly after this imposing ceremony was over it is probable that George Carr died. The date of his decease has not been preserved, but that it was anterior to 1506 is proved by a grant to Ralph Wicklyff, in that year, of the wardship and marriage of Ralph Carr, "kinsman and heir of George Carr." He was buried under a canopied altar tomb, which, placed below the two southern mullions of the great east window, was for many years one of the ornaments of St. Nicholas'. Upon this stately tomb the effigies of himself and his wife, with upraised hands, reposed, and over them rose the arched canopy, while around ran an inscription beseeching the prayers of the faithful for the soul of the departed and those of his wife and children, and directing the clergy to perform the customary masses.

During the civil wars, the tomb was mutilated, and in 1783, when the church was "restored," the remains of it were sold by auction. Alderman Hornby, an antiquary of that date, purchased parts of the monument, and set them up, with other relics of the past, in the garden which ran sloping down to the Carliol Croft and the Manors from behind his house in Pilgrim Street. To his pious care we owe the preservation of the decapitated effigy of Mrs. Carr, now in the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries, and the footstone of the monument, with its representation of the Rood, which finds appropriate location in the south aisle of St. Nicholas' Cathedral.

Cuthbert Carr,

ONE OF THE DEFENDERS OF NEWCASTLE.

Foremost among the intrepid defenders of Newcastle at the terrible siege of 1644, was Captain Cuthbert Carr. He was a young man of only five-and-twenty, but he came of a warlike race—the Carrs of Wark-on-Tweed, and of Ford Castle, and he conducted himself heroically. Weakened by watching and exposure, he did the duty assigned to him; fighting against "fearful odds," he covered himself with honour on the blackest day that ever dawned upon Newcastle.

John Carr, captain of Wark Castle, whose daring exploits upon the Borders lightened the task of the English armies in the Scottish expeditions of Edward VI., had by his second wife, Isabella, daughter of Humphrey and Margery Carr, of Newcastle, a son named Cuthbert. To this lad came the misfortune of losing both his parents very early in life, and the good fortune of being sent to his grand-parents in Newcastle to be brought up. By them he was bound apprentice to Cuthbert Ellison, merchant adventurer, and before he was out of his time he had fallen in love with Barbara Ellison, his master's daughter. His suit was apparently approved, for in 1563, while he was still serving under indentures, the consent of the Merchants' Company was sought and given to his marriage. The wedding did not, however, take place till seven years afterwards, when the bridegroom had entered into some property—tithes at Benton, tenements at Benwell, &c., bequeathed to him by his father, and various lands, tenements, leases, &c., left to him by his maternal grandfather.

From the union thus auspiciously effected came two sons, John and James, and two daughters. John died unmarried, and James succeeded to the family estates. Sometime about the beginning of the seventeenth century James sold the property at Benwell and purchased the beautiful estate of St. Helen's Auckland, in the adjoining county. Upon the fertile lands of St. Helen's he erected the fine, many-gabled mansion which still exists there. At St. Helen's he would probably reside during the summer, returning to Newcastle, like the majority of the local gentry, for purposes of social intercourse during the winter. His family consisted of two sons and a daughter—Robert, Cuthbert, and Barbara. It was Cuthbert, his second son, who was the hero of the siege.

Cuthbert Carr, son of James, was born in 1619, and it is probable that the event occurred at the Newcastle home of his father on the Sandhill. When he was eleven years old, in the municipal year 1630-31, his father filled the important office of Sheriff of Newcastle. Five years later, on the occasion of the marriage of his sister Barbara to a son of Sir George Tonge, the family residence was the scene of that famous quarrel between John Blakiston and Vicar Alvey, with which the North-Country rang for months, and the High Commission Court of Durham occupied itself for years. When his father died, in 1638, the estate at St. Helen's Auckland went to his brother Robert, and he was left to make his way in the world with the portion of a younger son. Shortly afterwards (about 1640) he married Anne, daughter of Mr. (afterwards Sir) Peter Riddell.

The story of the Scottish invasion, and the outbreak of Civil War, need not be retold. It is sufficient for the purpose of this narrative to relate the part that Cuthbert Carr played in the dismal proceedings. He had been elected Sheriff of the town at Michaelmas, 1643, and it was within four months of his appointment that the tragedy began. On the 3rd of February, 1644, the Scots appeared before the walls, and sending to the Mayor and

aldermen a letter from the committee of both kingdoms, requested a parley. Cuthbert Carr's name as Sheriff is attached to the memorable answer which the town gave to this portentous missive, declining "to betray a trust reposed in us, or forfeit our Alegiance to His Majesty, for whose honour and preservation, together with the Religion and Lawes of this Kingdome, we intend to hazard our Lives and Fortunes." In August, the town was closely invested, and on the 14th October, Lesley, Lord Leven, demanded its surrender. Cuthbert Carr, relieved a few days before from the trammels of the Shrievalty, and in command of a company of foot which had charge of the defences at the New Gate, was one of those who signed the reply, "We keep this town for the use of his Majesty . . . yet that you and all the world may see we desire to shunne the effusion of Christian blood, we desire you to send us in writing upon what terms and conditions you would have us deliver up the Towne, and then we shall return you a further Answer." Leven replied by desiring that hostages might be appointed from either side to treat for the surrender, and, after some further correspondence, it was agreed that three representatives of the Scottish army should enter the town to arrange a treaty, and that three prominent townsmen should go into the Scottish camp as hostages for their safety. The hostages appointed were "Collonell Charles Brandling, Lievtenant-Coll. Thomas Davieson, and Capt. Cuthbert Carr, late Sheriffe, of Newca." Nothing came of the interview, and on the following morning, October 19, Leven ordered a general assault to be made. One of the fiercest struggles of that memorable day occurred at the place where Cuthbert Carr was stationed. A breach, capable of admitting ten men abreast, had been effected at an earlier period of the siege near St. Andrew's Church, but Captain Carr and his men had repaired it "with timber and rubbish under a canvas screen." Against this weakened spot five regiments were ordered to make a desperate assault and force an entrance. The young captain fought desperately. Four Scottish officers—Lieutenant-Colonel Home, Major Hepburn, and Captains Home and Corbet—were slain in the attempt, and still Captain Carr held his own. But the Scots, entering the town by the White Friar Tower and Sandgate, came to the assistance of their fellows, and the brave captain, "encompassed before and behind," was obliged to surrender.

What became of this gallant cavalier during the Commonwealth cannot be ascertained. He was one of the twenty-eight Newcastle Royalists who, by resolution of the House of Commons, on Tuesday, the 19th November following, were to be sent up to London as delinquents. Whether this order was obeyed in his case, and how much he paid to compound for his delinquency, are not recorded. We know from the Herald's Visitation, that soon after the storming of Newcastle he lost his wife, and that he was married about the year 1650 to Clare, second daughter of Christopher Byerley, of Mid-ridge Grange. The probability is, therefore, that he made his peace with Parliament at an early stage of the Civil War, and lived in retirement while the Commonwealth lasted.

But as soon as the Restoration was effected, Cuthbert Carr, like other ardent supporters of the royal cause, resumed his place in the public life of the Northern Counties. His brother Robert had died unmarried, and he inherited the St. Helen's Auckland and other family property; he was made an alderman of Newcastle; admitted to his freedom in the Mercers' branch of the Merchants' Company of that town; appointed a justice of the peace for the County of Durham; and created Lieut.-Colonel of Militia. As a justice he received the sworn information of the rascal Elrington, who invented the "Muggleswick Conspiracy"; as Lieut.-Colonel he put himself at the head of the tenants and the surrounding gentry, in order to put down the "conspirators." How utterly he and the local authorities were misled by Elrington is matter of history.

Futile efforts had been made in the closing years of the reign of King James I. to secure a representation of the County of Durham in Parliament. That which James had refused, the Commonwealth granted, and, for a short time, Durham had three members—two for the county, and one for the city. The return of the King and the Bishops put an end to the arrangement. Faithful as Cuthbert Carr had been to Crown and Church, he could not brook this denial of the just claims of his fellow free-holders to be represented in the great council of the nation. On the 3rd of October, 1666, he, and ten others, presented a memorial to the Quarter Sessions, praying that Parliament should be asked to grant the County of Durham knights and burgesses to represent them "like all other counties in the kingdom." The majority of the justices approved of the proposal, and appointed two of their number to proceed to London for the purpose of furthering the movement. Bishop Cosin set himself in violent opposition to the scheme, and used all the art and the influence which he possessed to defeat it. His correspondence ("Surtees Society's Publications," vol. 55) shows that he regarded Mr. Carr as the ring-leader in the affair, for he alternately begged and warned him to desist from the prosecution of the enterprise. Mr. Carr, however, was not a man to be deterred, even by his bishop. He persevered, and lived to see his exertions rewarded. Bishop Cosin died in 1671, and in 1675, while the see was vacant, a measure for accomplishing the object upon which Mr. Carr had set his heart ran smoothly through both Houses, and received the Royal assent within a month of its introduction.

Born in the reign of the first Stuart who wore the English Crown, Cuthbert Carr lived to see two sovereigns of that dynasty driven from their thrones, and their cause, the cause for which in his youth he had fought and

suffered, die out of the hearts of his fellow-countrymen—lived to see the Prince of Orange firmly seated in their place, the power and prerogative of the monarchy restricted within constitutional limits, and the rights and liberties of the people settled upon a safe and durable basis. In the ninth year of King William's reign, on the 18th of December, 1697, at the good old age of 79, he was called to his rest, and a few days later, within the fine old church of St. Helen's, Auckland, in front of the altar at which he worshipped, he was buried.

John Carr,

MAGAZINE WRITER.

Whosoever peruses the volumes of the *Newcastle Magazine* and amuses himself with scientific contributions by Dr. Hutton and the Rev. William Turner, locomotive controversies between Nicholas Wood and Benjamin Thompson, and poetic effusions from the pens of the three Roberts—Gilchrist, White, and Storey, will find there a long series of essays, poems, and notes signed "J. C., Alnwick." Dealing with a great variety of subjects, scientific, historical, and social, these effusions are written in various styles, heroic, descriptive, and humorous, indicating a versatile and many-sided writer, one who in our own day would be designated "a good all-round man." The owner of the initials was John Carr, of Alnwick. Tate, in his history of that town, states that Mr. Carr was born there in 1758. He was an officer of the Inland Revenue, and, being active and energetic, was frequently entrusted with important and responsible duties, the successful performance of which procured for him substantial rewards, as well as promotion in the service. He settled in Alnwick some time about 1810, and built for his private residence the mansion of Bondgate Hall, to which he added the estate of Heckley Fence. For many years he took a prominent part in the public movements of the town, and being liberal in politics and a fluent and vigorous speaker, he rendered good service in the struggles which preceded the passing of the Reform Bill, and was at all times an influential advocate of progress and improvement. Noting his contributions to the *Newcastle Magazine*, the historian describes him as a man of great ability and varied knowledge—a poet, biographer, essayist, and philosopher. He wrote on the "Structure of the Earth," the "Natural History of Birds," a "Theory of Old Age in Natural Bodies," the "Existence of Geological Phenomena in Proof of the General Deluge," the "Origin and Final Discharge of Lakes, &c., "New Weights and Measures," and other subjects of a kindred nature. The most remarkable of his productions is entitled "Confessions of a Whisky Drinker"—a series of smuggling scenes and adventures in the Cheviots, described with graphic force and humour. Mr. Carr died on the 11th of September, 1851, at the venerable age of 93 years, leaving one daughter, married to Edward Clavering, of Callaly.

The Rev. George Carr,

EPISCOPAL CLERGYMAN IN EDINBURGH.

Bourne, writing in 1732 about the Virgin Mary Hospital of Newcastle, and the Royal Free Grammar School held therein, adds—

> The present Master of the School is the Rev. Mr. Edmund Lodge, who has under him two Ushers, the Rev Mr. James Ferne and the Rev. Mr. George Carr. The three last-mentioned Gentlemen have each of them Appartments where the Hospital was; which is a pleasing Situation, and in some of the best air of this Town.

"The Rev. Mr. George Carr" was a native of Newcastle, where he was born on the 16th February, 1704. To which of the numerous branches of the family he belonged is not clear, but his friends occupied a position which enabled them to send him to St. John's College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts. He succeeded Richard Stewardson as an usher of the Grammar School in 1726, and so continued until 1737, when having, meanwhile, obtained his M.A.

Reverend Mr George Carr.

degree, he was appointed senior clergyman of the Episcopal Chapel founded by Lord Chief Baron Smith in Edinburgh. In that place of worship he ministered for thirty-nine years. Like Dean Ramsay, in later days, he occupied a prominent position among the cultured society of Modern Athens, and formed friendships with some of the most eminent men of his time. Among them was Sir William Forbes, who, in his "Life of Dr. Beattie," has recorded a warm appreciation of his

friend's abilities and pulpit gifts. It was he who took Dr. Johnson and Boswell to hear Mr. Carr preach, when Johnson, being deaf, "did not attend to the sermon," and he it was who, after Mr. Carr's death in 1776, published a selection of his sermons, and with the aid of Dr. Beattie and Mr. Arbuthnot, wrote the epitaph for a marble tablet which the congregation erected to his memory.

Sir William's estimate of Mr. Carr's character and capabilities is clear and candid; and as it contains all that has been preserved about an able and accomplished Novocastrian, who honoured his native town, and was never long absent from it, some liberty of quotation may with advantage be taken. After stating that he had sat for three and twenty years under Mr. Carr's ministry, Sir William proceeds:—

Of his merit as a preacher his posthumous discourses bear ample testimony. They do not, indeed, contain the profound, though somewhat abstracted, reasonings of Butler, nor the laboured but elegant discussions of Sherlock, neither the learning of Tillotson, nor the declamation of Seed; but they exhibit the most useful and important truths of the Gospel, not only with plainness and perspicuity, but in language always elegant, and seldom incorrect. I may even go farther, and add that Mr. Carr's style often rises into eloquence; and that in its general features, of plainness without vulgarity, of earnestness without bombast, in its equal distance from obscurity and from useless amplification, it exhibits no common model of that sober and chastened eloquence which ought ever to be studied in discourses of the pulpit. . . . Every word he uttered, every doctrine he taught, every virtue he recommended, came strongly enforced by the purity of his morals, and the exemplary piety of his blameless life. With all the good breeding of a gentleman, he was a cheerful, entertaining companion; and though his manners were most irreproachable, they had no tincture of either rigour or austerity. His patient suffering under the most excruciating tortures of the gout, with which, though extremely temperate, he had been for many years violently afflicted, was most exemplary. . . . In this heavenly frame of mind he continued faithfully to discharge the duties of his sacred function, calmly looking for, but not soliciting, his dissolution, until the morning of Sunday, the 18th August, 1776, when, after having selected the discourse which he meant that day to deliver from the pulpit, he suddenly expired.

Dr. Beattie, in a letter to Sir William, dated Peterhead, September 10, 1776, bears similar testimony:—

I am no stranger to Mr. Carr's character, whose death, though I had not the honour of his acquaintance, was a real affliction to me, for I have long considered him as one of the most valuable men of the age. I have heard him preach, and admired his gentle and pathetic eloquence. But to his merits as a preacher, great as they were, the lustre of his private character was still superior. The death of such a man is a real loss to society.

Mr. Carr was buried beneath the portico of his chapel. Arnot, in his "History of Edinburgh," refers to the interment as a proof of the progress which the Scots were making in toleration. They could behold without emotion, he remarked, even the funeral service of the Church of England performed publicly, for at the burial of Mr. Carr the service was sung, and the voices were accompanied by the organ, and nobody made a disturbance.

William Carr, M.P.,

RESTORER OF THE WALKER ESTATE.

Four members of the family of Carr have represented Newcastle in the House of Commons. The first of them to be so honoured was Alderman William Carr, of Newcastle and Cocken, great-grandson of George Carr, the oft-elected Mayor. He was returned in 1571 to the third Parliament of Queen Elizabeth, and died the following year. A century later Sir Ralph Carr, who had purchased Cocken from another member of the race, and received the honour of knighthood at Whitehall in 1676, was sent to represent his fellow-burgesses as colleague of the first Sir William Blackett. He sat in the Parliaments of 1679, 1681 (missing that of James II. in 1685), 1689, and 1690, and died in 1709, aged 76. His colleague in his last election was another William Carr, who continued to represent the town for twenty years, from 1690 (the first Parliament of William and Mary) to 1710. On this last-named date he was defeated by William Wrightson, and retired into private life. Sir William Blackett (No. 3) and Mr. Wrightson occupied the seats through two subsequent Parliaments, but in 1722, when they sought a renewal of confidence, a third William Carr came forward to oppose them. He was, it is supposed, a son of William Carr, of Coxlodge, and nephew of Sir Ralph, and he carried all before him. The burgesses were at this time in a difficulty about their Walker estate, which had been forfeited to the Crown; they were dissatisfied with the ineffectual efforts which Sir William Blackett and Mr. Wrightson had made to obtain its restoration; and they determined to try the effect of a change. Mr. Carr was elected by a majority of 403 over Mr. Wrightson, and overtopped by 76 votes Sir William Blackett. To understand the circumstances under which the victory was won, and appreciate the services which this Mr. Carr rendered to the town, it is necessary to roll back the page of municipal history.

Forty years before the election the Common Council appropriated a piece of ground in the Manors, formerly belonging to the Augustine Monastery, for the erection of a hospital, and when it was finished the institution was duly incorporated by a name which the exigencies of space and time have contracted into that of the Jesus Hospital. To endow this charitable foundation they bought of Sir Ralph Carr, in 1683, for £700, a house and garden in the Close (the same which, it is said, subsequently became the Mansion House), an estate at Etherley, for which they paid £1,610, and another at Whittle, near Shilbottle, costing £1,300. In 1715, they acquired by purchase from the executors of William Dickenson, of Walton Abbey, Yorkshire, the manor and lordship of Walker, for which they paid £12,220, and, being desirous to sell the land at Etherley and Whittle, which realised only £80 a year, and to settle upon the hospital in lieu thereof a portion of the Walker estate of the annual value of £185, they petitioned the House of

Lords in 1718 for the necessary powers. It was then discovered that the Walker estate had been purchased without license from the Crown, in violation of the Statute of Mortmain, and that it was forfeit to the king. Thus at one stroke the burgesses lost £12,220, for every shilling of the money had been paid out of the town's treasury within a few months from the date of the purchase.

What was to be done? The Corporation, being in want of funds, sold for £3,810 Etherley to Francis Johnson, and Whittle to John Clutterbuck; at the same time they disposed of an estate at East Heddon for £6,000, and applied the proceeds of the three sales to their common stock. The hospital was therefore in danger of exhaustion, for, the endowment gone, no funds remained out of which to keep the poor brethren and sisters, unless the Crown could be induced to relax its hold upon Walker, or the Corporation to pay the whole cost out of the municipal revenues. An appeal was made to the Crown, but Sir William Blackett was not in favour at Court, for he had been strongly suspected of sympathy in the Rebellion; Mr. Wrightson does not seem to have possessed much influence either. Thus the matter remained in abeyance until after the election of 1722, when Mr. Carr, flushed by his success at the poll, devoted all his energies to obtain a condonation of the technical error which the Corporation had committed. Eventually his efforts were rewarded. The king, by letters patent, dated the 13th December, 1723, pardoned the offence, and granted license to the Mayor and burgesses to hold the manor in mortmain for ever.

At Michaelmas the following year the delighted electors honoured Mr. Carr by appointing him to be Mayor, but after that, for some reason or other, his popularity declined. At the election of 1727 he was opposed by Nicholas Fenwick, and left at the bottom of the poll, Sir William Blackett being at the top. He petitioned against the return, alleging bribery and coercion, but the death of Sir William ended the proceedings and gave him the seat. Seven years later (he had been Mayor again meanwhile) there was a memorable struggle for the Parliamentary honours of Newcastle. Four candidates, all of them aldermen of the town, went to the poll, and once more Mr. Carr was at the bottom. He petitioned, as before, and died while the matter was under investigation, on the 16th May, 1742.

A satirical pamphlet published at a later election by the Rev. James Murray, with the title of "The Contest," and the motto "Give the Devil his Due," affords a clue to the cause of Mr. Carr's fading popularity. It seems to have been entirely political. He was a politician of a different colour to that of Sir Walter Blackett, against whose kingly rule in Newcastle it was hard at that time to contend. Sir Walter belonged to the Tory or Country party, Mr. Carr was of the Whig or Court party, and these two factions fought as vigorously for supremacy then as Liberal and Conservative politicians do to-day. Mr. Murray tells us that

> Mr. Carr, the ancient opponent of Sir Walter Blackett, was equally amiable in parts and private life with the baronet, though, perhaps, his inferior in fortune. He had been, and was, a staunch friend to the house of Hanover, and to support it voted for the erroneous but fearful and perhaps well intended measures of the Whigs—septennial parliaments and the general excise; both were disagreeable to the people, and justly so too, and in consequence lost Mr. Carr his popularity. Be it remembered Mr. Carr gave Walker estate to the burgesses of Newcastle, for which kindness they, with the good Sir Walter's help, turned him out of his seat in Parliament. . . . Sir Walter Blackett's popularity rose on the ruins of Mr. Carr's.

The Streets of Newcastle.

The Side.

CONTRAST between ancient and modern Newcastle suggests itself somewhat strikingly in the neighbourhood of the Side. On the one hand we have a handsome Post Office, and some very fine commercial buildings worthy of any business town; on the other we have the Black Gate, the Castle Keep, and the ancient thoroughfare itself. The Head of the Side can hardly be called "ancient" now, though. It has been modernised very much in recent years. We have no longer the old familiar Amen Corner; it has been pulled down, and a new pile erected on its site which bears the name of St. Nicholas' Chambers. For ourselves, we liked the old word better. In the accompanying view, which represents the Head of the Side as it was in 1876 (and which is copied from a photograph by Mr. Philip Fairclough, of 30, Scotswood Road, Newcastle), the shop of T. Greenwell occupies the well-remembered corner. The present Bishop of Durham, when speaking in the Guildhall a few years ago, made a point out of the fact that he, Joseph Barber Lightfoot, had reason to feel somewhat at home in Newcastle, inasmuch as the relative after whom he had been named in baptism had been in business here for many years of his life. It was at Amen Corner that Joseph Barber kept his bookseller's shop.

Look to the right hand of our picture and observe the tall house there. All the houses between it and St. Nicholas' Churchyard, including the Burns Tavern, have now disappeared. But the tall building, known as the Meters' Arms, is still standing. And it is the most famous house in the neighbourhood; for it is the birthplace of Admiral Collingwood. Some doubt existed on the subject at one time; but the point was effectually settled in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* a few years ago by the present owner himself, Mr. John Harvey, tobacco manufacturer. The premises were sold by

HEAD OF THE SIDE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, 1876.

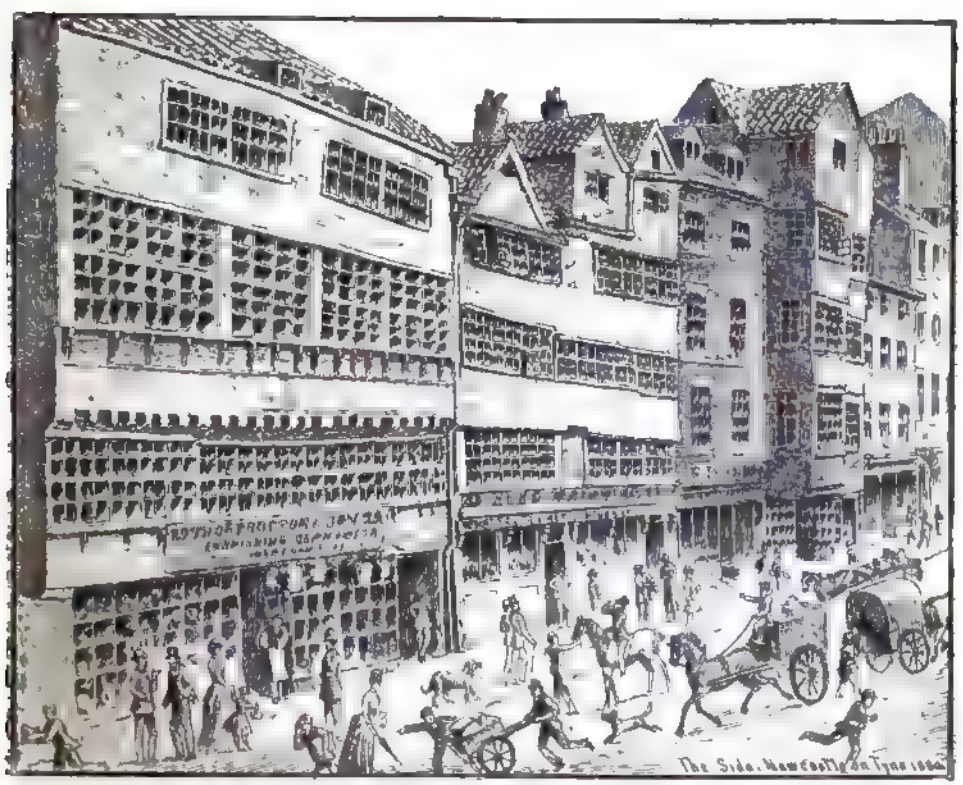
From Photo. by Philip Fairclough.

Milcah Collingwood, the admiral's mother, to Mr. Harvey's grandfather.

In this neighbourhood, let us not forget that ancient and honourable institution—the Farden Pant. We may laugh at the suggestion in these days of drinking-fountains, coffee taverns, and so on. But the Farden Pant was an institution even within living memory. Remember that, far into the present century, these fountains were the only means of supplying the inhabitants with water for common purposes. Some two hundred years ago, "loud complaints were made of a total scarcity of water, owing to the vast numbers of private families having pipes and cocks in their houses." In consequence, "the common council ordered the cocks to be stopped, or cut off." Various attempts were made at different times to ensure a constant supply of good water to the town, but they were more or less failures. At one time taps were placed at different parts of the town, and guardians were appointed to look after the money charged for each "akeelful." They had wooden boxes provided for them, had these custodians of the necessary element, wherein, at times, they peacefully slumbered and slept; but at other hours they must have had enough to to do. The taps, or pants, became crowded at certain hours of the day. Many a row there used to be in the neighbourhood of the pant at the Head of the Side in our grandmothers' time!

The Side itself is one of the most ancient thoroughfares in Newcastle. No sooner had Hadrian built Tyne Bridge than a stream of passengers began to flow from the Head of the Side to his viaduct; and the current still continues its course, now that the Hydraulic Swing occupies the place of the Roman roadway over the river. Let us see what our local historians have to say about the venerable street, as it has pursued its devious path, from churchyard to bridge, through successive generations, undergoing vicissitudes so great as to place its early and later years in marked contrast.

First comes William Gray, who wrote his book in the seventeeth century—a public-spirited burgess. Proprietor of a conduit in Pandon Bank, he was in 1647 entering into an agreement with the Corporation concerning the water to be conveyed from thence to Sandgate. Gray's "Chorographia" was printed in the year 1649. In this small quarto of a few precious pages we read:—"Near the Sandhill East is Allhallows' Banck, or Butchers' Banck (where most butchers dwell), the way to Allhallows' Church; the south of which is many chaires or lanes that goeth down to the Key side. Next up street is the street called the Side. In the lower part



of it standeth a faire crosse, with columnes of stone hewn, [the roof] covered with lead, where is sold milk, eggs, butter. In the Side is shops for merchants, drapers, and other traders. In the middle of the Side is an ancient stone house, an appendix to the Castle, which in former times belonged to the Lord Lumleys before the Castle was built, or at least coëtany with the Castle." An interleaved copy of the "Chorographia" has here a manuscript note to the effect that the "stone house" stood at the "Head of the Side."

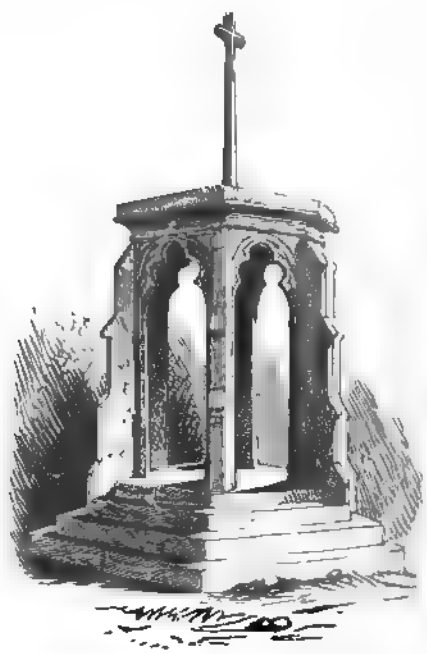
After Gray comes the Curate of All Saints' (or Allhallows'), Henry Bourne, with his "folio book"—a folio which he had not the privilege to behold. He died in the year 1733; and in the latter days of 1735 the publication of his history was announced. Describing the Side as he had traversed it from day to day, stretching downwards from St. Nicholas' Church to Allhallows' (or Butcher) Bank, he says, beginning at the summit, "This street is, from the Head of it, to the Stairs on the left hand, a very great descent, and lies narrow until you come to the middle of it, from which place it opens in a spacious breadth, and so continues to the Sandhill. It is from the one end to the other filled with shops of merchants, goldsmiths, milliners, upholsterers, &c. The East side of the street, from the upper part of it to Allhallows' Pant, was called Cordiner or Cordwainer Rawe."

Bourne is followed by Brand, whose quarto volumes appeared in the year 1789. It was in this year that Mosley Street was constructed, and that Dean Street entered the Side, breaking its continuity. "From the head of the street called the Side, to about the middle of it, there is," the historian observes, "a very steep descent. The name is plainly derived from the circumstance of its being erected on the side of a hill." "There is a postern, called the Eastern Postern of the Castle, that communicated by a very narrow and steep flight of steps with the Side, a little above the middle of the street"; and also, "a little above on the opposite side," is a descent "by a small flight of stairs into a short, narrow lane, communicating with the bottom of the street called Painter Heugh." "At the north side of Lork Burn, near the Sandhill, stood the Cale Cross." Richardson's "Table Book" contains a sketch of the original Cale or Kale Cross, taken from a unique drawing in the possession of the Duke of Northumberland. It is this sketch which is reproduced here.

Mackenzie, commencing his description where "the north angle of the Sandhill opens into the Side," endorses the derivation of Brand:—"The name is plainly derived from the circumstance of its being erected on the side of a hill." Others, however, have inclined to a different conjecture. They are disposed to the conclusion that from Sidgate to the foot of the Side, the Lort or Lork Burn, meandering through the town to the Tyne, gave rise to the name. Side and Quayside they suppose to have a kindred meaning. Who shall say?

"The lower part of the street," continues Mackenzie, "was anciently divided by the Lork Burn, up which the river flowed. The east side was called the Flesher Raw, probably because the fleshers, or butchers, had their shops there, as well as on the Butcher Bank. The west part bore the name of the Side. But in the year 1696 Lork Burn was arched at the top, and paved over, so as to form one street, which has since been called the Side. When the present width of this part of the street is considered, the space that the runner of dirty water would occupy, and the heavy projections with which the houses were disfigured, of which specimens still remain, we cannot entertain a very high idea of the taste of our forefathers for convenience and comfort."

Pursuing his upward course, the historian of 1827 passes "the middle of the Side," where "the ascent becomes very steep"; and "this, added to its extreme narrowness,



CALE CROSS.

and the dingy houses on each side, projecting in terrific progression, rendered the passage inconceivably gloomy and dangerous. Yet, before the erection of Dean Street, it formed the principal communication with the higher parts of the town. It was mostly inhabited by cheesemongers, and dealers in bacon, butter, &c., whose goods were here kept cool, and effectually protected from the rays of the sun. The Corporation lately purchased most of the houses on the west side, which were pulled down, and rebuilt in the modern style. The street is now considerably widened; but a few old houses on the east side still remain to attest its ancient appearance."

Large and manifold are the changes which have come

over the venerable street from generation to generation. Our patient annalist, Sykes, informs us, with characteristic exactitude, that, on the 17th of May, 1784 [when the Low Bridge was still standing over the dene], workmen began to pull down the houses which formed an angle between the Foot of the Side and the Sandhill, nearly opposite to the Foot of the Butcher Bank, for the purpose of widening the very narrow and dangerous turning." Narrow, indeed, it must have been; for in our own day it had to be widened still more.

Time has ever been transforming the Side. Within about the last century it has been invaded by Dean Street—spanned by the Railway Arch on massive piers—and altered in various ways, year by year, from the Head to the Foot. Yet some of its gabled roofs still survive, as may be seen by consulting the sketch on page 313.

Since our sketch was taken, however, the houses in the centre of the picture have been replaced by modern structures. The building on the left, which still remains, is owned by Messrs. Thomas Proctor and Son, wholesale ironmongers. There is in the back premises of Messrs Proctor's shop an interesting old doorway which antiquaries and other competent authorities aver has been an entrance to an earlier erection that fronted the street before the Lort Dene was filled up. Behind, but almost on a level with the top floor of the front building, is the backyard, accessible only after a tough climb up many stairs! A very curious situation, truly, but it must be stated that a steep hill, crowned by the Moot Hall, rises from immediately behind.

For other views of the Side, see *Monthly Chronicle*, 1887, pages 80, 81.

The Threepwood Case.

MR. WILLIAM BEWICKE, of Threepwood Hall, near Haydon Bridge, who died at his house on Friday, May 10, 1889, at the age of 64, was the victim of a strange miscarriage of justice some twenty-eight years ago.

Mr. Bewicke, a man of considerable property, ancient family, Herculean frame, and gentlemanly appearance, but unfortunately gifted with a violent temper, and of rather eccentric habits, thought proper, in the month of September, 1859, to take into custody the wife of a hind, named Shiel, on the charge of stealing potatoes. He first examined her in his own kitchen, then locked her up, and next morning sent her off to Hexham, in the custody of a county constable. The late Mr. John Grey, of Dilston, however, met the prisoner on the road, and, after hearing the charge, released her. About two months later, Mr. Bewicke, finding some of his apple trees wantonly injured, and suspecting that the woman had done it, had her arrested a second time. He purposed making her walk to Haydon Bridge, to the police station there; but her husband attempted to rescue her, brandishing his stick, and threatening to knock Mr. Bewicke down. After some altercation, he insisted on his wife not walking, saying, "Nancy, make them ride thee." So Mr. Bewicke put her in a dung cart, secured with handcuffs, and thus took her to the police station. The husband followed by train. Arriving at Haydon Bridge, he also was given into custody, charged with attempting to rescue his better half; but the cautious policeman on duty refused to lock the pair up. Mr. Bewicke then sent them to Beaufront, but to no better purpose, for Mr. Cuthbert referred the constable to the Clerk of the Peace, who was not at home. The constable was thus in a fix. Not knowing what to do under the circumstances, he took them to an inn at Hexham for the night, and next day brought them back to their own door, where he set them free. A day or two afterwards Mr. Bewicke went to Hexham to attend the monthly meeting of magistrates, in order to have the charges investigated; but his brother justices pooh-poohed the affair, and, on his vowing emphatically that he would have a hearing, threatened to give him into custody himself.

The woman's husband subsequently brought an action against Mr. Bewicke, and recovered fifty pounds damages; and Lord Chancellor Cranworth struck the defendant's name off the magistrates' roll. Mr. Bewicke refused to pay the expenses incurred by his own solicitors, who consequently issued a writ against him.

On the morning of Thursday, the 10th of January, 1861, William Stainthorpe, sheriff's officer, Hexham, proceeded from that town to Threepwood Hall, with several followers, to execute this writ. When they reached the place, they found the doors closed. The master of the house held a parley with them from a window, and is said to have threatened to shoot them if they did not retire. The officers, however, took possession of the stables and cow-houses; and, in the afternoon, when Stainthorpe went away home, he left two of his men, named William Hutchinson and John Daglish, to keep watch and ward on the premises. Their lodging-place for the night was a cart-shed partly filled with hay. While they were lying nestled there, Mr. Bewicke called to them out of a closet window upstairs, asking them where they were, as he was going to shoot. One of them answered, "We are in the cart-shed; all right; fire away." Mr. Bewicke then fired, and the men afterwards swore that they heard a bullet whizz over their heads and strike the wall.

Mr. Bewicke, it should be stated, was very fond of firearms, and was in the habit of spending a considerable part of each day in firing his rifle, sometimes at a target set up in front of the house, and sometimes at two trees growing at a distance of fifty or sixty yards from the back of it. On this particular night, he had asked his housekeeper, Ann Lodge, to clean his rifle for him, as it seems was her wont. She reminded him that it was loaded, whereupon he took it to the closet window above mentioned,

and fired it off. The night passed away; Friday followed; and again the men slept in the shed. Saturday came, when Hutchinson was relieved. He went to Haydon Bridge, and there saw Dodd, one of the officers who had been at Threepwood on the Thursday morning. Shortly afterwards, Mr. Bewicke was apprehended by Mr. Stephenson, then superintendent of the county police, on a peace warrant, obtained without special reference to his firing at the bailiffs. On seeing the officers approaching the house, Mr. Bewicke came out in his dressing-gown and slippers, but with his loaded gun in his hand. The officers, four or five in number, rushed in upon him suddenly, wrenched the weapon out of his grasp, and threw him down. Yielding as soon as he saw it was vain to resist, he asked to be allowed to dress himself; but he was not allowed. He was handcuffed just as he was, bound down in a dogcart, and driven off to Hexham, ignorant, as yet, of the existence of any charge of having shot at Hutchinson and Daglish. On the following Monday, he was brought before the magistrates. Committed for trial, he was, on the 1st of March, at the Northumberland Spring Assizes, placed in the dock, before Mr. Justice Keating, charged with feloniously shooting at the two men in the cart-shed.

Unfortunately, Mr. Bewicke conducted his own defence. He protested against being tried by a common jury, alleging that he should be tried by his peers. This protest being disregarded, the trial went on. The bailiffs swore to the effect that they had been shot at, that a bullet had been picked up among the straw in the cart-shed, and that there was a mark on the wall behind which appeared to have been made by it. Further evidence was given as to previous threats that Mr. Bewicke would blow the men's brains out if they did not go away, and as to his daring them to enter his house on peril of their lives, d—ning their eyes, and using similar expressions with reference to Lord Palmerston, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Chief-Justice Cockburn, the Sheriff and Under-Sheriff, and the Government and its agents generally, all round. Owing to the absence of counsel for the defence, and to the witnesses for the prosecution not being skilfully cross-examined, which, as it subsequently turned out, would have shown the existence of a wicked conspiracy against the prisoner, Mr. Bewicke was found guilty, but recommended to mercy on the ground of the excited state of his mind.

This verdict was returned on a Saturday, and on the Monday Mr. Bewicke was brought up for sentence. The usual question was put to him, and, in reply, he discredited the evidence of the bailiffs, and made an imputation of perjury against them. "I think it is very hard," said he, "for a gentleman to be convicted by such low, bad characters, all of whom have been either convicted or had accusations brought against them." On the evidence, however, he had been convicted, and his lordship passed sentence, that he should be kept in penal servitude for the term of four years. "I appeal against this," said Mr. Bewicke; "it is infamous to send a gentleman——" "With which remark," said the newspaper report next day, "the eccentric prisoner was removed."

Mr. Bewicke was duly consigned to Millbank Penitentiary, where he was treated as a debtor, and from thence removed to a lunatic asylum. But his appeal, though fruitless at the time, was not forgotten. It was taken up, to her own honour, and to the honour of her sex and order, by the convict's faithful and attached housekeeper, Mrs. Lodge. She had been called by her master as a witness for the defence, but she had become hysterical when under cross-examination, so that her evidence was of no avail. The moment that Mr. Bewicke was consigned to prison, however, she seems to have had but one all-absorbing idea—that of unmasking the conspiracy which she knew to exist, liberating her master, and clearing his character. With astonishing perseverance she went about the work. Though having no legal adviser, she got together a mass of evidence which convinced her that her master's innocence must plainly appear if she could only manage to get it published. She went up to London. Not knowing to whom she should address herself, she chanced to go to Mr. Serjeant Shee, who received her in the kindest manner, looked over the evidence she laid before him, said it was worthy of every consideration, and recommended her to a solicitor of great respectability and skill, Mr. Joseph Ivimey, of Staple Inn, who looked into the case, and shortly afterwards found himself in Northumberland.

Mr. Ivimey at once obtained warrants against the persons who had sworn Mr. Bewicke into prison, and engaged Mr. Serjeant Shee to conduct the prosecution. The result was that, on the 28th of February, 1862, exactly a year after Mr. Bewicke's conviction, one of the conspirators, John Dodd, was charged that he, wickedly intending and devising to cause that individual to be falsely and wrongly suspected of having feloniously shot at Hutchinson and Daglish, did unlawfully and maliciously lay, deposit, and hide a certain leaden bullet in a certain cart-shed, &c., with intent that it might be found and be supposed and believed to be shot by the said William Bewicke, &c. He was found guilty after a long trial, before Mr. Justice Mellor, in the Moot Hall, Newcastle, and sentenced to be imprisoned in the county gaol for the period of two years. William Hutchinson, labourer, was on the following day found guilty of having wilfully, maliciously, and corruptly committed wilful and corrupt perjury on Mr. Bewicke's trial for felony, and sentenced to be kept in penal servitude for four years; and John Daglish, charged with the same offence, pleading guilty under the advice of his counsel, Mr. Campbell Forster, was sentenced to be imprisoned

and kept to hard labour in the county gaol for twelve calendar months.

The cost of the prosecution of the men, amounting to £300, was paid by Mr. Bewicke. This sum included £300 to Serjeant Shee, who was paid before the trial. There was a great deal of feeling in Mr. Bewicke's favour at the time the proceedings took place; but no subscription was made for him.

The Queen's pardon was forwarded to Mr. Bewicke immediately after the conviction of the three men. He had been brought down to Newcastle to give evidence, and on the 4th March, 1862, he was released from prison, "without a stain on his character." When he arrived at Threepwood Hall, which he had left replete with all the appliances of worldy comfort, he found it stripped and dilapidated, the whole of his furniture having been removed and sold during his enforced absence. Mr. Bewicke was told that the Commissioners of Greenwich Hospital, as lords of the manor of Langley, on which Mr. Bewicke's property was situate, had exercised the right which they claimed under the Crown to be entitled to the goods of felons, had seized his furniture three months after his conviction, and had sold it by public auction in the inn at Haydon Bridge, Messrs. Anderson and Mack being the auctioneers. Mr. Bewicke said he was not a felon; he was an innocent man; and therefore he demanded his goods back. "No," replied the Commissioners, "we have sold your goods. We had a perfect right to do so from the hour of your conviction." "What have you sold them for, then?" Mr. Bewicke asked. "They were worth from £1,600 to £1,800." The Commissioners answered, "We sold them for £430. We have no objection to give you the proceeds of the sale." "But," rejoined Mr. Bewicke, "I am advised you had no right to do as you have done, and will bring an action against you." The reply of the Commissioners was to this effect:—"You have no *locus standi*. You were a felon when your goods were seized; you remained a felon while in prison, and till you were released from your felony by the pardon of the Crown; consequently, you had lost your rights of citizenship."

Under these circumstances, Mr. Bewicke was advised by his steadfast friend, Mr. Robert Ingham, of Westoe, member for South Shields, and others, to petition Parliament for redress. He did so, and the petition was presented on the 28th of April, 1863. A few days subsequently, Mr. Henry Berkeley, member for Bristol, moved in his place in the House that the grievances suffered by Mr. Bewicke were such as to entitle him to the consideration of the Government. Sir George Grey, then Home Secretary, contended that there had been no failure of justice as far as regarded the evidence upon Mr. Bewicke's trial, which was perfectly satisfactory to both judge and jury. Upon that gentleman's conviction, his property was escheated, not to the Crown, but to the Commissioners of Greenwich Hospital, who sold it for what it would fetch, according to law. And when the witnesses upon whose evidence Mr. Bewicke was convicted had been tried and convicted of perjury, and Mr. Bewicke was pardoned, it being impossible to restore his property to him, the Commissioners gave him the sum for which it had been sold, minus £50, deducted for law expenses. Sir George Grey went on to say it was out of the power of the Commissioners to compensate Mr. Bewicke. They had done all they had power to do. At the same time, he admitted that it might be a matter for future consideration whether a person convicted and subsequently pardoned might not be placed in a more favourable position than the law now gave him. After considerable discussion on the legal aspects of the case, the House divided, when the numbers were:—For the motion, 20; against, 22; majority against, 2. Mr. Berkeley's motion was accordingly lost.

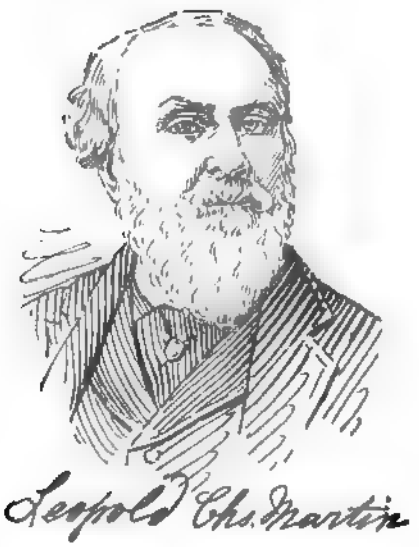
A year afterwards Mr. Berkeley brought the matter again before the House of Commons in a somewhat different form, distinctly raising the issue how far the State is responsible for a miscarriage of justice. The honourable gentleman, however, withdrew his motion in favour of an amendment proposed by Sir George Grey, for the appointment of a Select Committee to consider Mr. Bewicke's petition. Mr. Berkeley proposed in this committee a recommendation that Mr. Bewicke should be voted the sum of £5,000, and the proposal was supported by Mr. Liddell, Mr. Baillie Cochrane, and Lord John Manners; but a majority of the committee agreed to a report suggesting to the favourable consideration of the Crown "whether the full value of Mr. Bewicke's goods and chattels at the time of the forfeiture should not be restored to him, minus the net produce of the sale by auction already voluntarily paid over to Mr. Bewicke by the Commissioners."

Mr. Bewicke was twice married—first, to Miss Tweddell, of Threepwood; and, second, to a Welsh lady of the name of Jones, from whom he was subsequently divorced. The first Mrs. Bewicke was related to the celebrated scholar and traveller—John Tweddell, of Threepwood, who was born in 1769, and died at Athens in 1799. It was through Miss Tweddell that Mr. Bewicke came into possession of the Threepwood estate.

Some years before his death Mr. Bewicke had caused to be erected in Hexham Cemetery a monument of Aberdeen granite, bearing the following unfinished inscription:—"William Bewicke, Threepwood, Northumberland, aged — years."

Leopold Martin's Recollections.

MR. LEOPOLD CHARLES MARTIN, son of John Martin, the celebrated artist, of whose family and connections accounts have already appeared in the *Monthly Chronicle* (see vol. i., pages 343, 348, 418, 433, and 436; vol. ii., page 43), was the author of a series of recollections of his father that have lately appeared in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*. Mr. Martin died in London at an advanced age on January 5th, 1889,



coincident with the publication of the first instalment of his reminiscences. The following passages relate to the North-Country :—

"THE PLAINS OF HEAVEN."

With reference to "The Plains of Heaven," and the different localities my father had in his mind when the first idea was formed of the subject, my readers must at once abandon the notion that the landscape is in any way local. It is in no way connected with the view from Waterworks Bank, on the road to Benwell Village, lovely as that may be; but it certainly entered into his mind if only as a memory of his boyhood. Although in various years he paid more than one visit to the valley of the Tyne, he certainly never at any period made any sketch or drawing of this splendid prospect, or any memorandum of views from the Westgate Road to the village of Benwell. Often I have heard him name the fairest landscapes known to him, but he never made particular mention of the one above-named. He frequently spoke of the views from Newlands Corner, near Guildford, the scene from Leith Hill, in Surrey, and specially that from the Wynd Cliff on the Wye, above Chepstow, near the Wye's junction with the river Severn, as the most beautiful prospects known to him. The latter he certainly did once paint and make into a lovely drawing, illustrative of his friend James Hogg's poem of the "Queen's Wake," the chief work of the "Ettrick Shepherd." "The Plains of Heaven" must be looked upon as a poetic and ideal landscape—one from the mind only. It is truly the work of an inspired fancy—noble, commanding, powerful, imaginative, nearly sublime. One can but give up entirely all idea that in such a grand landscape anything but mind has to be taken into consideration. No local, no earthly spot, clouded the contemplation. All is original and ideal—the work of an exceptionally powerful imagination.

LUKE CLENNELL.

Originally a pupil of the celebrated William and Thomas Bewick, Luke Clennell, under this masterly tuition, became so skilful a wood engraver that he was one of those who had the permission to attach his name to woodcut blocks issued by the firm—a marked distinction granted but to four of the most able of the pupils. Luke Clennell at all times had a strong inclination to become a painter, and to follow in the path of his boyhood's friend, John Martin. He felt that, though successful as a wood engraver, it was not really his mission. He would go to London, and fight his way, but in a branch of art more to his inclination. He did so. Better had it been if he had remained in Newcastle with his great masters. In London he made friends, worked hard, and with success, but, alas! with a truly melancholy termination. Clennell's great work, "The Charge of the Guards at the Battle of Waterloo," was, as a painting, most popular, but is still better known by the spirited engraving. So highly was the picture appreciated that an unusual permission was granted by Government to erect a temporary wooden building facing Hyde Park, in Park Lane, in which it could be publicly exhibited. I well remember the pitched-boarded structure standing for a considerable time at the east side of Hyde Park—a sort of national exhibition. The idea of Clennell was really a conception of the immortal charge of the Life Guards—a rush at a mad gallop, hacking and thrusting right and left. Shaw, on a white horse in full plunge, formed the centre, whilst giant guardsmen sent the French cuirassiers flying before their ruthless blades. But, alas! poor Clennell. He, like Sir David Wilkie, if Sir George Beaumont's statement can be relied upon, devoted himself so entirely to his art, so completely wrapped himself up in it, as to quite neglect his person and health. The melancholy result, as might have been expected, was that the over-worked brain gave way, and Clennell had to be put under restraint. His mind became utterly crushed. The Waterloo picture was his last work. He died quite an imbecile, under confinement, in a private mad-house.

VENTILATION OF MINES.

It was my fortune on various occasions to accompany my father to the House of Commons, when called upon to give evidence before committees. One in particular, on "Accidents in Coal Mines" (a subject in which my father was greatly interested), I can recall most vividly, owing to the fact of having to hear the evidence of George Stephenson, John Buddle, and my father. Mr. Joseph Pease, M.P. for Durham, was chairman; and John Bowes, another North-Country member, was present as one of the committee. George Stephenson, with the appearance of a working man out in his Sunday best—blue coat, buff waistcoat, drab trousers, and such a white tie, wound two or three times round his neck!—gave his evidence in plain, matter-of-fact style, chiefly advocating additional Parliamentary powers to viewers and overlookers as lampmen, and urging very stringent rules as to the general use both of his own and the Davy safety lamp. As regards these lamps, by the way, their invention was claimed by William Martin (elder brother of my father), a claim to which he certainly had a right, his lamp being known some time previous to George Stephenson's, which was of earlier date than the lamp of Sir Humphrey Davy. But the three are much alike. George Stephenson, in giving his opinion in evidence, seemed to think that the careful use of the safety lamp was a much more important question than any improved system of ventilation. My father, in his evidence, went dead against this theory, and advocated an improved system of working the coal (by which a more perfect ventilation could be secured) by causing a constant current of fresh air to pass along the face of the workings. My father's plan was new and important, but a painter could hardly be popular with mining engineers. They had weight

with the committee; my father had little or none. Since the time of Davy, the lamp has been all in all; but what numbers of valuable lives might have been saved if only a more perfect system of ventilation had been established.

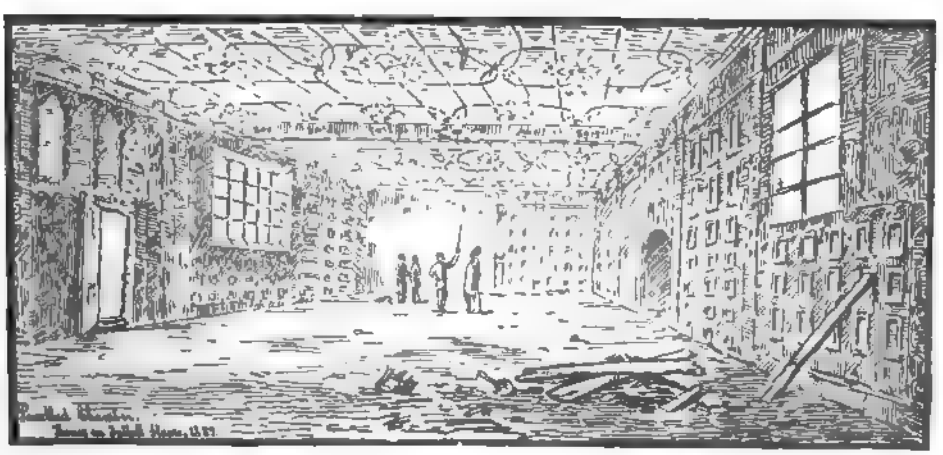
MR. THOMAS ALCOCK.

Mr. Thomas Alcock was one of my father's earliest friends and a constant companion. Originally in partnership with a Mr. Fayon, a surgeon in Piccadilly, he obtained the chief practice of the parish of St. James's, Westminster. Ultimately he became the distinguished surgeon of St. Thomas's Hospital. Mr. Alcock was a very extraordinary man, well-informed in nearly every branch of science and art. He had devoted much study to the beautiful art of modelling in wax—chiefly to that of anatomical modelling in coloured wax. So perfect were these productions that my father used to fancy them as offensive to the nose as they were distressing to the eye. Mr. Alcock had also given much attention to the art of casting in plaster of Paris. In the execution of faces he was very perfect. He had a method of his own so novel that its publication might answer some good purpose, and interest those wishing to practise this beautiful art. The ordinary practice, after oiling the face and hair, is to pour a quantity of liquid plaster of Paris upon the surface required to be formed into a mould, the weight of plaster quite distorting and pressing out of shape the form of the face. Dr. De Ville, a great artist in this branch, when casting my father's face, gave him two black eyes and some very extraordinary new organs, informing my father that the "organ of veneration was very largely developed." Mr. Alcock's method was very simple, but very perfect, consisting of the usual oiling of the surface, the mixing of a thin liquid of plaster of Paris to the consistency of thick cream, and the using of a fine hog's hair brush to paint over the surface of the part required to be cast with a thin coat of plaster, which dries at once without distorting any part of the surface or weighing out of place either skin or muscle. When this first coat of plaster is set, a further coating can be placed on the first, and so on, till sufficiently thick to allow it to be taken off in portions, and to form a perfect mould. Casts produced by this method can be most complete and perfect, without any sort of difficulty in forming a good mould. Any object, however delicate, can thus be reproduced; but for faces or heads it is as yet the only perfect method known. Mr. Alcock came from Newcastle about the same period as my father, and ever after remained his fast friend. My father's table was his own; a chair had its place for him at all times. Mr. Alcock [redacted] one son, Sir Rutherford Alcock, at one time distinguished as envoy in Japan and China. Kew Gardens and South Kensington Museum are greatly indebted to him for valuable contributions both in art and natural history. In person Mr. Alcock was about the middle height. His dark complexion had faded by thought and the wear and tear of his profession into a sallow hue. His brow was deeply furrowed, and, though he had not passed the prime of life, he might seem to have entered age but for the firmness of his step, the slender elasticity of his frame, and an eye which had acquired a depth from thought without losing any of the brilliancy of youth.

Old Newcastle on the Tuthill Stairs.

THE remarkable old Elizabethan mansion—of the real old Burgomaster type—built against the steep slope of the hill to the west of the High Level Bridge, with its principal approach up Tuthill Stairs from the Close, is, undoubtedly, the most interesting relic in existence of the Newcastle of three centuries ago.

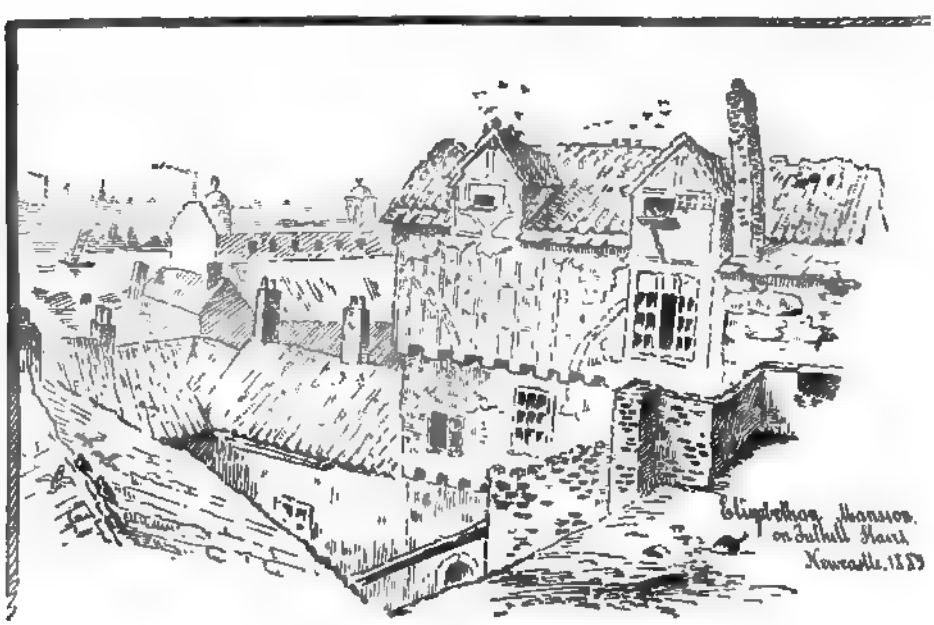
To the dilettante citizen, who would shrink from finding his or her way along the Close, or from being seen in the unfashionable locality of the Tuthill Stairs, we may



say that the relic in question can be easily surveyed from the High Level Bridge. From the Close, the more practical explorer will reach the old house by the low-pointed, stone-arched doorway, shown in our illustration, nearly opposite the Old Mansion House, leading into the not very dignified "Sweeper's Entry," the owner of the property still retaining a right of way here. At the head of the court the visitor has the front of the building with its noble stone-arched front entrance in full view, as in the sketch presented by our artist. This entrance, we may interject in passing, leads to-day into a hen roost, while the other portion is used as a stable! At right angles to the main building, of the same age and style, is a lower erection, with a similar doorway. This has been entirely used, in its days of honour, as a covered stone come-and-go-staircase and an anteroom, by which the first floor was reached, as well as the "orchard," "shrubbery," and "garth" once situated on the upper portion of the steep bank against which the house is built.

The general view of the house, as depicted by our artist, will give an idea of its peculiar construction. The ground floor is strongly built of stone, and the first floor, originally one single wainscoted room, the gem of the whole mansion, as well as the second storey and the roof, are massively framed in old oak. The upper front wall and gable are strongly half timbered, with diagonals and horizontal beams interspersed, filled in with brick, and plastered. The ends of the flooring beams of each storey form massive projecting corbels in the front; and the walls of each floor being built out upon these corbels, and the intervening spaces filled in with short end corbels, the whole elevation, with its gabled roof, has a most picturesque appearance. The lower portion of the stone staircase is in existence, but buried in rubbish, and the upper floors have all, for a long period, been reached from the high ground above, while the main entrance to the oak-panelled chamber has long been from a passage halfway down the Tuthill Stairs, and by a doorway in what was the magnificent west window, from which, in the good old days, such a charming prospect of river and open country could be obtained.

From our sketch of the west side, low and mean as it is at present, the remains of the moulded stone cornice, and of four of the moulded stone arched mullioned lights of the upper half of this window, it will be observed, are still to be seen. Entering here, interest of course chiefly centres in what was once undoubtedly a charming chamber. With the common—very common—partitions run up to form two or three mean-looking apartments, in imagination swept away, the visitor has a chamber of excellent proportions before him, 31 ft. by 20 ft., and 11 ft. in height, with just sufficient of the ancient beautiful oak panelling remaining, with fluted pilasters framed into the carved oak cornice and cross beams, to give him an idea of what our ancestors could do, three centuries ago, in the way of internal decoration. To prevent misconception, it may be here remarked, that a portion of the wall space is covered with



very inferior woodwork, of common pine. This is only some ordinary material, introduced by the father of Mr. Bone, the present proprietor, to cover the already stripped walls, when making alterations some years ago. The elaborately-decorated plaster ceiling, fortunately, is still almost entire, the excellent workmanship having been proof against the hard usage of its later years of dire adversity. Here, again, we must add that the ceiling, beautifully patterned as it is, is *not* of "carved oak" or "panelled oak" at all, as it has been erroneously described. A piece of the beautifully-carved oak moulding, originally framed round the large window on the west side, may still be seen over the circular upper lights already named. Mr. Bone tells how the carved oak fireplace was removed by his father, thirty years ago, to make way for the practical pot and oven, so necessary in a tenemented house; and, also, how a charming piece of figured oak carving, probably the original owner's coat of arms, was taken down at the same time, and sold off-hand to a practical-minded antiquary for the sum of ten shillings! A door in the wainscot, to the right of the fireplace, probably originally led into a chamber from which the uppermost flight of stone steps gave egress to the grounds above. The floor above, and the chambers in the roof, would probably be the sleeping apartments of the occupants of the mansion.

The history of the old relic, so far as the fragments can be pieced together, is an interesting one, with its glimpses of the history of the town so closely interwoven. Legends as to Cromwell having occupied the house when in the North, and his soldiers having ascended the hill by its stairs, are still told by the neighbours, the probability or otherwise of which may be accepted by the reader without difficulty. It is stated that the old mansion was originally built by Alderman Henry Chapman, during the reign of Elizabeth, and was being occupied by him and his wife Joan in the year 1587. Up to late years, over the doorway leading into the anteroom, in the oak chamber, the date 1583 was carved in the solid oak beam. This was always assumed to be the date of its erection by Chapman. In those early days, with its charming situation, the magnificent prospect from its west window, and its surrounding gardens, it must have been an enviable residence. In 1629, it was acquired by a loyal old knight, Sir Alexander Davison, a faithful partisan of Charles I. in his quarrels with the Parliament. He was one of the brave defenders of the town, at the siege in 1644, and fell

at his post, probably within a bow shot of his own door, on November 11, aged 80 years. In 1637, he had settled the property upon his son, Ralph Davison, when the latter was to be married to Timothea Belasyse. Then, again, August 5, 1653, it was conveyed by "Raphe" and his wife to "Thomas Davison, of Newcastle, marchant." It appears to have been leased in 1637, to Thomas, afterwards Sir Thomas Riddell, who had married the old knight's daughter, Barbara, and in 1639 the well-known, but cantankerous vicar of Newcastle, Yeldard Alvey, was residing in it. Edward Stote, another well-known Newcastle man, died here in 1649. From 1653, over Cromwell's protectorate, the Restoration of Charles II., the Revolution of 1688, the accession of George I., and the Old Pretender's Rebellion in 1715, we have no record of the fortunes of the old mansion, until Oct. 20, 1720, when the whole property was purchased by Mr. Daniel West from a Thomas Davison and William Davison, for £120, on behalf of the struggling Baptist congregation which, previously, had worshipped in the old chapel on Tyne Bridge.

Mr. John Bradburn, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, in a lecture delivered by him in 1883, gave an interesting account of the long period during which the oak chamber was occupied by that community as a chapel, the upper rooms being the residence of the minister. From 1793, when the congregation removed to the large square brick building on the ground above, the old chamber was used as a Sunday school, and when a final removal to Bewick Street was carried out, some thirty years ago, the whole property —chapel, tenemented houses (which had been built by the connexion next the stairs), and the mansion—was purchased by the late Mr. Bone, altered, as has already been stated, and the whole let into tenements, though the old house has practically stood empty during the last twelve months, and suffered accordingly.

With reference to the long interregnum of silence, from 1653 to 1720, a curious fact deserves to be recorded. When the property was acquired by the Baptists at the latter-named date, there were already some old pews in it, and affixed to one of them were hands for holding the Corporation mace and sword, the probability being that during a portion of the period the Corporation occasionally attended dissenting places of worship.

J. L. Nicholson.

It will probably be of additional interest to the reader to learn that the whole of the property in question has just been purchased by Lady Armstrong. It is well known that her ladyship has for many years strongly interested herself in the adjoining Children's Hospital. Certain pressing additions and extensions here are necessary, and with the ground thus acquired these will now be easily carried out. J. L. N.

Lewis Thompson.

MR. LEWIS THOMPSON, whose portrait is here printed, died in Eldon Place, Newcastle, on the 21st of February, 1889, at the age of 78 years. His career was not only eventful, but in many respects romantic. The son of Mr. Thomas Thompson, of Byker, he was intended by his father for the medical profession. He commenced his studies in Newcastle, and completed them in London. But he never practised himself, although he acted as assistant to a distinguished metropolitan surgeon. He was employed for a time in a subordinate position in a soap factory at Lambeth. When the owners and managers on one occasion were busy discussing the effects of some experiments, he made a remark of an original and suggestive kind that attracted the attention of the head of the firm. This led to his closer intercourse with his employers; and, notwithstanding Mr. Thompson's reticence and unwillingness to receive preferment, he very soon became the principal scientific adviser of the manufactory. Through one of the members of the firm—who was also a member of the Government of the day—Mr. Thompson was entrusted with a highly responsible position in a time of great national excitement. Apart from his scientific connections in London, he was engaged in a like work in France. He went to Paris with very flattering recommendations to some of the most distinguished

Mr Lewis Thompson.

men of science in that capital, and his intercourse with them continued through life. But perhaps the part of Mr. Thompson's labours that is best known is that which he devoted to the study of the methods of gas-making and gas-lighting. About 30 years ago, a gas company was formed in London to compete with the old-established companies. The promoters made many strange aver-

ments about the cost and quality of gas, and Mr. Thompson voluntarily commenced a series of experiments to demonstrate their fallacy. The investigations then made threw an entirely new light upon the making of coal gas. The results of Mr. Thompson's elaborate inquiries are to be found scattered through modern chemical books where the questions of gas and gas-lighting are discussed. All his labour was done gratuitously, and, when the old gas companies proposed to remunerate him, he returned the money, and declared he would consider its acceptance as derogatory to his independence. His letter written on that occasion, if it could be printed, would give a more correct idea of the writer's chivalrous and unsordid disposition than any friendly eulogy. Mr. Thompson wrote extensively for scientific publications, but seldom attached his name to what he wrote. The subject he was specially at home with was the application of science to manufactures. To the works of Dr. Ure, Dr. Lardner, and Mr. McCulloch in this country, as well as to French and American encyclopædias and reviews, he was a copious contributor. With a view of preserving his anonymity, he destroyed before his death some valuable correspondence, under the belief that no one would be interested in it, and because some of the forecasts of his friends had not been verified by facts. He occasionally wrote—always under a *nom de plume*—in the columns of the *Newcastle Chronicle*. The will of Mr. Thompson, dated March 15, 1884, was proved in April, 1889, by his cousin, the executor, Mr. Charles D. Andrews, solicitor, of Leominster, Herefordshire. The testator set apart £15,000, the income from which should be applied by the Poor-Law Guardians for the township of Byker in diminishing the poor's rate upon the inhabitants of that township, upon condition that the Guardians keep and maintain in a good and substantial state of repair the tomb of the testator's father in the Jesmond Cemetery, and place thereon each successive year a memorial garland of the value of not less than two shillings.

The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stokoe.

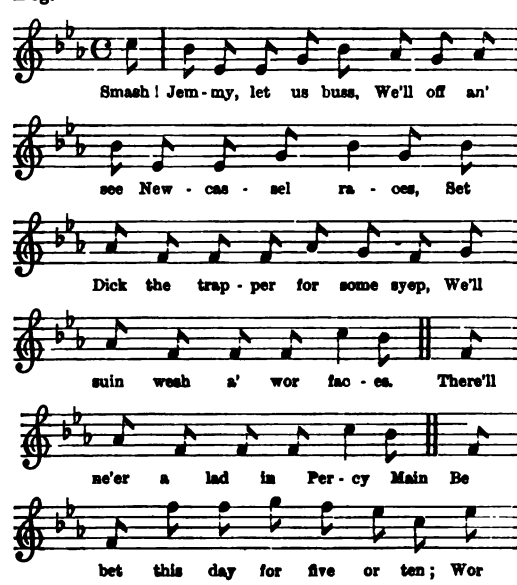
X Y Z AT NEWCASTLE RACES.

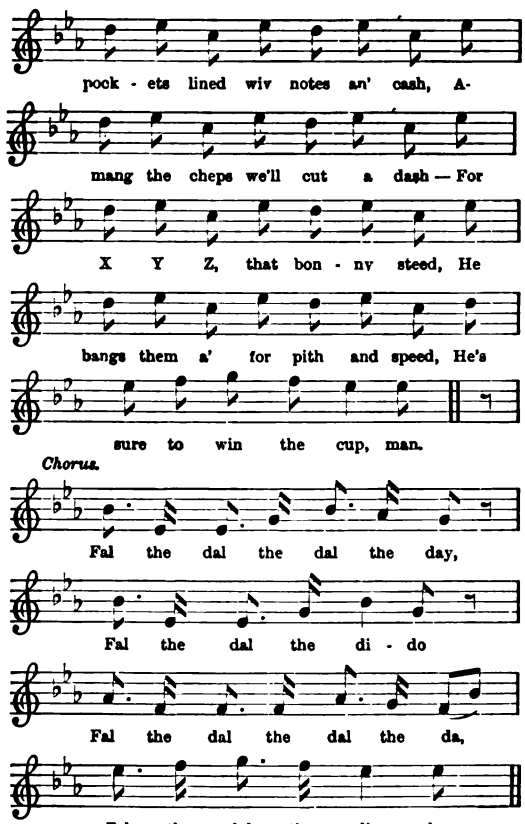
HORSE-RACING, as a sport for Northern gentlemen, seems to have flourished at Woodham Moor in the later years of Queen Elizabeth. There was horse-racing, too, at Killingworth about 1632, as in this year an entry appears in the account books of the Newcastle Corporation of £20 paid "to John Blakiston, chamberlain, which he disbursed for two silver potts granted by the Common Council for the race on Killingworth Moor after Whitsuntide." Killingworth race-course existed until 1721, in which year, although the County Plate, value £25, given by the High Sheriff, Edward Delaval, Esq., was run for there on the Tuesday, the remaining races, including the Gold Cup given by the Corporation of Newcastle, took place on the Town Moor. Afterwards, for over a century and a half, the races on the Moor became the great annual *fête* of the North, and were attended by people of every grade of society from all parts of the Northern Counties.

In the early part of the present century, the many victories achieved by the celebrated racehorse, X Y Z, the property of Mr. Riddell, of Felton Park, had gained for that animal the admiration of all Northumberland. Its name became a household word, and its achievements were the theme of more than one local poet. X Y Z was the winner for four consecutive years—1811, 1812, 1813, 1814—of the Gold Cup, then the great prize at the Newcastle Meeting. The Northumberland Plate, afterwards the great race, had then no existence.

The pitman's description of the race, the race-course, and its surroundings are true to the life. The tune is of the Strathspey character, and was originally known as "The Cameronian's Rant." Some Scottish songs, such as "The Battle o' Shirra Muir," have been written to it, and it has also been a great favourite with our local poets, few of them having omitted to try a verse or two to its strains, perhaps the most successful efforts being Emery's "Hydrophobie," J. P. Robson's "Pawnshop Bleezin'," and our present illustration.

A short account of the author, William Mitford, appeared in the *Monthly Chronicle* for 1887, page 311, accompanying his song of "Cappy, or the Pitman's Dog."





We reached the moor, wi' sairish tues,
When they were gan to start, man;
We gav a fellow tuppence each
To stand upon a cart, man;
The bets flew round frae side to side,
"The field agyen X Y!" they cried;
We'd hardly time to lay them a',
When in he cam—Hurra! Hurra!
"Gadsmash!" says aw, "X Y's the steed,
He bangs them a' for pith an' speed,
We never see'd the like, man."

Next, to the tents we hied, to get
Some stuffing for wor bags, man;
Wi' flesh we fairly pang'd wor hides—
Smoked nowse but patent shag, man.
Wi' rum and brandy soak'd each chop,
We'd Jackey* an' fine ginger pop
We gat what made us winkin' blin'—
When drunky aw began to sing—
"Od smash! X Y, that bonnie steed,
Thou bangs them a' for pith an' speed,
We never see'd his like, man."

Next up amang the shows we gat,
Where folks a' stood i' flocks, man,
To see a chep play Bob and Joan
Upon a wooden box, man;
While bairns an' music filled the stage,
An' some, by gox! were grim wi' age;
When next aud Grin a powney browt,
Could tell at yence what people thowt!
"Od smash!" says aw, "if he's the breed
Of X Y Z, that bonny steed,
Thou niver see'd his like, man."

* A pitmatic name for gin.

But haud! when we cam to the toon,
What thinks thou we saw there, man?
We saw a Blackie, puffin,' swettin',
Suckin' in fresh air, man;
They said that he could fell an ox—
His name was fightin' Molinox;
But ere he fit another roond,
His marrow fell'd him to the groond.
"Od smash!" says aw, "if thou's sic breed
As X Y Z, that bonny steed,
Thou niver see'd his like, man."

Next, board a steamer-boat we gat,
A laddie rang a bell, man:
We hadn't sittin' varry lang
Till byeth asleep we fell, man.
But the noise seun myed poor Jimmy start—
He thowt 'twas time to gan to wark,
For pick an' hoggers roar'd oot he,
An' myed sic noise it waken'd me.
"Od smash!" says aw, "X Y's the steed,
He bangs them a' for pith an' speed,
Aw niver see'd his like, man."

When landed, straight off hyem aw gans,
An' thunners at the door, man;
The bairns lap ower the bed wi' fright,
Fell smack upon the floor, man;
But to gaur the wifey haud her tongue,
Showed her the kelter aw had won;
She wiv a cinder brunt her toes,
An' little Jacob broke his nose—
The brass aw've getten at the race
Will buy a patch for Jacob's face—
So noo maw sang is duin, man.

The Chaffinch.

MR. JOHN HANCOCK, writing of the two Northern Counties, says that the chaffinch *(Fringella cœlebs)* is "probably the most abundant bird in the district, and certainly one of the most beautiful." It is also very plentiful in Cumberland and the Border Counties. This elegant bird has always been celebrated for the skilful nest it builds, which is a most artful and beautiful structure, composed

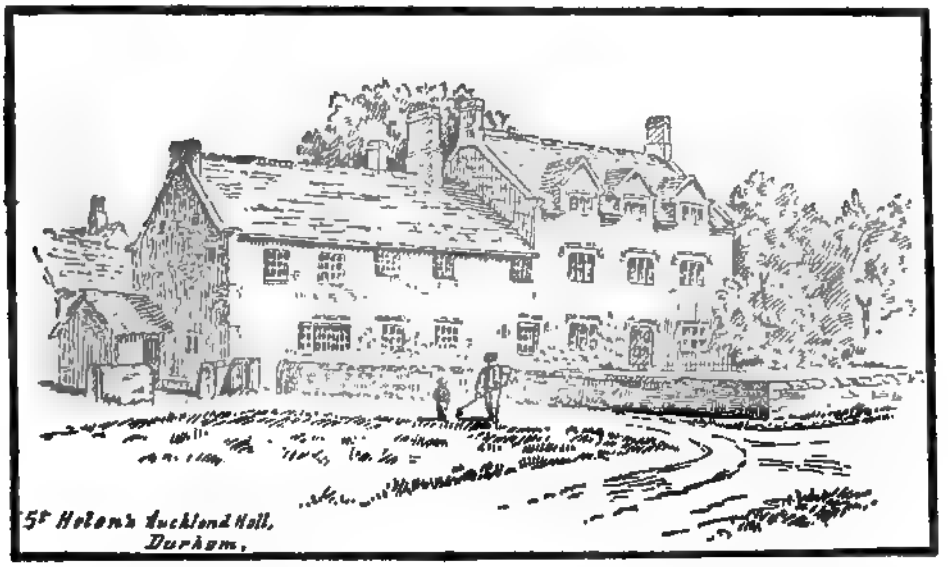
externally of moss, fine wool, lichens, the scales of bark, and often of spiders' webs, all neatly felted together, and presenting a smooth and carefully-finished exterior. Delicately lined with wool and hair, it is securely at-

tached to the supporting stems by bands of moss, which are turned round the supports, and worked into the mass of materials composing the nest. The chaffinch has a wide geographical range, and is generally distributed over the whole of Europe, being migratory in the higher and colder latitudes, and a resident in the warmer and more temperate countries. It is a favourite everywhere, as is evinced by its many common names—such as shilfa, sheelie, shell-apple, beechfinch, twink, spink, pink, &c. In this country the chaffinches are more or less migratory, and in the autumn and winter they gather into separate flocks, the males by themselves, and the females likewise. Selby, speaking of this singular habit, says that in Northumberland and in Scotland the separation of sexes takes place about November, and from that period to the return of spring few females are to be seen, and those few always in distinct societies. The males remain, and are met with during the winter in immense flocks, feeding with other grain-eating birds in the stubble fields as long as the weather continues mild and the ground is free from snow. It is on account of this peculiarity, the temporary separation of the sexes, that Linnæus has assigned the chaffinch its specific name *(cœlebs)*, equivalent to "bachelor." About the end of March the flocks break up, and then the "bachelors" are on the outlook for mates. The chaffinches do good service to the horticulturists and farmers. They clear the ground of weed-seeds and insects, though in autumn, like the sparrows, they take rather good toll of the ripening corn. Chaffinches sometimes nest in curious situations, and very often in apple trees and orchards. Some years ago a pair of them fixed their nest to one of the iron columns of the Tebay Station on the London and North-Western Railway, within a couple of yards of the rails. In this curious position and close to the rush and roar of the trains, the birds hatched and reared their young. Two broods are hatched out in the nesting season. As a rule, the first brood is out of the nest by the middle of May, and the second by the end of July, sometimes rather later in the Northern Counties. The earlier or later nesting season, of course, depends on the weather conditions. The male chaffinch, nearly as handsome a bird as the goldfinch, is from six to six and a half inches long. The female is about an inch shorter than the male, and her plumage is generally more subdued. The young male resembles the female until after the autumnal moult, when he begins gradually to assume his future distinctive colours.

St. Helen's Auckland Hall.

OUR engraving represents the ancient mansion of the Carrs of St. Helen's Auckland, to which reference is made in the sketch of Cuthbert Carr. (See page 307.) It is taken from a pen and ink drawing by Mr. W. H. Knowles, which has been kindly lent for the purpose by Colonel Carr, of Dunston Hill.

Hutchinson, the historian of Durham, states that in the early part of the reign of King James I., John, son



of Robert Eden, who was seised of a third part of the manor of St. Helen's Auckland, and William Williamson, of St. Helen's, who held the other portion, divided the estate, and Williamson sold his two thirds to James Carr, of Newcastle, who built the mansion. At the close of last century, the hall was occupied by a sisterhood of Teresian Nuns, and while they resided there the following description of it was published:—"The house is very

spacious and contains a great number of apartments. It is surrounded by high walls except the south front (which is a very ancient structure, remarkably neat, and containing several small Gothic windows), and another adjoining edifice of Grecian architecture fronting the west, built about the beginning of the century [the 18th] by William Carr, Esq., who was some time member for Newcastle, a man of fine taste, of unbounded hospitality, and who supported the character of a country gentleman with a splendour almost unparalleled in those days, and rarely equalled in all respects at the present day. Although the gate which opens into the spacious court of this mansion is within twenty yards of a public road, which passes between it and the parochial chapel of St. Helen, yet the house itself is perfectly sequestered; every view of it being confined either to its delightful gardens or the rich adjoining meadows. These gardens, which comprehend between four and five acres, are enclosed by a brick wall about twenty feet in height lined with an immense variety of the choicest fruit trees, and the whole laid out in the most enchanting manner."

In Mr. Knowles's sketch, the modern wing, which overshadows the old hall, is not seen, and the building is represented in much the same state as it was when Cuthbert Carr, the hero of the siege of Newcastle, lived in it.

Richard Ayre.

AMONG the old Chartists of Newcastle none was more worthy of remembrance than Richard Ayre, who died in that town on April 12, 1871, at the age of 77 years. Mr. Ayre was a kind, genial, good old man, respected by all who knew him, and ready at any time to put himself about to be of service to anyone. He was also a thinker of very considerable merit, a scientist and an inventor. And all his inventions had something to do with saving life, or making life worth living. Several of his inventions were exhibited in the Polytechnic in Blackett Street, Newcastle, and he possessed acknowledgments of the merits of his improvements in safety-lamps, railway brakes, and life-saving apparatus for steamships from George Stephenson, Mr. Pease, and several Parliamentary Commissions. The only invention from which he ever derived any pecuniary benefit was in connection with Dr. White's water-ballast, he having introduced some improvements into the doctor's original project which were handsomely acknowledged. His house was a veritable museum, and he could talk for hours of his projects and his models; while his inexhaustible fund of anecdote of the old reformers, from Henry Hunt and Peterloo down to Edmund Beales, Charles Bradlaugh, and the Borough Franchise movement—about the social movement, with personal reminiscences of Robert Owen, Frances Wright, Harriet Martineau (he once drove Miss Wright down to Tynemouth on a visit to Miss Martineau, and surprised the joint-author of "Man's Nature and Development" peeling potatoes!)—rendered Mr. Ayre's house one of the most entertaining and profitable it has ever been my good fortune to be admitted to. The accompanying portrait of the good old man was taken about the time of the Reform demonstration of 1866, when the survivors of the demonstration of 1816 headed the procession in a waggonette, and when Ernest Jones spoke for the last time

Richard Ayre, 1866

in Newcastle. The medallion he wears was struck in commemoration of the establishment of the "New Moral World," when Mr. Owen was sanguine that his system was about to be established and the old order of things to pass away. It contained on the obverse a portrait of Owen, and on the reverse the axioms which were the foundations of his philosophy. ELIJAH COPLAND.

Mercenaries in Northumberland.

SOME account of the doings of the foreign mercenaries brought to England by the Protector Somerset in the reign of Edward VI. is furnished in the Rutland papers which have recently been unearthed at Belvoir Castle by the Historical Manuscripts Commission. On the death of Henry VIII. the Protector sought to carry out the wishes of the deceased king with regard to the marriage of the boy Edward to Princess Mary of Scotland. France interfered, and Somerset, in order to force the match, marched an army to Scotland. The Regent Huntley,

who declared that he had no objection to the match, but "misliked the manner of wooing," met the English forces at Pinkiecleugh, and sustained a defeat. But he saved his queen from being forced into a marriage at the point of the sword, and the English generalissimo returned to England with an empty victory. One of the effects of this unwise enterprise was to disturb the somewhat friendly relations that had hitherto existed between the Scots and English on the Borders, and two years later it was found necessary to send a mixed army of English and foreigners to guard against an invasion of Northumberland by their neighbours to the north of the Cheviots. The Earl of Rutland, appointed "Lorde Warden of the East and Midle Marches foranenyst Scotland," was invested by the young king with "the chefe rule, ordre, and governaunce of our garrysons and men of warre upon these frontires." From a list of towns at which the horsemen and footmen lay upon the frontier, it seems that the mercenaries were disposed as follows :—

Strangers, Armed Horsemen :—
Capt. Andrea at Whittingham and Glanton.
Charles de Guavar at Mikle Ryle, Litle Ryle, and Yetlington.
Capt. Lanciano at Ealington and Screnwood.
Capt. Hungarian at Bolton and Lemmington.

Strangers, Footmen :—
The Almains at Scremerston and Fenwick.
The Irish at Bamborough.
Sir Julian Romero at Rocke.
Sir Pero Negro at Haggerston.
Capt. Ventura at Charleton.

These foreigners seem to have been a source of much trouble, not only to the people upon whom they were quartered, but also to the Lord Warden himself. Most account seems to have been made of the Germans; for, writing to the Earl of Rutland about the disposition of some money sent to him, the Lords of the Council instruct him to pay the "Almaynes" one month in advance, whereas the Italians and other "forriners"—amongst whom were the Irish—were to consider themselves well treated if they got their pay one month in arrear. Writing from Berwick to Lord St. John, under date Nov. 4, 1549, the Lord Warden complains that the "charges of the Almaynes here are very great, and the service but little this winter, because they are footmen." But if the Italians were kept waiting a month for their pay, they seem to have made themselves very much at home in the towns on which they were billeted. The Earl of Rutland himself had cause to complain of their conduct, and there are references to their "lewd behaviour" in several letters. Writing from Alnwick on Nov. 11, 1549, to the Lords of Council, the Lord Warden says :—

Courtpenigh puts his men in readinesse to set forward towards you, and tarries only for his pay. Within four days he will be able to set forward with all the Almains except two ensigns, who will remain here, according to your order. Captain Tiberio and his band disquiet the country, and in a mutiny lately made by him at Berwick slew two of the garrison. If you do not speedily take him hence, the country will not bear his lewdness, but will seek their revenge. Please send for him to be placed elsewhere. He refuses all good order, and also is unwilling to abide in these parts.

Three days later we find Lord Dacre writing from Carlisle Castle as follows :—

I understand that your Lordship haith plaiced in the Towne of Morpeth a bande of Italiens who, as I am enformed, beside the killing of the fewe deare that I had there and other private displeasure done to my self whiche in effect I do little esteame, they do so unreasonably behave theyme selfes that thinhabitantes do rather mynde to leave the towne and seak other dwellinges then to susteigne such intollerable unquietness and misordre, so that I am forced to meove your Lordship on ther behalf for a reformacion, not doubting that your discret wisdom will consider what inconvenience it is to pestere such a little streat standing in the heigh way, where it servethe the Kinges people bothe with concourse and recourse with such company, and howe of congruent it must be that suche waist and consumyng of vitalles as they use withoute goode payment this tyme of the yere in the heighe way must needes make not onely scarsitee of vitalles but also enhaunce the prices, as the Kinges subjectes and others travailling that way must after in the yere waunte good easmente and feale paynes. Thus assureing your Lordship that I fynde not this faut for eny private discommodite, but onely for a common noysaunce and damage, knowing if the towne shoulde be desolated, the lose of my enheritaunce were litle in respect of the harme it shoulde be to the commone welth.

Then from Brancepeth, on the 16th of December in the same year, the Dowager-Countess of Westmoreland wrote to her son-in-law on the same subject :—

I am informed that you have appointed certain of the Italian horsemen to lie at Bywell, a lordship of mine. It is not a meet place to lodge any strangers in, for the inhabitants are very poor men. They have been so sore charged in the king's service, by carriages and otherwise, that if they be now charged with these strangers, they will not be able to serve the king when called upon again, nor to pay their ferms.

It was, however, well into the middle of the year following before the whole of these disturbing foreigners were withdrawn from Northumberland. The Germans were removed at the close of 1549 to aid in quelling the insurrectionary spirit which was abroad in the Midland and Southern Counties, generated largely by the appropriation of commons by the landlords; but the Italians were left for several months to make good the default of the paymaster by levying forced contributions on the unhappy Northumbrians.

The Roxbys and Beverleys.

THE announcement of the death of Mr. William Roxby Beverley, which took place at Hampstead about the middle of May, 1889, cannot fail to have quickened the memory of many old theatre-goers in the North of England respecting a family of capable actors, scene-painters, and theatrical managers, who, during at least three generations, acquired a reputation which, even to this day, stands unrivalled in their several walks.

The original family name was Roxby, and the Roxbys came from Hull. Beverley was only their stage name, and was first adopted, from the old capital of the East

Riding, by Henry Roxby, "who in the eighties and nineties of last century was playing, with his wife, leading business at Covent Garden, London." This gentleman had four sons, all of whom inherited his histrionic and artistic taste and genius, though in different departments; and, for the sake of distinction, two of them retained through life the name of Roxby, while the other two chose to be known as Beverleys, or Roxby-Beverleys. The first pair were Mr. Samuel Roxby, who was connected for nearly thirty-five years with the Northern Theatrical Circuit, comprising the theatres at North and South Shields, Sunderland, Durham, Stockton, Filey, and Scarborough, and Mr. Robert Roxby, who was stage manager for many years at the Lyceum and the Princess Theatres in London. The second pair were Mr. Henry Robert Beverley, locally known as "Old Harry Beverley," one of the very best low comedians of his day, and Mr. William Roxby Beverley, last deceased, confessedly one of our most famous scene painters.

The lesseeship and management of the Northern Theatrical Circuit were acquired and undertaken by Mr. Henry Roxby, from the representatives of the Kembles about sixty years ago, and his sons afterwards became sole proprietors. The old gentleman continued to appear as stage manager as long as he lived, but for financial reasons, as was understood, his sons William and Samuel were nominally the conductors.

At the opening of the Drury Lane Theatre in Sunderland, on the 31st October, 1831, one of the principal intimations on the bill referred to a new act drop by Mr. William Beverley, who had already done scenic work at the Scarborough and Filey theatres, and who combined for a few seasons, here in the North, the duties of scene-painter with the pleasures of heavy comedy. The following announcement was made in connection with the opening of the Shields Theatre in the same season:—"The public is respectfully informed the above theatre will open for the season on Monday, the 28th of November, 1831, under the management of Mr. Roxby and Mr. W. Beverley, from the Theatre Royal, Manchester, the whole under the direction of Mr. Beverley, late lessee of the Theatre Royal, Manchester." A few years afterwards Mr. Beverley was engaged as scenic artist at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh by Mr. William Henry Murray (brother-in-law of Mr. Henry Siddons, son of the great tragedienne), and painted some scenery there that drew forth universal admiration. Ultimately settling in the metropolis, he rose to the top of his profession.

Mr. Hugh R. Roddam, writing in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, states that Mr. Beverley, when he settled in London, became artist at the Lyceum, London, then held by Chas. Mathews and Madame Vestris. Afterwards he joined E. T. Smith at Drury Lane, and was at Old Drury for years after under various managers; but, although finally settling in London, he was often in North Shields painting or superintending some important work, especially in the rebuilding of the theatre in 1852, the old quarters having been destroyed by fire in the latter part of 1851. The following incident, says Mr. Roddam, is recorded of the great Kean, when in the height of his career:—"Young William Beverley, now the celebrated artist, the son of his old Gloucester manager, was frequently with him at Bute. While the boy sketched at the window, Kean would sit at the piano and play and sing Moore's melodies, which he did with great taste and feeling. Once he said to his young guest, in whose presence he never committed those excesses which were fast completing the destruction of a constitution already shattered, 'If I could keep you always by my side, I might be saved yet.'"

Mr. Harry Beverley, who died in the early part of the year 1863, was for many years a prime favourite with the theatre-goers in the circuit. On the nights when he and his brother Mr. Samuel Roxby trod the boards together, there was a high festival of innocent fun, as probably on no other stage in the kingdom could anything to

WILLIAM ROXBY BEVERLEY.

equal them be witnessed in the delineations of comic character. Both of them were, like Yorick, "fellows of infinite jest." Each had his peculiar range, and in that each was unrivalled. If Samuel had a fault as a comedian, it was an occasional tendency to overdo his part joined to a peculiarity in elocution to which captious critics might fairly have objected, but which was so thoroughly original, and so completely Sam Roxby's own, that the regular frequenters of the theatre came to relish it rather than otherwise.

In an obituary notice that appeared in a Sunderland paper at the time of his death, the writer said:—"Mr. Samuel Roxby was a gentleman held in esteem by all who knew him; he was a man of high honour and the strictest integrity; as a manager, he was known far and wide, and the circuit over which he presided stood one of the first in the provinces. He manifested much solicitude in the personal welfare of the actors, and had his reward in their general devotion to his interests. In all business transactions his dealings were regulated by the most scrupulous uprightness."

Samuel Roxby and Harry Beverley lived together in the same house in Sunderland, up to the decease of the latter, which took place, as we have said, in the early part of 1863. Samuel followed him to the grave about four months afterwards, in the month of July that year, at the age of 59.

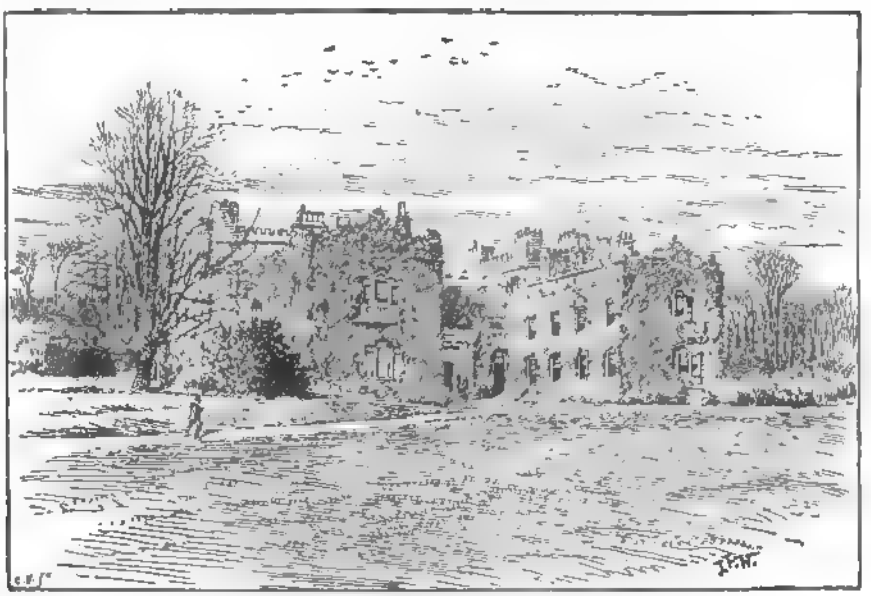
The circumstances attending the several transfers of the Theatre Royal in Sunderland are described as somewhat singular. Samuel Roxby, at his death in 1863, left it (subject to Mr. Stuart Henry Bell's lease), together with the old place in Drury Lane, to the scene painter, Mr. William Roxby Beverley. This gentleman, by deed of gift, transferred it to Robert Roxby, his brother, who, however, died in 1866, and left it again to William. Last year it was transferred to Mr. Richard Thornton, of South Shields. And thus was severed the last link of the 57 years' connection between the Roxby-Beverleys and Sunderland.

Our portrait of Mr. William Roxby Beverley, who was born at Richmond, Yorkshire, in 1824, is copied from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, London.

Aske Hall.

ASKE HALL, the seat of the Earl of Zetland, is situate about two miles north of Richmond, Yorkshire. It occupies a high position in a well-wooded park, and commands extensive views. Roseberry Topping, in Cleveland, is visible from the front of the house. Aske was a manor of the family which took its name from the place, one of whom, Robert Aske, was the leader of the Pilgrimage of Grace. The family descended from Wyomer, the founder of St. Martin's Priory, Richmond; and Roger de Aske assumed that name when he settled at Aske in the twelfth century.

"Aske," says Whitaker, in his "History of Richmondshire," "gave a local name to a long line of descendants from one of the earliest grantees and favourites of the first Earls of Richmond. Aske was, indeed, one of those gems of which even these mighty lords had not many to bestow. On the skirts of the high country, and looking



ASKE HALL, YORKSHIRE.

down on the fertile vale of Gilling, with swelling lawns in front, and a long sweep of rising woods beyond, Richmondshire has not, perhaps, a single residence which surpasses Aske in point of situation. The house has a centre and two deep wings, from one of which rises an old Border tower, the only remnant of the Askes."

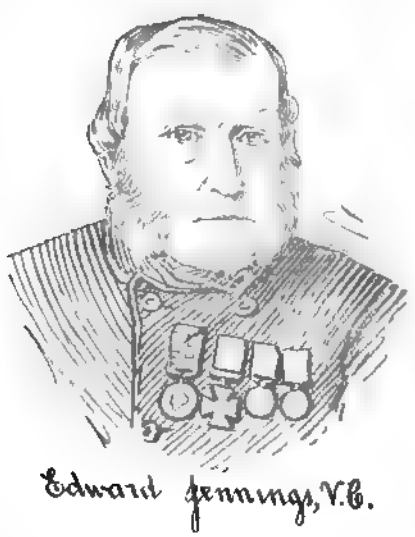
The last Earl of Holderness sold Aske in 1760, or 1762, to Sir Laurence Dundas, Bart., whose only son, Thomas, Lord Dundas, was the possessor when Whitaker's history appeared. Laurence Dundas was created a baronet in 1762; his son, Sir Thomas, was created a baron in 1794; the son of Lord Dundas was made Earl of Zetland in 1838; and the present owner of the estate, now Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, is the third holder of the earldom.

When the Prince and Princess of Wales visited Middlesbrough in January last, for the purpose of opening the new Municipal Buildings in that town, they were the guests of the Earl of Zetland at Aske Hall.

Notes and Commentaries.

EDWARD JENNINGS, V.C.

It was announced in the obituary of the *Monthly Chronicle*, page 234, that a veteran soldier named Edward Jennings had died at North Shields on the 10th of May. The portrait here given is copied from a photograph kindly lent by the family of the deceased. Jennings, who in his later years was employed as a scavenger under the



Tynemouth Corporation, served with much distinction in the Crimea and in India. It was in the latter country, during the Sepoy mutiny, that he performed the act of valour for which he was awarded the Victoria Cross. Sir Colin Campbell, afterwards Lord Clyde, was so much impressed with Jennings's worth as a soldier that he would have recommended him for promotion to the rank of commission officer had the poor fellow been able to read and write. As it was, Jennings was in receipt of an army pension till the time of his death. EDITOR.

WILLIAM SURTEES, A CORBRIDGE VETERAN.

I have in my possession a copy of "Twenty-five Years in the Rifle Brigade, by the late William Surtees, Quartermaster." The book was published, three years after the death of the author, by his brother, Mr. John Surtees, of Corbridge, and printed in 1833 by William Blackwood, Edinburgh. In the prefatory notice to the volume we are told:—

> The author of the Narrative entered the Army in early life. He commenced his military career in 1795, as a private soldier in the Northumberland Militia; and in the following year he volunteered into the Pompadours. In this regiment he first faced the enemy, during the expedition to Holland under the Duke of York. On getting his discharge from the Pompadours, 1802, he again entered the service as a private in the Rifle Brigade, to which he was attached for a period of twenty-five years. From his steady conduct, and ardent love for his profession, he was soon advanced from the ranks, and after various intermediate steps was appointed Quartermaster; a situation which he held as long as he continued in the corps, enjoying the respect and esteem of his brother officers of all ranks, as is amply testified by the letters which form the appendix to the volume.
>
> Though as quartermaster the author was not called by duty to join in battle, yet he lost no opportunity of entering the scene of action, or of placing himself in a favourable situation for observing what was passing. It is unnecessary to enumerate the arduous services of the Rifle Brigade from 1802 to 1815. During the whole of that period the author was actively engaged with his corps.
>
> A severe pulmonary affection compelled him to quit his corps in 1826. He retired to Corbridge, his native village, where he arrived on the 24th of October in that year, and continued there, respected and beloved, and constantly engaged in acts of benevolence, till the period of his death, 28th May, 1830.

As stated in the above preface, not the least pleasing part of the book is in the appendix, which contains a goodly number of testimonials from superior officers and companions in arms—all conspicuous for the fervour of their appreciation of him as a man and a soldier. As a token of their regard, a marble tablet to his memory was erected by them in the church at Corbridge.

RELATION, Sunderland.

KIRBY FIGHT.

Robt. Wharton published, in 1724, a chronological table of the mayors and the chief events in the town of Kendal and neighbourhood, one of the items reading as follows:—"1688, Thomas Towers. The Prince of Orange landed Nov. 4, and the Revolution was effected on the day following. The *Posse Comitatus* of the county assembled in this town, and marched to Kirby Lonsdale." Nicholson, in his "Annals of Kendal," in 1832, copies these chronicles, and appends a foot-note, thus:—"After the abdication of James II., in the year 1688, rumour was spread in the North of England that the abdicated monarch was lying

off the Yorkshire coast, ready to make a descent with a numerous army from France, in hopes of regaining his lost throne. This report gave the Lord-Lieutenant of Westmoreland an opportunity of showing his own and the people's attachment to the new order of things. He accordingly called out the *Posse Comitatus*, comprising all able-bodied men from sixteen to sixty. The order was obeyed with alacrity; and the inhabitants met armed in a field, called Miller's Close, near Kendal, from whence they marched to Kirby Lonsdale." This historical fact explains the following popular rhyme, the meaning of which is, at this day, not generally understood:—

Eighty-eight was Kirby feight,
When never a man was slain;
They yatt their meast, an' drank their drink,
And sae kom merrily haem again.

CUTHBERT HOME TRASLAW, Cornhill-on-Tweed.

HENRY RUSSELL IN NEWCASTLE.

Mr. Henry Russell, the celebrated vocalist, tells the following story:—"At Newcastle-on-Tyne I gave the 'Gambler's Wife.' I may tell you that the wife is awaiting the gambler's return. The clock strikes one, the clock strikes two, and then the clock strikes three. As the clock strikes four the young wife, clasping her child to her bosom, dies in hopeless despair. A woman stood up in my audience, and declaimed emphatically, in a shrill shriek, 'Oh, Mr. Russell, if it had been me, wouldn't I have fetched him home!'" R. W. ADAMS, Byker.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

VOTES AND PROMISES.

In St. Michael's Ward, Sunderland, at a municipal election for a single seat, one of the four candidates, who happened to be an eligible bachelor, presented himself at the door of a fair burgess, and solicited the honour of her vote and interest. After approvingly eyeing the proportions of the candidate for a moment or two, the good lady replied, "Well, aa hev promised Mr. Williams a vote; aa hev given yen to Mr. Tomkinson, aa think they caall him; and aa promised Mr. Fox yen; but as ye are a varry respectable looking chep, aa'll give ye yen, tee!"

HOBBIES.

Scene: A country inn. Actors: Four pitmen half seas over. First pitman: "Noo, ivory man hes his hobby; ye aall knaa whaat mine is; aa like pigeons, an aa believe aa wad dee if aa wasn't te keep pigeons." Second ditto: "Wey, aa's fond of a cuddy, they're sic a useful thing, ye knaa; ye can gan te the races or onny way wiv a cuddy." Third ditto: "Give me a dog; a man that keeps a dog needn't starve or gan lang wiv a hungry belly." Fourth ditto: "Aa'll tell ye what ma hobby is. Aa care nowt for yor pigeons, or cuddies, or dogs outher; but still aa hev a hobby. Aa's fond of lying abed eftor aa's caalled on!"

"NO DEED YET!"

In a rising suburb of Newcastle, the tardy opening of a newly-established druggist's shop caused daily comment and occasional inconvenience; but one morning the local Bob Sawyer had his fault somewhat publicly reproved. An ominous black bordered notice appeared on the shutters the sight of which filled the minds of the neighbours and passers-by with concern, until the inscription was read—"He is not dead, but sleeping!"

RESOLUTION.

A noted tippler determined that he would pass a certain public-house without calling in. He succeeded in the effort. But when he had gone a few yards further, he exclaimed to himself, "Weel dune, resolution! Aa'll gan back an' hev a gill for that!"

UNCLE TOBY'S FAMILY.

In a Newcastle household a young girl was employed as a servant. This girl, it appears, had never heard of the famous Dicky Bird Society. Seeing the celebrated picture of "Uncle Toby and His Little Friends" for the first time, she asked her mistress if the old gentleman was married. "No, I think not," was the lady's reply. "Dearie me!" exclaimed the little maid, as she looked at the picture again, "hes aall them bairns ne mothor?"

A CYCLING NOVICE.

A youth, residing in a suburb of Newcastle, was one day out for a ride on his bicycle. Being a bit of a novice at the pastime, he fell off his machine, as many learners are wont to do; and not having got into the way of mounting his iron steed, he was compelled to wheel it home. Whilst performing this necessary operation, the cyclist happened to pass a couple of workmen just returning from their day's labour, one of whom turned to the other and remarked, "Just tyekin' it oot for a waak, that's aall!"

North-Country Obituaries.

On the 10th of May, Mr. William Bewicke died at his residence at Threepwood, near Haydon Bridge. (See page 315.)

Mr. George Brown, who, for upwards of twenty-eight years, had acted as relieving officer for the Tynemouth district of the Tynemouth Union, died at North Shields on the 12th of May, in the 71st year of his age.

On the 15th of May, the Rev. Canon Evans, of Durham, died at Weston-super-Mare, where he was staying for the benefit of his health. For twenty-seven years he had held the chair of Greek in Durham University, and by virtue of that position he was major canon of the Cathedral. He had for a quarter of a century represented as proctor the Chapter of Durham in the Convocation of York. He was also an able man of letters, full of strong sympathies for literary genius, and possessed social gifts

of a high order. The reverend gentleman was 73 years of age.

On the 16th of May, the death was announced, from Bedlington, of Mr. Christopher Haswell, who, for a long period, dating from 1843, had taken an active part in all movements having for their object the improvement of the condition of the miners of Northumberland, to which class of workmen he belonged. Mr. Haswell was 72 years of age.

The death was announced, on the 18th of May, of Mr. William Roxby Beverley, the celebrated scenic artist. (See page 328.)

On the 20th of May, Mr. John Johnson, farmer, widely known and respected, died suddenly at his residence, Kingswood, Whitfield, Northumberland, his age being 51 years.

The death was announced, on the 22nd of May, of Mr. Henry Burn, of Glororum, near Belford, who, a few years ago, acquired a wide reputation as a breeder of Border Leicester sheep. He was in his 86th year.

On the 27th of May, the death was announced as having taken place at Blackwater, Hants, of Mr. John O'Connor, scenic artist, in which capacity he was for some time connected with the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle. The deceased was also a successful painter in oil colours, one of his best known pictures being a view of the High Level Bridge and Newcastle.

The death was reported about the same time of Mr. Robert Milton Dote, at the village of Easington, in the county of Durham. A native of Bowes, he was personally acquainted with the master and many of the boys at the school in that locality sketched by Dickens as Dotheboys Hall, and always declared that the novelist's sketch was a caricature. The deceased, who was 82 years of age, had for several years been head-master of the Guiseley Grammar School.

Mr. Thomas Lowe, who for many years had been at the head of the Earl of Durham's stud farm, died at Lambton Park, on the 26th of May, in the 82nd year of his age.

On the 27th of May, Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, J.P., of Howden, Stockton, died at Norton, Stockton, in his 78th year. He belonged to an old Stockton family which had for several generations been engaged in the iron trade, and from which he himself retired only a few years ago. The deceased gentleman took no active part in public life, but was a justice of the peace for the county of Durham and the North Riding of Yorkshire.

Mr. William Pearson, who during the earlier stages of the construction of the North Pier at Tynemouth had the contract for the supply of stone, and who had latterly carried on the business of timber merchant in Carliol Square, Newcastle, died on the 28th of April, at his residence in that city, aged 72.

On the 1st of June, the death was announced, at the Pit Houses, Birtley, North Tyne, of Mr. William Saint, for more than 70 years schoolmaster at Humshaugh, and for upwards of half a century parish clerk. The deceased, who belonged to a long-lived family, had himself reached the patriarchal age of 92 years. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1837, page 13.)

At the age of 74, Mr. John Wallace, for upwards of fifty years a Primitive Methodist local preacher, died at Wallsend, on the 2nd of June.

On the 4th of June was announced the death, at the age of 88, of Mr. William Walter Yeld Yeld, for many years postmaster of Sunderland.

The death was, the same day, recorded of Mr. George Winlow Hudson, shipowner, Sunderland. For many years he was a member of the Council of that borough, from which he finally retired in 1878. He was a justice of the peace, a member of the River Wear Commission, the River Wear Watch Commission, and of the Local Marine Board. The deceased gentleman was 80 years of age.

On the 6th of June, Mr. George Ormston, flour merchant and baker, Palace Street and George Street, Newcastle, died at his residence at the former place. Deceased, who was 55 years of age, had been in business for thirty-three years in one shop.

On the 8th of June, the death was announced as having occurred at the Shaws Hotel, Gilsland, where he had gone to recruit his health after a long illness, of Mr. Francis Ritson, J.P., a prominent shipowner, of Sunderland. For many years Mr. Ritson occupied a seat in the Town Council, and he was also a justice of the peace, as well as a member of the River Wear Commission, the River Wear Watch, the Shipowners' Society, and the Sunderland Pilotage Board.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

MAY.

8.—Several interesting architectural relics, amongst them a stone coffin containing bones, were discovered in the course of excavations on Holy Island.

11.—A singular fatality occurred at Swalwell, near Blaydon, in the county of Durham. A boy named William Foreman, eleven years of age, was in the act of bringing a horse from a stable, when the ground opened, and the lad and animal disappeared in the cavity, which was supposed to have been caused by the collapse of an old colliery working. Ten feet from the surface, the boy fell into water, which was also of considerable depth, and from which his dead body was subsequently recovered. The horse also perished.

—David Hildrop, a young man charged with the murder of Theresa Marina Matthews, was again brought up at the Newcastle Police Court, when the further charge of having bigamously married the deceased woman was preferred against him. He was eventually committed for trial on both charges.

12.—Special services were held in St. James's Presbyterian Church, Alnwick, in commemoration of the two hundredth anniversary of that place of worship. There was, on the following evening, a social meeting in celebration of the same event, under the presidency of the minister, the Rev. D. Donaldson.

14.—The Middlesbrough Town Council adopted the report of a committee, recommending that a crematorium be provided, at a cost of £600. The proposal evoked much public opposition, and one member of the Council who voted for the resolution, tendered his resignation in consequence of the treatment to which he had been subjected.

—A conference of members of Parliament and coal-

owners from Northumberland and Durham was held in the committee-room of the House of Commons, to consider the best means of pressing the claims of North-Country coal upon the Government for use in the navy. As the result of the meeting a deputation waited upon Lord George Hamilton, the First Lord of the Admiralty, on the subject, on the 21st. His lordship, in reply, stated that he could hold out no hope that the restriction would be removed, and declared that while the coal was suitable for the mercantile marine, it was not adapted for the special duty and work which the navy is called upon to perform.

15.—It was announced that the personal estate under the will of the late Mr. Edwin Lucas Pease, of Mowden, Darlington, who died on the 26th of January, had been sworn at £142,694 2s. 10d. The value of the personalty of the late Mr. Matthew Tewart Cully, of Coupland Castle, Northumberland, was sworn at £17,432 18s. 9d. Other wills sworn in the course of the month included those of

Mr. Robert Duncombe Shafto, of Whitworth Park, Ferryhill, Durham, £15,497; Mr. Robert Wardell, of Carlton, Durham, £12,803 11s. 3d.; Mr. Alderman Newall, Ferndene, Gateshead, £166,981 3s. 5d; and Mr. John Richard Westgarth Hildyard, of Horsley-in-Stanhope, Durham, and Hutton Banville Hall, Yorkshire, £36,127.

—Dr. Sandford, Assistant-Bishop of Durham, laid the foundation stone of the new church of St. Aidan, in the Belle Vue district of West Hartlepool. The silver trowel with which the ceremony was performed was presented by Colonel Cameron, chairman of the Building Committee. On the same occasion, Mr. Walter Scott, of the firm of W. Scott and Son, builders and contractors, Sunderland, presented to the Bishop Suffragan a handsome mallet made from oak that formed part of the roof of the old Parish Church of Bishopwearmouth, which, it is believed, dates back to the twelfth century, and in which, as a boy, Dr. Sandford was wont to worship.

—A boy named Henry Wilson, aged seven years, died at Sunderland from the effects of having accidentally swallowed a small bead.

—A meeting of the Archidiaconal conference of clergy and laity in furtherance of burial reform, was held in the vestry of Newcastle Cathedral, the chair being occupied by the Lord Bishop of the diocese.

16.—After having been closed for a time during the completion of the internal restoration, the Cathedral Church of St. Nicholas, Newcastle, was re-opened with special services. In the morning the Mayor and Corporation attended in their representative capacity; the sermon being preached by the Bishop of Glasgow. The evening preacher was the Dean of Edinburgh.

—A fire broke out in premises situated in a yard known as Fletcher's Court, opening from the lower end of the Great Market, Newcastle. The building was completely gutted by the flames. Partly in consequence of this fire, and partly in consequence of the proposed reconstruction of the Crown and Thistle Inn, certain interesting structures in that locality of the city have been removed. Some of the erections in Fletcher's Court—those seen to the left of our sketch—were somehow supposed to have been part of a monastery; but there does not appear to be any historical authority whatever for this theory. Indeed, in formation as to their origin is very scant. All that can be said of them is that they have been residential houses of the Tudor period, and that they were constructed of durable materials in which oak played an important part. The overhanging gable seen near the entrance to the court formed part of the old Crown and Thistle.

17.—"Lord" Sanger, a well-known circus proprietor, sustained severe injuries at Morpeth, by being tossed by a bull of the buffalo species belonging to his collection of animals.

18.—It was announced that a quantity of English and Scottish silver coins had been discovered near Durham. They were of the reigns of Robert Bruce and David II. of Scotland, and Edward III. of England. The coins were supposed to be relics of the Battle of Neville's Cross, near to the site of which they were found.

—At the annual meeting of the Northumberland Miners' Union, the whole of the officials were re-elected. It was resolved to ask for an advance of wages for all the miners employed in the county, to the extent of 10 per cent. This application was formally made on the 1st of June, with a request that work at the pits on "baff" or non-pay Saturdays, be discontinued, but the decision of the masters was postponed for a fortnight. On the 24th, the miners employed in the soft-coal collieries of Northumberland accepted the advance of 2½ per cent. in their wages offered by the masters.

—An intimation appeared in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, to the effect that Uncle Toby would give three prizes, valued at £10, £5, and £2 10s., for the three best and most ingenious models of toys that might be invented by the competitors.

19.—The first of a series of Sunday sacred concerts was,

with the sanction of the Parks Committee of the Corporation, given in Elswick Park, Newcastle, by the Elswick Works Band.

—A boating accident, by which Mark Lambert and Robert Ramsay, two young men belonging to Newcastle, were believed to have been drowned, occurred off Tynemouth.

20.—It was intimated that the trustees of the fund arising from the North-East Coast Exhibition of Naval Architecture and Marine Engineering, held at Tynemouth in 1882, had established a scholarship of the annual value of £30, tenable for two years, at the Durham College of Science in Newcastle.

—The large library of the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Institution, with a recent addition to the building, was opened to the members.

—A girl named Elizabeth Collins, 15 years of age, committed suicide by taking a poisonous mixture, supposed to be strychnine, in rooms above the Hospital for Diseases of the Skin in Newcastle, where for some time past, as stated at the inquest, she had lived with other two sisters, with whom she had led a dissolute life, but such proceedings were entirely unknown to the officers or managers of the institution. On the 31st, Theresa Keenlyside was sentenced to two months' imprisonment by the Newcastle magistrates for having acted in the management of an immoral house in the place in question.

—During a fog in the Channel, the steamer German Emperor, of Sunderland, came into collision with the steamer Beresford, of West Hartlepool, which had brought up for safety between Deal and Ramsgate. The German Emperor sank almost immediately, and eight of her crew perished.

21.—The Venerable Archdeacon Watkins, D.D., of Balliol College, Oxford, and Archdeacon of Durham, was elected Bampton Lecturer to the University of Oxford for the year 1890.

—A sale by auction, which extended over three days, was begun of the machinery, fixed and loose plant, rolling mills, &c., of the Skerne Iron Company, Limited.

22.—The silver medal of the Royal Humane Society was awarded to James Craig, of the Ouseburn, Newcastle, for the gallant rescue from drowning recently effected by him in the river Tyne. (See *ante*, page 287.) The bronze medal of the society was at the same time awarded to Charles Todd, aged 50, a ferry boatman, for saving the life of Charles Brook, 22, from the Wear, about five miles from Sunderland, on the 8th of April.

—During a heavy rainfall, accompanied by thunder and lightning, at Seaham Harbour, a set of thirty-two coal waggons ran amain on the Blast Furnace Branch, and went over the tip-end near Noses Point on to the beach below, doing damage to the extent of about £500.

23.—Bishop Sandford formally opened the Seamen's Church and Institute, in High Street, Sunderland, which had been renovated and altered to suit the purposes of the mission, at a cost of not less than £4,500.

—The foundation stone of the new High School for Girls was laid in Tankerville Terrace, Jesmond, by the Venerable Archdeacon Emery, of Ely, chairman of the Council of the Church Schools Company.

—A large barrel of brewer's yeast exploded in the parcels office at Alnwick Railway Station, doing considerable damage to the ceiling and surroundings.

—At a sale of historical manuscripts in London, £1,500 was realised for a volume written for Archbishop Wilfrid, of York, the first Bishop of Hexham, 670-680, and presented to Henry VIII., by Leo X., on the occasion of conferring upon him the title of "Defender of the Faith."

—A fine deer was seen on the Dilston estate, near Corbridge.

24.—After a prolonged stay at Bournemouth, for the benefit of his health, Dr. Lightfoot, Bishop of Durham, returned, in a state of convalescence, to Auckland Castle, advantage being taken of the occasion to present a series of congratulatory addresses to his lordship, who was received with other demonstrations of affection and esteem. On the 30th, a special thanksgiving service, in connection with the same gratifying event, was held in Durham Cathedral.

26.—On the completion of various alterations and improvements, service was held in St. Andrew's Church, Newcastle.

—Mrs. Hall, farmer, of Berwick Low House, Ponteland, died from the effects of injuries received through an accident to a trap in which she was being driven near that place on the previous day.

27.—The Very Rev. the Bishop of Lolland and Falster, in Denmark, visited and officiated in the Danish Church in Newcastle.

—Mr. Cuninghame Graham, M.P., visited Newcastle, and delivered an address in the Drysdale Hall, under the auspices of the Labour party, the chair being occupied by Mr. Alexander Stewart, a member of the Newcastle School Board.

28.—The Rev. Dr. Marcus Dods, formerly a Presbyterian minister in Newcastle, and brother of Mr. T. P. Dods, of Eilan's Gate, Hexham, was elected Professor of New Testament Exegesis in the Free Church Theological College, Edinburgh.

29.—A new Wesleyan chapel, erected at a cost of £3,700, was opened at Whitley.

30.—The Bishop of Newcastle consecrated the new church of All Hallows (Bishop Ridley Memorial), at Henshaw, near Haltwhistle, the village in question being the reputed birthplace of the celebrated Episcopal martyr.

31.—It was announced that the Stewards of the Jockey Club had agreed to act as arbitrators in a dispute between the Earl of Durham and Sir George Chetwynd.

—The Newcastle Public Library Committee agreed to increase the salary of Mr. W. J. Haggerston, the chief librarian, from £250 to £300 per annum.

JUNE.

1.—A branch of the National Association of Colliery Managers was formed in Newcastle for the North of England.

—A boy named William Rhodes, belonging to Spennymoor, was killed, while two other lads were severely injured, by a ball of molten slag accidentally falling upon them at Tudhoe Ironworks.

2.—A new organ, constructed by Mr. F. C. Nicholson, was opened in All Saints' Church, Newcastle.

—During a violent thunderstorm, considerable damage was done by lightning to property at Allendale.

—A violent thunderstorm passed over Newcastle and the North of England. In Glendale especially its effects were severely felt. According to a correspondent of the *Weekly Chronicle* from Cornhill-on-Tweed, the storm was accompanied by a deluge of rain and hail, such as must have been the lot of few to witness. "The hailstones

were indeed something to remember. One of them picked up was close upon six inches in circumference, and four, weighed together, turned the scale at half a pound, while twelve which were picked up at random, just as they fell, were over 18 ounces in weight. The holes made in the ground by some of them, which were measured after they had melted, were from 1¼ to 2 inches in depth. The greater number of the hailstones were beautifully ringed and marbled, distinctly showing four to six layers of different transparency. The duration of the storm was somewhat less than twenty minutes."

3.—It was announced that a monument had been placed in the Barrow Cemetery over the remains of James Gall, who had died on Christmas Day, 1888, and who was one of the persons saved by Grace Darling, on the occasion of the wreck of the Forfarshire, on board which he was fireman. (See vol. ii., page 263.)

—The election of five members to constitute the first School Board for Benwell, Newcastle, took place, and on the following day the result was declared, the gentlemen elected being Messrs. F. Weightman (Unsectarian), Thomas Towns (Unsectarian), J. W. King (Unsectarian), Rev. F. Bromley (Churchman), and John Liddell (Roman Catholic).

—The Summer Seaside Camp for Boys was opened for the second season, on the sands at Old Hartley, on the coast of Northumberland.

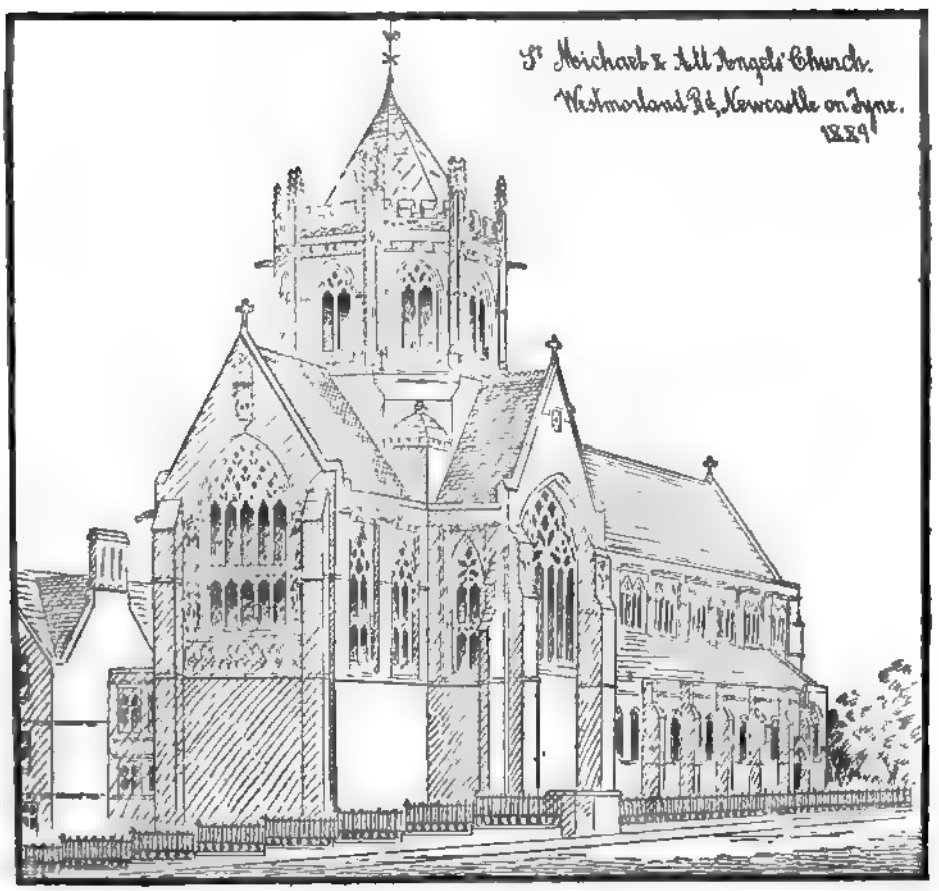
4.—The new rules for the regulation of the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Society were finally adopted; and steps were taken for meeting the cost of the new building and alterations, amounting to £1,400 in excess of the sum of money received from the North-Eastern Railway Company, Lord Armstrong having undertaken to subscribe £700.

—Precepts for the rates ordered by the County Council of Northumberland at their meeting on the 16th May last were issued to the Guardians of the Unions throughout the county. The rates for the half-year are as follows:—General county rate, ½d.; special county rate 1d.; police rate, 1d.

—Judge Holl made an order for the winding-up of the Gateshead Borough Permanent Building Society.

—James Mackintosh, a man from Dundee, who had lost both his legs from the effects of frost in the Arctic seas, passed through Newcastle on a hand-propelled tricycle, *en route* for London and Paris.

—At a meeting of the Darlington Presbytery, it was announced that Mr. William Gray, shipbuilder, of West



Hartlepool, had volunteered a grant of £10,000 towards liquidating the debt on the churches within the bounds of that Presbytery.

5.—Mr. Thomas Lawson, chief reporter of the *Newcastle Journal*, was unanimously appointed committee clerk and Mayor's secretary, under the Corporation of Newcastle, at a salary of £360 per annum.

—At a meeting of employers in the Durham coal trade, at the Coal Trade Offices, Newcastle, under the presidency of Mr. Lindsay Wood, a deputation, consisting of the committee of the Federation Board, representing the Miners', Cokemen's, Enginemen's, and Mechanics' Associations, attended and made a formal demand on behalf of the men for an advance of 20 per cent. in wages. The question was left to a committee of the representatives of the employers and the men, to report to an adjourned meeting.

6.—It was found that of the Cleveland ironstone miners, 513 voted for amending the sliding scale, and 1,566 against any sliding scale.

—Lord George Hamilton, First Lord of the Admiralty, arrived at Cragside on a visit to Lord Armstrong.

—The foundation stone of a new Presbyterian Mission Church was laid at Black Callerton, near Ponteland, by Councillor John Goolden, of Newcastle.

—Joseph Robson and Llewelyn Morgan, two boys, were drowned while bathing in the river Tees, near Stockton.

8.—It was announced that, as the result of the formation of the Tablet Society, a memorial slab had been inserted at the Head of the Side, Newcastle, bearing the following inscription:—"Admiral Lord Collingwood, born in this house 1748." The tablet was erected at the expense of Mr. John Clayton, as his contribution to the fund.

10.—The Right Rev. Dr. Wilkinson, Bishop-Coadjutor of Hexham and Newcastle, laid the foundation stone of a new Roman Catholic Church, to occupy a commanding position on the south side of Westmorland Road, immediately opposite Elswick Park. The building is to be dedicated to St. Michael, and the architects are Messrs. Dunn, Hansom, and Dunn. (See preceding page.)

General Occurrences.

MAY.

10.—Death of the Rev. Lord Sydney Godolphin Osborne, brother of the late Duke of Leeds, aged 61. The deceased was well-known for his letters on social, philanthropic, and religious topics, written over the signature "S. G. O."

—Fatal fighting took place at Brackel and Bochum, Germany, between the military and coal miners on strike. Several persons were killed and wounded.

—The death was reported, at the age of 50, of Father Joseph Damien, a famous Roman Catholic priest, who for sixteen years had laboured among a leper colony at Molokai, in the Sandwich Islands. He had attended the death-beds of two thousand lepers.

12.—The London police made a raid upon two betting clubs in the Metropolis, when about thirty persons were arrested, including several members of the aristocracy. The proprietors of the clubs were afterwards mulcted in heavy penalties.

13.—Death of Mr. Irving Bishop, a well-known thought reader, in New York. It was stated that Mr. Bishop had fallen into a trance, and that death really resulted under the dissecting knife of the physicians who conducted the autopsy. The medical gentlemen were arrested; but an inquiry into the affair showed that death was due to coma.

20.—Mrs. Florence Maybrick, wife of Mr. James Maybrick, a Liverpool merchant, was charged with having caused the death of her husband by administering arsenic in his food. A coroner's jury afterwards returned a verdict of wilful murder against Mrs. Maybrick.

—The steamer Missouri, which rescued the passengers of an emigrant ship named the Danmark in the Atlantic, arrived in the Thames. The captain and crew received an ovation from hundreds of admirers on vessels and on shore.

—The National Rifle Association decided upon Bisley Common, situated 25 miles from London, as the site of the future meetings in place of Wimbledon Common.

21.—A collision occurred in the English Channel between the German Emperor, a steamer belonging to Sunderland, and the steamer Beresford, of Hartlepool. The former sank, and eight of her crew were drowned.

23.—The body of Dr. Cronin, an Irish Nationalist, resident in Chicago, U.S., was discovered in a drain. The head, face, and shoulders bore numerous ghastly wounds. Several persons, including two detectives, were afterwards arrested.

JUNE.

1.—About this time violent thunderstorms occurred in the South of England. Many persons were killed, and much damage was done.

—A terrible disaster was reported from Johnstown, near Pittsburg, U.S. A reservoir, or lake, owing to incessant rains, burst its banks, and an immense body of water swept over a populous district. About 5,000 houses were destroyed, and it was stated that 7,000 persons perished. Queen Victoria sent a message to President Harrison expressing sympathy with the sufferers.

3.—A parachutist named Young received severe injuries through coming heavily to the earth while descending from a balloon near London.

4.—Two parcels containing the mutilated remains of portions of a woman's body were discovered almost simultaneously at different points on the Thames. It was surmised that a shocking crime had been perpetrated. Other portions of the same body were subsequently discovered.

5.—Volcanic eruptions are reported to have occurred at Oshima Island, Japan, on April 13th and 14th. Upwards of 300 houses were destroyed, and 170 persons killed.

7.—A waterspout burst over the village of Chetnole, Dorsetshire, and did great damage to property.

9.—A monument to Giordano Bruno was unveiled at Campo dei Fiore, Rome, where he was burned alive on account of his religious opinions in 1600. Nearly 30,000 persons were present.

10.—An aëronaut named Spencer ascended in a balloon from Hastings. When at a considerable height he descended by means of a parachute, but fell into the sea a mile and a half from land, and was rescued by a passing boat.

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Thomas Wilson, Author of "The Pitman's Pay."

NOWHERE within the compass of ancient or modern literature do we find a more exact, faithful, and touching portraiture of humble life than is to be found in Thomas Wilson's "Pitman's Pay." It cannot be called a work of imagination; but if ever there was put upon paper a perfect word-picture of the Northumbrian pitman's manners and customs, his kindly as well as rough ways, his peculiar habits of thinking, his warm family affections, and his quaint modes of expressing himself, the author of "The Pitman's Pay" has accomplished the task. In every realistic quality, that poem, little known

though it be beyond the district which gave birth to it, far excels Hector McNeil's "Will and Jean," or Alexander Wilson's "Wattie and Meg." Goethe's "Hermann and Dorothea," a masterpiece of poetical art, as well as instinct with lofty genius and brimful of fine feeling, does not stand higher than this homely product of the Tyneside Muse.

A memoir of the author of the "Pitman's Pay" appeared in the *Northern Tribune*, published in 1854. From that memoir we learn that Thomas Wilson, son of George Wilson and Margaret Wild, was born on the 14th of November, 1775, at Gateshead Low Fell, where his industrious forefathers had been located for many generations. In 1781, when only eight years of age, "he commenced a career of toil beyond conception, save by those who are conversant with the working of coal mines seventy or eighty years ago." "These days of darkness and distress," the writer continues, "commenced at

two o'clock in the morning and continued till seven or eight at night daily, till the Saturday afternoon. In the winter, consequently, the worker never saw the light from the Sunday evening until the following Saturday, thereby affording not more than five or six hours out of the twenty-four for recruiting both mind and body.

Instruction was almost out of the question. There was no time for it; even the lessons of a night-school (the only school which was accessible) being only obtainable by a sacrifice of the little rest which such literal slavery allowed."

Knowledge, however, was young Wilson's great ambition, and with the help of a worthy man named Barras, and his own constant reading and never-tiring industry, he managed to acquire something more than the bare elements. Naturally disgusted with the drudgery of the mine, he got out of it as soon as he could; but it was not until he had reached his nineteenth year that he succeeded in doing so. His literary qualifications were then such as to enable him to obtain the position of a teacher, first at Galloping Green, a place not more than a mile from his father's house, and then at Shield Row, near Lintz Green. Here he first saw the Ladies' and Gentlemen's Diaries, which, during a period of more than half a century, were a constant attraction to him, and to which, for the greater part of that time, he contributed mathematical problems and solutions. Here, also, he acquired a knowledge of Latin, through instruction received in the colliery engine-house from the keeper of one of the engines, a very superior man named John Gray. In the year 1798, he succeeded in obtaining a clerkship in the office of Mr. Thomas Robson, a native of the Fell like himself, and then a wharfinger on Newcastle Quay; but here his hours were so long, and his salary so small, that he soon left the situation and commenced teaching school again, this time at Benwell. He next (in 1799) entered the office of Mr. John Head, an eminent merchant and underwriter in Newcastle, and with that gentleman he remained until the beginning of 1803, when he removed to the counting-house of Losh, Lubboin, and Co., with whom and their representatives he remained till 1805, when he entered into partnership with Mr. William Losh. Two years after that, Mr. Thomas Bell having been taken into the firm, its style was changed to that of "Losh, Wilson, and Bell." The firm soon attained and long kept a leading position amongst the great manufacturing and mercantile establishments of the United Kingdom, the ironworks at Walker affording employment to several hundred persons.

Mr. Wilson met with a congenial life partner in 1810, in the person of Mary Fell, with whom he enjoyed perfect domestic happiness for twenty-nine years, that is to say, till her death in 1839. Mrs. Wilson was a kindly, sociable, charitable lady, well beloved by all who knew her.

As to Mr. Wilson himself, his long life was devoted not less to the extension than the attainment of useful knowledge. Thoroughly self-educated as he might be said to be, it was most truly a labour of love to him to assist, by every means in his power, in promoting the pursuit and acquisition of scholastic learning in others. He never refused to assist in any good work, irrespective of sect or party. To church, chapel, or school he was an equally liberal donor, according to the supposed wants of each. An advanced Liberal in politics, he was tolerant of other men's opinions and views, and never intruded his own principles offensively on unwilling ears, so that he enjoyed, to the end of his days, the respect and esteem of all and sundry, Churchmen and Nonconformists, Tories, Whigs, and Radicals. His leisure time was largely devoted to poetry, and his productions in that line, originally scattered over the pages of Mitchell's *Newcastle Magazine* and other periodicals, were published in a collective form, and in a handsome volume, in 1843. "The Pitman's Pay" is the longest and best of his works; but there is not one of them that does not bear, more or less deeply impressed, the stamp of true genius.

Mr. Wilson was unanimously elected a member of the Gateshead Town Council in 1835, when the Municipal Reform Act conferred upon that place the privilege of governing itself in local matters; and at the first meeting of the Council he was chosen an alderman, an honour which he continued to enjoy for eighteen years, after which, at his own request, he was allowed to retire into private life. He respectfully but firmly declined, when repeatedly and earnestly pressed, to undertake the duties of the Mayoralty, though he would have been unanimously elected had he given his consent, and though, on one occasion, one of his colleagues offered to do the whole official business for him, if he would only accept the office. It was neither indifference nor indolence that prompted these refusals, but a modest unobtrusiveness of character that shunned public display.

In the latter part of his life, his name may truly be said to have been like a household word on both sides of the Tyne. He paid the debt we all owe to nature in his eighty-fifth year, on Sunday, the 9th of May, 1858. The melancholy event took place at Fell House, Gateshead, the "local habitation" he had chosen and rebuilt for himself, after he had risen by his own well-directed efforts from the depths of inherited poverty to an honourable independence, which it was his good fortune to enjoy tranquilly till death.

"The Poet's Funeral" has been described in a beautiful poem in blank verse by Mr. James Clephan, a congenial spirit and fellow-labourer in every good work. The poet tells us how he was borne from his life-long home, by son and grandson, kinsmen and neighbours, and how—

> Faces, unseen, were at the shrouded casements,
> Watching and weeping o'er his last outgoing,
> Anguish'd that he, the loved and the lamented,
> Pride of their home, its happiness and honour,
> Whose going and whose coming, morn and evening,
> Day after day, through years of life-domestic,
> Swang to and fro upon the household dial,
> Should come and go no more—for ever—never!

For the sake of readers at a distance, who have probably never seen the "Pitman's Pay," "The Market Day," "The Pea Jacket," or any other of the racy productions of Thomas Wilson, we are tempted to quote here

some of the more salient and impressive passages; but the difficulty of selection where all is so good causes us to forbear. Here follows, however, a mere taste of Wilson's style. Listen to what a pitman says of his wife:—

——— 'Mang the hewers i' wor pit,
There's nyen hez sic a wife as me.
For if maw "top" comes badly doon,
Or owt else keeps me lang away,
She cheers me wi' the well-knawn soun'—
"Thou's had a lang an' weary day."
If aw be naggy, Nanny's smile
Suin myeks me blithe as ony lark,
And fit te loup a yett or stile—
Maw verra byens forget te wark.
Maw Nan—maw bairns—maw happy hyem—
Set ower hard labour's bitter pill;
O Providence! but spare me them;
The warl may then wag as it will.

The good husband would fain stay a while longer in a public-house, to which Nan had gone on purpose to fetch him home, but pretending she had "just lyuk'd in as she cam by." He pleads that it is Saturday night, and "the caller dizzn't call te-morn," but she rejoins—

Nay, hinny, Ned, ne langer stay—
We mun be hyem te little Neddy:
He's just a twelvemonth awd to-day,
An' will be cryin' for his deddy.
Aw'll tyek thee hyem a pot o' beer,
A nice clean pipe, an' backy tee;
Thou knaws I like to hae thee near,
Come, hinny, come, gan hyem wi' me!

The legitimate influence here exercised is successful, and the pitman, acknowledging the power of woman when properly used, throws down his pipe and his reckoning with the exclamation—

Aw will, aw will gan hyem wi' thee.

Once home, Little Neddy is set upon his father's knee, while the mother gets the savoury supper ready—"a bit o' guisey's tripe." And then taking the child back into her own keeping, she addresses it thus:—

Come to me, maw little lammy!
Come, thou apple o' my ee!
Come, my Neddy, to thy mammy!
Come, my darlin', come to me!

We feel bound to say that nowhere else, in the course of a somewhat multifarious reading in sundry dead and living languages, have we met with a quatrain of truer grit and sounder ring, expressive of a gush of genuine motherly feeling, than this.

The Lumley Ghost Story.

Hush a ba! babby! be;
For Sharp and Walker killed thou and me.
—*Nursery Rhyme.*

THE strange ways in which great crimes, and especially murders, have been discovered, form one of the most tragically interesting chapters of human story. Revelations made in dreams are among the most curious, if not best authenticated instances. The old saying that "murder will out" has from time to time been said to have been verified through the shadowy agency of dreams, and popular belief has it that men have even in their waking moments received such supernatural evidence of crime as to lead to the detection of the criminal. The story we are about to tell is an illustration of this. Surtees, the historian of Durham county, relates the circumstances with great confidence in the truth of the whole tragedy, and other writers have dwelt upon it as if it had the most genuine claims to be recorded as fact. The whole legend is stamped with the superstitions of the time, and should be read rather as an illustration of how people thought two hundred and fifty years ago than as a narration of verity.

John Grahame, miller at Lumley, near Chester-le-Street, was not at all a superstitious man. Indeed, his character was altogether the opposite. He had not so much imagination as to court even an ignorant fear of the supernatural, and he laughingly ridiculed all who thought differently on this subject from himself. It should be remembered that the events recorded in our story took place in 1631 or 1632. At that time it was a bold thing to avow a disbelief in witches and fairies and warlocks, and other imaginary tenants of elfin palaces or lonely cottages on moss or moor. But Grahame, the miller, cared for none of these things. He would laugh outright at the fearful romances told by his neighbours of personal encounters with the devil, of cattle being injured by fairies, of children vanishing from the bosoms of sleeping mothers, of "dead lights," "dead watches," and "warnings." He was a genial man withal, this Lumley miller, and could sing a song at Christmas and midsummer merry-makings like any other happy man of his happy craft. He had gathered money in his time, had married happily, but was childless, yet he accepted what befel him philosophically. But a circumstance was soon to happen which, if it did not change the miller's character, very closely affected his happiness, and caused the good man much trouble for a time. The winter had come. Harvest had been gathered. The slow, mellow autumn moons had merged into the short, sharp glimpses which pass for days in "frosty, dark December." The farmers brought their corn to grind in such quantities that all the powers of the miller were taxed. He ran his mill early and late. He stayed not at meal times to enjoy his usual quiet smoke and talk. Even his "forty winks" after dinner were neglected, and he denied himself the pleasures of his own fireside in order to minister to the necessities of his customers. In all this there was, of course, the certainty of being repaid for his exertions, and then, when summer came, and stack-yards were empty, and corn-fields were green, he could enjoy his leisure and reap the fruits of his winter's toil. So he made the mill-wheel go, and tended the hopper early in the morning and far into the night. See him, then, busy at his labour. The mill clanks merrily on. The golden grain trembles in the hopper, the meal flows out in a snowy stream, and a white mist floats

through the dim light of the well-filled house. It is midnight. Grahame has just filled the hopper for the last time, and has returned to the floor of the mill. The doors are shut. The white sacks stand out in the imperfect light—for the days of gas have not yet come—and, ranged round the building, four or five deep, they look like pale soldiers dressed for parade, or a ghostly regiment of spectres keeping watch and ward in the gloom. But Grahame thinks not of these things. His mind dwells on his work and on realities, leaving morbid fancies to those who care to entertain them. But what is this? Heavens! The very flesh of the bold Grahame begins to creep. He feels his blood run cold. He would fain start away. He fears to look at the apparition, yet his eyes refuse to cease gazing. They take in the details in a moment. There is a woman with hair dishevelled, with blood streaming from her head and saturating the dark tresses with crimson gore. Five wounds gape in her head, and spout forth the lurid current. The spring seems exhaustless, for the miller feels that he has gazed at the bleeding form for half a lifetime, and still the stream flows on. At last he finds words to speak. He is not a cowardly man. A genial, kindly nature never is. He is naturally brave. But this upsets all his preconceived ideas of the natural, or even the spiritual, and for a time his tongue refuses to obey the half-formed resolution of the brain. Now, his senses are more collected, and he asks the figure her errand. "I am the spirit," the spectre replied, "of Anne Walker, who, while in the flesh, lived with your neighhour, John Walker. I was betrayed by Walker; but he promised faithfully to treat me well, and send me to a place where I would receive all necessary care. After that, it was arranged that I should come again and keep his house. Accordingly, I was sent away one night with Mark Sharp, a collier, Walker making believe that he was to take me to a place where I would be well looked after till I was fit to return to his house. But Sharp slew me with a miner's pick, giving me these five wounds in the head. He threw my body into the pit, and hid the pick under a bank. He then tried to wash the blood from his shoes and stockings; but, as this evidence of his guilt would not vanish, he hid his shoes and stockings there. And now, Master Grahame, you must be the man to reveal this base and cruel deed, else my spirit shall haunt you for ever!"

With these words the apparition vanished, and the mill floor was the same as before. Grahame could no longer stop in the mill alone. The man was terrified. Taking his lamp in his hand, he ascended the trap stair to the hopper, and then and there stopped the machinery for the night. When the mill was still, the miller's situation became even more unbearable. He feared the darkness; but perfect quietude, added to the gloom of midnight, made the usually bold man feel excessively terrified. He would not move a step without taking his lamp along with him, and even it but partially lighted up the suspicious corners, where he always expected to meet again the apparition which had but newly vanished. It was with a feeling of intense relief that he closed the door that night on the mill and all its belongings.

Lantern in hand, he hied him home to his dwelling, which stood on a slight eminence a little way from the mill. The good wife was patiently waiting his return, and a cheerful fire and a hearty supper welcomed the industrious miller to his home. "You've come earlier than you expected, John," said the unsuspecting woman. "Yes," he replied, "Farmer Davis sent me word that he could wait five days longer for his corn, and so I thought I would give up and come home to bed. I'm tired, wife,' he added, as he threw himself into his capacious arm chair, and was speedily lost in moody thought, gazing abstractedly on the bright embers of the fire. He had resolved to say nothing of the apparition to his wife; so he feigned to be cheerful, although troubled enough at heart, and invented a white kind of lie in order to prevent suspicion. The truth was he felt ashamed to confess, even to his wife, how frightened he was; and, not thinking that the visit of the apparition would be renewed, notwithstanding its threat, he determined to brave it out for once, neither revealing what he had seen to his friends nor acquainting the authorities with the crime. Indeed, he half distrusted his own senses as to the apparition, and was half inclined to think himself a fool for his pains. Yet the thing preyed upon his mind, and he slept uneasily till the morning light helped to dispel the miserable impression left upon him, and he went about his work as usual.

But the miller took care not to stop in the mill after dark any more. Customers might clamour for their meal, or threaten that they must have it ground or whole; Grahame was deaf to their persuasions in so far as working extra time was concerned. His frugal wife hailed the change with delight. She had his company through the dark evenings, and the satisfaction that he was no longer slaving himself unnecessarily, as there was plenty to maintain both her and him. But she little dreamed of the reason which kept the good man at home o' nights. The apparation was not, however, to be baulked.

One night the miller had stayed longer than usual in the mill, and while on his way home the dreaded figure once more appeared. This time its aspect was stern and vindictive. On the previous occasion the face and eyes had an appealing look, but now they had assumed the aspect of command. The voice warned him that he must be the man to reveal the murder, till which revelation were made the spirit would continue to haunt him. Still Grahame was reticent. People would say he was out of his mind. So Grahame resolved to keep his counsel. His loving wife pleaded for an explanation of his moodiness. The neighbours said he was daily getting thinner; they talked together and shook their heads concerning what evil thing was so gradually eating into the vitals of

the miller. Grahame bore their inquiries after his health with good-natured equanimity, but sadly wished to have the burden off his mind. Yet he said nothing.

At last, when walking in his garden on St. Thomas's Eve before Christmas, the figure appeared to him once again. This time it looked so threatening as to force him to promise to reveal the secret next morning. When morning dawned, he kept his promise. He went to a magistrate, and faithfully told all he knew. In those days such a revelation was not regarded as exceedingly strange. Search was made in the coal pit, and the body was found with five wounds in the head as described by the spectre to the miller. The pick and shoes and stockings, with the blood upon them, were found where the figure said they were hid.

The revelation led to the apprehension of John Walker and Mark Sharp. And now the gossip of the countryside was fairly roused. It had been known before that Anne Walker, a kinswoman of John Walker, and his housekeeper, had suddenly disappeared, and the neighbours had a well-grounded suspicion that all was not well with the young woman. But little stir was made. John Walker was in good circumstances, but scarcely respected. Nobody could well say why they did not like him, but all felt a constraint in his company, and had a feeling that he was not right at the core. He was a widower now, and rumour said his wife, poor woman, had a bad time of it with him before death came to her relief. Soon after she died, Anne Walker, his niece, came to be housekeeper. She was a pleasing young woman of twenty-five, or thereabouts, and had the additional charm of beauty to enhance her womanly youth. There was much regret that she had fallen into trouble, and especially with one who should have been her guardian. The neighbours were very wroth with Walker, whom they suspected, although Anne invariably refused to tell the name of her seducer, answering to all friendly inquiries that he was one who would take good care of her and her child. So she went to her death with the secret on her lips. Mark Sharp had come originally from Lancashire, and was a boon companion of Walker's. The arrest of Sharp and Walker, and the recital of the means by which the murder had been discovered, created an immense sensation among the superstitious people who lived at the time.

Surtees quotes at length concerning this wonderful case from an old book, now before us, on "Witches and Apparitions," written by Joseph Glanvil, "Chaplain in Ordinary to His Majesty, and Fellow of the Royal Society." Glanvil's book, which was published in London in 1681, and which shows that the belief in supernatural agencies was then as rife among the learned as it was long afterwards among the ignorant, contains a letter from Dr. Henry More to the author, calling his attention to the narrative which Master John Webster, a practitioner in physic, had included in his "Display of Supposed Witchcraft." Master Webster, after citing many of the facts above recorded, makes the following extraordinary statement:—

At the Assizes, I think it was at Durham, Walker and Sharp were arraigned, found guilty, condemned, and executed, but I could never hear they confessed the fact. There were some that reported that the apparition did appear to the Judge, or the foreman of the jury, who was alive in Chester in the street about ten years ago, as I have been credibly informed, but of that I know no certainty. There are many persons yet alive that can remember this strange murder, and the discovery of it; for it was, and sometimes yet is, as much discoursed of in the North Country as anything that almost hath ever been heard of, and the relation printed tho' now not begotten. I relate this with the greater confidence (though I may fail in some circumstances) because I saw and read the letter that was sent to Serjeant Hutton from the Judge before whom Walker and Sharp were tried. . . . This I confess to be one of the most convincing stories, being of undoubted verity, that ever I read, heard, or knew of, and carrieth with it the most evident force to make the most incredulous spirit to be satisfied that there are really sometimes such things as apparitions.

Webster quotes the testimony of two persons who were present at the trial—William Lumley, of Great Lumley and James Smart, of the City of Durham. We reproduce Smart's story, word for word, from Glanvil's book:—

The trial of Sharp and Walker was in the month of August, 1631, before Judge Davenport. One Mr. Fairhair gave it in evidence, upon oath, that he see the likeness of a child stand upon Walker's shoulders during the time of the trial; at which time the Judge was very much troubled, and gave sentence that night the trial was: which was a thing never used in Durham before nor after.

We have only to add that the site of Walker's mill and the scene of the reputed murder are still shown at Lumley. The exact spot where the crime was said to have been committed is situated in a little ravine in the Old Mill Wood, known to this day, we are informed, as Sharp and Walker's Gill.

The Marquis of Londonderry.

CHARLES WILLIAM STEWART was the only son of Robert, first Marquis of Londonderry, by his second wife, Frances, daughter of Lord Chancellor Camden, and was half-brother of the second marquis, the offspring of his father's first marriage, better known as Lord Castlereagh, who, as is well known, died by his own hand, without issue.

Charles was born in Dublin in 1778, and was destined for the military profession. He was in his fifteenth year when he received his first commission as ensign, and embarked under the Earl of Moira, afterwards Marquis of Hastings, to relieve the Duke of York from the perilous position in which he found himself after the reduction of Ypres and the capture of Charleroi. Having held for a few months the post of assistant quartermaster general to a division of the forces under General Doyle, he was attached in the following year to Colonel Crawfurd's mission to the Court of Vienna; and while thus occupied he received a severe wound at the battle of

Donauwerth, being carried senseless from the field. Returning home, he became aide-de-camp to his uncle, Earl Camden, during his Lord-Lieutenancy in Ireland. The year after gaining his majority, in 1796, he was made lieutenant-colonel of the 5th Dragoon Guards, and while encamped on the Curragh of Kildare succeeded in bringing into partial discipline and order "the worst of bad regiments," which he commanded during the trying period of the Rebellion of 1798. The regiment having been subsequently disbanded for insubordination, Colonel Stewart was appointed to the command of the 18th Light Dragoons, which he accompanied to Holland under Sir Ralph Abercrombie; and in this expedition he was again severely wounded at the head of the outposts near Schagenburg. In 1803 he became full colonel and aide-de-camp to his Majesty George III.; and for a short time he occupied the post of Under-Secretary of State for the War Department.

This post he quitted in order to accept the command of a Hussar brigade under Sir John Moore in Portugal, as brigadier-general, and he did good service by covering the march of Sir John Hope's division into Spain, and the retreat of Sir John Moore, during which he successfully repulsed an attack of the French Imperial Guard. On reaching Corunna he was labouring under severe ophthalmia, and Sir John Moore, who had the highest opinion of his abilities, sent him home to report on the state of affairs, with the character of being "one incapable of stating anything but the truth." In a few months, having recovered his sight, he returned to the seat of war as adjutant-general under Sir Arthur Wellesley, which post he held until May, 1813. During the pursuit of Marshal Soult's army across the Douro, and again at Talavera, he rendered important services, for which he received the thanks of the House of Commons.

During all this time, since the meeting of the first Parliament of the United Kingdom in 1801, he had represented the county of Londonderry, and he continued to do so until 1814, when he was raised to the peerage.

Meanwhile, he had risen to the rank of lieutenant-general, and had received the Order of the Bath, besides Portuguese, Russian, and Prussian honours, in recognition of his services, not only in the field, but also in the capacity of envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary at the Court of Berlin, where he acted as military commissioner to the allied sovereigns, and was specially charged with the supervision of Bernadotte, the new King of Sweden, who had armed his troops with British supplies, but who was thought to be wavering in his allegiance, and inclined to cast his sword into the scale in favour of his old master, Bonaparte. The secret history of the time showed what kind of remonstrances the British envoy found it necessary to employ at so critical a moment as that which immediately preceded the battle of Leipsig. The allied Continental Powers were each and all manœuvering for their own ends, and had positively to be bribed to hold steadfastly together in the common cause against the man who was commonly styled "the Corsican Usurper."

In 1814 he was raised to the peerage as Lord Stewart, and appointed ambassador to Austria; and in the following year was one of the plenipotentiaries at the Congress of Vienna, together with his brother, Lord Castlereagh, the Duke of Wellington, and Lords Cathcart and Clancarty. In the short, decisive campaign of 1815, ending with the battle of Waterloo, Lord Stewart took an active part. He was present at what Byron, in his "Vision of Judgment," denominates the "crowning carnage"; and he accompanied the Iron Duke to the occupation of Paris, and stood by his side at the magnificent review of all the

The Marquis of Londonderry, &c.

Russian troops that were in France, on the plains of Vertus, on the 10th of September, 1815. Our portrait represents Lord Stewart in uniform as he appeared about this time.

Lord Stewart had married, in 1804, Lady Catharine Bligh, fourth daughter of John, third Earl of Darnley, who died in 1812, leaving him a son, who succeeded him as fourth Marquis of Londonderry, but died without issue in 1872. After being about seven years a widower, Lord Stewart married Frances Anna, only daughter and heiress of Sir Harry Vane-Tempest, Bart., of Wynyard and Long Newton, county Durham, and on his marriage (3rd April, 1819) assumed by royal license the surname of Vane only and the arms of Vane quarterly. Succeeding to the marquisate on the death of his brother in 1822, he was soon afterwards created Earl Vane, with remainder to his sons by his second marriage.

In right of his wife, he became the owner of vast possessions in the county of Durham, including some of the most important coal mines of the district. He lost no time in applying himself actively to the development of the mineral and commercial resources of his English estates, and with this view entered into negotiations with the River Wear Commissioners for certain exclusive privileges for the shipment of coals; but this boon having been refused, he declared that he would make the grass grow in the streets of Sunderland, and at once set about the construction of Seaham Harbour, a vast undertaking, which was completed in 1828.

After his settlement in the county of Durham, where at Wynyard Park (as related in vol. ii., p. 349), he welcomed his old companion in arms, the Duke of Wellington, in 1827, the marquis never accepted any public office or employment, with the exception of the embassy to Russia, which he undertook during Sir Robert Peel's brief tenure of office in 1834-35, but relinquished before proceeding to his destination.

Lord Londonderry was the author of a "History of the Peninsular War," published in 1808-13, and he also edited the correspondence of his brother Robert, the second marquis, which he published in 1850.

During upwards of half a century, he advocated in the Upper and Lower Houses of Parliament the strongest Tory principles, and that not always in the way best calculated to disarm opposition. As a local magnate, he generally interfered, in the same uncompromising spirit, in the county and borough elections, one of the consequences of which was that he was the means of breaking up the Durham Conservative Association, of which he had acted as president. It was to his defection, too, that the Conservatives ascribed their defeat in Durham City on July 25, 1843, when Mr. John Bright was first returned to Parliament.

Mr. Francis Mewburn, in writing of this election in his "Larchfield Diary," says:—"Wonders will never cease! The bishop, dean, and several prebendaries, and all the old Whig party, voted for a Quaker and a man holding extreme opinions in politics. The Marquis of Londonderry had fifty-four pitmen (freemen of Durham) in his pay; they worked as much as they pleased, and cost him £2,000 per annum. The marquis was dreadfully wroth; and would not allow his pay-men to vote. His lordship supposed that, if Purvis (the Conservative candidate) got in, he would not be induced to make way for his nominee, and that the independent party among the Tories would always support him." A month later a meeting of the Conservative Association was held in Durham, when it was resolved to dissolve the society.

The gallant nobleman died at Holderness House, London, on the 1st of March, 1854, and was buried at Long Newton, near Wynyard Park, his princely seat in the county of Durham. He was succeeded in the marquisate and the Irish estates by his eldest son, who represented the county Down for many years as Viscount Castlereagh, while the earldom of Vane and the English property passed to the eldest son of his second marriage, Viscount Seaham, who succeeded to all the titles and estates as fifth marquis, on his brother dying without issue in 1872. The titles and estates are now held by the sixth marquis, who succeeded his father in 1884.

An equestrian statue was raised to Lord Londonderry's memory in 1861 in the Market Place of Durham. The cost of it was defrayed by subscription, and it was executed by a clever Italian artist, Signor Monti.

Hareshaw Linn.

THIS pretty little waterfall, or linn, is situate near to Bellingham, in the western portion of Northumberland. It is reached by following the course of the Hareshaw burn from its confluence with the North Tyne to a point where it emerges from a thickly-wooded dene. Paths cross and re-cross the burn

over rustic bridges. There are about two miles of sylvan track, small falls being succeeded by larger, until the linn itself is reached. When seen against the sky, as it comes rushing through the passage it has worn for itself, closed in by vertical rocks on either side, the trees meeting over head, the linn has the effect, according to Mr. W. J. Palmer, of a torrent streaming through a vast open window. The sandstone rock is picturesquely broken and

iron-impregnated, making a glowing setting for the burn as it falls to the shelving rock below.

St. John's Church, Gateshead Fell.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, Gateshead Fell, is a conspicuous object from many parts of Northumberland and Durham. It is averred, too, that in clear weather it can be seen from certain high points in Yorkshire. It is, in fact, one of the most commanding of local landmarks. Of modest proportions, it presents no noticeable external features, and but for its lofty site would attract no more attention than many other sacred edifices. The drawing here given is interesting from the fact that it is a reproduction of a picture by the local artist, Mr. J. W. Carmichael, and also because it gives some idea of the immediate surroundings more than half a century ago. In the extreme distance one gets a glimpse of the steeple of St. Nicholas' Church, Newcastle, and nearer is seen the long line of windmills that gave the name to the Windmill Hills, Gateshead.

William Cobbett, in describing his tour through the North of England, says:—"The county of Durham struck me very forcibly as being remarkable for two things—namely, the richness of its bishopric and the scantiness of its churches." This remark applied more particularly to the northern part of the county. Previous to the year 1825, there were only two churches between Gateshead and Durham—that at Chester-le-Street, and that at Lamesley. Gateshead had but one church—St. Mary's, which is situate at the extreme north of the extensive parish—until 1810, when St. Edmund's was built.

An Act of Parliament, passed in 1809, constituted Gateshead Fell a separate parish, and an acre of ground was set apart for a church and churchyard. The new parish still remained united to the old one so far as the maintenance of the poor was concerned. It was not until 1824 that the foundation stone of the new church at Gateshead Fell was laid. The edifice was opened in August of the following year. The first rector was the Rev. W. Hawks, a most excellent man. A liberal benefactor to the church was the rector's father, Sir Robert Shafto Hawks, who took the liveliest interest in all things relating to the parish. In 1828, Sir Robert built a rectory-house, the foundation of which was laid in June, when a large assembly met to witness the ceremony. Each person received a neatly-printed card, bearing the following inscription:—

The foundation stone of the building intended for the rectory-house for the parish of Gateshead Fell was laid 11th June, 1828, on which day the site was named, and will ever afterwards be called, Hawksbury Hill.

The rectory then built remains to this day, but the name of Hawksbury Hill has long been forgotten. In

1827, Mr. David Hawks, a blind brother of the rector, presented an excellent organ to the church, at which he himself presided on the day of opening, and frequently at the Sunday services.

Norton Church.

STOCKTON, like almost all English towns, has its pleasant suburbs. Chief of these is the village of Norton, "the north town," two miles distant. The whole road thither is now almost lined with houses, ranging in status from the cottage of the artizan to the villa of the tradesman and the mansion of the merchant.

The ancient relationship of Stockton and Norton has long been reversed. The latter is the adjunct of the former. There was a time, however, when Stockton had no church of its own, and its inhabitants were obliged to journey, for all the purposes of religion, to their parish church of Norton. The ancient chapel of Stockton was founded in 1237, when permission was granted that the parishioners should have therein baptism, burial, and all otherecclesiastical rights, but should still be required to visit their mother church at Norton on the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary—that is, on the 15th of August—bringing with them their offerings. There were no tram-cars then, and it was needful to appoint a time in summer for this annual visit. As late as the reign of Edward VI., it was reported that "the chapel of Stockton standeth a mile [really two miles] from the parish church, not only for the easement of the inhabitants of the town of Stockton, but also for the easement of diverse parishioners of sundry other parishes in the winter time, when for rainy floods they can come nowhere else to hear divine service."

The road to Norton terminates at the village green, a large open space, rendered available to the geese and ducks of the parish by the presence of a pond, and itself the joyous inheritance of the village children. On this green, or perhaps in the churchyard, was formerly held the market of Norton, license for which was granted to Bishop Flambard by Henry I. The market was to be held every Lord's Day, not at all an unusual market day in those times.

The church and vicarage are at the west end of the green. The former is one of the most venerable and interesting churches in the county of Durham. Parts of it were built before the arrival in this country of William the Norman. These parts are of genuine Saxon architecture. How old they may be we have no means of knowing. We have no history of Norton going back to that far-off time. There is, however, a passage in what is called the *Liber Vitæ* of Durham which probably refers to this place. Therein we read that Ulfcytel, Oswulf's son, gave Norton by measure, and with the men thereof, to Saint Cuthbert,

and expressed the wish that anyone who should pervert this gift may be cut off from God's deed and from all privilege of sanctuary. If this Ulfcytel was son of Osulf, Earl of Northumberland, the gift of Norton may have taken place about the year 1000, or a little earlier.

Soon after the Conquest, however, we have authentic history of the church of Norton. When, in 1081, William de Carileph became Bishop of Durham, he found the Church of St. Cuthbert (established by his predecessor, Aldhune, in 998), occupied by secular clergy, who had wives and families, and whose lives, as one chronicler suggests, were far from exemplary. The bishop therefore removed them from the Cathedral, giving them prebendaries in the churches of Auckland, Darlington, Norton, and Heighington, and filling their places at Durham by removing thither the monks of Jarrow and Monkwearmouth. This was in the year 1083. Norton then became what is called a collegiate church. In 1227 there were eight prebendaries here, and the church was occupied by the same number till the dissolution of religious houses by Henry VIII.

The church is what is usually described as a cruciform structure; that is, its ground plan is in the form of a cross. The tower rises from the point where the two limbs of the cross meet. The most ancient parts of the building are the tower, the north transept, and, except its south wall, the south transept. All these parts belong to Saxon times. The chancel and nave have been rebuilt at more recent periods. Enough remains of the earliest edifice to enable us to determine its original character. Our engraving, which is a view of the church from the south-west, shows an angular headed window in the tower, overlooking the roof of the south transept. There is a similar window on each side of the tower. Anciently these windows looked from the tower, not out of, but into the church. The lines of the ancient roofs, rising above the windows of which I speak, have left their marks on the tower walls, as may be seen in the engraving. But in those times the tower rose no higher than the ridge of the four roofs of the church. It was lighted from without by the eight curious little openings, some of them formed of a single stone, which still exist, two on each side. The upper part of the tower was then a chamber, which was entered through a doorway in its south wall, which in turn was reached by a ladder or stairway from the south transept. The floor of this chamber has been removed but the doorway remains. This chamber was no doubt inhabited, but whether by an anchorite or a sacristan it is impossible to say. It may be worth while to mention that in ancient times someone lived constantly in every church.

The tower opens into the transepts by two arches, which are as old as any part of the building. For some reason the inner portions of these arches have been cut away. In the east wall of the north transept there is a water drain, or piscina, as such things were usually called. Their use was this. Before the priest consecrated the bread and wine at the altar he washed his hands, and again after the communion. He also rinsed the chalice. The water in which these things had been done was poured into the piscina, from which a drain carried it into the earth. This north transept was formerly called "the Blakiston porch," having been doubtless occupied by a chantry founded by some member of the Blakiston family. The family of Blakiston was settled on a neighbouring estate from the year 1341 till about 1640, when it was purchased by a Newcastle merchant, of whom I have a little more to say presently. The south transept was called the "Pity Porch," possibly because of some chantry dedicated to "our Lady of Pity," as the Virgin was commonly called.

The present nave was built near the close of the twelfth century, probably about 1180-1190, and is of what is usually called transitional architecture. Except the arcades of the nave, and the windows of the clerestory above, all its features have suffered at the hand of the restorer. The tracery of the great west window and of all the aisle windows is entirely modern. Each aisle is separated from the nave by an arcade of three pointed arches. We must ascribe the arches, which open from the tower into the nave and chancel, to the same date, although they are round headed. I must not omit to mention the two-light window which, in the fifteenth century, was inserted in the south clerestory of the nave, in place of one of the ancient single lights, and into the head of which an old grave-cover was built.

The chancel was rebuilt about the middle of the thirteenth century. It had in its east gable four lancet lights, of which the banded nook-shafts of the outer two, with their capitals and bases, and half their arches, still remain. There are two original windows in the north wall, one of which looks now only into the gloom of the vestry. In the south wall we have one of the "sedilia," as the recessed seats for the officiating priests were called, and part of a second. The arch moulding of the perfect seat is of most beautiful design.

Amongst the memorials of the departed in Norton Church, the chief place must be given to the magnificent effigy of which we give an engraving. The worthy knight for whom this monument was sculptured is represented clothed, except his head and neck, in chain armour. Over this he wears a surcoat. From a belt hangs his sword, in a banded and jewelled sheath. Over his head is a richly-crocketted canopy, whilst at his feet two animals, apparently a lion and a dog, struggle in deadly combat. A female kneels at his right side, with an open book in her hands. On his left arm he carries his shield. Whose arms does that shield bear? It has, as the herads would say, six quarterings; that is, six coats-of-arms are marshalled on one shield, though four only could be shown in our engraving. These six coats are the arms of the families of Blakiston, Surtees, Bowes,

Dalden, Conyers, and Conyers again. Such a coat-of-arms could only be borne by the descendants of John Blakiston, who married one of the daughters of Sir George Bowes, of Dalden and Streatlam, and who died in 1587. But the costume of the effigy is of the reign of Edward I., and is, therefore, of a period

Effigy in Norton Church.

when the Blakistons were unknown at Norton. The explanation of this difficulty is that some Blakiston has appropriated the monument to a member of his own family, and has chiselled off the original bearings of the shield, and then carved on it his own. Behind the canopy, however, over the knight's head, are two other shields, one of which is that of Fulthorpe, an ancient family seated in the neighbouring parish of Grindon. From the middle of the thirteenth century till 1341 a family named Park, who had probably intermarried with the Fulthorpes, owned the estate of Blakiston. To one of the members of this family of Park the effigy in all probability belongs.

Of the monumental inscriptions in Norton Church the most interesting is a series which belongs to the family of Davison, of Newcastle and Blakiston. The series begins with Sir Thomas Davison, son of the Sir Alexander Davison who died in November, 1644, in consequence of injuries he received during the siege of Newcastle in the preceding month, when he, a valiant soldier of fourscore years, was under arms, and in the command of Sir John Marley.

Our view of Norton Church is from a photograph by Mr. William Baker, of Stockton; and our engraving of the effigy is from a sketch by the writer.

J. R. Boyle, F.S.A.

Early Wars of Northumbria.

VIII.

THE RAVAGES OF HALFDEN.

HAVING assassinated their Danish governor, in 873, the Angles of Northumbria began to hope that the rough grip of the Vikings would eventually be thrown off. But if this really was their expectation, it must have been abandoned, in 875, when the powerful fleet of Halfden succeeded in forcing its way up the Tyne. Considering the importance of this event, the records concerning it are regretably meagre. The Danish leader is said to have moored his ships near the mouth of the Team, and, after protecting them by trenches on the banks, made himself comfortable throughout the entire winter. In the bright and genial days of the following spring they emerged from their resting-place, and, with their ever-ready weapons, quickly put down all opposition. From Hexham in one direction, to Monkchester, Jarrow, and Tynemouth in another, they left many sad relics of their passage; while in the church lands, to the south, they secured valuable treasure from Ebchester, Gateshead, and Finchale. In the North, there still remained the grandly revived pile of Lindisfarne, and it was on this spot that the chief hopes of Halfden rested. It was thought to be a sort of storehouse for the entire district, and, had he seized it first, it is quite likely that a magnificent haul would have rewarded his exertions. But the news of his depredations had somehow reached the monkly occu-

pants; and, therefore, gathering up their coffined saints, their crucifixes and jewels, their altars and shrines, they set off in search of a safer resting-place. How they found it, after their seven years' wanderings, need not be recapitulated here. Our chief concern is with the fate of the monastery itself, and that was sad enough. Its walls were levelled, its ornamentation shattered, and the mass of its remaining occupants slain in the fury of the Danish disappointment. The destruction was so complete that Holy Island, with its splendid associations, was never again the seat of episcopal government in the North. For this consideration, if for no other, the ruin of Lindisfarne has been lamented, in later days, as the greatest misfortune of an age that was brimful of trouble. After Halfden's savage raids had ceased, he completed his conquest by dividing the lands between Tyne and Tweed amongst his followers. The newcomers, of course, seized the best of everything, and conducted matters with a tolerably high hand; but when they found the Angles were at last disposed to live peaceably with them, they began to relax the harshness of their rule, and soon became as closely allied as if they had been one people.

FORMATION OF THE DANELAGH.

But while these events were progressing in Northumbria, a tremendous war had been raging in the South, between Alfred of Wessex and his Danish assailants. Battle had succeeded battle with astonishing rapidity, and seemed to have favoured the contending forces pretty equally. In order to bring the crisis to a speedy issue, the Norsemen prepared for a decisive struggle. Guthrun left York to take command of his countrymen in East Anglia, and Halfden piloted his ships for service on the Sussex coast. Before their departure, however, Sihtric and Niel, two brothers, were appointed joint governors of Bernicia; while Reginald was put in possession of Deira. Having thus left all in safety, the two great leaders assembled their men, and set out for the accomplishment of their respective tasks. Though this latest expedition failed in its chief object, it led to the famous peace of Wedmore, in 878, by which Guthrun and his Danes were allowed to retain Northumbria, East Anglia, and a part of Mercia—or, in other words, the territory north of a line stretching from London to Chester. This was the Danelagh, or Dane-law, which the Scandinavian inroads had secured, and its new owners pledged themselves to live in amity with the Saxons to the south. One effect of the treaty was the baptism of the Danish king at Athelney. Relying on the good faith of his late opponents, Guthrun took with him only thirty followers, and, during his brief stay at Alfred's court, began a personal friendship that was never broken. "When he returned to his own land, he was loaded with presents which the monk Asser says were magnificent. Whatever were his inward convictions, or the efficacy and sincerity of his conversion, the Danish prince was certainly captivated by the merits of his rival, and ever after continued the faithful friend and ally of Alfred. The subjects under his rule in the Danelagh assumed habits of industry and tranquillity, and gradually adopted the manners and customs of more civilized life."

THE VISIT OF HASTING.

For a period of fifteen years there was peace in the land. Alfred spent the interval in organising his army on a better basis, in laying the foundation of what was really the first English fleet, in the cultivation of literature, and in promoting the general weal of his people. The appearance of England in the interval was marvellously improved. Her corn-fields bore plentiful crops; and her pastures, no longer swept by the tempests of war, were well sprinkled with flocks and herds. The island had become a veritable land of promise to its occupants, and, unfortunately, was so regarded by envious observers from without. In 893, the redoubtable Hasting—with a fleet of 250 ships—made a descent upon the Kentish coast, and as he and his daring bands had just been driven by famine from the Continent, they speedily altered the aspect of large tracts of our smiling land. Though harried and intercepted in many of their raids, their power for mischief remained unchecked, and, for three years, the rapidity of their advances and retreats kept the Saxons in a constant state of perplexity and commotion. Guthrun having died in 890, the Danes of Northumbria and East Anglia are said to have now broken the peace, and joined the invaders. On this point, however, there is no very reliable authority. It is quite possible that such a revolt did ensue; but, as there is no record of sanguinary reprisals, it is fair to infer that the settlers were for once faithful to the vows they had taken. After the sea pirates had been thoroughly beaten, and their once mighty fleet had sailed away in small and insignificant squadrons, the country was again left unmolested until the death of Alfred in 901.

THE DANES UNDER A SAXON LEADER.

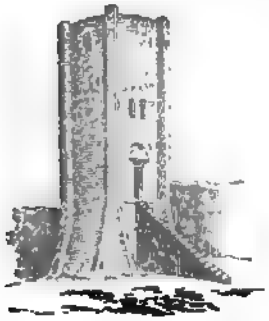
The change that now came over the spirit of the scene was a remarkable one. There was a dispute as to the succession between Edward, the son of Alfred, and Ethelwald, the son of the dead king's elder brother. The claims of the former were supported by the West Saxons in a body, and by a majority of the Mid-Angles. After a desperate but fruitless effort to secure a following in the south, Ethelwald stole away into Northumbria, and there, by promises of speedy conquest, induced the Danish sub-kings to accept him as their supreme ruler. This example was at once followed by many of the Mercians and East Anglians, and, in a short time, the successful sway of the new leader gained him the hearty adhesion of the whole Danelagh. So powerful had he become, by 905, that he commenced a series of destructive attacks upon the Saxon territories, and threatened to completely over-run the land. But Edward, who was a skilful and vigorous commander, was not long in accepting the Northern challenge. Though he found the Danes strongly entrenched at Bury,

on the borders of East Anglia, he did not hesitate to attack, and a fierce and desperate battle ensued. The position was too strong to be easily carried; but the first onslaught was so splendidly supported that great havoc was made in the closely-packed ranks of the defenders. Ethelwald was an early victim to the Saxon fury, and with him fell Eric, the ruler of East Anglia, and many famous chiefs of the Scandinavian host. But though their losses were enormous, the Danes were still masters of the position they had so valiantly held. They were powerless, however, to prevent the orderly withdrawal of Edward's sadly crippled forces, and the bloody conflict thus ended in a draw. As neither side was anxious for a renewal of hostilities, a treaty of peace was concluded, and the warriors returned to their homes.

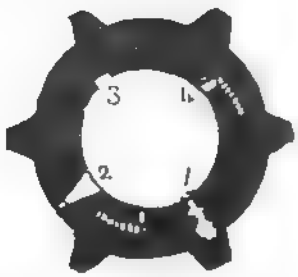
NORTHUMBRIA AGAIN IN REVOLT.

For the unfortunate Northumbrians there was still no rest. Scarcely had they reached their own land before disastrous internal struggles again began. Sihtric and Niel, two of the sons of Guthred, had long held sway as sub-kings of large districts in Bernicia and Deira, and they now openly conspired for the leadership that Ethelwald's death had left vacant. They were opposed by the sons of Eadulf, who held possession of Bamburgh, and by Regnald, another son of Guthred, who had just returned from banishment. As the result of a period of continuous fighting, Regnald was installed as master of York, and Sihtric and Niel had to content themselves with a division of the lands beyond the Tyne. By 911, having settled their local differences, the Northumbrians were again on the war path. Entering Mercia in large numbers, they desolated the country as far south as the Severn, and tried to raise a spirit of revolt amongst the Welsh. While in the midst of their depredations, they were surprised by Edward at Setenhall, in the county of Stafford, and utterly routed. Thousands are said to have been slain —amongst them a son of Halfden—and the terror of the sadly harassed retreat broke the spirit of the Norsemen for well-nigh a generation.

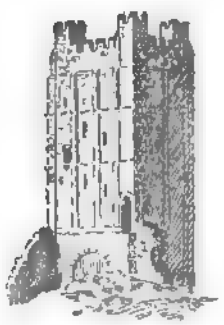
SAXON SUPREMACY.



In the interval of rest that followed the Northumbrian revolt, Edward began to strengthen his frontier by a carefully planned series of fortresses. Experience had taught him the value of the spade in warfare, and his Saxon adherents rapidly introduced engineering as a part of their military science. By 918, after a fierce and long doubtful struggle, he had reconquered East Anglia, expelled the Danes from their portion of Mercia, and was absolute master of all the lands south of the Humber. It is impossible to describe the exact character or appearance of the works which the energetic king constructed; but there is every reason to believe that many of them contained towers of immense strength, and that they were all of them admirably adapted for the requirements of war. It is supposed —though not generally—that in Coningsborough Castle we have a surviving monument of these Early Saxon Strongholds. Readers of "Ivanhoe" will remember Scott's stirring references to it, and sketches and descriptions of it may be found in any account of Yorkshire antiquities. It is a round keep, with massive buttresses running from base to summit. The entrance, being reached only by means of a high flight of narrow stone steps, could be easily held by a few men against a host; while from a battlemented platform at the top, a perfect shower of missiles could be hurled amid the crowding assailants beneath. The interior is divided into four tiers. The lowest, a dungeon, was reserved for prisoners of war; and the next, on a level with the doorway, was set apart for the guard. The third and fourth floors were the residential portions of the edifice, and but poorly adapted for comfort. Our sectional plan shows



the arrangement of the highest storey. It will be seen that the chapel, No. 1, extends right into the buttress; but, with this exception, there was no similar weakening of the structure. No. 2 is the window; No. 3 the fireplace, and No. 4 the stairs leading to the outer platform. Though a century and a half earlier than the Norman era, the arrangements of this grand old tower are not unlike those adopted by the great chieftains of William the Conqueror. In some cases, indeed, as at York and Barnard Castle, they adhered to the exterior circle as well; though, in a general way, as may be seen at Newcastle, Richmond, Bamburgh, and so many other places, the Normans built their keeps "four square to every wind that blew." But without inquiring further as to the precise nature of the Saxon defences, it may be accepted as a fact that Edward's architectural genius



helped him materially to overawe his great Northern rivals. Though he invariably delayed his victorious advance till his rear was efficiently protected, he was ready, by 924, for an expedition into the heart of Yorkshire. The new tactics, however, proved too fine for the rough and ready Danes, and they were not slow to acknowledge it. Before the advancing army could reach the Deiran capital, "the entire North submitted without a blow." Regnald, Sihtric, Niel, and the sons of Eadulf, paid homage to the victorious Edward; while the Angles and Danes, the Britons of Cumbria and Galloway, and all classes and descriptions of people under the King of the Scots, vied with each other in the alacrity with which they sought him "for father and for lord." In the following year this eventful reign ended, but not before the Saxon King had been acknowledged as over-lord of all England, from sea to sea, and as supreme ruler of all the races by which the island was inhabited.

THE ATTITUDE OF ATHELSTAN.

But this submission—attributable mainly to internal feuds—was as unreal as any that had preceded it. The Danes had introduced into Britain "a fresh mass of incoherent barbarism, which could not readily coalesce," and within a year after Edward's death the North was again discontented. Athelstan, who was 30 years of age when he succeeded to the English crown, in 925, is said to have been tall and comely, and to have plaited his long flaxen tresses with threads of shining gold. He always displayed great talent; and when, at a very early age, he had been ennobled by the hand of his grandfather, Alfred, he was regarded as the future hope of the nation. To justify these high expectations, and to find employment for weapons that might otherwise have been turned against himself, he engaged, shortly after his accession, in a series of warlike enterprises against such of the tributary chiefs as had been showing signs of unrest. But though compelled from personal motives to display his zeal and activity, Athelstan's disposition seems to have inclined him to peace. He was just in judgment, affable and gracious in his manner, and fonder of luxury and ease than of the hardships of campaigning. These qualities were strikingly displayed during his first march against the disaffected people of Northumbria. Instead of the sword he carried the olive branch; and by bestowing one of his sisters in marriage upon Sihtric, the most powerful of the Danish sub-kings, he gave what he hoped would prove a pledge of concord and amity. Unfortunately for the continuance of these good relations, however, Sihtric died in 926. By a former marriage he had two sons, named Anlaf and Godfrey, and they, without waiting for the Saxon consent, divided the possessions of their father between them. This brought Athelstan again into the North, and led not only to the capture of York and the flight of the refractory princes, but to the incorporation of the whole of Northumbria with the conqueror's dominions.

AN ABORTIVE RISING IN THE NORTH.

Though the high-handed procedure of the king had engendered a spirit of deep animosity amongst the Danes, they were prevented by their weakness from giving it any practical effect. Anlaf had fled to Ireland, and Godfrey was in hiding with Constantine behind the Forth. Just as the outlook seemed most hopeless, a sudden and unexpected impulse was given to the feeling of revolt. The King of the Scots had long deplored his vassalage to the Saxons, and, therefore, taking advantage of the smouldering discontent in Northumbria, he strove diligently to fan the flame. Godfrey was brought from his retirement, and sent, in 934, with a strong following amongst his Danish brethren. Being able to promise the hearty co-operation of the Scots, he was everywhere welcomed as a deliverer. The most hopeful prognostications were indulged in, and as the allies became daily more confident, a successful result of the enterprise was never doubted. The Northumbrian castles and strongholds were wrested from their governors, the Dragon banner of Wessex gave place to the Raven of the Danes, and all promised well for further triumphs. But the people were reckoning without their host. Athelstan's temper was thoroughly aroused by these repeated disturbances, and he resolved to stop them at all hazards. His army was sent north without delay, and his fleet was ordered to rendezvous at specified places along the coast. The issue was never for a moment in doubt. The allies could offer no really serious obstacle to his victorious advance, and, ere long, his soldiers had left deplorable evidences of their presence in many distant corners of the Scottish land. Every part of the coast line, from the Humber to Caithness, was similarly ravaged by the fleet. There was little rest for the harried and hunted people, and none for the leaders who had so sadly misled them. Many of them were driven across the sea, others were held captive by the marauding bands, and even Constantine was compelled to give his son as a hostage for the due performance of the conditions under which he was alone permitted to rule.

WILLIAM LONGSTAFF.

The Streets of Newcastle.

The Close.

THE street called the Close doubtless derived its name from its original closeness or narrowness. It is still sometimes anathematised as an awkward and inconvenient thoroughfare for traffic by means of vehicles; but those who so complain would have been driven crazy altogether had they lived in the olden time when the chapel of St. Thomas the Martyr stood where it did; namely, at the entrance to the Tyne Bridge, with its front projected far

into the street. Certainly, even within living memory, the Close was an awkward street until part of the south side was pulled down.

Nearly opposite the Castle Stairs stood the Round Stone Entry. It was here that the Earls of Northumberland once had a town residence. In the time of Bourne there was a great gate at its entrance, with a round stone at the top—hence the name of the entry. Many persons of local distinction had their houses in this neighbourhood at one time—Sir John Marley, Sir William Blackett, Sir Mark Milbank, Vicar Alvey, Ambrose Barnes, and others. In the troubled times of war, when the Scots were ever with us, and men were not only allowed, but enjoined, to repair for safety and for succour to the walls of the castle,—or the houses shadowed by its protection, such stately buildings were useful as well as ornamental. But in the piping times of peace, they were not so necessary to the public welfare, and so, by degrees, they came to be let to humbler tenants; and in these latter days, behold, their place knows them no more.

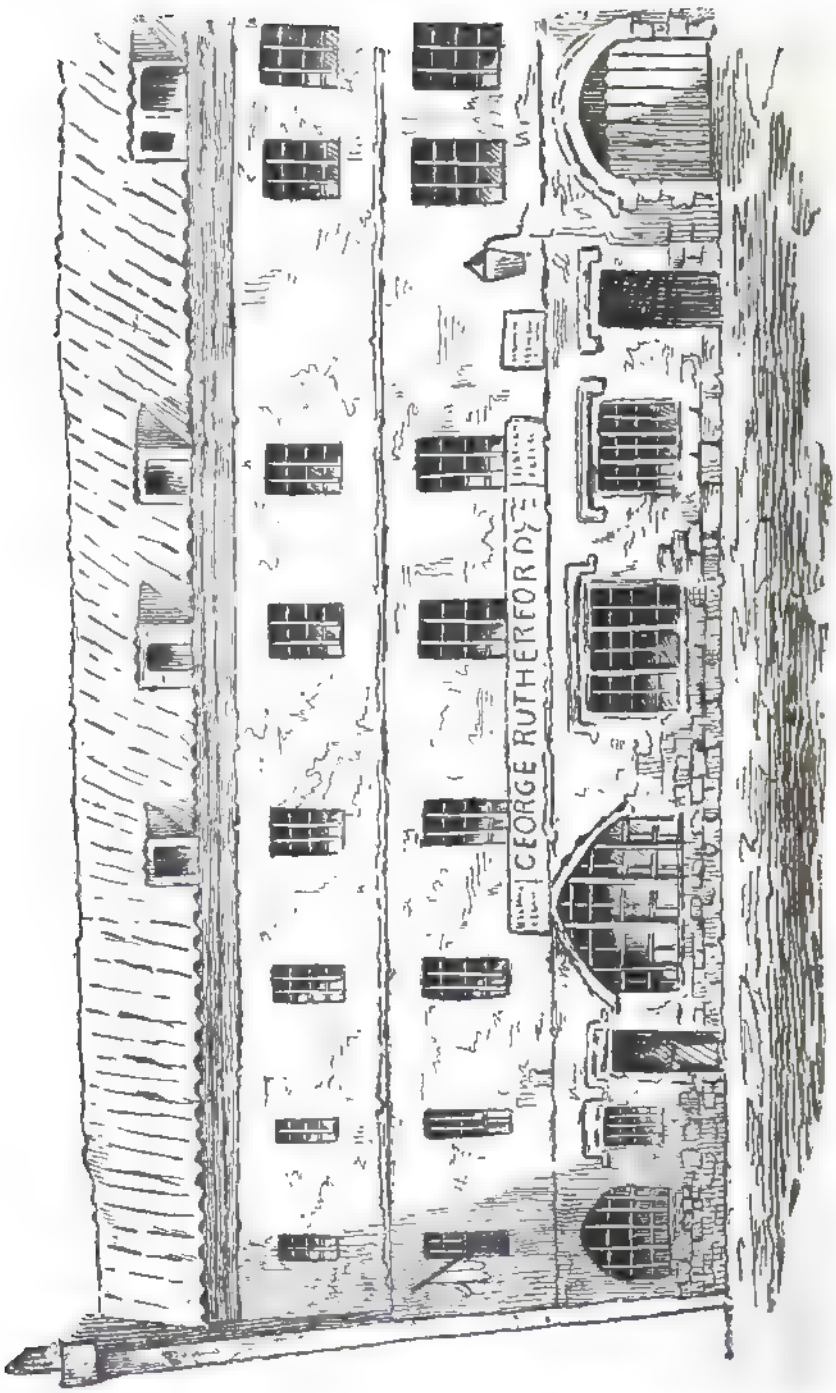
PART OF EARL'S INN, DISCOVERED 1846.

Pleasant must it have been to live in the Close when those fine old mansions were in their prime. In front the deep rolling river, with gardens sloping right down to its banks; behind, over the housetops, more gardens and orchards, climbing the Tuthill; to the left the great Bridge of Tyne, with its ever changing traffic; and away to the right the woods of Redheugh topped by the green hills of Whickham.

A little beyond the Castle Stairs is the Duke of Cumberland Inn, better known as the Yellow Doors Tavern—a name which it probably derived from the colour of the paint upon its outer doors and shutters. It was a fortified house, or had at any rate been used for defensive purposes, for it had several arrow slits in the front. Beyond, at our elbow, are the Long Stairs, a term that was employed to designate the ascent as far back as 1430. The reason for the name is clear enough, as anybody can find out for himself by simply walking up them! And let him note, as he does so, the slight remains of ancient stonework still to be seen about them. Facing the stairs is the Javel Group, leading down to the river. Local historian have been much exercised over this old name. Brand conjectures that it is derived from "groope" or "grype," a ditch; and "javel," a corruption of gaol. In a deed preserved in the archives of the Corporation, dated 20 Henry VII., A.D. 1505, the name of it is spelt "le Gaoell-Grype in vico vocat' le Closse." And in St. Nicholas' register, April, 1590, it is spelt Jayle Groupe. In Corbridge's Plan of Newcastle (1723) the name is given as Gable-Groope; in Bourne's History it is Javill Gripp; and in an enrolment in the archives of the Corporation, bearing date September 6, 1723, we have it mentioned as Gavell-Groop. Now these all point at any rate to some connection with a gaol, and we know that the Castle, which towers overhead immediately above, comprised a royal gaol from the time the keep was built. The inference seems most reasonable that there must have been a communication between the ditch or fosse of the Castle and the river Tyne.

Toddling along a little further, we come to the spot where the Close Meeting House once stood. It belonged to the United Secession section of the Presbyterian body, and was organised in 1751 by a congregation of Anti-Burghers. Adjoining it stood the once famous Mansion House, which has been described at full length in the *Monthly Chronicle* for 1887, page 111. Directly opposite the Mansion House we have the Tuthill Stairs, which lead up from the Close to the foot of Westgate Street. They are narrow enough in all conscience, according to our modern ideas. But wherefore the name? Well, according to Bourne, it is derived from the touting or winding a horn upon the summit when an enemy appeared. Brand's view is not very different; he supposes that the place should be called Toot-hill, or the hill of observation.

If we pass on westward from the Mansion House and the Tuthill Stairs for the distance of about a hundred yards, we shall pass the Dolphin Inn, with its beautiful long room, decorated with cornice and pilaster, and find ourselves on the site where the Close Gate formerly stood. When Tyne Bridge fell down in 1771, the tower of this gate was formed into a temporary prison. But in 1797 it was taken down, the gateway being a sad obstruction to the traffic of the neighbourhood. Fifty-two yards to the south of this gate there was another tower or turret,



THE YELLOW DOORS TAVERN, THE CLOSE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, 1843.

which adjoined the river—the Water Tower. Here the House-Carpenters' Company used to meet; and the Sail-makers succeeded them in the occupancy. The members of the former company were anciently called Wrights. The members of the latter company do not appear to have stayed long in this turret by the river; they found more congenial attractions in a tavern. From the Close Gate there were a hundred and forty steps on the top of the wall leading to the White Friar Tower. Brand says that these steps were called the Break-Neck Stairs, a name uncomfortably suggestive; but Mackenzie opines that this is a mistake, "for old people say that this name belongs exclusively to the stairs between the Castle Stairs and the Long Stairs." Outside the Close Gate, somewhere hereabout, stood the first Nonconformist Meeting House erected in Newcastle—wherein Dr. Gilpin and his successors preached till they acquired a more convenient location in Hanover Square.

VIEW NEAR THE CLOSE GATE, 1826.

We now find ourselves at the western end of the Close proper, and we may pause to recall to mind some of the traditions and memories which are associated with this ancient thoroughfare.

Let us note, then, for one thing, that the inhabitants of the Close suffered serious loss in 1771 from the great flood which occurred in the Tyne on Sunday, November 17th, of that year. They had, it is true, plenty of companions in misfortune, for all the cellars, warehouses, shops, and lower apartments of the dwelling-houses from the west end of the Close to near the Ouseburn were completely under water. It was with the utmost difficulty that the inhabitants escaped with their lives, so rapid and sudden was the inundation, which, to make the situation worse, came upon the sleeping multitude at two o'clock in the morning.

The Close had its "characters" in the days that are gone. Of these Blin'd Willie was one of the most notable. His name was William Purvis, and he was probably one of the best known characters that ever wandered through the streets of Newcastle. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1888, page 516.) The memory of another William Purvis—more generally known as Billy Purvis—is associated with the Close also, for he lived in the same house here for nearly sixty-six years.

The Close, in bygone days, was a convivial centre. Our fathers believed in cakes and ale, and ginger hot i' the mouth, too. In those days the wealthy citizen and the busy professional man were accustomed to reside

THE WATER TOWER, CLOSE, 1846.

within the limits of the town's walls. Indeed they preferred to do this as a matter of personal convenience. Hence it was that when the cares of the business day were over, the evenings were often devoted to social gatherings in some quaint old tavern or other. For this purpose, clubs were organised, and pleasant rules and regulations formulated, to the intent that the spirit of good fellowship should reign supreme among the members. But these clubs do not seem, in old days, to have been confined to any particular house. On this point Dr. Bruce says: "Some clubs kept a taster, whose business it was to inform his employers in which tavern the best barrel was on tap." He proceeds: "The late Mr. Robert Doubleday used to say that after a party had sat a sufficiently long time at his table—which was loaded with the finest Spanish and Portuguese wines—the company would adjourn, host and all, to some favourite public-house, such as the Stone Cellar, in the Close, to 'clear out' with beer."

Now, hereby hangs a tale, not so generally known as it ought to be. There was a club, or society, of this convivial sort which was certainly in existence in 1751, and perhaps for a few years before that date. But death called away some of its members as time went on; and the infirmities which accompany old age prevented others from being as punctual in their attendance as in days of yore. It was resolved to discontinue the meetings, and perform the "happy despatch" upon the club. But there was much of the milk of human kindness in the survivors. As the club was about to cease and determine, these resolved that some object of permanent utility should be set on foot as a kind of legacy to their fellow-townsmen in after days. This excellent idea was duly canvassed by the members, after the deliberative fashion of the English race. At last, on a certain notified day on which it was determined to come to some practical conclusion on the question, Mr. Richard Lambert, an eminent surgeon, suggested the establishment of an Infirmary. The idea was taken up in good earnest, and vigorously supported in the local papers.

Hence yonder building rose: on either side
Far stretched the wards, all airy, warm, and wide;
And every ward has beds by comfort spread,
And smoothed for him who suffers on the bed:
There all have kindness—most relief—for some
Is cure complete—it is the sufferer's home:
Fevers and chronic ills, corroding pains,
Each accidental mischief man sustains;
Fractures and wounds, and withered limbs and lame,
With all that, slow or sudden, vex our frame,
Here have attendance—here the sufferers lie
(Where love and science ever aid supply),
And heal'd with rapture live, or sooth'd by comfort die.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford.

Leonard Carr,

ALDERMAN AND HOST OF THE NAG'S HEAD INN.

UNLESS there were two contemporaneous Leonard Carrs in Newcastle during the Civil War, of which there is no evidence, the person who bears that name in local history must have been an exceptionally active and busy man. For, during the greater part of his life, although engaged in the higher branches of Tyneside commerce (he was a merchant, a hostman, and an owner of salt-pans), he found time to bear his share of public work as an alderman and Tyne Commissioner, to fill on several occasions the office of Governor of the Merchants' and Hostmen's Companies, and all the while to conduct the principal hostelry in the town—the Nag's Head Inn.

Leonard Carr first appears in local annals as a witness at an inquiry held in St. Nicholas' Church on the 11th of February, 1600, where he is described as of the age of 21 years, "servant to George Dent, merchant, clerk of the town chamber of Newcastle." He was then, apparently, just out of his time. The books of the Hostmen's Company, under date May 19, 1609, disclose him enrolling himself as a member of the fraternity, and about to add to his avocation as a merchant adventurer the buying and selling of coals. In 1617, upon the reorganization of the Tyne Conservancy Authority, he was appointed one of the Commissioners who were to supervise, control, and preserve the navigation of the river, and as he and Cuthbert Bewick were entrusted with special duties in the matter, the Privy Council ordered them to be paid for their services. A subsidy roll of 1621 shows that he was an inhabitant of the parish of All Saints in that year. Possibly he had entered upon the occupancy of the Nag's Head by that time, and was assessed upon his goods there, for the inn was in All Saints' parish, at the foot of Allhallow Bank, facing the Sandhill. However that may have been, he was dealing extensively in wine and other liquors a year or two later. The "Household Books of Lord William Howard" contain many items in which his name appears as purveyor of cheering liquids to the Naworth family.

At the inn he certainly was in 1634, for three Norwich soldiers, whose Northern adventures in that year form one of the most interesting of Richardson's Reprints, found him there:—

Then did wee take a view of the Market Place, the Towne Hall, the neat Crosse [the Cale Cross], ouer against wch almost is a stately, prince-like, freestone Inne, in wch we tasted a cupp of good wine; then taking a view of the 4 Churches in the Towne, and breaking our fast

in that fayre Inne (Mr. Leonard Carr's), we hasten'd to take horse.

Sir William Brereton, afterwards a famous Parliamentary general, passing through Newcastle the following year, remarks, in his "Notes," that "the fairest built inn in England that I have seen is Mr. Carre's in this town," and he regretfully adds that "We lodged at the Swan, at Mr. Swan's the postmaster's, and paid 8d. ordinary, and no great provision." It is apparent from these observations that Leonard Carr was a prosperous and popular citizen.

A few weeks after Sir William Brereton's visit, on Michaelmas Monday, 1635, mine host of the Nag's Head was elected Sheriff of Newcastle. His promotion came to him at a time of trouble. The political horizon was clouded by stormy discussions respecting ship-money, and with angry controversies about royal prerogative; the municipal sky was darkened by shadows of the conflict. Before he had been three months in office he sustained a personal bereavement in the death of his wife. On the very day she died, that famous quarrel between Vicar Alvey and John Blakiston broke out which set the townspeople by the ears for long after. The following May, Newcastle was visited by pestilence of an aggravated character which swept away the inhabitants by hundreds, paralysed trade, and caused the town to be shunned and deserted. In the midst of it all, a commercial crisis arose—a serious dispute with the London Company of Merchant Adventurers—and the Sheriff was placed in the forefront of the contention. Thus, long ere his term of office expired, Leonard Carr had lost his wife, seen his friend the Vicar defied and denounced by one of the leaders in what he deemed to be a disreputable faction, witnessed the ravages of a malady which robbed him of his friends, and had been chosen to lead a conflict with the most powerful trading organization in Europe.

It is unnecessary to enter at length into the details of the dispute between the merchants of London and those of Newcastle. Sufficient for the present purpose are the facts that Leonard Carr and Alderman William Warmouth were sent to plead the cause of the local body in London; that they went, saw the Governor and Secretary, attended conferences with important functionaries, and came back without having achieved their object. It may, however, be added that in the end, although the quarrel lasted all through the Civil War, the Commonwealth, and until after the Restoration, the Newcastle merchants won their case, but in the meantime they had lost the trade in cloth which had given rise to the contention.

A public man so able and useful as Leonard Carr would speedily have reached the mayoralty if the course of events had run smoothly with him. But he was a Churchman and a Royalist, and the drift of public opinion was in a direction quite the contrary. He was made an alderman in 1641; Governor of the Merchants' Company the same year, and successively to 1645; Governor of the Hostmen's Company in the years 1642 and 1643, and again in 1653 and 1654; but he proceeded to no higher function. After the storming of Newcastle in 1644, his friends had not the power to bestow further honours, and his opponents sought only his downfall. In the conflict which preceded the final overthrow of the Monarchy he had taken a prominent and active part against the Parliament, and when the day of reckoning came he was among those who suffered. Articles were exhibited against him, which may be read at length in Bourne's "History of Newcastle.

Being summoned before the Privy Council and the Committee for Sequestrations to answer for his delinquency, Alderman Carr admitted the substantial accuracy of the charges which had been brought against him and awaited his fate. Delays occurred, and it was not until after Christmas, 1657, when the Commonwealth itself was approaching its fall, that the punishment of his loyalty was made known. On the 28th December in that year, "a letter received from the Lord Protector and his Privy Council to remove Mr. Leonard Carr from his office of Alderman of Newcastle-upon-Tyne on a charge preferred against him by the Standing Committee of the North for abetting, &c., against the Parliament, was confirmed by the Mayor and Common Council of that town."

Mr. Carr did not long survive his removal from office. He was seventy-eight years of age, and in failing health, when his deprivation was confirmed, and at the beginning of August following his troubles came to an end. By a process of compounding, probably, he had preserved the Nag's Head Inn and adjoining property from confiscation, and by his will he charged them with an annual rent of £5 for the poor of his parish. In the old church of that parish—All Saints'—he was buried, and there, sixty years later, Bourne saw his tombstone, and penned the following paragraph respecting it:—

There is an old Stone, which lies between the Vestry and Quire Door, with its inscription erased. It belonged to Alderman Leonard Carr, who gave £5 yearly for ever to the poor of this parish, and appointed it out of divers Houses in the Butcher-bank. He was an Alderman of the Town before the Rebellion, and turned out by the Rebels. He deserves a better Monument.

Ralph Carr,

MERCHANT, BANKER, AND LANDOWNER.

Local annalists and historians have been somewhat partial in their selection of persons to represent the culture, the industry, and the enterprise of the North of England. Of some good men's lives ample details are forthcoming; of others only meagre details are obtainable; of many there is no record at all. In this last-named category comes a remarkable man, who occupied a leading position in Newcastle during the greater part of last

century. He was one of the foremost merchants upon the Tyne; the founder of a famous bank in Newcastle; a considerable landowner in Northumberland and Durham; an earnest and liberal supporter of numerous schemes of progress and philanthropy. But he did not enter any corporate body, to become sheriff, alderman, and mayor, nor publish a book, nor paint a picture, nor display any marked eccentricity of character or conduct; and therefore local history is silent respecting him. The assiduous researches of one of his descendants have now, however, enabled us to place among the men who have made their mark upon North-Country life this local worthy—Ralph Carr, of the Old Bank, Newcastle; of Dunston Hill, in the county palatine of Durham; and of Hedgley, Northumberland.

Ralph Carr was descended from the same stock as Cuthbert Carr, of St. Helen's Auckland, whose heroic defence of the New Gate of Newcastle during the siege formed the subject of a previous sketch. His grandfather was John Carr, merchant and boothman, apprenticed, in 1655, to Phineas Allen, and set over the following year to William Johnson (father of Sir Nathaniel Johnson, Mayor and M.P., Governor of the Leeward Islands and of South Carolina), whose daughter Abigail, widow of William Bonner, he married. John Carr (eldest son of John and Abigail), a mining operator in Cumberland and Westmorland, agent to Lord Thanet, the Claverings of Axwell, and others, and the purchaser, in 1704, of the estate of Dunston Hill, in the parish of Whickham, was his father; his mother being Sarah, daughter of William Wynne, of Gateshead, woolstapler. Ralph was born on the 22nd September, 1711, and, being destined for a commercial career, was apprenticed to Matthew Bowes, merchant adventurer and boothman. In due time he was admitted to his freedom, and, having made a tour through Holland and Germany to the Baltic, as far as the newly-founded city of St. Petersburg, he commenced life on his own account in Newcastle.

The account books, letters, and MSS. relating to Ralph Carr's business undertakings for more than half a century have been preserved. They show that in no long time after his commencement he was engaged in commercial operations of magnitude and value. The death of his father, in 1739, gave him the Dunston Hill property, and enabled him to extend still further his business transactions. Like most merchants of his time, he speculated in coals and iron, timber and corn, wine and spirits, butter and tea, tobacco and snuff, and dealt in a wide variety of other vendible articles; was at one and the same time shipowner and merchant, broker and underwriter, commission agent and bill discounter. His financial position was such that when, in September, 1745, Prince Charles Edward, landing at Loohaber, raised the standard of rebellion, and troops came marching through the North of England to prevent the revolt from spreading, he was able to render profitable service to the Government. He advanced cash to commanding officers against drafts on the Pay Office; collected and transmitted money (in one month he sent £30,000) for the use of the army in Scotland, and speculated in corn, stores, and forage required by the royal troops.

Among his friends and correspondents in these proceedings were the brothers John and Alexander Coutts, who were conducting in London and Edinburgh a business similar to his own. Out of their acquaintance sprang the idea of establishing in Newcastle an independent provincial bank. No country town in Great Britain, it is said, possessed at that time an institution wherein banking business alone was transacted. There were several establishments called banks, notably Woods's at Gloucester and Smith's of Nottingham, where other branches of trade were carried on in the same premises. But Ralph Carr projected an establishment to deal in money and nothing else, and on the 1st of January, 1756, he formally opened a banking house pure and simple. The first partners were Matthew Bell, John Cookson, Joseph Airey, and himself, who undertook by their deed to carry on the business of "bankers and dealers in exchange" for ten years at Joseph Airey's residence in Pilgrim Street. The capital was only £2,000, divided into four equal shares, but the partners were all men of wealth and credit, and the liability was unlimited. In the first year of their partnership they issued notes for various sums to the value of £15,648, received deposits from Lord Ravensworth, Robert Ellison, the Infirmary Trustees, and others, amounting to £10,000, and made a profit of £1,017. At the end of the ten years Joseph Airey retired, and John Widdrington the younger (Mr. Carr's nephew) and Joseph Saint were admitted. With their assistance the banking business grew and prospered until, at the end of 1774, the firm found themselves with a note issue of £180,000; cash and bills in hand, £103,597; with other bankers, £47,860; navy bills, £14,609; overdrafts, £38,000; deposits exceeding £85,000, and a profit upon the twelve months' trading of £5,712. For 32 years Ralph Carr was the guiding spirit of the establishment. What was at first but a venturesome experiment had proved a remarkable success, and before he retired the creator of provincial banking had seen his example copied all over the kingdom, and his own house in Newcastle designated as "The Old Bank" to distinguish it from local imitators.

Amidst the engrossing occupations of commercial life in Newcastle, Ralph Carr did not find time to marry till he was forty-seven years old; then he was united to Isabella, only surviving daughter of the Rev. Henry Byne, Vicar of Ponteland. Although he had considerably enlarged the house at Dunston Hill, extended the boundaries of the grounds surrounding it, and beautified the property by judicious planting of ornamental trees, he resided for a long time before his marriage, and for

some years after it, at Cross House, Westgate Street—the old mansion which, long devoted to other uses, still forms the junction of that thoroughfare and Fenkle Street. It was here, doubtless, that Dr. Alexander Carlyle, minister of Invereak, making an excursion to Newcastle with Sir David Kinloch and others in the summer of 1757, found him and his relations and partners, the Widdringtons, as recorded in the famous "Autobiography":—"On this expedition I made some very agreeable acquaintance, of which I afterwards availed myself—Ralph Carr, an eminent merchant, and his brother-in-law Mr. Withrington, styled 'the honest attorney of the North,'" and, as he states elsewhere, "almost the only man who had any literature" in the town. Dunston Hill was probably Mr. Carr's summer resort; but in after years he made it more and more his permanent abode, and fixed his town residence in Charlotte Square. His place of business as a merchant was in Hanover Square, where his nephew, and sometime partner, John Widdrington the younger, resided, and from whence he dated the greater part of that voluminous correspondence with Northern Europe and the American colonies which has been preserved in portly volumes at Dunston Hill.

Having accumulated wealth, Ralph Carr began, like many Newcastle merchants before and since, to invest it in landed estate. He had obtained in 1769 a profitable lease from Merton College, Oxford, of the great or rectorial tithes of the parishes of Ponteland and Embleton, and in 1784 he purchased from the Carrs of Ebott the estate of High and Low Hedgley. Upon this property he at once commenced to indulge the love of forestry which he had developed to some extent upon his patrimonial inheritance. Besides enlarging the mansion at High Hedgley, he extended the gardens, laid out extensive woods and plantations, and diverted the course of the river Breamish through the estate from a dangerous into a manageable channel. A few years later he bought Prendwick, in the parish of Alnham; and about the same time acquired from Mr. Bell, of Woolsington, the estates of Bygate Hall, in Upper Coquetdale, and Lumsdon, upon Redewater. These investments gave him possession of moorlands dear to the sportsman, of burns and streamlets sacred to the angler, of camps and battlefields celebrated in Northern history and song. Towards the close of his life he purchased from his friend Sir John Dick, who had acquired it during a long residence as British Consul at Leghorn, the fine collection of oil paintings and statuary which adorn Dunston Hill, and added to the library at that place the valuable works on maritime jurisprudence and international law which still occupy its shelves.

Like his father, Ralph Carr was a member of the Nonconformist congregation assembling first at the Close Gate, and afterwards in Hanover Square, Newcastle—of which latter place of worship he was a trustee. One of his cousins, a Miss Halliday, became the wife of the Rev. Richard Rogerson, who officiated there from 1733 to 1760—the minister under whose influence the worshippers adopted those Unitarian views to which they have since adhered. Of his politics it is not easy to judge. He voted in 1774 for Sir Walter Blackett and Sir Matthew White Ridley, the "magistrates' candidates," who were opposed by the Hon. Constantine J. Phipps and Thomas Delaval, the candidates of the "burgesses"; in 1777 he voted for Sir John Trevelyan against the adventurer Stoney Bowes; in 1780 he plumped for Ridley, against Bowes and Delaval. Local considerations so completely influenced these elections that votes afford no clue to views on Imperial questions, but it is known from his letters and papers that he was opposed to the Americans in their struggle for independence, and that in other matters he sympathised with the policy of the elder Pitt. On social questions his opinions were broad and clear. In one of his books, when he was 85 years of age, he wrote:—

> I remember when there was only one ale-house in Whickham. Now there are seventeen, and equally increased in Swalwell, chiefly occasioned by the great increase of brewers, who encourage people to set up public-houses and become bondsmen and intercessors with the justices to license them, who are culpably too ready to do it on account of their fees. This is ruin to the lower class, and calls for redress, for upon a fair calculation there is more paid at this day for drink alone than was expended fifty years ago for house-rent, clothing, provisions, and every other support of families.

But, severe as were his strictures upon the drinking customs of his day, and the poverty and misery engendered by them, he was a liberal contributor to the wants of the deserving poor. He was one of the founders of the Newcastle Infirmary, a generous supporter of the local dispensaries, the Lying-in Hospital, and kindred institutions. Every week for some years he gave to forty-eight persons—twelve from each of the four parishes of Newcastle—sums varying from 1s. to 2s. each, while he dispensed unlimited bounty to wayfarers at his own door.

After his retirement from business, Ralph Carr lived the life of an active magistrate and country gentleman. He was for fifty years a justice of the peace for the county of Durham, and in his eighty-first year was able to state that he had scarcely once missed attending the assizes during the preceding half century. Although of mature age when he married, he had the satisfaction of seeing his eldest son, John Carr, united to a daughter of the house of Ellison, of Hebburn; his second son, Ralph, holding a distinguished position at the bar; and his second daughter, Harriet, whose accomplishments were the natural object of his pride, occupying a high position in the social and artistic world as the wife of Colonel Cheney, of the Grenadier Guards, afterwards General Cheney, who was made aide-de-camp to the king for his services in the Peninsula under Sir John Moore. When his grandson, the late Ralph Carr-Ellison, was two years

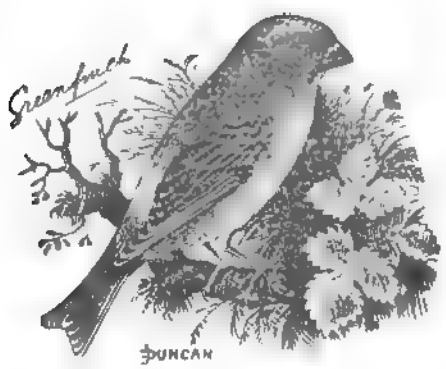
old, on the 7th May, 1806, at the great age of ninety-four, he passed away; and a few days later he was buried in the chancel of the church of Ponteland.

Till nearly the close of his existence Ralph Carr remained in full possession of the vigorous intellect which had made his fortunes. In his ninetieth year he wrote in one of his account books at Dunston Hill an earnest appeal and a pious adjuration, with which this imperfect sketch of a remarkable man and a remarkable career may fitly terminate:—

I pray the Almighty to grant to all my successors His grace, to be thankful to Him for ye mercys he is pleas'd to vouchsafe to them, and to employ this short existence here in true piety to their merciful God, Brotherly affection to their Relations and Friends, and to promote the happiness of all their Fellow Creatures, and that they may so live as to make it a Better House, not one Built by Hands, Eternal in the Heavens. Amen.

The Greenfinch.

THE Greenfinch *(Fringilla chloris)*, known as the green linnet, is a common resident species in Northumberland and Durham. It also associates, remarks Mr. John Hancock, "with chaffinches, sparrows, and other small birds, and appears in large flocks in autumn." This interesting bird, as Dr. Brehm points out, must be regarded as forming, as it were, a bond of connection between the hawfinches and goldfinches. It has a strong conical beak, somewhat compressed at its edges, with a small ball-like elevation in the interior of the upper mandible. The feet are larger



than those of the true hawfinch, and the body is elongated, but powerful. The plumage is principally of a green colour (hence the distinctive name of the bird), that of the male being olive green on the upper part of the body, the lower portion greenish yellow, the wings ash grey, the tail black, the anterior quill feathers of the wings and the five exterior tail quills beautifully marked with yellow. The greenfinch is found over the whole of Europe, from south to north, in the countries bordering on the Mediterranean, and in other parts. It would appear to be a winter visitor in Shetland and Orkney, where it often appears, during that season, with flights of linnets, larks, snow buntings, and other birds. About the middle of March, or earlier, says Morris, the birds begin to disperse over the length and breadth of the land, and by the middle of April they disappear from their winter haunts. At the end of autumn they collect in flocks, and, in severe weather, frequent farm-yards with other kinds of small birds. In the pairing season they are lively and rather pugnacious. Like the chaffinches, they are fond of washing themselves, and seem to take a pride in looking smart. If a flock be ever so noisy, when one bird sounds the alarm note that danger may be apprehended, all the others are mute. Their flight is quick, strong, and undulated, performed by two or three rapid strokes of the wings, which are then closed, and a swoop follows, down, and then up. They sometimes wheel about for some little time before alighting, but often settle down quickly and set to work in search of food. If alarmed, they fly into the nearest trees. The food of the bird consists chiefly of grain and wild seeds, hawthorn fruit, the leaves of weeds, and the larvæ of insects, on the latter of which the nestlings are fed. Meyer likens its note to the syllable "tway," which is full and mellow, and is uttered in summer from the topmost spray of a hedge, or some tree higher than others, as well as on the wing; but there is not any approach to a song until about April, or later, and the song, even then, is but humble. When flying, it repeatedly utters its call, which, though a soft note, can be heard at a considerable distance; when employed as a cry of warning, it is accompanied by a gentle, distinct whistle. The greenfinch commences to nest in April, or even earlier if the season be well advanced; but nests are most numerous in May. That is, the first nest, as the birds usually breed twice, and occasionally three times, in the year. The nest is found in various situations—in hawthorn hedges, bushes, and trees. One of its favourite nesting places, according to Bishop Mant, is the pine tree:—

A cradle for the green bird's bed,
And bowery covert o'er her head,
A forked pine supplies.

Bishop Butler at Stanhope.

STANHOPE, the metropolis of the rich lead mining field of Weardale, Durham, was, up to twenty odd years ago, famous as a rectory to which was attached the princely revenue of six or seven thousand pounds. In ancient days, even back to Hugh de Pudsey's time, Stanhope was of considerable importance, for then the prince bishops of the palatine repaired in great state in the summer months to hunt the red deer in Weardale Forest, the chief

forest in the bishoprick. Here temporary lodges and chapels for religious worship were erected of tree boughs, roofed with the mountain's purple heather, during the prelate's sojourn amongst the lovely woods and undulating hills in the picturesque dale of the Wear. Stanhope, too, was famous for its rectors even before Protestant times; for the learned Cuthbert Tunstall, who was the friend of More and Erasmus, and who was shut up in the Tower, was at Stanhope. And in later days its noble list of Church dignitaries include the scholarly Isaac Basire; the liberal Hartwel; the learned ecclesiastic, Edmund Keen; Thurlow, brother to Chancellor Thurlow; Henry Hardinge, father of Sir Henry Hardinge, Governor-General of India; the famous Dr. Philpotts, Bishop of Exeter; the charitable Darnell; the evangelical Canon Clayton; and the great advocate of missionary work, Bishop Ryan. Yet amongst all these illustrious Church celebrities there shines forth the glorious memory of Joseph Butler, rector of Stanhope from 1725 to 1740. As the most interesting period of Butler's life was spent at this Durham rectory, for in its seclusion the great divine penned his famed "Analogy," a glimpse at the birthplace of this great work and its author may be interesting.

The ancient country town of Stanhope reposes snugly amidst the heather-clad mountains of Western Durham. Westward, under the shadow of these rolling mountains, lies a beautiful dale of green fields and undulating hills, once bishoprick deer parks and deer forests. Down the middle of the dale the river Wear marks a silver thread, and some ten miles from its source Stanhope stands on its north bank. The town is irregularly built, and has its Market Place with its cross, its old church where Butler ministered, its family halls, and a modern castle, with its little park and other necessary adjuncts usually associated with such rural places. Approaching the Market Place, a visitor would not fail to admire the stately row of beautiful lime trees which so gracefully ornament the left hand side of Front Street. Along Lime Tree Walk, and under the shadow of these sweet-smelling limes, are the rectory gates, through which Butler so often took refuge when besieged by the common beggars who knew that he could not resist their frequent importunities. The rectory, a large house, is secluded. It was rebuilt, as it now stands, in 1821, by Dr. Philpotts; but we learn by a sculptured stone in the wall that the old rectory, in which Butler wrote his "Analogy," was built by William Hartwel, D.D., rector of Stanhope, in the year 1697, and in the first year of the Peace of Ryswick. When the new premises of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge were opened a few years ago, the present Bishop of Durham, Dr. Lightfoot, thus referred to this memorial of the old rectory:—"In the beautiful valley of the Wear, in my own Northern diocese, at the rectory-house of Stanhope—a sacred spot with all English Churchmen and all English Christians, for there the greatest work of English theology, the 'Analogy,' was penned—there still survives a quaint Latin inscription,

recording that the parsonage, the same in which Butler afterwards spent the prime of his life, was built in the year 1697 of the peace of the Gospel, and in the first year of the Peace of Ryswick.'"

In this rectory Butler had his private oratory, which was destroyed by Philpotts when he rebuilt the parsonage. From old records we learn that this oratory was in size fourteen feet long, nearly seven feet wide, and thirteen feet six inches in height. It was lined with cedar, and the door, which was furnished with a brass lock and spring, yet remains. The furniture of the oratory probably consisted of nothing more than a branch candlestick, two large candlesticks of French plate, and three mahogany seats. These articles were left to the parsonage by deed-of-gift in Butler's hand, and no doubt they gave some colour to the charge brought against the rector of a leaning towards Rome.

I leave to the Parsonage the following things belonging to the little Oratory:—

A brass Lock and Spring to the Door.
A Branch Candlestick } French plate.
2 large Candlesticks }
3 Mahogany Seats.

JO. BUTLER.

When Henry Philpotts came to Stanhope in 1820, he learnt all about Butler's oratory. We thus find reference made to it, twenty-nine years afterwards, when Philpotts, then Bishop of Exeter, was making some inquiries, in connection with an Orphans' Home at Morice Town, Devonport, into the truth of certain alleged ritualistic observances not in unison with the practice of the Church of England. The bishop, speaking in the presence of the clergy, expressed the opinion that it was a very proper practice to have set apart for devotion a separate room called an oratory. He considered that poor, weak human beings required many assistances to help to fix them in their devotions, and one of these was having a

separate room for the purpose of prayer. He further said :—

Therefore, the fact of there being a room set apart for this purpose called an oratory does not affect me. I will say of this oratory that it was my fortune to succeed, after an interval of one or two, one of the greatest names the Church of England ever was enabled to boast, one of the greatest and best of men, one of the most pious and soundest divines that could be named—it was the great Bishop Butler. I succeeded to a benefice which was once his, and I rejoice to say that the tradition came down to me that, as he was unmarried, had no family, and his household was not large, he had set apart one small room in that house and called it an oratory; and, therefore, I am not shocked by the name of oratory given to a room set apart for that sacred purpose; and I should rejoice to hear that every proprietor of a house large enough had a room set apart, and if he chose to call it an oratory, I for one should not be among those who would blame him.

On the north side of the Market Place stands the Church of St. Thomas, restored in 1867; but our illustration shows the old church of Butler's time, with its high-pitched roof. This edifice dates from before the year 1200. Our view represents the sacred edifice much the same as it was left by Basire, who restored it in 1663. In this divine's time a dispute arose which would have upset the thoughtful mind of Butler. The rectory tithe ore, which formed the principal part of the rich revenue, was in dispute between Basire and the master of the lead mines. The rector claimed his full tenth of clean ore, whilst the mines master wanted to debit Basire with his portion of the cost of dressing. The long and expensive trial which ensued came before several courts, the rector winning the case. And this resulted in an Act of Parliament being passed in the 19th year of Charles II., settling for ever that the full tenth part of the lead ore produced

in the parish was to be paid without deductions. The decision made the living one of the richest in the kingdom.

At the close of the rectorship of Hartwell in 1725,

STANHOPE, WEARDALE, DURHAM.

Butler found a well-regulated and rich rectory. During the sixty odd years preceding Butler's time, a great deal had been done to secure a peaceful and quiet residence at Stanhope. Basire had restored the church, and had settled the tithe of lead ore two or three years afterwards. In 1672 the present large bells were fixed in the tower, which in 1700 was further replenished with a new clock. Then in 1704 and 1720 the parish was presented with the silver communion service afterwards to be used by the author of the "Analogy," and in 1697 a new parsonage house was erected to receive the rector who, above all others, was to make Stanhope famous. When Butler settled down in his Weardale living there was no probability of his being troubled with parish matters beyond the most ordinary duties; and he was thus left free to meditate and muse over his "Analogy" in the picturesque town on the Wear.

The church of to-day presents few memorials of the great divine. As we approach the edifice from the Market Place, a sun-dial fixed against the church may attract attention as being of Butler's time. It is dated 1727, and the rector no doubt composed its pointed legend: "*Ut Hora sic Vita*"—"As is the hour such is life." Leaving Butler's sun-dial, we find in the vestry safe a churchwarden's book, known as "Butler's Book," which we are informed cost "£00 05s." This interesting record contains parish accounts from 1675 to 1750, and amongst its entries are eight autographs of the famous divine. These signatures are attached to various acts of vestry, and are followed by the signatures of parish officials and sidesmen. Several of the entries to which Butler's name is signed are for adjusting the moneys to be distributed among the poor, and are thus characteristic of the good nature of the great rector. The following are two of the entries, the first referring to the four quarters of the parish:—

Octr. 1th, 1725.

Mem'd That it is This day A Greed by ye RECTOR and ye four and twenty that ye Rector Cesse for ye poor Shale be equally Diuied to Euery Quarter as they now are Settel'd. That is £75 pound to Euery Quarter.

Jos. BUTLER, Rectr.

Jan. 13, 1727.

Mem'd that ye Rector othered Isabell Gibson Ninepence per week to be duly payed her.

Up to the year 1726 Butler was preacher at the Rolls, and divided his time between his duties in London and his parish in Weardale. When at Stanhope, he used to say to his man—"Now, Thomas, let us have a ride to London." In 1725 he published that "most precious repository of sound ethical principles extant in any language," his "Fifteen Sermons." In the autumn, Butler resigned the preachership at the Rolls, and from this time he resided wholly at Stanhope for seven years. Thus settled down in a quiet country place, with a good parsonage, a rich living, and a suitable curate, the great divine applied himself to the study of the analogy of religion. He is said to have ridden on a black pony, and

STANHOPE CHURCH.

to have ridden very fast; but we have heard, as handed down by the dalesmen, that he was often abroad on his pony among the hills and in the by-lanes, where he became absorbed in thought, whilst his pony leisurely cropped the scant herbage on the hills and by the bridle-paths. Bishop Van Mildert, in a letter to the Archdeacon of Lincoln, says that he was "frequently seen riding through Frosterley, a hamlet of Stanhope, at a great pace, on a black horse." But when he wandered into the by-ways, and was alone with nature and nature's God, it is possible that the great divine might become absorbed in thought. In and around Stanhope there are many pleasant walks, and one, underneath some noble beeches past Unthank Hall, is said to have been called "Butler's Walk." Just above, with its rugged whin-rock banks, its marginal trees, and the Stone Bridge, the Wear presents one of the prettiest scenes in Butler's town.

At intervals the rector met his vestry-men to discuss some commonplace business matters, as revealed in the parish books. To these acts the rector signs his name amongst his substantial men of the parish parliament, usually called "The XXIV." The following are specimens:—

April 2, 1728.

We the Rector & the four & Twenty hath this day agreed that a cess of tow times the Book of Rates be collected forthwith thro' the Parish being in part for Rebuilding Eastgate Bridge. Jos. Butler, Rectr.

April 2, 1728.

We the Rector & the four & Twenty hath this day agreed that a cess of one Quarter & an halfe of the Book of Rates be forthwith collected for the Necessary Repaire of the Church. Jos. Butler, Rectr.

March 14th, 1728-9.

Mem'd That it is this Day a Greed by ye Rector and ye four and twenty and Church Wardens That a Cesse of fifteen Shillings per pound of ye Book of Rates be forth with Collected in ye parish of Stanhope for ye necessary Vse of ye Church. Jos. Butler, Rectr.

A second edition of the rector's sermons was published in 1729, dated "Stanhope, September 16th," and no doubt the subject would be mentioned when Mrs. Talbot, widow of Mr. Edward Talbot, and her daughter Kitty, visited Butler at Stanhope about this time. In 1731 the rector's father died, and "John Chapman, gardener to the Rev. Mr. Butler, Rector," died in March of that year. In the following year the celebrated Vanderbank painted Butler's portrait, probably at Stanhope. The rector signs a memorandum about repairing the church, October 26th, 1733, and leaves the matter in the hands of the Four-and-Twenty, doubtless on account of the close application to study having affected his health. This was noticed by his friend Thomas Secker, who, being chaplain to the king, mentioned the subject to Queen Caroline. Her Majesty, thinking Butler was dead, questioned Archbishop Blackburn on the point, to which question the prelate replied, "No, madame, he is not *dead*, but *buried*," meaning that he was shut up in a

STONE BRIDGE OVER THE WEAR, STANHOPE.

country parish. In the meantime, Butler was made chaplain to Lord Chancellor Talbot on the recommendation of Secker, and on his road to London in 1733 he called at Oxford and was admitted to the degree of D.C.L. In November of the following year the rector signs another vestry minute; but from about this time he divided his time between his country and town duties. In May, 1736, Butler dates the preface of his "Analogy," the result of his seclusion and study among the Weardale hills. In this summer Queen Caroline appointed him Clerk of the Closet, and he was also presented to a prebendal stall at Rochester. In 1738 Butler was appointed to the see of Bristol, and in this year we have the last entry at Stanhope signed by him:—

May 12th, 1738 It is agreed by the Minister, the Overseers and the Rest of the Inhabitants of Stanhope and Newlandside Quarters That Anne Golightly Shall have 7*s.* 6*d.* Yearly Cess out of this [Stanhope] Quarter.

Memdm. that She is to have the Same from Newlandside by Dr. Butler's Order. They having Agree'd to refer it to Him.

Jo. Butler, Rectr.

Bishop Butler was installed Dean of St. Paul's, May 24, 1740, in which year he resigned Stanhope. He was made Clerk of the Closet to the King in 1746, was translated to the see of Durham in 1750, and died at Bath in 1752.

Some write their wrongs in marble; he, more just,
Stoop'd down serene, and wrote them in the dust.
Trod under foot, the sport of every wind,
Swept from the earth, and blotted from his mind;
There, buried in the dust, he bade them lie,
And griev'd they could not 'scape the Almighty's eye.

William Morley Egglestone.

The portrait of Bishop Butler is taken from a steel engraving in an edition of his works which was issued by Dr. Halifax, Bishop of Gloucester, in 1828.

The Author of "Tales of the Borders."

JOHN MACKAY WILSON was born at Tweedmouth on the 15th day of August, 1804. He was the eldest son of William Wilson and Jane Mackay. His father, who was a millwright, carried on a business near Dunse, in Berwickshire, but, owing to the many reverses of fortune he had encountered, found himself compelled to abandon his trade. Accordingly, a few months prior to the birth of John Mackay Wilson, he located himself at Tweedmouth, where he followed the occupation of a sawyer.

From his earliest youth, John Mackay Wilson was a great reader. His teacher pronounced him an extraordinary boy, and predicted he would one day rise to fame. For a short time he was engaged as an assistant in one of the schools in Berwick; but, as his love for literature seemed to be incurable, his parents resolved to place him as an apprentice with Mr. William Lockhead, a printer, then living in High Street, Berwick. At that time Berwick was noted for the large amount of literature turned out of its printing establishments, several of

John Mackay Wilson

the principal Edinburgh publishers sending a portion of their work to that town. Wilson thus acquired a more thorough knowledge of literature than he would have done had he remained a teacher, and it was during his apprenticeship that he made his *debut* as an author. While yet only sixteen years of age, he published a poem entitled "A Glance at Hindooism," of which five hundred copies were issued. The success that attended this effort seemed to fan into a flame all the aspirations of his genius. By the time his apprenticeship expired, he had decided upon his future actions.

After making various vain attempts to dispose of some of his poetical writings in Edinburgh, he determined to seek out other fields for the exercise of his genius. His aspiring spirit at once carried him to London. How many thousands like John Mackay Wilson have, on leaving kindred and home, buoyed themselves up with bright thoughts of future glory, only, alas! to find all their cherished hopes wither like a rose before the winter's blast! Difficulties and privations beset him on all hands—surrounded by affluence, yet compelled to wander the streets homeless, and (to use his own words) "unable to purchase a breakfast." Wilson in so vividly portraying the sufferings of Robert Musgrave in one of his Border tales, "The

Poor Scholar," only records his own actual experiences. Leaving London, he lectured for some time in the provinces, and met with a most enthusiastic reception. But he had still to struggle against hard penury; and it is said that he thus sowed the seeds of that disease which was the primary cause of his premature death. Although at length compelled to return to his native parish, it was only to form new schemes for the consummation of his desires.

In the autumn of 1828, Wilson again visited London, and for a few months found employment as a law clerk. But the dread monotony of an office was altogether unsuited to his tastes. Taking, therefore, the first opportunity that presented itself, he sailed for Edinburgh, and succeeded in getting an engagement on the staff of the *Literary Journal*. For this introduction and many other favours he was indebted to Professor Wilson, otherwise "Christopher North." Here, at last, Wilson found an opening for the display of his genius, writing for the stage as well as the press.

The following letter (first published in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* a few months ago), written by Wilson while at Edinburgh, will be read with interest:—

43, Thistle Street, Edinburgh, July 2, 1829.

My dear Sir,—That I never answered the letter I had the pleasure of receiving from you in London was owing to many circumstances painful to remembrance—past, and happily bereft of their power, but not forgotten. Of these, doubtless, you have heard. Misfortune, *though unable to purchase a breakfast*, has ever a thousand gratuitous heralds ready to publish it to the four winds of heaven. Thank God, without compromising either principle, feeling, or zest of society, I have struggled, I have conquered. The field is now open before me and my path straight; and, indeed, I know no author now living who enjoys a greater portion of goodwill from his fellow authors and all parties than I now do—with many I am on the most intimate footing.

My recent dramatic productions have been extremely successful. And another new one which will be produced within a fortnight, called "Margaret of Anjou, or the Noble Merchants," has in numerous papers been most flatteringly announced. With the increase of reputation, I have in this instance increased my charges a full hundred per cent.

I am at length firmly resolved on seeing your good town before the end of the present month—and then the "withered jades may wince." I come to gratify numerous kindly affections,—but not the less (if it be to my shame) to blast my enemies with a look of unrecognised disdain, or *vice versa*, to heap coals of fire upon their heads.

I have nothing to add of any interest, and, as I shall be with you very soon, it were unprofitable to enter into any particulars which would lose half their zest in being committed to paper. Others of my works, besides my dramatic ones, are ready for the press, and now only wait the proper season to be brought out.—I am, dear sir, yours truly, JOHN MACKAY WILSON.

Wilson next commenced to write his "Lectures on Poetry, with Biographical and Individual Sketches," which he completed in three manuscript volumes, and afterwards delivered in many of the principal towns of England and Scotland. They were subsequently published, in an abridged form, in the *Border Magazine*, a monthly periodical issued at Berwick in 1831-32 by John Rennison, of which John Mackay Wilson was joint editor. The labour of preparing these "Lectures" was immense, compelling the author to apply himself to study and composition eighteen hours a day.

In 1831, Wilson essayed to appear before the public in a new character. Having visited Manchester, his services were eagerly sought for to advocate the cause of education and of temperance, and he accordingly addressed large public meetings at Manchester, Warrington, Bristol, and other places, in connection with the Society of Friends. We have only to look at the moral of that sorrowful tale entitled "We'll hae Another" to arrive at the opinions held by Wilson on the temperance question.

And now we come to the turning-point in the hitherto chequered life of John Mackay Wilson. In March, 1832, he was engaged to edit and conduct the *Berwick Advertiser*, at that time the only newspaper published in the Border town. Here, at last, was an occupation suited to his taste, and Wilson at once distinguished himself by his fearless advocacy of the rights of the people, and by seeking to advance the interests of his native place. His position gave him opportunities of publishing many fugitive pieces, some of which enriched the columns of his paper. He also frequently contributed to the annuals. In 1833, he sent to Mr. Fred Shoberl, editor of the *Forget-Me-Not* (Ackerman, publisher) a piece entitled "The Vacant Chair," which so highly pleased that gentleman that he paid Wilson seven guineas for the composition, and requested him to continue his valued favours annually. In the reviews of the annuals for that year this sketch received much flattering criticism, the *Spectator* remarking:—"As a tale writer, John Mackay Wilson bears away the bell from all the writers in the annuals."

During November, 1833, Wilson published by subscription a volume of his own poems, the principal of which was "The Enthusiast," a metrical tale in two cantos. The success of this work was very great, and in the preface to the volume the author expresses his thanks to the public for their great encouragement. He says that, in the first week when its intended publication was announced, the names of as many subscribers were sent in as it would have required a considerable edition to supply. It was, no doubt, these repeated successes that encouraged Wilson to write the "Tales of the Borders."

The first number of the "Tales" appeared on the 8th of November, 1834, and the publication was continued in three-halfpenny weekly issues. In all 48 numbers, containing 73 of his tales, were published. His last tale was entitled the "Minister's Daughter," and the 48th number contained the customary periodical announcement—"Concluded next week." But Wilson did not live to see its *finis*. The effects of the mental strain and anxiety to which he had been subjected throughout his brief life began to tell upon his constitution. He had worked hard; he had persevered and conquered. He had at last received compensation

for his many trials. Before him had arisen visions of future independence, if not of affluence. But in the midst of all these hopes, and just as the long fought-for prize had been won, John Mackay Wilson breathed his last on the 2nd of October, 1835, at the early age of 31.

Poor Wilson lies buried in Tweedmouth Churchyard, his last resting place being marked by a humble stone.

EDWARD F. HERDMAN.

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The "Tales of the Borders" were continued after Wilon's death, but were transferred to Edinburgh, where they were published by Mr. John Sutherland, at first "for behoof" of Mr. Wilson's widow. Many pens were enlisted in their service, among the writers being Alexander Leighton, Hugh Miller, Alexander and John Bethune, David Macbeth Moir ("Delta" of *Blackwood's Magazine*), Professor Gillespie, James Maidment, W. H. Logan, Sir Theodore Martin, Oliver Richardson, and others. They extended before coming to an end to six quarto volumes, a goodly library of themselves. But Sutherland's management was at fault in some way, for in the end he lost the savings of a long business life in connection with them. He had the pages stereotyped as they were issued, and these were bought at the disposal of his stock by a Manchester firm, which issued fresh sets at various times, some of them illustrated. The "Tales," or, at all events, selections of them, have been frequently issued by other publishers, in various forms, the last being that sent out by Mr. Walter Scott from his Felling Publishing Works. Imitations, with variations, have been attempted since in various places, but none was successful or long-lived.

THOMAS TWEED.

Bull-Baiting in the North.

THE baiting of bulls with dogs was a favourite diversion all over England, both in town and country, in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, and probably much earlier. It was also common in the south of Scotland. All classes of society once equally delighted in it; but now, through the progress of civilization, it has become extinct, an Act passed in the reign of King William IV. for the prevention of cruelty to animals having rendered it penal. The sport consisted in causing a bull to be attacked by dogs; and, in order that the beast might be made as furious as possible, his nose was sometimes blown full of beaten pepper before he was turned loose. The most usual way, however, was to fasten the bull to a stake, or to a ring fixed in a heavy stone, by a rope of some yards long, and to send the dogs against him, one at a time.

Under the patronage of the Priors of Tynemouth, bull-baiting used to be common at North Shields; and the place where the poor animals were given over to the tormentors is still known as the Bull Ring. In the month of June, 1820, when some workmen were busy taking up the pavement there to lay the gas pipes, they came upon a large flat square stone, in which, on its being turned over, they found a greatly corroded iron bolt and ring. This was the ring to which the bull used to be made fast when about to be baited. It is believed that there have not been above one or two cases of regular bull-baiting at North Shields since the reign of William and Mary or of Queen Anne. So recently as the 25th of May, 1820, however, a bull was baited on Cullercoats Sands.

The Sandhill was the scene of the sport in Newcastle. Sykes, in his "Local Records," informs us that on the 21st January, 1768, a fine bull was baited there. This bull, with some others, was bought by a subscription of several gentlemen, who ordered the carcase to be distributed among the poor. Four days afterwards, another bull was baited at the same place, when a young man, a sailor, venturing too near, the infuriated brute caught him with his horns, and gored him in such a manner that he died next morning. Several other people having been seriously maimed, and similar accidents having repeatedly happened on like occasions, the bull ring was removed a few days after, by order of the magistrates, with a view to putting an end to so cruel and barbarous a sport. The stone was possibly only turned upside down, however, as in the case of the North Shields ring; for in the month of July, 1821, during the preparations for celebrating the coronation of George IV., the workmen, on breaking up the pavement on the Sandhill for a foundation for the temporary wine pant, discovered it still lying there.

A considerable part of the Town Moor having been advertised, in 1772, by order of the Common Council, to be let for purposes of improvement and cultivation, the freemen entered into a vigorous protest, and laid an action against the municipal authorities for this invasion of their customary rights. The consequence was that the order had to be rescinded, and a compromise favourable to the freemen was arranged; but this does not seem to have satisfied some of the more sturdy and impulsive among them. At all events a number of freemen had a bull baited on that part of the moor which the Corporation had been permitted to let, after which they dined at the Black Boy, in the Groat Market. This was on the 10th of August, 1774, after which we hear of no further cases of bull-baiting in Newcastle.

In the neighbouring borough of Sunderland, the practice continued much longer. The locality chosen for the sport was Bishopwearmouth Green, near the centre of which the bull ring was fixed, and it remained to be seen there till the place was enclosed, when it was removed to a neighbouring yard, as a curiosity. Bull-baitings took place there regularly down to the third decade of the

present century. One of the last—if not the very last—was on the 28th of May, 1822, when a poor man, named Simon Thornton, was thrown down by the crowd, and had his leg broken, which caused his death soon afterwards. That eccentric gentleman, Richard Chilton, who died in 1875, aged 83, used to tell how, when he was "a gobby tod"—in plain English, "a lively talkative boy"—he often was a witness to the bullbaitings, which took place in front of his father's house. An old Sunderland lady, still living, and in possession of all her faculties—Mrs. Thornton—whose father was a Lambton—recollects quite well the last bull-baiting on Bishopwearmouth Green.

At Alnwick, the sport was usually pursued in the Market Place, where we learn that, on one occasion, the bull was treated with such brutal wantonness, that at length he lay down and expired at the ring. This was on the 25th October, 1773. Ten years afterwards (11th November, 1783), another bull was baited, in one of the principal streets of the town; and, during the brutal performance, the enraged animal threw down two tradesmen who had come too near, broke the leg of one of them, and wounded the other seriously on the head. At Winlaton, long famous as the chief locality of Sir Ambrose Crowley's great ironworks, bull-baiting continued to be practised within the memory of many still living. The sport took place every year in September or October, and was held in the Hall Garth. At Morpeth, the locality was the Buller's Green.

A bill to abolish bull-baiting and bull-running was introduced into Parliament in 1800 by Sir William Pulteney, and it proceeded so far as to be reported upon by a committee, but was wrecked after reaching that stage, on a motion by Mr. Windham to postpone the consideration of it for six months. A second appeal to humanity was made two years afterwards, by Sir Richard Hill, who re-introduced Pulteney's bill in the House of Commons; but it was once more defeated by the patrons and defenders of barbarous sports, including Messrs. Windham, Sheridan, and Courtenay, who treated the measure as "a combined effort of Methodism and Jacobinism, in itself totally unworthy the dignity of the House, and a portion of that spirit of intrusiveness which was being exerted in depriving the common people of their few remaining amusements." And on these grounds the motion for the second reading was negatived by 64 to 51. At length, on the last day of the Parliamentary session of 1835, an Act received the Royal assent, which put an end for ever to those barbarous exhibitions which had so long disgraced Great Britain.

The Salters' Tracks.

FROM a very remote era, possibly pre-Roman, a series of roads, or rather tracks, existed along the east side of the county of Durham, and were known by the name of the Salters' Tracks. They were used by the carriers of salt to convey that commodity southward into Yorkshire, and even, it is said, as far as London itself, from the extensive salt-pans which existed from time immemorial on the estuaries of the Tyne, Wear, and Tees. The salt was carried, of course, on the backs of horses in conveniently sized bags, and the cost of transport must naturally have been great. For the bulk of our information on the subject, we are indebted to a paper entitled "Durham before the Conquest," by Mr. W. H. D. Longstaffe, which appeared in the proceedings of the Archæological Institute for 1852.

There are still many traces of these roads in the south-east part of Durham, and the lines they took can be traced with more or less accuracy, partly by actual remains, and partly by the names of places. They do not appear ever to have been paved, or, in the Wadean sense of the term, "made"; and so, by dint of weather and travel, they were gradually worn into deep furrows, in some places eight and ten feet deep, so that to pass along them in winter must have been like travelling in a ditch.

The main track commenced at Wearmouth, and proceeded southwards along what is now known as Tunstall Lane, by the west side of the Maiden Paps, towards Silksworth and Warden Law, by the east side of which it went on the line of the present road to the neighbourhood of Haswell. From thence it continued across the country past Wheatley Hill, Wingate (formerly Windygates), and Trimdon (Tremedun), to Hole House, near Fishburn, and to Sedgefield (Seggesfeld), where it joined a Roman road leading to Old Durham from Pountey's Bridge (in old documents variously called Pons Tezse, Pont Tesie, Pountesy, Pons de Pountays, and Pontesbrigg). Along this road it went on to Stainton-in-the-Street, past Sadberge and Street House, to Middleton-on-the-Raw, now Middleton-One-Row, where the river Tees was most likely passed by a ford, at or near the place where Pountey's Bridge was built after the Conquest. From Middleton by Street House to Stainton-in-the-Street, the road has received in later times the name of the County Lane, and the ancient pavement is said to be still perfect in many places. But from where it leaves the Roman Road, and is consequently not paved, it assumes a different name, being known as the Catkill Lonnin or Broom Lonnin, and also as the Coal Street, owing to its having formerly been much used by waggons and carts conveying coals and lime. It is now very deep and miry.

and seldom or never used. The track between Elworth and Dalton Piercy is about ten feet deep, and near the latter place its uniform breadth at bottom is nearly six feet, as if intended for horse traffic only. It would even be difficult for two teams of horses to pass each other on such a road, and, therefore, the foremost horse is said to have borne a bell, which gave notice beforehand to anyone coming in the opposite direction to keep out of the way.

Besides this line, which seems to have been the main one, there were a number of branches, the majority of which ran toward the coast. The most northerly of these struck off to the south-east, from a point a few miles west of Easington, and proceeded past Sheraton (Scrufutan), Tunstall, and Stranton, to Hartlepool Bay. It seems to have had several minor branches leading to Throston and other places, and one of these, still known as The Chare, ran southwards towards Greatham, where there are said to have been anciently important saltworks.

The second easterly branch went off from Hole House, and proceeded in a direct line past Butterwick and Salter House through Billinghamshire, till it reached an ancient ferry over the Tees, called Ferry Gate, at or below Haverton Hill, near where Port Clarence now is, opposite Middlesbrough. This branch seems to have been continued westward, by way of Garmondsway, Kelloe, and Sherburn, to Old Durham; but this is conjectural only.

A third branch runs south-south-westward, from the point where the Catkill Lonnin crosses the main Salters' Lane, onward to Darlington (Dearningtun). It is known as the Darnton Trod. It proceeds for some distance over the morasses of the Skerne in the neighbourhood of Ketton Bridge by means of flags laid down on small arches.

An intermediate branch breaks off at Newton Ketton, crossing the Skerne twice, first at Barmpton (Bermetun), and then at Haughton-le-Skerne, from whence it proceeds to the Tees at Neasham, and probably onward to Sockburn, where there was a ford across the river. The few remnants of it are seen to have been paved, and therefore it must have been made by the Romans. It has received the name of Lingfield Lane, from its having passed through the hamlet of Lingfield.

Yet another branch leaves the main line in the neighbourhood of Mordon, about two miles from Sedgefield, and runs south-east by Bishopton to Egglescliffe, which was an ancient mart for coal and lime, and presumably also salt, to be carried across into Cleveland.

There need be little doubt that salt was carried inland by means of the various roads, British, Roman, or Saxon, that branched out westward and north-westward throughout the country; and it is at least probable that there was a branch from about Garmondsway, past Ferry-on-the-Hill, to Auckland and Binchester, and so to Watling Street. The Reken Dyke, likewise, would naturally be used for the carriage of salt westward from Shields to Lanchester and other places.

The names of several localities in the district preserve reminiscences of the old trade in salt in days when the manufacture flourished along the North-East Coast, and practically enjoyed a monopoly, as it did previous to the discovery of the extensive salt beds in Cheshire. Thus we have Salter House, near Wynyard, which seems to have been a resting place for the carriers; Salter Car, between Sadberge and Long Newton Grange; and Saltersgate Brow, between Whitby and Pickering. Similar names, indeed, occur at intervals all round the coast. There is a Salter's Lane at Gosforth, and another in Gateshead. W. B.

Ponteland Tower.

THE little town of Ponteland is situated in a fertile district, some seven or eight miles north-west of Newcastle. Among the objects of interest are the church, with its massive Edwardian fortified tower, built upon its Norman west gable end, and the remains of two towers. The tower near the church is part of a comparatively late manor house of the Erringtons, the initials M. E. being inscribed on the outer walls and over the fire-place in the upper

Ponteland Tower.

storey. It is now built into the walls of the Blackbird Inn. Another tower, the "Turris de Ponteland" mentioned by old writers, stands in the vicarage grounds. Antiquaries, and all who take interest in ancient relics, owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Fred. R. Wilson, the well-known architect of Alnwick, for having preserved this old fortalice. Mr. Wilson, in 1860, found it built up in a modern vicarage house, erected a new vicarage in the same grounds, and left the ancient tower standing.

In the list "Nomina Castorum et Fortaliciorum infra Comitatum Northumbriæ," taken in 1415, this vicarage tower is given as the "Turris de Ponteland, Vicar-ejusdem." Mr. Cadwallader Bates, an authority on Border peles, refers to the Edwardian castle of Sir Aymer de Athol at Ponteland, which, with that of Otterburn, played a part in the romantic incursion of Douglas in 1586. Froissart is quoted by him in explanation thus:—"Les Ecossais . . . . vinsent à un chatel et une ville qui s'appelle Pontlan dont messire Aymon Alpbel est sire." Mr. Bates adds:—"It is probable that the tower-vicarage of Ponteland was not the same as Sir Aymer de Athol's castle there." The tower in the vicarage grounds is the subject of the accompanying drawing.

Fox How, Ambleside.

THE Lake District has long been a favourite place of residence for men of literary and artistic tastes. Amongst others who sought quietness and repose in this delightful region was Dr. Thomas Arnold, the famous master of Rugby School. Dr. Arnold purchased the property called Fox How, and there he built the house which is shown in our engraving. His school vacations were thenceforward passed at Fox How (except when he travelled on the Continent), in the society of his friend Wordsworth, Colonel Hamilton (author of "Cyril Thornton"), Sir Thomas Pasley, and occasionally Southey.

In this pleasant retreat Dr. Arnold found time to write his "History of Rome," and to collect materials for hi work on Church and State, the composition of which he considered as the chief literary object of his life. Even amidst the toils and responsibilities of school life at Rugby he retained fairly good health, and he looked forward to a long career of mental activity at Fox How after he should have resigned his post of head master. But his hopes and aims were unfulfilled. One Sunday morning, in the summer of 1842, he was attacked by spasms of the heart, attended with great pain. Medical assistance was of no avail, and Dr. Arnold breathed his last on June 12, 1842. Had he lived until the following day, he would have been exactly forty-seven years old.

Fox How occupies a charming situation, embowered in trees, and overlooking the brawling Rothay as it hurries past to join the Brathay, before entering Windermere Lake. The walk from Ambleside along the left bank of the Rothay in the direction of Rydal is almost incomparable, even in the Lake District, and is, of course, popular with visitors. The road passes close to Fox How, which is now occupied by Dr. Arnold's daughter, Mrs. Forster, widow of the late W. E. Forster, M.P.

FOX HOW, AMBLESIDE, RESIDENCE OF DR. ARNOLD.

Katy's Coffee House, Newcastle.

ON the site now occupied by the Royal Insurance Buildings stood, till the autumn of 1843, one of those quaint overhanging structures in which Newcastle was formerly so rich, and of which even now, despite the energy of Town Improvement Committees and the desire for more showy premises and larger rents on the part of property owners, the city possesses some excellent specimens. The building to which I refer was known for more than 120 years as Katy's Coffee House. Not that Katy herself lived so long, for she died in 1767, at the age of three score years and ten; but there was about her and her management of the house—half tavern, half club—an individuality and character which fastened her name even on the very building itself. That building was long since destroyed; but the name remains, for what Novocastrian has not heard of Katy's Coffee House?

In the stirring times of the great national struggle between the people of England and their king, in the seventeenth century, this house was the residence of Alderman Thomas Bonner, a merchant who was thrice Mayor of Newcastle, and a zealous Puritan. He was chosen Mayor for the first time on the 2nd October, 1648. The Common Council Books record that on this day "Thomas Bonner, Esq., Mayor elected, coming from the Spittle to go to his dwelling-house upon the Sandhill, the serjeants carrying torches lighted in their hands, one Edmund Marshall [doubtless an over-zealous Royalist, a genuine Church and King man] threw a long stick at the said lighted torches, and struck divers of them out; and, it being dark, stones, &c., were flung." The new Mayor had clearly stayed late at the Spittle. But his was then the ascendant party, though its ascendency was a thing of recent date, and there had doubtless been rejoicing amongst the aldermen—quiet, sober rejoicing, though, as befitted Puritans.

ENTRANCE TO THE SIDE FROM THE SANDHILL, NEWCASTLE WITH KATY'S COFFEE HOUSE, THE LORT BURN &c. (1640).
Designed from old views, plans, existent and lately existent remains, &c.

But distinction awaited the new Mayor in the near future. Just a fortnight after his election, Oliver the Protector reached Newcastle on his way back from Scotland. Here, writes one of Cromwell's generals, "we were received with very great acknowledgments of love; stayed three days, partly to give our army a little rest, also for the having our train come up to us from Berwick."

A contemporary writer says that the army, coming hither, "was entertained with great guns, and ringing of bells and feasting." "The 19th," says the general just quoted, "we were very sumptuously feasted by the new Mayor of Newcastle," in his old house on the Sandhill of course. During the repast, tradition tells us, "the town's waits or musicians" cheered the company with their harmonic strains. The Lort Burn, then an open stream, flowed down the lower part of the Side,

past the Mayor's door, and across the Sandhill into the Tyne. Opposite Bonner's house it was spanned by a narrow bridge, whereon the musicians stood whilst displaying their skill.

Bonner's first mayoralty was inaugurated by a riot on the Sandhill. His last mayoralty was terminated by a riot at the Spittle. The Restoration came during his term of office, and Sir John Marley, who had been under a cloud since the memorable siege of 1644, was now once more to the fore, and, as he was the last Royalist Mayor when the first Charles's sun was setting, he was chosen for the first Royalist Mayor when the sun of the second Charles was rising. But, as the biographer of Ambrose Barnes tells us, "the worthy Mayor of Newcastle (Thomas Bonner, that is, of the Sandhill), making scruple to surrender the staff to Sir John Marley, who was thought a fit person to succeed him, was so pushed and bruised in the Spittle, that he was carried out in his chair half dead, such was the violence of the faction." The riot proved fatal to our worthy. He died "of the hurt he received in the Election House," and was buried on the 12th October, 1660, that is, just eleven days after the riot. Barnes's biographer tells us that Bonner, as Mayor, "to this day never had his equal in the town."

Bonner had been dead more than half a century before Katy's arrival on the Sandhill. She came in the early days of George I. Not more than twenty summers had passed over her head when she assumed the management of what became by her prudent care a prosperous and respectable Coffee House. Hers was a house frequented by the ancient dignitaries of Newcastle, who went in and out at her front door, boldly and unashamed. Here lawyers met their clients, and here valuable properties were sold by auction—but "by inch of candle." Katy, whose real name, by the way, was Kate Jefferson, maintained the fame of her house a full half century, and died, a spinster, on the 10th day of January, 1767. A spinster she could only have been by her own fixed and resolute determination. What stories Katy could have told, and doubtless did tell, to her customers—stories not only of the overtures of seekers after a single landlady of a successful house, but stories of the many odd and ordinary, good-humoured and ill-humoured characters who had frequented her house during her fifty years of mistress-ship! What would we not give for Katy's autobiography!

A contemporary newspaper, recording her death, says: "The great resort of company to her house did not prevent her industry in other respects, particularly in spinning, in which she excelled. One web, of nineteen yards, she brought to the fineness that she refused to take half-a-guinea a yard for it, which was offered her by a lady. But it is to be observed that she worked on the web no less than twenty years."

The accompanying view of Katy's Coffee House as it is supposed to have appeared about 1640 is reproduced from Richardson's "Table Book." J. R. Boyle, F.S.A.

The Muggleswick Conspirators.

MUGGLESWICK, a small village eighteen miles west-south-west of Newcastle, can boast of several curious historical associations. The earliest notice of it in local history dates from the time of Bishop Pudsey, nephew to King Stephen, who, in February, 1153, had the mitre of Durham irregularly conferred upon him by the brethren of the convent without consulting the Archbishop of York, an act of arrogance and presumption which caused the proud metropolitan to excommunicate the offending parties, declining to remit the sentence till they had submitted themselves to his judgment, with sincere penitence, and undergone the penance of the whip in York Cathedral.

Geoffry of Coldingham describes Pudsey as "a great dissembler, filled with detraction and hypocrisy." The prelate took the vow of the Cross, and extorted money in his diocese for the expedition to the Holy Land, along with King Richard I., but, after all, preferred staying at home. When the lion-hearted monarch fell into the hands of the Duke of Austria, and was detained a close prisoner in the castle of Tyernsteign, Pudsey demanded immense sums from his vassals, under the pretence of raising a ransom for his royal patron; but he only remitted a small portion of the money, and kept the bulk of it himself. It must be confessed, however, that he spent the greater part of what came into his hands, legitimately or illegitimately, on works calculated to secure his fame as a master-builder. Thus he restored Durham Castle, which a fire had almost wholly destroyed; re-edified Norham Castle, which had fallen into disrepair; built the beautiful chapel of the Blessed Virgin, called the Galilee, or Lady's Chapel, at the west end of Durham Cathedral; constructed a magnificent shrine for the Venerable Bede, built Elvet Bridge, founded Sherburn Hospital for Lepers, erected a noble church at Darlington, and built many other magnificent edifices, besides undertaking and completing the Boldon Buke, a general survey of all the ancient demesne lands and possessions in his bishopric. A great part of the lands in Monk Hesleton township, near Castle Eden, having belonged for several generations to the Convent of Durham, Bishop Pudsey negotiated an exchange with the prior and monks of the cathedral, whereby he got the manor of Herdwyck, now Hardwick, in that township, and gave the convent that of Muggleswick instead.

About the middle of the thirteenth century, Hugh de Darlington, prior of Durham from 1258 to 1272, and again from 1285 to 1289, enclosed a park at Muggleswick, and built within it a "camera," consisting of a hall, chapel, and lodgings, with arched underground apartments in which to secrete cattle during the incursions of

the Scots. Some remains of this edifice, and parts of the park wall, are still visible. The park, which is now enclosed, was three miles in length and two in breadth. The Derwent divides the parish from that of Shotley and likewise the county of Durham from Northumberland. Towards the south stretches a wild moorland tract called Muggleswick Common, over which runs the old drove road from Corbridge by Eddy's Bridge to Stanhope in Weardale.

The churchyard at Muggleswick contains the grave of a person of gigantic stature, one John Ward. The giant flourished, it is said, in the seventeenth century. If tradition can be relied on, his limbs were of such an enormous size that a favourite hound of his littered in his wooden shoe.

During the brief reign of Presbytery and Independency under the Commonwealth and Protectorate, the bulk of the Muggleswick people seem to have abjured Episcopacy or Prelacy; and Richard Bradley, master of arts, who had been appointed to take their spiritual oversight in 1641—the year in which the contest between the King and the Parliament began—was extruded from his living, and a Puritan preacher, named Thomas Roger, was chosen in his place. But after the restoration of the Monarchy, when everything that had been done in Church and State during the interregnum was annulled, Roger was deposed in his turn, along with other two thousand Nonconformist ministers. This violent change was naturally distasteful to the Puritanical portion of the Muggleswickians, who complained loudly, but in vain, that an unsuitable person was to be imposed upon them to guard and rule them in spiritual matters. Mr. Surtees, in his invaluable History of the County of Durham, has extracted from the first volume of a series of pamphlets presented to the British Museum by George III. the following specimen of a petition, signed by sixty-seven persons, including women and children, whom Mr. Bradley had indicted for absenting themselves from the communion:—

A most lamentable Information of Part of the Grievances of Mugleswick Lordship, in the Bishoprick of Durham, sent up by Master George Lilburne, Major of Sunderland, to be communicated to the House of Commons.

To all Christian people to whom these presents shall come, know that we are a people in that our parish of Mugleswicke who have been destitute of a preaching Minister; yea, ever since any of us that now are breathing were borne, to our soules great griefe and dreadful hazard of destruction; neither is it our case alone, but also ten, yea or twelve parishes all adjoyning, are in like manner void of the meanes of salvation, whose case and condition is deepely to be deplored: And as for us in Mugleswicke, wee have had none neither good nor bad since Martinmas, Anno. Dom. 1640, but such as the Scottish Presbiterie furnished us withall (bemoaning our miserable estate), for hee who then supplyed the place, departed this life about the day of the date above mentioned; and wee immediately after his death rode to one Master James, minister of Riton, being one of the prebends of Durham, intreating him with all earnestnesse, with an humble petition, because he then was in authoritie, and no more of that sect left in the countie, but all fled because of the Scots; that this our poore parish of Mugleswicke, might once at length have the fruition of a faithfull minister, but hee answered that they (viz.) the prebends had already appointed us a man, namely, one John Duery, whom we knew; then with all our soules wee besought him that we might be exempted of that Duery, because wee knew him to be no preacher, and his life and conversation scandalous, and had two places at that present already, as we told him; and also that he publikely confessed in a pulpit before an open assembly, that hee could not preach, and yet that aspiring prebend (whose lifelesse conscience we leave to your censure) replyed, that they had once authorised him, and wee neither could nor should depose him; and he also told us in plaine tearmes, that if he could reade the prayer booke, and an homily, it was nothing to us what kind of man he was; so when things would be no better, it behooved us to come home with these cold comforts, having heavy hearts that our soules should a longer season be inthralled to such a simple, yea (we dare say), sinful minister, who is ignorant of the very principles of religion; yet our all-sufficient God (seeing that we were but breeding and beginning in Christianite) would let no more be laid upon us than we were able to beare), and so seeing us unwilling to accept of him he gave over. Then the place being voide for the space of a whole yeare, wee ourselves betwixt grief and necessitie, went abroad to seeke, and it pleased our God to send such an one as our soules longed after, and no sooner found we one to whom our minds affected, but immediately those prebends (who whether they were friends or foes to Christ judge yee), that will not sticke to hazard their heads so they may hinder the truth, doe impose one Braidley upon us, a bird brought out of the nest of their bosomes, who (we may say without sinne) is one of the most deboist amongst the sonnes of men, for hee will neither preach himselfe nor yet permit others, but upon the Sabbath day he took the locke from the church doore, and fastened on one of his owne, so as that the parishioners were forced for to stand in the church yard to discharge divine duties with their minister in cold frost and snow, to the infinite dishonour of the Almightie, the great griefe of their minds, and the dreadful indangering of themselves in that stormy time of the yeare; other times before, he came in to the church, whilst our minister was in his exhortation, and stood up beside him, reading with a loud voyce in a book to overtop the sound of his words; afterwards pulled him by the coate when hee was in the pulpit; but when neither of these would cause him to desist from duty, he goes and rings the bels all aloud: neither is this all, but out of malice cals a communion, and enters upon the sacred action without any preparation sermon before the day.

The Master George Lilburne, of whose mediatorship the parishioners availed themselves to get their grievances laid before the national Legislature—then in nowise inclined to listen favourably to them—was an influential member of the noted Lilburne family, who, as Mr. Surtees observes, were at one time, in effect, lords paramount of the borough and port of Sunderland. He and his brother, Major Thomas, were joint proprietors of Offerton, and the latter gentleman is said in his epitaph to have been "one of the instrumental persons in his Majesty's happy restoration." Master James, minister of Ryton, was the Rev. William James, A.M., Vicar of Merrington, and prebend of the twelfth stall. He died about the close of the year 1658, and was buried in Durham Cathedral on the 12th January, 1659. John Duery, or Dury, continued to hold the living till November, 1684, when he died, having, however, about a month previous, had a coadjutor named Smith admitted to do duty for him, he "being old and unable to serve," &c. Under the circumstances described in the terms

above-quoted, it was no wonder that the parishioners felt deeply aggrieved; "and it was perhaps owing," observes Surtees, "to the calmer temper of the people and the milder genius of the country, rather than to the lenience of the Government, that the same scenes were not acted there which soon after occurred in Scotland, when the Covenanters were hunted into the wilderness, and found consolation in anathematising their persecutors amidst woods and water and waterfalls."

As it was, Muggleswick Park was at this period the scene of several seditious meetings, which an ill-judged display of force might very easily have converted into dangerous armed assemblies, provided there had been a Cargill or a Cameron to inflame their godly zeal, or a Balfour of Burley to lead them forth to fight the battle of the Lord of Hosts. The "psalm-singing rascals" on the banks of the Derwent were few in number and devoid of influence; and the gentry in the neighbourhood were almost to a man against them. The Cavaliers formed armed associations, with a view to preserve the ascendency which they had just regained; and the malcontents did not feel themselves justified in offering open resistance to the new order of things. The actual state of matters may be inferred from the following affidavit, sworn to by John Ellerington, of Blanchland, in the county of Northumberland, before Thomas Fetherstone, Samuel Davison, Cuthbert Carr, and Richard Neile, justices of the peace, on the 22nd of March, 1662:—

This informant saith, That he hath known divers seditious meetings in Muggleswick Park within these last six months, sometimes at the house of one John Ward, who is one of their chief preachers, sometimes at the house of John Readshaw, Robert Blenkinsop, and Rowland Harrison, who were met together. The said John Ward, John Readshaw, Robert Blenkinsop, and Rowland Harrison, together with Capt. Doffen, Capt. George Gower, Robert Readshaw, son of the said John, Robert Taylor, Mark Taylor, both of Eddesbridge, John March, of the same, John Joplin, of the Fox-holes, John March, of Ridley-mill, Cuthbert Newton, of Flendsey, Richard Taylor, of Crankley, Henry Angus, Cuthbert Maugham, of Birchenfields, George Readshaw, of Edmondbyers, John Oliver, of the same, Lewis Frost, of South Sheales, Cuthbert Coatsworth and Michael Coatsworth, of the same, Richard Ord and John Ord, of Birchenhaugh, James Carr, of Ardley, Robert Dalmer, of Crawcrook, Rowland and Nicholas Harrison, sons of Rowland Harrison, abovesaid, John Hopper, of Carp-Sheals, Thomas Readshaw, of Paddomsack, Michael Ward, of Shotleyfield, Cuthbert Ward, of Black Hedley, Ralph Iley, of Edmundbyers, Richard Johnson, of Sunderland, and —— Forster, of the same; where they did mutually take an oath of secrecy not to discover their design, which was, to rise in rebellion against the present Government, and to destroy the present Parliament, which had made a law against liberty of conscience, and to murder all bishops, deans, and chapters, and all ministers of the Church, and to break all organs in pieces, to destroy the common prayer books, and to pull down all churches; and, further, to kill the gentry that should either oppose them, or not join with them in their design. That they intended first to fall upon Durham, to seize any magazine that might be there, or money in any treasurer's hands, and to plunder the town. They did boast of many thousands of Anabaptists and Independents that were to join with them in the nation, with whom they had daily correspondence, by letters and messengers, upon which employment the said informant hath been divers times sent to divers persons; and he heard them lately say that some Papists were lately come into their party, and they did not doubt of their real intention to join with them in their design. That they have already in their hands some provision of arms, and do expect great proportion both of arms and ammunition from Lewis Frost aforesaid, who hath undertaken to provide for them. And he further saith, that for divers months by-past it was resolved amongst them to rise on the 25th of this instant March, but they did lately agree to defer the execution of their design for a month longer, till they see what the Parliament would do concerning indulgence to tender consciences and toleration of their party, and withal by putting off their rising, they would be much stronger by many that would come to their party daily. And this informant saith that he knows to depose what he hath said, because he was one of their party, and was re-baptised by the abovesaid John Ward, and was with them at most of their meetings, and did take the abovesaid oath of secresy, but being pricked in his conscience at the horror of such a bloody design, he could have no rest nor quietness in his mind till he had discovered the same.

In a second information Ellerington accused several gentlemen of considerable rank as participators in this covert high treason. One of these was Sir Henry Witherington, who had been High Sheriff of Northumberland in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and again in that of James I., and had represented that county in Parliament under the latter monarch. Another was Edward Fenwick, of Stanton, Esq.; a third, Timothy Whittingham, Esq., of Holmside; and a fourth, Captain Lilburne, of Sunderland—the first two probably Roman Catholics, Whittingham a Presbyterian, and Lilburne an Independent. Whittingham and Lilburne were apprehended on Ellerington's information, and detained in custody three months; but there was not the slightest evidence to criminate them, and so they had to be liberated. Against Witherington and Fenwick there seems to have been even less suspicion, their hereditary adherence to the old faith rendering it unlikely that they would ever make common cause with the Roundheads in an endeavour to upset Charles the Second's Government and replace it by something to their mind far worse.

However, the plot caused so great a sensation that Bishop Cosin called out the trained bands of the palatinate under Sir Thomas Davison; and the principal gentry and their retainers embodied themselves in the different wards, under Sir Nicholas Cole of Brancepath, Colonel Cuthbert Carr of Dunston, Colonel Byerley, and Henry Lambton, Esq. But it proved, after all, to have been "much ado about nothing." For Ellerington was one of those informers who, finding their audience had itching ears, manufactured cock-and-bull stories to startle them. After minute inquiries, conducted by parties by no means disposed to extenuate the case, it turned out that the terrific array of mounted Anabaptists whom the informer alleged to have been seen mustering by night on Muggleswick Common was reduced to the re-appearance of one Joseph Hopper, who had taken a jaunt to Ireland, and had come home again on horseback!

Clifford, the Shepherd Lord.

AMONG the old and notable families sprung from the ducal house of Normandy, few possess greater claims to distinction than the Cliffords of Craven, not only on account of their vast estates and numerous seigneuries, but also from the remarkable personal characteristics of both the men and women of this ancient race. The stock was a sturdy one, and the name of Clifford brightens many an eventful episode in our national life. For centuries it has been identified with the remains of antiquity, and ancient seats and castles in Yorkshire and Cumberland, while tale and tradition lend a further and adventitious interest to the romantic history of this extraordinary family.

The Cliffords, as might be expected, took an active and prominent part in the Wars of the Roses. Thomas, the eighth Baron, was killed at the battle of St. Albans; his son John, surnamed "the Blackfaced Clifford," succeeded to the title and estates, and, though only twenty years of age, assumed his father's sword and harness, plunged at once into the fierce internecine struggle, and became one of the chief leaders of the Lancastrian Army. This John was the "cruel Clifford" who gained so unpleasant a notoriety by murdering the young Earl of Rutland (brother to Edward IV.), after the battle of Wakefield in 1460. Shakspeare has pourtrayed the scene in "Henry VI.," part iii., act 1, s. 3, and Grafton and Speed inform us that the young earl, being "scarce of the age of twelve years, was slain in fight by the hands of Lord Clifford in part for revenge, for the earl's father had slain his." Retribution soon followed this cruel act. The battle of Towton quickly succeeded that of Wakefield; the Lancastrians were totally routed, and the black faced baron was killed as he was fording the river Aire, "for, having put off his gorget a little before, either through pain or heat, he was shot in the throat by a headless arrow."

The triumph of the White Rose meant the utter ruin of the house of Clifford. The late baron was attainted, his lands were seized by the Crown and divided amongst the victorious faction, and so savage was the temper of the time that the very lives of his infant heirs would not have been deemed enough to atone for the blood of the murdered Rutland. The widowed Lady Clifford, in her anxiety to save her boys from the fury of Edward IV., and the Yorkists, sent the younger child abroad (where he soon died), and concealed her eldest son, Henry—the hero of our tale—in the house of a shepherd, near Londesbrough, where she then resided. Dugdale tells us that, "though he was brought up in no better condition than the shepherd's children, yet, as he grew to discretion, he cheerfully submitted thereto, as the only expedient for preservation of his life, supporting himself in hopes of better days in time." During this lawless and unsettled period, the life of a rich and unprotected woman was by no means a comfortable one, and Lady Clifford found it prudent to enter again into the married state. She became the wife of Sir Lancelot Threlkeld, a Cumberland gentleman, who had not compromised himself by taking any active part in the national struggle. If her re-marriage was prompted by the wish to secure a friend and a protector for the young child, who was barely seven years of age at the time of his father's death, she certainly attained her object; for, when she went to live on her husband's estates at Threlkeld, Sir Lancelot, a kind and generous man, aided her in secretly removing her son, with the shepherd, his wife and family, to a mountainous part of Cumberland. Wordsworth, with whom the legend of the Shepherd Lord is an especial favourite, takes this view of the subject. In "The Waggoner" he melodiously describes the place of retreat—

> There at Blencathra's rugged feet
> Sir Lancelot gave a safe retreat
> To noble Clifford; from annoy
> Concealed the persecuted boy,
> Well pleased in rustic garb to feed
> His flock, and pipe on shepherd's reed,
> Among the multitude of hills,
> Crags, woodlands, waterfalls, and rills.

Local tradition asserts that Lady Clifford sometimes privately visited her beloved child; but, be that as it may, we have ample evidence to prove that the young Lord Henry passed twenty-four years in this obscure condition, and any other account of his life at this time must be looked on as mythical, for the numerous popular stories are diverse and discordant. Wordsworth invests his tale with a world of poetic romance, and in "The White Doe of Rylstone," he speaks of the fairy who—

> Loved the shepherd earl to meet,
> And taught him signs and showed him sights,
> On Craven dens and Cumbrian heights,
> When under cloud of fear he lay,
> A shepherd clad in homely grey.

It is, however, an acknowledged historic fact that on the accession of Henry VII. the good services of the ancestors of this Henry Lord Clifford were called to remembrance, and he was restored to his estates and honours—the most charming part of the story being that his mother lived to see her son reinstated in his ancestral domains, and happily married to a near relative of the king. Lord Henry appears to have acquitted himself in his new position with dignity and discretion, and we are informed, in the "History of Cumberland," that, "though before this time he was not able to write anything at all, by reason of his obscurity and illiterate education, he now learned to write his name, and no more. When called to Parliament he behaved wisely and nobly, but otherwise seldom came to London or the Court, and rather delighted to live in the country, where he repaired several of his castles, which had gone to decay during the late troubles. He was about thirty-one years of age when he came to his estates, and he enjoyed the same about 37 years."

His life must have been a fairly active one, as he was twice entrusted with a military command in the wars against Scotland, and in 1514, though above sixty years of age, he was present at the battle of Flodden. According to Whitaker, he there showed that the military genius of his family had neither been dulled in him by age nor extinguished by habits of peace. He was also one of the lords who subscribed the letter to Pope Clement importuning him to ratify King Henry's divorce from Katharine of Aragon.

Although unable to read or write, he took a great interest in astronomy, and, being far from deficient in natural parts, with the aid and instruction of the canons of Bolton took great pleasure in observing the motions of the heavenly bodies. In order to be near his friends at Bolton Priory, he resided chiefly at Barden Tower, where he passed the evening of his days, requesting in his will that he should be buried in his beloved abbey.

M. S. HARDCASTLE.

The North-Country Garland of Song.

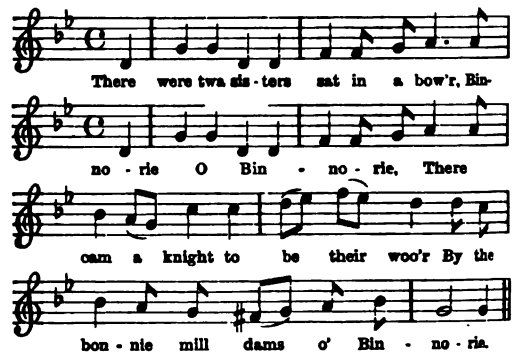
By John Stokoe.

BINNORIE; OR, THE CRUEL SISTER.

THE popularity of this ballad extends over a period of nearly 250 years, the earliest copy known being a broadside in the possession of Mr. Rimbault, entitled "The Miller's Melody," "printed for Francis Grove, 1656." It afterwards appeared in "Wit Restored," 1658, as "The Miller and the King's Daughter."

Mr. Jameson and Sir Walter Scott both designated this a parody. Prof. Child, of Boston, U.S., however, contends that it is not, although he admits that "two or three stanzas are ludicrous." He also states that the same story is to be found in the Icelandic, Norse, as well as in the Swedish and Danish languages, and a nearly related one in many other ballads or tales of Germany, Poland, Lithuania, &c. The professor's evidence is weighty in the matter, as his edition of English and Scotch Ballads, published in eight volumes in 1861, is the best collection yet published, and is specially valuable on account of containing nearly every British ballad or ballad version worthy of preservation.

There are two melodies to which the ballad has been sung, and the one we give is that which is used in the Reedsdale and Liddesdale districts. It was sent by James Telfer, of Saughtree, in 1857, to Mr. Robert White, of Newcastle. The other melody is also beautiful, and was sung by Mr. Sinclair in giving his Scottish ballad entertainments about fifty years ago. It may be necessary *euphonia gratia* to remark that the burden is pronounced Binnôrie, and not Binnôrie, as it was accented in a modern ballad some time ago.



He courted the eldest wi' glove and ring,
Binnorie O Binnorie,
But he lo'ed the youngest aboon a' thing,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

He courted the eldest wi' broach and knife,
Binnorie, &c.,
But he lo'ed the youngest aboon his life,
By the bonnie, &c.

The eldest she was vexed sair,
And sore envièd her sister fair.

The eldest said to the youngest ane:
"Will you go and see our father's ships come in?"

She's taen her by the lily hand,
And led her down to the river strand.

The youngest stude upon a stane;
The eldest cam' and pushed her in.

She took her by the middle sma',
And dashed her bonny back to the jaw.

"O sister, sister, reach your hand,
And you shall be heir of half my land."

"O sister, I'll not reach my hand,
And I'll be heir of all your land.

"Shame fa' the hand that I should take,
It's twinèd me and my world's make."

"O sister, reach me but your glove,
And my sweet William shall be your love."

"Sink on, nor hope for hand or glove,
And sweet William shall better be my love.

"Your cherry cheeks and your yellow hair
Garr'd me gang maiden evermair."

Sometimes she sank, and sometimes she swam
Until she cam to the miller's dam.

The miller's daughter was baking bread,
And gaed for water as she had need.

"O father, father, draw your dam,
There's either a mermaid or a milk-white swan."

The miller hasted and drew his dam,
And there he found a drown'd woman.

Ye couldna see her yellow hair
For gowd and pearls that were so rare.

Ye couldna see her middle sma';
Her gowden girdle was sae braw.

Ye couldna see her lily feet,
Her gowden fringes were sae deep.

A famous harper passing by,
The sweet pale face he chanced to spy.

And when he looked that ladye on,
He sighed and made a heavy moan.

"Sair will they be whate'er they be,
The hearts that live to weep for thee."

He made a harp o' her breast bane,
Whose sounds would melt a heart o' stane.

The strings he framed o' her yellow hair,
Whose notes made sad the listening ear.

He brought it to her father's ha',
There was the court assembled a'.

He laid the harp upon a stane,
And straight it began to play alane.

"O yonder sits my father the king,
And yonder sits my mother the queen;

"And yonder stands my brother Hugh,
And by him my William, sweet and true."

But the last tune that the harp played then
Was— "Woe to my sister, false Helen!"

North-Country Sailors and Pompey's Pillar.

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT, the well-known French author, has written in indignant terms of the manner in which "a man named Thompson, of Sunderland," has won immortality. Thompson, he says, got his name painted in letters six feet long on Pompey's Pillar at Alexandria. "And now," continues M. Flaubert, "Thompson's name is incorporated with the monument, perpetuated with it, nay, overwhelms it by the splendour of his gigantic letters." William Thompson, it seems, was the name of a brig which was owned by a Monkwearmouth baker. The brig was wrecked near Alexandria in 1845. Some of the crew, while waiting for a homeward bound ship, hauled a rope over Pompey's Pillar by means of a kite. This done, one of the crew, supposed to have been George Button, climbed up the rope and painted the name of the wrecked vessel, which was also the name of its owner, on the memorial of the great Pompey. But other North-Country sailors had made their mark on Pompey's Pillar before the crew of the William Thompson, for we are told that a visitor to Alexandria in 1830 found on the same monument the following inscription, written in black letters of enormous size:—"Henry Cram, Newcastle-on-Tyne, H.M.S. Glasgow, 1827."

Kepier Grammar School.

ENDOWED Grammar Schools of old foundations exist in almost all the principal towns of England and Scotland. One of the most famous of these in the North of England is that situated at Houghton-le-Spring, in the county of Durham, and founded in the year 1574, or a little earlier, by the learned, pious, and benevolent Bernard Gilpin, A.M., who was rector of the parish for about a quarter of a century, and acquitted himself of his pastoral duties so well, in the face of almost unparalleled difficulties, amongst a rude and barbarous people, as to justly earn the title by which he is still remembered—that of "the Apostle of the North." The Rev. C. S. Collingwood, in his memoirs of this excellent man, says:—"He had not been long in the parish ere, touched with the wise provision of the times, which saw in the better education of the rising generation, and especially in the provision of an educated clergy, the most profitable measures for advancing God's work, he set his heart on establishing a grammar school."

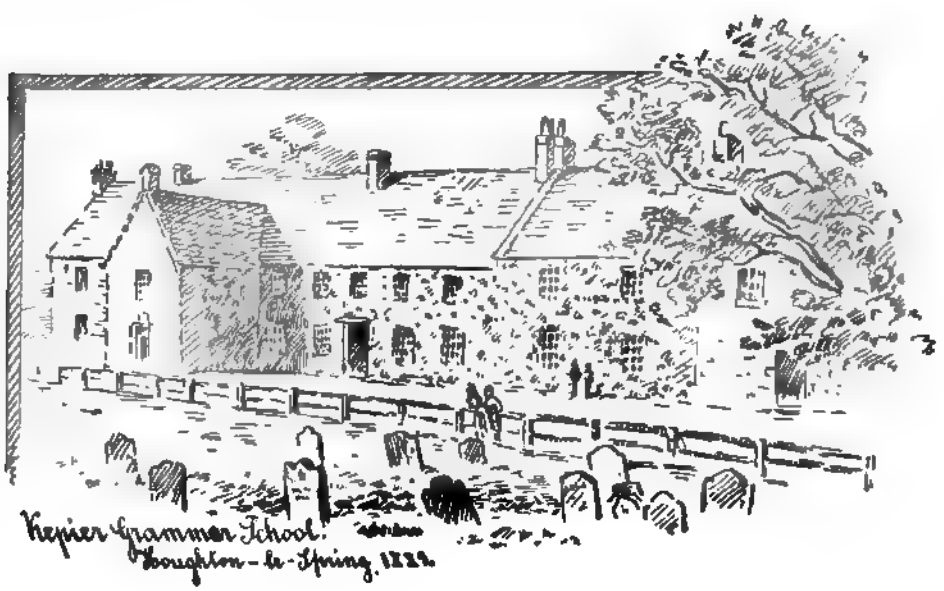
Letters-patent were obtained from Queen Elizabeth for the formal establishment of the school in 1574, but there is reason to believe that it had been opened and in operation some years previous to that date. It purported to be endowed by the Rev. Bernard Gilpin and John Heath, Esq., of Kepier, near Durham; and it got the title, "Kepier Grammar School," from the fact that the greater part of its endowments arose from tithes and lands which had belonged to the dissolved hospital of St. Giles's at Kepier. The building and endowment cost Gilpin about £400, a very considerable sum in those days, equal to between £3,000 and £4,000 now, and at least a year's income of his living; and it was only by rigid self-denial and strict economy that he was able to spare so much. And as this was not enough for the whole endowment, he had to turn for help to his friends in the neighbourhood, of whom the foremost to contribute liberally was "Maister John Heathe, Esquier," who had purchased the Kepier Hospital property a few years before, and who, being a man of large means and a great encourager of learning, gladly fell in with the rector's views, and gave of his abundance to further the good work. Others, besides,

contributed as they were able, so that at length the full endowment which Gilpin contemplated, about £50 per annum (something like £450 in our days), was secured. A detailed statement of the rents, revenues, and possessions of the school will be found in Surtees's "History of Durham," as well as in Parson and White's Directory.

The school premises are situated at the top of the parish churchyard, which was for a long time the only playground the boys had, but which is now railed off and kept in decent order, while that indispensable appendage to every school—a spacious open place for out-of-door recreation—has been wisely provided.

Attached to the school are six foundation scholarships, which can be held by boys from any part of the kingdom. An exhibition of £25 per annum, tenable for four years at Oxford, Cambridge, or Durham University, has been added to the foundation, mainly by the efforts of the old pupils. The appointments are in the hands of the governors, who at present are Richard Lawrence Pemberton, Esq., and the Right Hon. Lord Henry Vane Tempest. The head-master is the Rev. Alexander Bennett, B.A.

A number of distinguished men have been educated here. We can name only a few. One was Bernard Gilpin's own pet protegée, Hugh Broughton, who was confessedly the most profound Semitic scholar of his day, and whose principal works were collected and published after his death by the learned Dr. Lightfoot, with the following curious title:—"The Works of the Great Albonian Divine, renowned in many nations for rare skill in Salem's and Athens's Tongues, and familiar acquaintance with all Rabbinical Learning, Mr. Hugh Broughton," folio, 1662. Another, who likewise had the advantage of personal instruction by the founder of the school in his own study, was Dr. George Carleton, Bishop of Chichester, the biographer of the good man. Then there was Richard Gilpin, Bernard's great-nephew, the author of the "Demonologia," of whom it was said that "there was scarcely anything that accomplished a man, a scholar, a physician, or a divine, but he possessed it in great perfection, going about as he did doing good both to the souls and the bodies of men." There was also William Romaine, the popular Calvinist preacher, the Spurgeon of his day; Robert Surtees, the historian of Durham; Samuel Laing, who commenced public life as private secretary to Mr. Labouchere (afterwards Lord Taunton), then President of the Board of Trade, who went out to India in 1860 to replace Mr. James Wilson as Finance Minister, and who is now chairman of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company; Admiral Sir George Elliot, G.C.B., who represented Roxburghshire in the first reformed Parliament, and commanded the British naval forces before Canton in one of our Chinese wars; Sir James Hope Grant, G.C.B., one of the heroes who were instrumental in saving India during the mutiny of 1857-8; Mr. T. E. Harrison, late engineer-in-chief of the North-Eastern Railway; his brother, the Rev. William G. Harrison, rector of Easington; Mr. Jackson, editor of the "Memoirs of the Gilpin Family"; George Francis Walker, Senior Wrangler at Cambridge in 1879, whose untimely end by drowning in 1883, when he had recently arrived at Auckland, New Zealand, as Professor of Mathematics, "is," says Mr. Collingwood, "fresh in the memory of all"; Archdeacon Gray, of Hong Kong; and the Rev. Canon Chester, Rector of Ryton.



Cross House, Westgate Road, Newcastle.

CROSS HOUSE stands at the eastern end of a wedge-shaped block of buildings that divides the thoroughfare of Westgate Road at its widest part into two branches; one, bearing the name of the main street, runs a straight course over the hills to Benwell; the other, with the appellation of Fenkle Street, gives access to Charlotte Square and the Friars. The date of erection does not appear. Speed's map, published in 1610, shows buildings upon the same spot; Corbridge's map, issued in 1724 (reprinted by the forethought of the Rev. J. R. Boyle, F.S.A.), clearly indicates a house of the same area. We may, therefore, fairly assume that Cross House was the habitable mansion of some well-to-do Newcastle citizen when the eighteenth century came in.

From the surroundings of the place there is no difficulty in supposing that Cross House was a very comfortable and very pleasant residence. The prospect down the wide thoroughfare of Westgate Street was of itself sufficiently picturesque. On the right were the lofty dwellings occupied by some of the best families in Newcastle; on the left the Vicarage and St. John's Church; in the centre the Vicar's Pump; with all the changing accessories of locomotion—callers in carriages and callers in chairs, travellers on horseback and travellers on foot—which such juxtaposition of fashionable dwellings and popular resorts naturally created. From the upper windows the view must have been charming. The Forth with its leafy avenues and fragrant flower plots, although close at hand, might not be visible through the cramped alley called Forth Lane; but to the north and east were orchards, closes, and well kept gardens stretching down from the Bigg Market to encircle the picturesque old Vicarage, and the evergreen churchyard of St. John; while over Pudding Chare rose the glittering pinnacles of St. Nicholas', and over Denton Chare, possibly, the bright acclivities of suburban Gateshead.

Cross House sometimes bore the name of Westgate House, but neither by the one nor the other appellative is any notice taken of it by local annalists and historians. Who was its first, and who were its successive, occupants we know not. It has, however, been ascertained that during much of his bachelor life in Newcastle, and for some time after he married, the old house was occupied by Ralph Carr, of Dunston Hill, founder of "The Old Bank" in Newcastle. (See Mr. Welford's sketch of Ralph Carr, p. 355.) He brought his wife there as a bride in 1758, and nine years later—in February, 1767, he is found writing to her from London, and mingling with a graphic account of the sights he had seen in the great metropolis an aspiration for the old place and the young folks at home:—"Yet, I assure thee," he writes, "I should have had far more pleasure in examining John's and Annabella's collections at Cross House." In our own time the mansion was for many years occupied by the Rev. Henry Wildey Wright, incumbent of St. John's, and then it became commonly spoken of as St. John's Vicarage. But when about the year 1870 Mr. Wright removed to Charlotte Square, and the house was devoted to commercial uses, the old name

was retained, and as Cross House it continues to be known.

Our sketch of Cross House is copied, by permission of Mr. Cuthbert E. Carr, of Dunston Hill, a descendant of the former occupant, from a pen and ink drawing by Mr. W. H. Knowles.

Notes and Commentaries.

ALDERMAN THOMAS FORSTER.

It is stated in the interesting article on "The Streets of Newcastle," in the June part of the *Monthly Chronicle* (page 273), that along with other worthy natives of Newcastle the late Alderman Thomas Forster received his education at the old parish schools of St. Andrew's, in Percy Street. If so, he must have had a dual training, as he was a senior scholar on Dame Allan's Foundation when I also first donned the livery and became a "Yellow Yowley," about the year 1838. An acquaintance, not to say friendship, began then with the worthy alderman, continued through our riper years, and was only severed by my removal from "the canny toon."

JOHN STOKOE, South Shields.

NEWCASTLE PANTS.

In the interesting series of articles upon "The Streets of Newcastle," the allusion to the pant shown in the engraving on page 312 is misleading. The pant in question was a free pant, not a "farden pant." The latter pants were the property of the local Water Company, and were supplied from its mains. The pant at the Head of the Side was supplied from the Corporation reservoir on the Town Moor. The other free pants I remember above fifty years ago were the following:—The Fighting Cocks Pant in the Bigg Market, the Newgate Street Pant, the Black Horse Pant in High Friar Street, the Darn Crook Pant, and the Vicar's Pump in Westgate Street. There were others, but I did not know them.

JAYESS.

MRS. BARRETT BROWNING.

The Rev. Canon Burnet, Vicar of Kelloe, kindly corrects some errors in the article on "Mrs. Browning's Birthplace," which appears on page 303 of the present volume of the *Monthly Chronicle*. Mr. Burnet's communication is so interesting, apart from the corrections it contains, that we are pleased to find space for it here:—

I find that you give the family surname as "Mouldron Barrett." This is a mistake. The proper name is that found in the Kelloe register, viz., Moulton-Barrett. This is still used by Mr. Moulton-Barrett, of Westover Park, Isle of Wight. The full name of the poetess previous to her marriage was Elizabath Barrett Moulton-Barrett.

Kelloe Church cannot, in my opinion, be fairly described as "a barn-like structure." Moreover, the country in the neighbourhood is pretty, and, before the woods were so extensively cut down, must have been beautiful. The church is the mother church of what was once a very large parish. It is an exceedingly ancient building, and is in many respects interesting. The style of the original fabric was Norman, some traces of which remain. The tower, which is a sturdy square structure, contains at least one bell which dates from pre-Reformation times. The church is dedicated to St. Helen, the mother of the Emperor Constantine; and in the chancel is St. Helen's Cross, one of the most interesting relics of antiquity to be found in the county. The stone is covered with carvings representing the "Invention" or discovery of the "True Cross" by the Emperor's mother. A paper on the subject of this cross has lately been read before the London Society of Antiquaries by the Rev. J. T. Fowler, of Durham.

The older registers of Kelloe are in a very fair condition, the christenings, marriages, and burials, as was usual at the time, being entered in the same book, with the clergyman's name added at the bottom of each page. The incumbent of Kelloe is vicar, not rector. The rectory is held by Sherburn Hospital.

Mr. Moulton-Barrett informed me that his sister, Elizabeth Barrett, was privately baptised at Coxhoe Hall, but he did not say that the sacred rite was performed by the Rev. George Stephenson. From the entry in the parish register, she was evidently "received into the congregation" when her brother, Edward Barrett Moulton-Barrett, was baptized in the church.

Mrs. Browning's father, Edward Barrett Moulton-Barrett, was a native of St. James's, Jamaica, not of St. Thomas's, as you have put it.

The Rev. George Stephenson, a well-known clergyman at Sunderland in the earlier part of this century, was vicar of Kelloe from 1807 to 1814. He was a "pluralist," as he held likewise the rectory of Redmarshall and the incumbency of St. Thomas's, Bishopwearmouth. I rather think, however, that he resigned Kelloe when he entered upon Redmarshall. But he held both Redmarshall and St. Thomas's up to the time of his death.

You state that the Earl of Seaforth married Mary Kennet. I may inform you that I have discovered the register of this marriage at Kelloe. It took place on March 1st, 1714. The register is as follows:—"1714, March 1st, William Earl of Seaforth to Mary Kennet," and is signed by William Thompson, vicar.

W. R. BURNET.

It might be interesting to mention that the original name of Mrs. Browning's father was Moulton, to which he added that of Barrett on succeeding to some property.

EDITOR.

CALALY CASTLE.

"*Suum cuique.*"

In the *Monthly Chronicle*, July, 1889, p. 296, it is alleged that I "transferred" the legend of Calaly Castle, which I contributed in 1846 to Richardson's "Table Book, Legendary Division," ii., p. 109, from the pages of Bell's "Rhymes of the Northern Bards." One has only to compare my version with the brief relation, in two sentences, given in the "Rhymes," p. 199, to perceive that they are from entirely different sources. When I wrote the notice for the "Table Book," I was not aware that the rhyme which it was my chief object to have preserved had appeared in a printed form. I took it down from the recital of an aged Northumbrian friend in Gateshead, who knew nothing about local literature; and from the incidents picked up from him, I drew out the paragraph. It was only a short time ago that I met with Bell's "Rhymes," &c., and transcribed into my common place book its version of the tradition.

Since the "Table Book" period, I have been amused to see my narrative doing varied service. G. B. Richardson, in his "Guide to the Newcastle and Berwick Railway," p. 12, quietly adopts the passage: "The process of dismemberment went on progressively, yet still as the footsteps of night, till the whole rows of masonry were reduced to a ruinous heap." The writer in the *Monthly Chronicle* is indebted to the "Table Book" for almost every particular of the legend. "Suddenly a strange commotion and stir were seen to have commenced among the closely compacted materials; each particular stone, one by one, rose gradually up on its end, toppled over, and fell noiselessly to the earth," is almost verbatim my imaginary description of what might have happened on this mysterious manifestation of supernatural agency. Mr. M. A. Denham, in his "Popular Rhymes, etc., relating to Northumberland,' borrowed his illustration of the saying with scarcely an alteration, and without any acknowledgment, from the "Table Book" paper.

Mr. Tomlinson's account, "Guide to Northumberland," pp. 356-7, is derived, but re-told afresh, from an address by Mr. Milne Home in 1861 to the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club (Proceedings, vol. iv., pp. 224-5), and is from the pen of Mr. George Tate, of Alnwick, my predecessor in office as secretary to the club.

There are a few different renderings of the Rhyme. That from Bell's "Northern Bards" (1812), with its comment, I give entire to compare with that in the *Monthly Chronicle*, which is a recast of my own:—

At Calaly, the seat of the Claverings, tradition reports that, while the workmen were engaged in erecting the castle upon a hill, a little distance from the site of the present edifice, they were surprised every morning to find their former day's work destroyed, and the whole impeded by supernatural obstacles, which causing them to watch, they heard a voice saying:—

> Calaly Castle stands on a height;
> It's up in the day, and down at night;
> Build it down on the Shepherd's Shaw,
> There it will stand and never fa'.

Upon which the building was transferred to the place mentioned, where it now stands (p. 199).

> Calaly Castle stands on a height,
> Up in the day, and down in the night;
> Set it up on the Shepherd's Shaw,
> There it will stand and never fa'.

J. Hardy, in Richardson's "Table-Book," Leg. Div. ii., p. 109 (1846). M. A. Denham's "Popular Rhymes," &c. (privately published), 1858.

The first line, as I learned afterwards, varies to—

> Calaly Ha' stands up on a height.

> Calaly Castle built on the height,
> Up in the day and down in the night,
> Builded down in the Shepherd's Shaw,
> It shall stand for aye and never fa'.

George Tate, Proc. Ber. Nat. Club, iv., p. 225 (1861); W. W. Tomlinson's "Guide," p. 357 (1888).

> Calaly Castle stands on a height,
> Up i' the day an' doon i' the night;
> If ye build it on the Shepherd's Shaw,
> There it'll stand and never fa'.

D. D. Dixon's "Vale of Whittingham," p. 32 (1887).

James Hardy, Oldcambus, N.B.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

A PATHETIC APPEAL.

A miner was working hard to get his piece of work done before his "marra" arrived. When the putter came for his full tub, the pony happened to fall down, and all the pulling and hauling of the lad failed to get the animal to rise. Then the miner came to try what he could do. When fairly exhausted, he exclaimed to the pony, in the most piteous tones, "Oh, hinny, get up! thoo's stopping me for getting ma end off!"

THE ROAD TO EARSDON SQUARE.

Some years since, on a Sunday afternoon, a Wesleyan local preacher inquired of a pitman, standing at a roadside corner, the way to Earsdon Square. The man had evidently been indulging a little at the public-house, and was disposed to cultivate a conversation; for, instead of directing the inquirer, he replied, "Aa warren thoo's gan to preach thor?" The modest answer was, "I am going to try," to which the pitman thus responded, "Thoo's a bonny man te show the foaks the way te heaven, an dissent knaa the road te Yorsdon Square!"

CARDS AND TICKETS.

Three ladies (a mother and two daughters, one of the latter a very young girl) were making a fashionable call on a friend in Newcastle. The mother and the elder daughter presented their cards to the servant girl, who was fresh from the country, and requested her to give them to her mistress. Leaving the visitors in the hall, the girl, holding out the two cards between her fingers, went to her mistress, exclaiming in a suspicious tone, "Please, ma'am, thor's three ladies wiv oney twe tickets. Must aa let 'em aall coom in?"

DATE OF A BIRTHDAY.

At a medical examination of the boys employed in one of the chemical works on the Tyne, the doctor asked one of the lads how old he was. He replied that he did not know; upon which the doctor requested him to apply to his mother for the date of his birth. On his return from dinner, the boy said that "his mother didn't exactly knaa when he was born," but he had to tell the doctor that he "wes born that windy neet when the flood weshed away aa'd Tommy Burdis's coos!"

WHAT A FIZ!

Some years ago, a Shields collier was caught in a gale of wind off the North-East Coast; and when nothing but foundering seemed inevitable, the captain called the crew into the cabin to prayers. Now, the captain was fond of his grog, the consequence of which was that he had a very red nose. While engaged at prayers, the cabin boy kept sniggering and laughing to himself. On being questioned by the mate afterwards why he laughed on such a serious occasion, the lad replied, "Aa cuddent help thinking, if the ship went doon, whaat a fiz the maister's nose wad myek!"

North-Country Obituaries.

On the 11th of June, Mr. Herbert Davy, for nearly thirty-five years vice-consul of the United States of America, and a member of the firm of Harvey and Davy, tobacco manufacturers, died at his residence, Old Burdon Place, Newcastle. The widow of the deceased gentleman, Mrs. E. M. Davy, who is a well-known authoress, has been a frequent contributor to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*.

The death was announced, on the 12th of June, at the age of 68 years, of Mr. John Hull, who, upwards of thirty years ago, had built and established the steam flour-mill of Burn Mill, Willington, in the county of Durham.

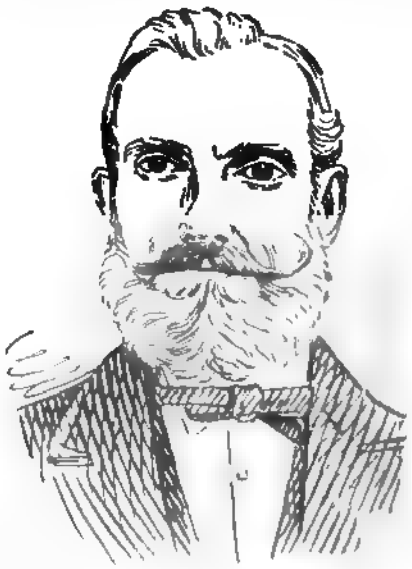
Mr. Alderman Benjamin Plummer, J.P., who for nearly thirty-six years had been connected with the Newcastle

Mr. Alderman Plummer.

Council, died on the 12th of June. In the municipal year 1861-62, he occupied the office of Sheriff. He had also, for many years, been a member of the River Tyne Commission, and he was, at the time of his death, chairman of the Newcastle and Gateshead Water Company. The deceased gentleman was in the 73rd year of his age. Our portrait is copied from a photograph by Mr. James Bacon, Northumberland Street, Newcastle.

On the same day, died Mr. James Sproat, a somewhat noted character at Morpeth. Having learned the twin crafts of shaving and cutlery, he travelled with his grinding-wheel all over England, as well as a great part of Scotland and Ireland. He also proceeded through France, and portions of Spain and Switzerland. As cook and steward of a sailing vessel, he went to Pernambuco, and tried life in Brazil, and after that he roughed it, in the early days of Australian colonisation, at Brisbane. Mr. Sproat, who was a noted bell-ringer, ultimately settled down as landlord of the Crispin Inn, Morpeth.

Mr. J. K. Smith, bellhanger, died on the 12th of June, at his residence, Temperance Row, Shieldfield, Newcastle. The deceased, who was 54 years of age, was a native of Orkney, but had lived in Newcastle almost since his infancy. As a writer of local songs, he showed his versatility in the composition of pieces for Chater's comic publications, "Ward's Almanac," and the *Weekly Chronicle*. Besides this, he was the writer of a prize song on the Gateshead



Mr. J. K. Smith.

Working Men's Club, and the author of a prize essay on working men's clubs. Mr. Smith's portrait is copied from a photograph by Messrs. A. and G. Taylor, St. Nicholas' Buildings, Newcastle.

On the 13th of June, the death was announced of Mr. Richard Robinson, superintendent of the London and Windsor Division of the Great Western Waggon and Carriage Department. The deceased was a native of Hartley, near Tynemouth, in Northumberland, and was 70 years of age.

On the same day, at the age of 92, died at Cherryburn, Northumberland, Elizabeth, widow of Ralph Bewick, nephew of Thomas Bewick, the famous wood-engraver. Thomas Bewick had two brothers, John and William. The former was an engraver, and died unmarried; the latter carried on the farm at Cherryburn and the landsale colliery at Mickley, and had a family of six sons and two daughters. Of these six sons, Ralph, the husband of the lady who died as above stated, was the only one who married. The *Monthly Chronicle* for 1888 contains biographies of Thomas and John Bewick, with portraits of both, together with views of Cherryburn, Bewick's workshop, and Ovingham Churchyard.

Mr. Christopher W. Knowles died on the 15th of June, in Diana Street, Newcastle. Deceased, who was in his 57th year, was well known in the theatrical and professional circles of Tyneside, and was for a long time a member of the "Black House" company of amateurs.

The death was announced, on the 19th of June, of Mr. George Little, a well-known cattle-salesman of Haltwhistle. He was about 67 years old.

The death was announced, on June 21, of Miss Louisa

Bird, for many years the chief wardrobe keeper and costumiere at the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle.

Mr. John Braithwaite, who was many years landlord of the Queen's Head Hotel, Morpeth, died on June 25th, at Alnwick. Mr. Braithwaite, when a young man, served as guard on a coach which ran from Newcastle to Edinburgh along the Great North Road. Subsequently, he was transferred to the mail coach service, and once had as a passenger Sir Walter Scott, of whom he retained a vivid recollection. At the time of his death Mr. Braithwaite was nearly ninety years of age.

On the morning of June 26th, Mr. Robert Eichholtz for some years German Consul in Newcastle, was found dead in bed at his lodgings in East Parade, with a bullet wound in his right temple and a revolver in his hand. Deceased, who was about 70 years of age, was a native of Dantzic, but came to England at an early age. Commercial troubles were said to be the cause of the suicide.

On the 30th June, died Mr. Thomas Fordyce, of Newcastle, aged 79. Until within recent years the deceased gentleman held a prominent position in connection with local typography, and a number of important works issued from his office in Dean Street. His claim to remembrance by Novocastrians rests mainly upon the publication of the well-known "Local Records." Mr. Fordyce was both compiler and printer of this work, which was a continuation of Mr. John Sykes's useful publication.

The Rev. Henry E. Hartley, of Wyke Vicarage, near Bradford, who had been for a short time the guest of the Rev. William Sisson, vicar of Slaley, died suddenly on June 30th, while on his way to church.

The death took place, on the 7th July, at Westoe, of Mr. Henry Augustine Yorke, one of the proprietors of the *Shields Daily News*. He was 72 years of age.

On the same day, Mr. Robert Witherspoon, who was in Paris during the siege, died at Chester-le-Street, at the age of 66 years. Mr. Witherspoon erected a large building in Chester-le-Street, which he called New Jerusalem; and in this building he carried on his business as a confectioner, lectured on temperance, and promulgated his peculiar religious views.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

JUNE.

10.—It was announced that the will of Mr. Archibald Singers, late of Carlton Villa, Jesmond Road, Newcastle, wine merchant and vinegar manufacturer, had been sworn at £148,877 14s.

—The arbitration was opened at the Law Courts, London, in a long-pending dispute as to turf matters between Sir George Chetwynd and the Earl of Durham, the referees being the Hon. James Lowther, the Earl of March, and Prince Soltykoff. The arbitrators, whose decision was announced on the 29th, awarded Sir George Chetwynd a farthing damages, and directed each party to pay his own costs, as well as one-half the costs of the reference.

11.—It was stated that Miss Mary Eason, of Ladbroke Gardens, Notting Hill, London, who died on the 15th of May, had devised her land and premises at Park Gate, Darlington, to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, for the purpose of erecting a church thereon. The personal estate of the deceased lady was sworn to exceed £113,000.

—There were great festivities and rejoicings at Bothal Castle, Northumberland, one of the estates of the Duke of Portland, on the occasion of the marriage of his Grace to Miss Dallas-Yorke.

12.—Messrs. Proudfoot and Howe, contractors, completed the filling up of the gap caused by the recent subsidence of ground at Swalwell. The operations conclusively proved that the place had been formerly a pit shaft. (See *ante* page 332.)

13.—A meeting was held for the distribution of the proceeds of the Newcastle Hospital Fund, the sum available, with a former surplus, being £4,156 9s. 11d.; and it was resolved that the Infirmary should receive a gift of £300, on the principle of £100 for every £1,000 collected.

14.—At a meeting of the representative shipowners of the North-East Coast ports, it was decided that steps be taken among the shipowners of the United Kingdom to form an association for mutual aid and defence in dealing with the demands put forth from time to time by the Seamen and Firemen's Union.

—It was found, as the result of a vote by ballot, that 513 were for an amended sliding scale and 1,566 against any scale whatever in connection with the Cleveland Miners' Association.

—An announcement appeared in the *London Gazette*, to the effect that the Queen had given permission to William Henry Armstrong Fitzpatrick Watson, grandson of the late Baron Watson, and of Ann his wife, only daughter of William Armstrong, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, some time Mayor of that city, and sister of William George, Baron Armstrong, of Cragside, to take and henceforth use the surname of Armstrong in addition to and after that of Watson. On the following day, Mr. Watson-Armstrong was married to Miss Winifreda Adye, eldest daughter of General Sir John Adye, G.C.B., R.A. The ceremony was performed at St. Saviour's Church, St. George's Square, London.

—It transpired, as the result of a house-to-house census instituted by the School Board, that the total population of Newcastle was 170,152.

16.—A large gathering of Methodists assembled at Saugh House, Cambo, Northumberland, to celebrate the 107th anniversary of the visit of John Wesley, who preached under an old thorn tree at that place on the 17th of June, 1782.

17.—The second batch of twenty-one street Arabs went for a fortnight into camping quarters on the Links near Hartley.

18.—Dr. Robert Howden, Demonstrator of Anatomy in the University of Edinburgh, was appointed Lecturer on Anatomy in the University of Durham College of Medicine, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

—Mr. W. H. Smith, First Lord of the Treasury, in the House of Commons, announced the names of the gentlemen composing the Royal Commission on Mining Royalties, the North of England being represented by Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P. (who had introduced the question), Mr. Nicholas Wood, M.P., Mr. David Dale, and Mr. George Baker Forster.

—Bishop Sandford re-opened Holy Trinity Church, South Hetton, which had been enlarged by the addition of a chancel, organ chamber, and vestry.

—It was announced that a cinerary urn, containing ashes mixed with human bones, and a smaller urn, known as a food vessel, had been found by Lord Armstrong's workmen while trenching on the slopes of the Simonside Hills, near Great Tosson.

19.—The polling for a representative in the Newcastle City Council for Elswick East Ward, to fill the vacancy caused by the retirement of Mr. William Milburn Henzell, took place in the Masonic Hall, Maple Street, and resulted in the return of Dr. Henry Evers, teacher of science, who received 364 votes, against 233 recorded for Mr. John Hall, who had come out as the nominee of the Newcastle Labour Association.

—The annual demonstration of the Cleveland Ironstone Miners' Association was held at Saltburn, and was attended by 3,000 people, the chair being occupied by Mr. Joseph Toyn.

20.—This morning, a distressing suicide was committed at Durham. A young woman, named Mary Kellett, aged 18, threw herself into the Wear from the Prebend's Bridge in that city.

—The newspapers intimated that the men connected with the Northumberland Miners' Association had, by large majorities, decided to accept the offer of 5 per cent. advance in wages made by the owners of collieries.

21.—It was announced that the probate of the will of the Rev. Scott Frederick Surtees, of Dinsdale-on-Tees, who died at Bristol on May 1st, had been granted to the executors, his brothers, the Rev. Richard Surtees, of Holtby Rectory, Yorkshire, and Mr. A. W. Surtees, solicitor, London. The testator left to the Mayor and Corporation of Darlington all his historical works and books (excepting Surtees's "Durham") to be added to and to form part of the Darlington Free Library. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1888, pp. 32, 527.)

—The inscription on the old bridge at Sandyford, Newcastle, was recut under the direction of the Memorial Tablet Society. The new inscription, "Lambert's Leap, 1759," is now conspicuous to all who pass across the bridge where the well-known leap was taken 130 years ago. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. i., p. 16.)

—Mr. William Wilson, a member of Newcastle Town Council, was elected to the aldermanic bench in the room of the late Mr. Alderman Plummer.

22.—Volunteer camps were opened at Morpeth, Newbiggin, South Shields, and Whitley.

—A drinking fountain, which had been erected at the corner of Clayton Park Road, Newcastle, was formally presented to the town by Dr. Whyloch, of Folkestone, in the name of his aunt, Miss Colvill. A marble tablet contains the following inscription:—"This fountain was presented to the city of Newcastle by Miss Caroline Sophia Russell Colvill, in loving remembrance of her brother, the late Edwin Dodd Colvill, who was for upwards of sixty years well and honourably known in Newcastle. W. D. Stephens, Esquire, Mayor, 1888. 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my friends, ye did it unto me.' Matt. xxv., ver. 40."

—The Northumberland miners held their gala on Blyth Links. The day was beautifully fine, and there was a large attendance of miners, their wives and children, from the various collieries. Mr. John Nixon, president of the Miners' Association, presided. The other speakers were Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P., Mr. Henry George (author of "Progress and Proverty"), Mr. Charles Fenwick, M.P., and Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, M.P.

—The series of fortnightly demonstrations which had been held in East Durham in connection with the sliding scale and wages questions was brought to a conclusion, when a mass meeting was held at Houghton-le-Spring, from 14,000 to 15,000 men being represented. A resolution was passed declaring that the prosperous state of trade warranted the miners in pressing their demand for a 20 per cent. advance.

23.—The Tyne Steam Shipping Company's steamer Royal Dane, on her passage to London, with 330 passengers, broke the fore web of her crank shaft, and had to take assistance into the Thames.

24.—A party of members of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries commenced a week's tour in South-East Yorkshire.

25.—A fatal accident occurred at Gilsland to William Ayton, aged 19 years, who fell from a cliff near the Spa, a height of 45 feet. Deceased was employed at Messrs. Swan's Electric Light Works, London, but had been spending a few days with his mother at New Benwell. He and his brother had gone to Gilsland with an excursion party.

—The new harbour at North Sunderland, which had been built at a cost of £25,000 by the trustees of the Crewe Charity, was opened, the occasion being marked as a general holiday.

—The torpedo catcher Planet, built by Palmer's Shipbuilding and Iron Company for the Austro-Hungarian Government, was launched at Jarrow.

—The eighth annual Temperance Festival was commenced on the Newcastle Town Moor in brilliant weather. Crowds of holiday-makers wended their way to the Moor on this and the two following days. The sports provided for the patrons were highly appreciated, while the showmen and roundabout proprietors did a thriving business. It was computed that between 100,000 and 150,000 persons were present on the second day. The festival was considered the most successful yet held.

—Newcastle Races commenced at High Gosforth Park. The event of the meeting, the Northumberland Plate, which was contested for on the second day (Wednesday, June 26), was won by Drizzle, the property of the Earl of Durham.

—After an absence of two years, Lord Hastings visited Seaton Delaval Hall. He received a warm welcome from the villagers and others, the Seaton Delaval brass band being in attendance.

28.—Between two and three thousand members of the Amalgamated Sailors' and Firemen's Union of Great Britain and Ireland held a demonstration on the Town Moor, Newcastle, and adopted a number of resolutions.

—The annual inspection of the 1st Newcastle Artillery Volunteers took place on Newbiggin Moor. The Tyneside Infantry Volunteers, who formed the Brigade Camp at Morpeth, were inspected on the same day by General Stevenson, commanding the Northern District.

29.—The members of the 1st Newcastle and 1st Durham Engineer Volunteer corps were inspected at their respective camping grounds.

—The artistic and literary friends of Mr. Joseph Skipsey, the pitman poet, met in the Liberal Club, Pilgrim Street, Newcastle, to congratulate him on his appointment as custodian of Shakspeare's house at Stratford-on-Avon.

—Mr. Jacob Wilson, honorary director of the Royal Agricultural Show, which was this year held at Windsor,

received the honour of knighthood. The new knight is one of the best known and most popular agriculturists in the country, and nowhere is he more respected than in the county of Northumberland, where he has so long lived. He was born at Crackenthorpe Hall, on November 16, 1836, and in 1864 entered as a student at the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester. After leaving college, he set himself earnestly to work under his father, who was the tenant of the large farm of Woodhorn Manor, near Newbiggin-by-the-Sea, Northumberland. In 1858 Mr. Wilson obtained the first agricultural diploma that the Highland Society had ever awarded. On his marriage in 1874 to a daughter of Mr. Alderman Hedley, of Newcastle, he was presented with silver plate to the value of £500 in recognition of his invaluable services to

SIR JACOB WILSON.

the Northumberland Agricultural Society. His connection with the Royal Agricultural Society dates from 1863, when he acted with Mr. Clare Sewell Read as a judge of steam ploughs at Worcester. On the retirement of Sir Brandreth Gibbs from the office of director of the Royal Shows, Mr. Wilson was elected his successor. He has taken part in many other public matters, the most notable being the work of the Royal Commission on Agricultural Depression. On December 8, 1884, Mr. Wilson was entertained at a dinner at Willis's Rooms, London, and presented with an old silver soup tureen and 3,000 guineas from the agriculturists of great Britain.

—A complimentary dinner was given to Mr. Thomas Lawson, a Newcastle journalist, on his appointment to the committee clerkship of the Newcastle Corporation.

30.—The railway servants on the Northern section of the North-Eastern Railway had a procession through the streets of Newcastle and a mass meeting on the Town Moor. The gathering was held in support of a proposed reduction in the hours of labour and of increased pay for Sunday work.

JULY.

1.—A town's meeting, called by the Mayor, was held in the Assembly Hall, Sunderland, to consider the question of Sunday music in the park. There was a large attendance, including ministers of all denominations. A resolution in favour of the stand in the park being opened for the use of a band on Sundays was put to the meeting and lost.

2.—The new church of St. Ignatius the Martyr, erected in Suffolk Street, Hendon, Sunderland, the gift of the Bishop of Durham, was consecrated by his lordship himself, in the presence of a very large congregation.

—On the occasion of the marriage, at Berne, Switzerland, of Colonel David Milne Home, of Wedderburn and Paxton, Berwickshire, to a daughter of Major Ellis, 60th Rifles, the joy bells in Berwick Town Hall were rung.

—The Royal Humane Society's bronze medal and certificate were presented to Charles Todd, of Cox Green, in the Band Hill School, Shiney Row, by Mr. F. Stobart, J.P., before a large gathering of the general public.

3.—The Midsummer Quarter Sessions for the city and county of Newcastle-on-Tyne were commenced, before Mr. Digby Seymour, Recorder. Samuel Robert Hannay, for embezzling the sum of £85 belonging to the Newcastle Corporation, was sent to prison for six months.

—A shocking accident occurred at Newcastle Quay, by which two boys, named William McMullen and Thomas Storey Daggett, lost their lives. The youths were climbing over some packing cases at the Swedish Wharf, when one of the boxes overturned and fell upon them. McMullen was killed on the spot, and Daggett died the next morning at the Newcastle Infirmary.

4.—At the Northumberland Sessions, held at the Moot Hall, Newcastle, Mr. C. L. Bell and Mr. H. Liddell took the oaths and qualified as justices of the peace.

5.—Attention was called to the fact that the inscription on the monument to Captain Cook, the celebrated navigator, was gradually being obliterated by the ravages of time and exposure. The monument, which forms the most lofty pinnacle in the whole of the Cleveland district, was erected by a Whitby man, the late Mr. Robert Campion. The foundation stone was laid by Mr. Campion on the 12th July, 1827, being the anniversary of the day on which Captain Cook commenced his voyage, and also the birth of the founder. It was finished on the 27th of October, 1827, being Captain Cook's birthday. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1887, pp. 230, 282, 298, and 426.)

—Early in the morning, a woman named Elizabeth Proud, living at 89, Western Road, Jarrow, was found in bed with her throat cut, shocking injuries being inflicted. Her husband, Thomas Proud, was also found in a similar condition. The woman expired about half-past five o'clock the same morning, and the man a few hours later.

—At the Cumberland Assizes, Mary Maloney and John Maloney, her son, were found guilty of the manslaughter of Michael Maloney, husband and father of the prisoners respectively. The woman was sentenced to six months' and her son to three months' hard labour.

6.—Thomas Fletcher, who was charged with murdering his wife, Mary Ann Fletcher, in a house in Drury Lane, Newcastle, on March 18th, was, at the Assizes, found "Not Guilty."

—The library belonging to the late Mr. John Stokoe, of Sumerods, near Hexham, was sold. The following are the prices of a few of the most important works:—An old coloured print of Beeswing, 23s.; Yarrel's British Birds, £1 6s.; Mackenzie's History of Northumberland, £1 16s.; Hodgson's Northumberland, £40; Hutchinson's Durham, £3 2s. 6d.; Bruce's Roman Wall, £6 12s. 6d.

—At the Cumberland Assizes, held at Carlisle, William Kerr, blacksmith, aged 25, was charged with the wilful murder of Sebra Troughear, on June 2nd, at Lingey Close Head, about three miles from Carlisle. The jury found the prisoner guilty, and the judge passed sentence of death.

—The eighteenth annual gala of the Durham Miners' Association was held on the Durham racecourse. The Right Hon. John Morley, M.P., Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P., Mr. Charles Fenwick, M.P., and Mr. Atherley-Jones, M.P., were the principal speakers.

—While a number of men were engaged at farm work in a field near to Roxburgh Railway Bridge, which spans the Teviot, near Kelso, they heard peculiar cries fully a field's breadth from them. Proceeding in the direction of the sound, they discovered a weasel in a dying condition, and literally covered with wasps. The weasel soon after died.

8.—At the Newcastle Assizes, David Bryson Hildrop, aged 27, described as a barman, was charged with having, on May 4th, in Rye Hill, Newcastle, murdered Theresa Marina Matthews; and further, with having, on the 17th of March, 1889, at West Ham, Essex, feloniously married the same Theresa Marina Matthews, his former wife being then alive. The jury found the prisoner not guilty of murder. To the charge of bigamy, Hildrop pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment with hard labour.

9.—The annual stock-taking report of Mr. W. J. Haggerston, chief librarian of the Newcastle Public Library, stated that the total number of volumes in the Reference Department on June 29th was 32,648, and in the Lending Department 31,697, making a grand total of 64,345. The issues during the year ending June 22, 1889, were—Reference library, 38,434; lending library, 256,549. The total issues in lending and reference libraries from the dates of their respective openings, viz., September 13th, 1880, and August 20th, 1884, amounted to 2,276,062 volumes. During that period only 22 volumes had been lost, the cash value of the 22 volumes being £2 16s. 7d., while during the same period £1,370 7s. 8d. had been received from readers for fines, &c.

—The polling for the election of a member of the Newcastle Town Council to fill the seat rendered vacant by the elevation of Mr. W. Wilson to the aldermanic bench resulted as follows:—Mr. H. B. Wilson, 669 votes; Mr. John Irving, 142; Mr. John Laidler, labour candidate, 78.

—While three young men, named John Laidler, John Davidson, and Robert Davidson, were bathing at Manhaven, near South Shields, the first-named was carried out to sea and drowned.

10.—It was announced that the Rev. Arnold Jerome Matthews, rector of St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, Bath, had addressed a letter to his congregation, intimating his secession from the Church of Rome. Mr. Matthews was ordained in 1876 by Archbishop Eyre, and afterwards laboured in Gateshead and other places.

General Occurrences.

JUNE.

12.—A terrible railway accident occurred at Armagh, Ireland. A heavily laden excursion train, labouring up a steep incline, became separated into two parts, and the hindmost portion, thus released, ran down the hill at great speed, until it dashed into another train on the same metals. Some 75 persons were killed, and about 130 received severe injuries.

19.—The death was reported, at the age of 92, of one of the last of the officers who took part in the battle of Waterloo—Lieut.-Colonel Barton P. Browne, formerly of the 11th Hussars.

27.—The Queen formally gave her consent to the betrothal of Princess Louise, eldest daughter of the Prince and Princess of Wales, to the Earl of Fife.

28.—Death of Signora Carlotta Patti, a popular vocalist, who was said to have "the highest soprano voice ever known." She was sister of the celebrated Adelina Patti.

29.—The Portuguese authorities in South Africa seized the Delagoa Bay Railway, in which much English capital was invested.

30.—Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., was arrested near Cork. A serious disturbance took place, in the course of which many people were injured, including Mr. Patrick O'Brien, M.P.

JULY.

1.—The Shah of Persia arrived in England. In the course of his stay he paid a visit to the Queen at Windsor, and attended a banquet given by the Lord Mayor of London. The Shah was everywhere enthusiastically received by large crowds.

2.—Mr. Michael Davitt gave evidence before the Parnell Commission.

—A terrible explosion of fire-damp occurred at the Verpilleux pits, St. Etienne, France. About 200 persons perished.

—The English and Egyptian troops at Wady Halfa defeated a force of dervishes at Arguin. The enemy lost 500 killed. The Egyptians had seventy killed and wounded.

—King Alexander of Servia was anointed at Zitcha, where, in the middle ages, seven of the Servian kings were anointed and crowned.

5.—The election of a Parliamentary representative for West Fife resulted as follows:—A. Birrell (Gladstonian Liberal), 3,551; E. Wemyss (Liberal Unionist), 2,758; majority, 793.

—An amendment to the Land Transfer Bill having been carried in the House of Lords against the Government by a majority of nine votes, the measure was withdrawn.

6.—The celebrated picture known as the "Angelus," painted by J. F. Millet, was sold by auction at the sale of the works of art of M. Secrétan, in Paris, and realised £22,120.

8.—The volunteers assembled at Wimbledon for the annual rifle competition for the last time.

10.—Snowdon, the highest mountain in Wales, was sold by auction in London for £5,750.

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Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford.

Ralph Carr-Ellison,

LANDOWNER, ANTIQUARY, AND NATURALIST.

RALPH CARR-ELLISON (originally Ralph Carr) was the eldest son of John Carr, Esquire, of Dunston Hill and Hedgeley, sometime chairman of Durham County Quarter Sessions, and, according to Dr. Bruce, "a country gentleman of seemly presence and great mental ability." His mother was Hannah, eldest daughter of Henry Ellison, Esquire, of Hebburn Hall (sister of Cuthbert Ellison, Esq., for eighteen years M.P. for Newcastle), and, therefore, descended from Robert Ellison, representative of Newcastle in the Long Parliament, who married a sister of William Gray, the author of the "Chorographia." He was born on the 23rd November, 1805, was educated at Harrow and Christ Church, Oxford, as a gentleman commoner, and succeeded to the family estates upon the death of his father in 1817. He attained his majority in 1825, and four years later was united in marriage to Elizabeth, second daughter of Major John Werge, of the 38th Foot.

Clever and accomplished, Mr. Carr might have aspired, with every prospect of success, to a higher position in society. His abilities fitted him for a Parliamentary career, but he was fond of the country, and of country life, and rightly judging that the interests of his family had a prior claim on him, he elected to spend his time and his talents among his neighbours and his tenantry. One of the first public movements with which he identified himself was a local "Cottage Improvement Society"—a movement which had for its object, as the name implies, the providing of better homes for the agricultural labourers of Northumberland. He was the honorary secretary and guiding spirit of this benevolent enterprise, which received the support of Lord Howick, Dr. Gilly, Mr. Bosanquet of Rock, and other leading landowners and clergymen in the northern part of the county. Living thus, he became a typical country

gentleman—hospitable, generous, accessible. Everybody spoke well of "Squire Carr of Hedgley," who had an open house for his friends, an open heart to public wants, and an open purse for every worthy object within the range of his influence.

Mr. Carr had been several years in the commission of the peace when, in 1845, his turn came to occupy the office of High Sheriff of Northumberland, and it fell to his lot to be the last High Sheriff to observe the time-honoured custom of meeting the judges at Sheriff Hill.

In his early manhood Mr. Carr took an active interest in a movement for preventing the employment of young boys in chimney sweeping. He was president of the Newcastle and Gateshead Society for the suppression of this barbarous practice, and in time his energetic efforts to obtain the co-operation of householders, master sweeps, the police and the Bench in putting an end to the system were crowned with success. On the formation of a branch of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in Newcastle, he accepted the office of a vice-president, and contributed generously to its funds.

Intent upon the improvement of his estates, Mr. Carr was a diligent student of agriculture, natural history, and kindred subjects. He was one of the earliest members of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club, the first of its kind in the kingdom, and wrote for its "Transactions' several valuable papers, *i.e.*:—

1844.—On the Flight of the Peregrine Falcon in Pursuit of Prey.
1860.—What is the use of the Lark's long heel claw?—On the Present Participle in the Northumberland Dialect, and on the Verbal Nouns or Nouns of Action terminating with "ing."
1870.—The North Humberland between Tyne and Tweed.
1872.—On the means whereby young Gallinaceous Birds are enabled to sustain life in any Seasons.—On Firelight, or the Minor Effects of Lightning on the Foliage of Trees.
1874.—Memoir of the Rev. George Rooke, M.A.—On the Horse Chestnut as a Timber Tree.—Signification of Some Place Names in South Northumberland.
1879.—On the Effects of the Winter of 1878-9 on Vegetable Life and Birds at Hedgeley.
1880.—On the Effects of the Winter of 1869-80, &c.
1883.—Names of the Farne Islands and Lindisfarne.

He was also the originator of a kindred institution—the Tyneside Naturalists' Field Club (1846) and its first President. The rules, which reflected chiefly Mr. Carr's views and feelings, provided that the club should discourage the removal of rare plants from localities of which they are characteristic, and avoid the risk of exterminating rare or interesting birds by wanton persecution (herein foreshadowing Uncle Toby's merciful propaganda), should cultivate a fuller knowledge of local antiquities, and promote a taste for carefully preserving the monuments of the past from wanton injury. To the "Transactions" of the club he contributed several interesting notes and papers, as follows:—

1847.—The Presidential Address.
1848.—On Extensive Fissures observed in the Stems of two living and healthy Trees of the Spruce Fir.
1849.—Observations on Composite Names of Places (chiefly in Northumberland) of Anglo-Saxon Derivation. (Three Papers.)
1854.—Notes on a Drive to Brinkburn.
1855.—Effects of the Severe Winter of 1854-55 upon Evergreen Vegetation in the North of England.
1861.—Effect of the Severe Winter of 1860-1 upon Evergreen Vegetation in Northumberland.
1875.—The Presidential Address.
1879.—Effect of the Severe Winter (1878) on Birds at Dunston Hill.

Side by side with his study of nature and natural phenomena, Mr. Carr cultivated a love for classical literature. He was an accomplished Greek and Latin scholar, was a high authority on Anglo-Saxon, was well acquainted with Scandinavian lore, could converse in many European languages, and could read all except the Sclav and Turkish dialects. The preservation of ancient churches and monuments and other memorials of bygone days was one of the objects of his unceasing care, and he was a persistent advocate for the return to the original and uncorrupted spelling of local place-names.

In the "Archæologia Æliana," which contains the best of the papers read at the meetings of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries, are many useful communications from his pen:—

1861.—Suggestions for Amended Local Appellations in the Ordnance Maps of Northumberland.
1874.—On the Dedications of the two Notable Altars found at Condercum.—On the Rudge Cup.—On an Altar found at Risingham.—The Anglo-Saxon Stone found at Falstone in 1813.
1876.—On two Inscribed Stones found at Jarrow in 1782.
1880.—On Saxon Names of certain Roman Roads.
1881.—On the meaning of the term "Ala Petriana."

He was also a contributor to the "Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland," the "Transactions of the Highland Agricultural Society," and the "Journal of Forestry," and the author of various papers, separately published, on antiquarian and sanitary subjects.

Mr. Carr was one of the few men who ever made the Ordnance Survey officials admit an error in topographical nomenclature. He owned the estate of Makenden at the head of Coquet, which runs up to what is locally known as "the Scotch Edge," where it "marches" with the property of the Duke of Roxburgh. In this district the boundary line between England and Scotland usually follows the water shed (or, as Dandie Dinmont expressed it, "the tap o' the hill, where win and water shears") between the valleys of the Teviot and Bowmont on the Scotch side, and those of the Rede, Coquet, and Breamish on the English. But in various places the Scotch, like "Jock o' Dawston Cleugh," have encroached over the crest of the hills. These encroachments are usually marked on old maps as "batable"—*i.e.*, debatable ground. One such plot of "batable" land lay between the properties of Mr. Carr and the Duke of Roxburgh, where, according to the contention of the Scotch, the march leaves the "tap o' the hills and hauds down by the Syke" in which the Coquet rises, thus cutting off the Plea Shank, which, like Dandie Dinmont's ground, "lying high and exposed, may feed a hogg, or aiblins twa in a gude year." The spot is familiar to antiquaries, for the ancient Roman Camp, "Ad Fines," now known as Chew Green, lies just

below it, and the Roman Road of Watling Street here crosses the moors into Scotland. For the sake of peace it had been arranged, at some former time, between the owners and occupiers, that half the Plea Shank should be pastured by each party. But when the Ordnance Survey came to be made, the Scotch revived their claim to the whole, and by some means or other contrived to win over those who were conducting the survey. Little more was heard of the matter till the maps were issued, showing the boundary between England and Scotland drawn along the English side of the debatable ground. Then the English tenant was politely invited by his Scotch neighbour to keep his sheep on his own side of the new boundary. On hearing this, Mr. Carr took steps to obtain all possible evidence from ancient maps and documents in the British Museum and elsewhere; and instructed his tenant to turn a few sheep on to the disputed land in the meanwhile. Meeting the farmer shortly afterwards, Mr. Carr said, "Well Thompson, I suppose you put half-a-dozen sheep or so on to the Plea Shank?" "Oh, no, sir," was the answer, "I just wysed on fifty score!" The result of Mr. Carr's investigations was to show that the land had been either English or debatable for centuries. This was brought to the notice of the officials in charge of the Ordnance Survey, the already issued maps were recalled and cancelled, and new ones restoring the Plea Shank to its old "batable" character were published.

In conjunction with the late Sir Charles Trevelyan, Mr. Carr took an active part in promoting the larger scheme of the Central Northumberland Railway, the course of which was proposed to run from Newcastle to Scots Gap, thence by Rothbury and Powburn to Kelso—thus opening Central Northumberland from end to end. His regard for the improvement of towns, apart from the question of smoke abatement, in which he took a great interest, was shown by his endeavour to induce the North-Eastern Railway Company to plant the slopes of the Durham Railway Station, and by his ultimately providing himself the trees which now make a pleasing feature in the view from the city.

Under the will of his cousin, Cuthbert George Ellison, of Hebburn, lieutenant-colonel in the Grenadier Guards (proved in 1868), Mr. Carr was entitled to the reversion of a considerable portion of the Ellison estates on the death of the testator's mother and sister. It was in 1870 that, adding the name of Ellison to his own, he became Ralph Carr-Ellison. Not unfrequently change of name and accession of fortune conduce to pride and avarice. With Mr. Carr-Ellison it was otherwise. Munificent without ostentation, he enjoyed the luxury of giving, and gave of his substance freely. His liberality in building and restoring churches, schools, parsonages, and other public institutions, providing sites for chapels, and subscribing to all kinds of educational and philanthropic objects was not limited to the districts in which his estates lay, but extended into localities which could not claim him as landlord. He was a Liberal in the true sense of the word—in politics, in religion, in the management of his property, and in social life. On certain days in each week he received all the poor people who called at his residence at Dunston Hill. Some of them attended for a long term of years, and after listening to their tales of want and misery, he gave them pecuniary aid, being especially generous to the Irish, whose treatment by parochial authorities was sometimes, he thought, harsh and unfeeling.

Mr. Carr-Ellison's career of activity and usefulness terminated on the 4th of February, 1884, and a few days later, with Dr. Bruce, Andrew Leslie, the Rev. Mr. Cooley, and Alderman Hodgson, son of the historian of Northumberland, as pall bearers, his remains were interred in the family vault at Whickham.

Sir Robert Chambers,

CHIEF JUSTICE OF BENGAL.

Robert Chambers, a solicitor who practised in Newcastle during the first half of last century, had three notable sons—Robert, who became a distinguished judge; Richard, who occupied a prominent position in the municipality as sheriff, alderman, and mayor; and William, who was a celebrated linguist, and acted as interpreter in his brother's court.

Richard Chambers, the second son, having taken up his freedom in the Saddlers' Company, began life in Newcastle as an ironmonger, and being of a speculative turn, was soon immersed in a variety of industrial undertakings. Besides his own business, which he carried on in conjunction with Mr. David Landells, he joined Gabriel Hall and Roger Heron in a hardware shop, went with Hall, Heron, and others into a tannery on Beamish Burn, and at length became a partner in the firm of R. J. Lambton, Esq., and Co., bankers. Entering the Common Council on the 6th December, 1784, he was made Sheriff for the municipal year 1786-7, and in May, 1795, was appointed an alderman. His election to this last-named office was attended by peculiar circumstances. A vacancy had occurred by the death of James Rudman, and when the electors met (Thursday, May 28) to elect a successor, no one was willing to take the honour. Proceeding by seniority of service, they elected James Wilkinson, a partner in the bank of Sir Matthew White Ridley, Bart., and Co., and upon his declining to serve they appointed Isaac Cookson, merchant, who also refused to accept the position. Next they chose William Surtees, merchant, and when they found that he was not willing to wear the gown they appointed Richard Bell, another merchant. Mr. Bell followed the example of the rest, and Anbone Surtees, jun., was chosen. He also declined the honour, and at length Richard Chambers, preferring the alderman's

gown to a penalty of two hundred marks (£133 6s. 8d.), in which each of the recusant councillors was mulcted, agreed to accept the office. His consent relieved the Council of a difficulty, and, at Michaelmas following, he was elected Mayor. The next year his affairs became embarrassed. His partnership in the bank was dissolved, insolvency followed, and heavy losses were incurred by numbers of industrious persons. After the failure, he went to London, started business afresh, and there he died, December 23, 1806, aged sixty-eight.

Robert Chambers, the eldest son of the attorney, was born in 1737. After receiving a sound preliminary training at the Royal Free Grammar School under the Rev. Hugh Moises, he was sent to Lincoln College Oxford, where, in July, 1754, he was elected to one of the exhibitions founded by Bishop Crewe. At Oxford his career was brilliant, and his promotion rapid. When he had completed his studies, University College elected him Fellow; in 1762, being only 25 years old, he received the important appointment of Vinerian Professor of Law; at Christmas, 1766, upon the resignation of William Blackstone, author of the famous "Commentaries on the Laws of England," he was elected Principal of New Inn Hall. Under his tuition young John Scott, afterwards Lord Chancellor Eldon, entered the University, and a few years later, when a runaway match with Bessie Surtees made it necessary that the budding and impecunious lawyer should study his profession, New Inn Hall sheltered him and his bride, and became the birthplace of their eldest son. Mr. Chambers, meanwhile, had risen to a high position among his contemporaries. His Vinerian lectures were thronged; statesmen and lawyers, poets and men of letters, were his intimate friends; he was employed in consultations and engaged in causes that added substance to fame, and wealth to reputation.

By-and-by temptations to leave Oxford were presented to him. In 1768 he was offered the post of Attorney-General in Jamaica—a position of honour and emolument, but the University had greater charms for him then, and he declined to undertake it. Later on there came an offer which he found himself at liberty to accept—a judgeship in the Supreme Court of Judicature in Bengal.

Up to this time Mr. Chambers had remained a bachelor, but in preparation for the new and exalted position which he was about to assume in India, he married. The object of his choice was the beautiful Miss Wilton, only daughter of Joseph Wilton, R.A., the precursor of Nollekens in English bust-making, and one of the founders of the Royal Academy. Accompanied by his mother and his wife, he left England in April, 1774, and, entering upon his judicial functions, dispensed justice with a tact and discrimination that won hearty approbation. He received the honour of knighthood in 1780, and in 1791 was promoted to the office of Chief Justice of Bengal.

At Oxford, Sir Robert Chambers counted among his more intimate friends the accomplished Oriental scholar, Sir William Jones. Sir William had followed him to India, where, like himself, he fulfilled the duties of a judge. Renewing their friendship, they worked together in the study of Oriental languages and dialects, and the manners and customs of the vast populations among which they dispensed justice. The outcome of their labours was the formation of the "Asiatic Society of Bengal"—an institution designed to investigate the history and antiquities, the arts, sciences, and literature of Asia. Of this society Sir Robert Chambers became president in 1797.

When he had completed twenty-five years of uninterrupted service on the bench, Sir Robert came back to England to restore, in the home of his youth and the scenes of his maturer years, the health which tropical heats had weakened. He came too late. Soon after his arrival he began to decline, and in the spring of 1802, while in Paris, he was attacked by paralysis, which, on the 2nd of May, terminated his existence.

Sir Robert Chambers was a profound lawyer, an accurate and painstaking judge, an excellent scholar, and an accomplished man of the world. At Oxford, Burke and Goldsmith, Johnson and Garrick, were among his intimate associates; in India he softened the asperities of the bench by the cultivation of letters and the companionship of literary men. His friendship with Dr. Johnson was warm and lasting. Johnson was persuaded to undertake his long deferred journey into Scotland when he learned that Chambers would accompany him to Newcastle, and that William Scott, afterwards Lord Stowell, would go with him to Edinburgh. Sir Robert was the prime actor in that famous story about Johnson and the snails, which Lord Eldon pithily relates in his "Anecdote Book":—

> I had a walk in New Inn Hall Garden with Dr. Johnson, Sir Robert Chambers, and some other gentlemen. Sir Robert was gathering snails and throwing them over the wall into his neighbour's garden. The doctor reproached him very roughly, and stated to him that this was unmannerly and unneighbourly. "Sir," said Sir Robert, "my neighbour is a Dissenter." "Oh," said the Doctor, "if so, Chambers, toss away, toss away, as hard as you can!"

William Chapman,

ENGINEER AND INVENTOR.

"There were brave men before Agamemnon"; there were famous engineers before the Stephensons. Little is heard to-day of William Chapman, an eminent engineer who lived and laboured in Newcastle long before the days of steam locomotion. His genius and fame are well-nigh forgotten; the enterprises with which his name were associated have been lost to sight; his inventions have become common property. Yet in the early part of the present century, whether as a successful inventor, or as the designer and leading spirit of great engineering undertakings, few men in the North of England enjoyed a higher reputation than he.

William Chapman came of a good family—the Chapmans of Whitby. His father (also William Chapman) was one of the "worthies" of that place. To him Dr. Young, the historian of the town, acknowledges indebtedness for useful material in the compilation of his book. He was a merchant captain, trading chiefly from the Baltic ports to the Tyne, in which business he acquired reputation for shrewdness and intrepidity—two qualities that were of high value at a time when bargains could not be sanctioned by telegraph, and the "lead" and the "look out" were the chief safeguards of navigation. He was ingenious too. On one of his voyages to Shields he discovered a plan for obtaining fresh water from the sea, and, having brought to land a specimen of the product of his amateur distillery, received the approbation of his friends at the Lawe and the Low Lights, who pronounced it a most excellent article in the form of punch! He exhumed the remains of a crocodile in the lias formation at Whitby, and the species of saurian which he rescued from its stony surroundings bears the name of *Teleosaurus Chapmanni* to this day. In his old age, Mr. Chapman, who was a freeman of Newcastle, came to live upon Tyneside, and died—"at his house in Saville Row, Newcastle, Oct. 15, 1793."

William Chapman.

William Chapman the younger was born at Whitby in 1750, and was put in command of a merchant vessel as soon as he was eighteen years old. He had received a liberal education, and, caring nothing for a seafaring life, employed himself chiefly in studying the formation of the various ports and harbours to which his vessel traded, in the hope, and with the object, of one day becoming a civil engineer. He went to sea for a few years, and then, obtaining the friendship of James Watt, and of his partner, Matthew Boulton, he accompanied the latter to Ireland, where, having written a prize essay on the effects of the river Dodder upon Dublin harbour, he obtained the appointment of resident engineer to the County of Kildare Canal. It was while acting in this capacity that he made his mark by inventing the skew arch. A description of the invention, from Mr. Chapman's pen, appears in "Rees's Encyclopædia," under the heading "Oblique Arches."

While the Kildare Canal was in progress, Mr. Chapman undertook the reconstruction of a bridge of five arches over the Liffey. A quicksand lay under the site of one of the piers, and it was impossible to avoid it, but Mr. Chapman overcame the difficulty with such remarkable ingenuity and success that offers of professional engagements came to him from all parts of Ireland. Among other projects on which he reported were improvements of the navigation of the Nore, the Barrow, and the Avoca, and the formation of a harbour at Arklow. Receiving the appointment of consulting engineer to the Grand Canal of Ireland, he laid out an extension of that canal from Roberts Town to Tullamore, a dock between Dublin and Ringsend, and a canal of communication by the line of the Circular Road. There were extensive bogs to be cut in the Tullamore extension, and the promoters had spent large sums of money in dealing with similar difficulties elsewhere. Mr. Chapman overcame these obstacles by a series of ingenious experiments, and the work was easily and expeditiously completed.

In 1794, Mr. Chapman came to Newcastle to report upon a project which was the subject of considerable agitation—that of constructing a canal from the German Ocean to the Irish Sea. He was a freeman of the town by patrimony, and he decided to remain here, and follow his profession as a consulting engineer. Into the advocacy of the canal scheme he entered with great heartiness and vigour. Between 1794 and 1796, he wrote several reports upon the subject, which were published by the promoters, and are to be found in every good collection of local tracts and pamphlets, as follows:—

1795. Survey of a Line of Navigation from Newcastle to the Irish Channel.
1795. Report on the proposed Navigation between the East and West Seas.
1796. Report on the Line of Navigation from Newcastle-upon-Tyne to the Irish Channel.
1796. Report on a Canal from Newcastle or North Shields towards Cumberland.
1797. Observations on Sutcliffe's Report in 1796 on the proposed Line from Stella to Hexham.

While the fate of the canal was still doubtful, Mr. Chapman was employed, conjointly with Mr. Rennie, in devising the London Dock, and the South Dock and Basin at Hull. He subsequently became engineer to the Commissioners of Leith and Scarborough Harbours, and

when Mr. Buddle induced the Marquis of Londonderry to construct Seaham Harbour, Mr. Chapman was the engineer to whom the undertaking was entrusted.

Mr. Chapman's inventive genius found scope in various directions. His brother, Edward Walton Chapman, was a roper at Willington, and for his benefit he patented, in 1797, a machine for making ropes in such a way that there should be equal strain upon each and all of the separate strands, and, later on, another apparatus for composing at one operation a rope of indeterminate length. In conjunction with this same brother Edward, he patented in December, 1812, "A Method or Methods of facilitating the Means and reducing the Expense of Carriage on Railways and other Roads." Another of his inventions was the "Coal Drop." He also obtained a patent (April 12, 1821) for a method of transferring the contents of lighters and barges into ships, &c., by the intervention of a small vessel called a "transferrer," fitted with a steam engine for haulage, and this invention was used at the Londonderry shipping places till the completion of Seaham Harbour.

Several ingenious papers were contributed by Mr. Chapman to the Proceedings of the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Society, and others were published in pamphlet form, or in the serials of the day. Among the best known of his publications are—

1797. On the various Systems of Canal Navigation. 4to. Plates.
1808. On the Progressive Endeavours to improve the Manufacture and Duration of Cordage, with a Discussion on the means of causing Ships to ride at Anchor with greater safety. 4to. Three Engravings.
1815. Observations on the Effects of the Proposed Corn Laws. 8vo.
1815. Observations on the necessity of adopting Legislative Measures to diminish the probability of the recurrence of Fatal Accidents in Collieries, and to prolong the duration of the Coal Mines of the United Kingdom. 8vo.
1817. On the Preservation of Timber from Premature Decay. 8vo.
1830. A description of the Port of Seaham, in explanation of a Plan of the Harbour and a Chart of the Coast. 4to. Plates.

Mr. Chapman retained the full enjoyment of his faculties, and followed the active pursuits of his profession, till within a very short period of his decease, which took place on the 29th of May, 1832, having then entered into his 83rd year. "Gifted with a strong understanding, and with great and acknowledged talents, he was equally distinguished in private life by those amiable qualities which adorn the domestic scene, and constitute its chief enjoyments. It may truly be said that few men have descended into the grave more sincerely lamented by immediate relatives and connections, or more generally and extensively esteemed and respected."

Gibside and its Owners.

NEW gentlemen's seats in the immediate neighbourhood of Newcastle are more interesting than Gibside. Since the time when the grounds were laid out much as we find them now, by George Bowes, about the years 1740-1760, the name of Gibside has always been suggestive of pleasant walks and shady groves. Doubtless the place was one of some beauty before Mr. Bowes took it in hand. But it is to his taste that it owes much of the celebrity which it has possessed for a long time in the northern parts of the county of Durham. When Hutchinson wrote his "History of Durham"—shortly after the death of George Bowes—he declared that it was difficult to convey an idea of the beautiful and magnificent scenery of the place.

The celebrated Mrs. Montagu, of Denton Hall, writing to Benjamin Stillingfleet, from "Carville, Oct. 22, 1758" (she was staying at Carville, near Wallsend, while Denton Hall was being repaired), gives the following exaggerated account of Gibside:—"I had a very kind invitation from Mrs. Lowther to pass some time at Lowther Hall; I am told it is the finest place in the North; I believe I should rather have admired than coveted it; grandeur without softness pleases me in a place no better than dignity without courtesy in a man or woman. Lowther is much greater than Gibside, which is too great for me. I love woods, but I do not desire such forests that you would rather expect to be entertained in the evening with the howling of wolves and yelling of tigers than with Philomel's love-laboured song. Such a place is a fit pasture for Nebuchadnezzar; pride and tyranny may delight in it. I would divide the glebe with the husbandman. Useful Ceres, though she does not set up for a deity of taste, enlivens and embellishes a rural scene more than all the arts and sciences." As many of the present plantations were only commenced in 1729, and as plantings continued till 1760, the woods of Gibside would be very small in Mrs. Montagu's time.

Amongst the earlier possessors of Gibside was a family of the name of Marley, who resided at Marley Hill about the year 1200. The estates were held by the Marleys until 1540, in which year there was a failure of male issue, the last owner leaving an only daughter, Elizabeth. This heiress married Roger Blakeston, of Coxhoe, thus carrying the estates to another family. About the year 1694, there was again an heiress to the estates. The lands passed in course of time to the family of Bowes, of Streatlam Castle. Not quite another century passed away before there was another failure of male issue, when by the marriage in 1767 of Mary Eleanor, only daughter of George Bowes, of Streatlam and Gibside, to the Earl of Strath-

more, of Glamis Castle, Scotland, the lands were again transferred to another family.

The fortunes of Mary Eleanor, Countess of Strathmore, subsequent to the death of the earl about nine years after the marriage, are so well known that it is not necessary to enter into them here. (See the story of Stoney Bowes, vol. i., page 196.) The Earl of Strathmore left a family of three sons and two daughters. The eldest son John succeeded to the estates and titles. This nobleman died on July 31, 1820, having the day previously married Mary Milner, of Staindrop. Their son, the late John Bowes, succeeded, on coming of age, to the English estates, the Scotch estates and titles reverting to the Hon. Thomas Bowes, the only surviving brother of the late earl. John Bowes, the son of the Earl of Strathmore and Miss Mary Milner, possessed the Gibside and Streatlam estates until his death in October, 1885, when, having died without issue, the estates reverted to the present Earl of Strathmore, who has a numerous family of sons and daughters.

The Dowager Countess of Strathmore married, on the 16th March, 1831, William Hutt, Esq., who subsequently became Sir William Hutt, and was for some years M.P. for Gateshead, and at one time Vice-President of the Board of Trade in Mr. Gladstone's Government. Mr. Hutt was visited at Gibside by Lord John Russell, and afterwards by Mr. Gladstone.

John Bowes, of Streatlam and Gibside, was twice married, first to Josephine Benoite, Countess of Montalbo, a French lady. It was through this lady that the magnificent Bowes Museum at Barnard Castle was commenced. It was intended for her residence in case she survived Mr. Bowes; but she died in 1874. Her remains were brought to Gibside and placed on a bier underneath the chapel. Since Mr. Bowes's death they have been deposited in one of the vaults in the family mausoleum at Gibside. Mr. Bowes subsequently married another French lady, who survived him.

Gibside has continued to the present day to be a favourite resort of pleasure parties who obtain the permission of the proprietor to visit it. Whether the eminent landscape gardener, Capability Brown, had any hand in planning the various avenues and plantations, I cannot say. At any rate, they bear traces of the new school of gardening which Brown did so much to promote at the seats of noblemen and gentlemen. There are several places in Gibside that seem to have been laid out with great taste and judgment. At a spot called the Top of the Hollow Walk, there were (and it may truly be said to a certain extent that there are yet) three fine vistas in three different directions. If the view be directed towards the south, a fine avenue of beeches is seen commencing at the place where the observer is standing. Continuing the view forward, a grassy steep meets the sight, crowned at the top by an elegant Banqueting Hall. Although to appearance there seems an avenue all the way to the Banqueting House, yet the eye entirely overlooks a fine piece of water concealed by the rising nature of the ground. If the gaze be turned to the westward, in the foreground is seen a descending piece of mossy sward, terminated at the bottom by a stretch of level verdure, again rising to about the same height as the spectator's standpoint. This forms an avenue fringed on each side by magnificent forest trees. Away beyond the last piece of rising sward stretches a fine terrace, formed by George Bowes about the year 1747, and mentioned in a letter from Bishop Pocock to his sister. At the west end of this terrace stands the elegant chapel, formed after a classical model, with an Ionic portico in front. If, now, the spectator will turn himself to the north, he will see a wide lawn descending to another sheet of water surrounded by trees, and covered in the season with a profusion of white water lilies (*Nymphea alba*). Let the visitor now descend this lawn and place himself on the western edge of the lily pond, and he will see, if the day be calm and the face of the pond be free from ripple, a beautiful picture of a bank of trees with the Column of Liberty (described in vol. ii., page 466) reflected in the water as if in a sheet of silvered glass. He will also find himself surrounded on nearly all sides by lofty forest trees. The taste and judgment must have been highly cultivated that could plan so many beauties to be seen from one point of view.

The Banqueting Hall was erected by George Bowes, and the writer has been informed that he died before it was put to any use. It is built in the Florid Gothic style, with ornamented crockets. A pointed spire rises above the front entrance. The door and windows are glazed in geometrical patterns. The interior consists of a spacious dining and luncheon hall, with a handsomely ornamented ceiling. A staircase leads to the roof, from which there is a fine view. The floor is of pine, and is laid so that not a nail hole or mark is visible. At each end are mirrors in the walls, so that when a company would be seated there would be what appeared an almost endless length of table and guests. Altogether it was an elegant erection, and quite in keeping with the rest of the grounds and buildings.

The chapel, which stands at the west end of the terrace made by George Bowes, was commenced in the year 1760, but was not consecrated until 1812. It was intended to serve, and does serve, both as a place of worship and a family mausoleum. The mausoleum is underneath the chapel, and is entered by a door on the west side, which opens on a short passage and some steps to a burial vault. This vault is formed by a groined arch, round the sides of which are arranged in a semicircle the niches for the reception of the remains of the members of the family. There are eleven of these, but about four or five are still unoccupied. George Bowes, who commenced to build the chapel, was first interred at Whickham, but his remains

were removed here on the consecration and completion of the edifice. The interior of the chapel is very handsome. Outside is a handsome Ionic portico, with flights of stone steps leading up to the porch, and protected with stone balustrades.

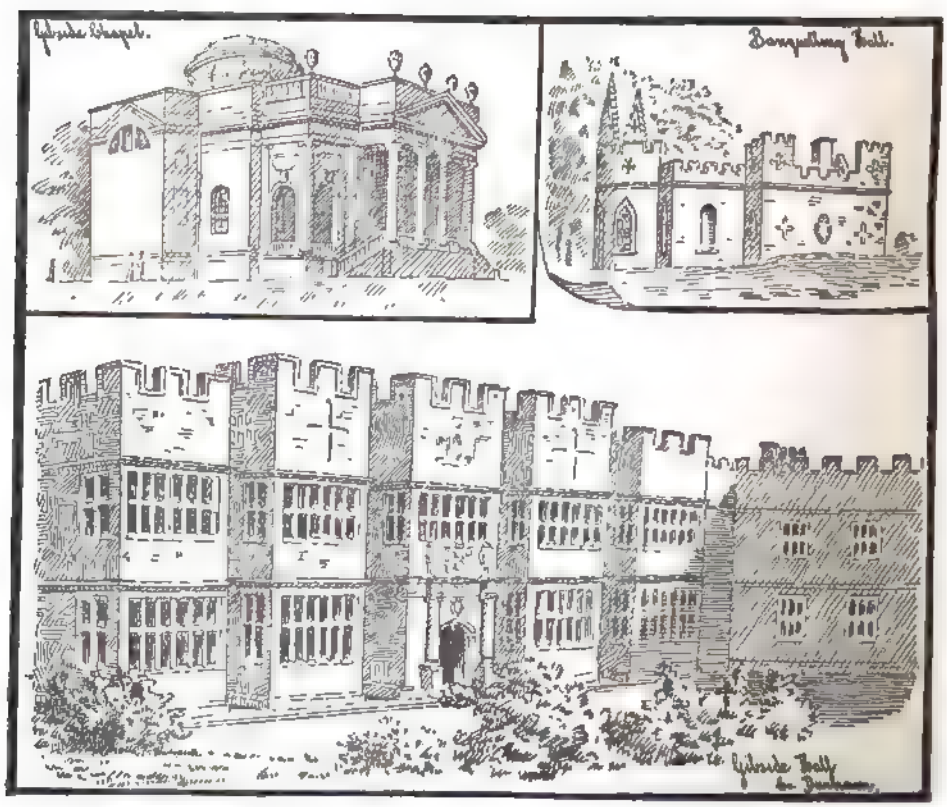
The Hall itself is a long and low building of only two storeys in height, except at the east end, where the ground shelves rapidly. The windows looking towards the park or the south, as may be seen from our drawing, are divided by heavy stone mullions. Above the front door is a sun dial, which has already been described in the *Monthly Chronicle*. (See page 294.) Previous to 1805, when the hall was altered to its present shape, it was, as may be seen from an engraving in Hutchinson's "History of Durham," three storeys high and covered with grey slates. The hall on the northern side stands on the top of a steep declivity, terminated at the bottom by a level haugh or plain, round which the Derwent flows.

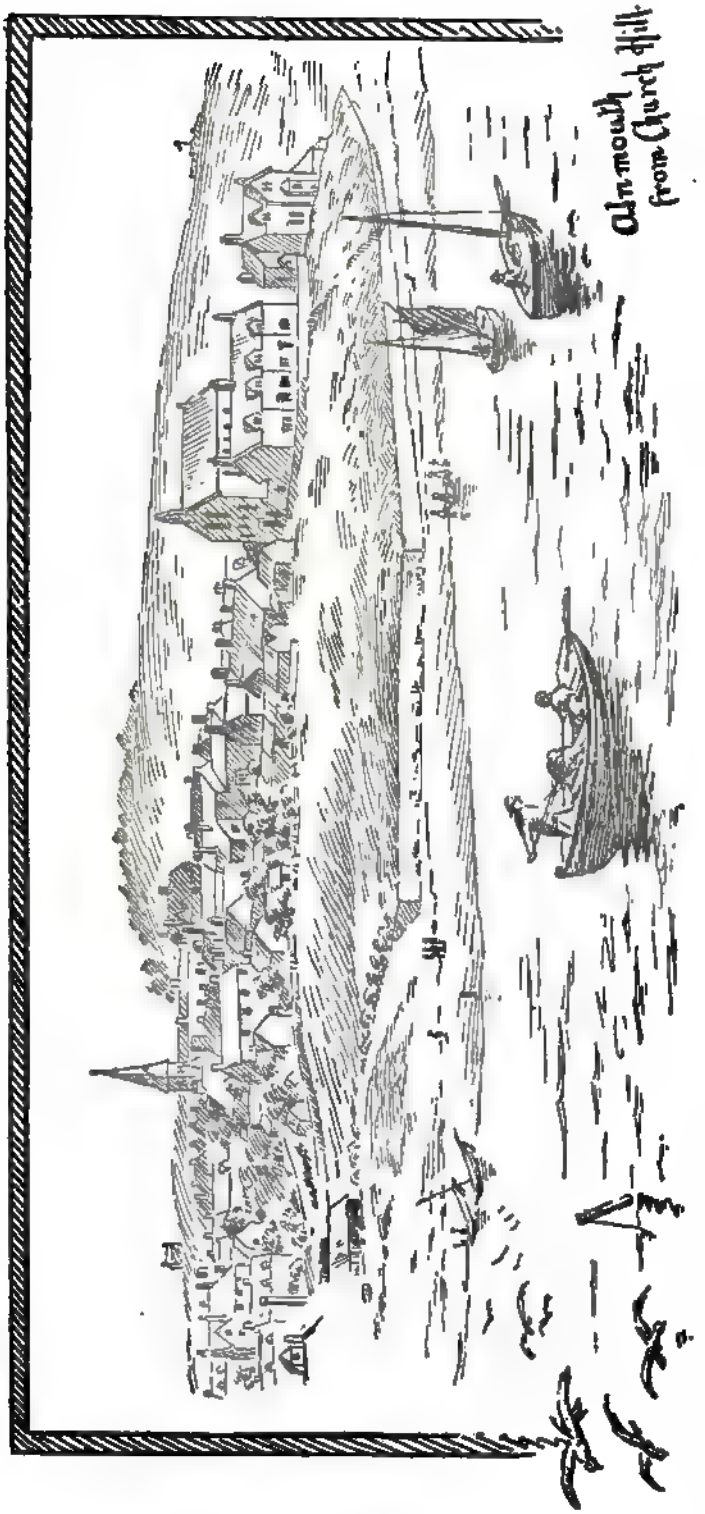
Another sketch of Gibside, copied from Allom's Views, was given in vol. I., page 200. JAS. F. ROBINSON.

The Village of Alnmouth.

ALNMOUTH, as seen under azure skies through a sunny and crystalline atmosphere, may truly be described as the prettiest watering-place on the coast of Northumberland. The village is attractive from many points of view, and especially from the Church Hill, on the opposite side of the river.

Standing on this dune-like mound, we observe that the village is seated on a peninsular tongue of land—the extremity of a high green ridge sweeping round from Lesbury. On the east side is the sea, on the south and west sides the river. In the background are the terraced sea-banks and the Wallop Hill, which have evidently been moulded into their present form by the action of water. On the summit of the latter, which is 157 feet above the sea-level, the ancient burgesses of Alnmouth were required, in the event of an outbreak of hostilities between the Scots and the English, to keep a "good sur watch" during the day time as well as the night time, and to maintain two beacons for the purpose of alarming the country on the approach of the enemy. Immediately below the hill on the west side is a camp of the ancient Britons, in shape an irregular





quadrangle, the ramparts of which, however, are not visible from the standpoint of our sketch. About two hundred yards from this camp is the entrance to the village, which consists of a long and undulating street running north and south, with a few terraces and lanes branching off on each side.

A snug and compact little village, old-fashioned in appearance, and picturesquely irregular! The better-class houses and the fishermen's cottages are in friendly juxta-position. They face all the points of the compass. Here you see a front, there a gable. In many villages you have the roofs of the houses all of one height, and continuous along a terrace or crescent; but here you find them at different levels, broken in a few cases by dormer windows, blue slated and red-tiled. Surmounting them all is the elegant spire of St. John's Church—a familiar land-mark. The village owes much of its character, architecturally, to a number of heavy-looking buildings, such as the parish Sunday-school, the Alnmouth Academy, and several dwelling-houses, all of which were originally granaries. Alnmouth, till the opening of the railway, was a port of some consequence, and exported large quantities of corn. Several of the houses in Alnmouth are old. At the very entrance to the village we observe on a door-head the date 1713. Facing the river are some newly-built villas. The eye dwells with pleasure on a clump of tall trees at the north end of the village in the possession of a colony of rooks, on a few little gardens nearer hand, and on the green bank which rises from the fawn-coloured sand by the side of the Aln.

Adjoining the village on the east side is the recreation-ground of the inhabitants and their visitors. Here is played the seductive game of golf, which has contributed so much to the popularity of the place. The club-house, with its pretty verandah, is situated at the south-west corner of the links. This fine open space is a scene of animation when the patrons

of the racket, the bat, and the hickory club are indulging in their favourite pastimes. Seated among the sandy hummocks at the edge of the links are several bathing-boxes painted in gay colours, the Life-boat House, and a similar building—the Bathers' Life-Saving Boat House. A shapely coble is resting on wheels on the beach ready to be run into deep water. The sea-banks, with the gun battery upon them for the use of the Percy Artillery Volunteers, form the termination of our view to the north.

Having carefully examined the village and its surroundings, we turn to the hillock on which we are standing, for it is historic ground. This was probably the Twyford-on-the-Alne which is mentioned by Bede as the place where in 684 a great synod was held, presided over by Archbishop Theodore, and dignified by the presence of King Ecgfrid and his council—a synod memorable for its election of St. Cuthbert as the Bishop of Lindisfarne. A church, dedicated to St. Waleric, had already been built here at this time, an interesting relic of which—a portion of the shaft of an Anglian cross—is preserved in Alnwick Castle. Five centuries later another church was erected on the same site, but dedicated to St. John the Baptist. This building was in ruins in 1779, when Paul Jones, cruising off the coast, fired a cannon-ball at it—without hitting the mark, however. Till 1806 the river entered the sea on the south side of the hill, but in that year it altered its course to the north side. The portion of the hill on which the old church stood has crumbled away. The site of the graveyard is indicated by a few flat tombstones of the last century. The little mortuary chapel, built about twenty-seven years ago, will soon be in ruins if not repaired. Some of the voussoirs of the arch of its finely-ornamented door seem to be giving way. To the south of the hill is a waste of blown sand overgrown with tussocks of withered-looking bents. Stranded on the salt-marshes is a condemned lighter, an object in the picture which a painter will know how to appreciate.

Our view is taken from a photograph by Messrs. G. W. Wilson & Co., of Aberdeen. W. W. TOMLINSON.

Racing in the Northern Counties.

By the late James Clephan.

HORSE-RACES are of high antiquity—higher than we can get at. The horses themselves began them, without the admixture of prizes or betting. Organised racing is an afterthought of man, the origin of which is remote enough, and immaterial. In our own country it is comparatively modern. We come across no race-meetings in the North in the days of Elizabeth. If such assemblies there were, they do but peep out upon us from the materials of history, and refuse to be clearly seen. What, for example, are we to infer, with any precision, from the allusion in the year 1613 to "Woodham Stowpes, the now usual weighing-place upon Woodham Moore." The "now usual weighing-place" of the earlier half of the reign of King James may carry us back we know not how far into the reign of Queen Elizabeth. James, on his progress to Scotland in 1617, attended the races on Woodham Moor, in the parish of Aycliffe (adjoining the Great North Road, about eight miles from Darlington), and saw a contest between the horses of William Salvin and Master Maddockes for a gold purse; and at this spot there continued to be meetings from year to year. Of one of these, held in 1620, there is incidental mention in connection with a certain "Mr. Topp Heath," who, "dying upon Mainsforth Moore coming from a horse-race, was buried on the 1st of April."

All this time we hear nothing of races in connection with Newcastle. The reign of James passed away; his son Charles succeeded to the throne; and then, in 1632, occurs an entry in the corporate accounts of the Tyne quoted by Mr. Hodgson Hinde in the fourth volume of the "Archæologia Æliana" (New Series):—"Paid £20 to John Blakiston, chamberlain, which he disbursed for two silver potts granted by the Common Council for the race on Killingworth Moor after Whitsuntide."

Next year, on the 5th of June, Thomas Bowes despatched a packet addressed "To the Right Worshipful my assured lovinge nephew, Matthew Hutton, Esq., at Marske, these be dd." The contents were to be delivered to a grandson and namesake of the Elizabethan Bishop of Durham and Archbishop of York. "Sir George Bowes," said the writer, "is now at Newcastle, and yt seems he thinks his money will never have an end, for he is making matches with the lordes of horse-courses, and, as we heare, hath made two matches, the one for 40.li., and thother for 100.li., so that wee feare he will make an end of all soone."

It was in the same year, 1633, that John Vaux, clerk, of St. Helen's Auckland, was brought to book for "sundrie misdemeanors." (Surtees Society, vol. 34.) The evidence then given in the High Commission Court of Durham has something to say about our Northern races. One of the witnesses, Thomas Wrangham from Heighington, lets us into the secret that the "sporting prophets" of the present day had been anticipated by an Auckland parson of the time of King Charles. About Christmas, 1631, "one Bryan Wall came to Mr. Vaux to have his opinion touchinge a horse-course, and whoe he thought would winn the match, and Vaux gave his opinion in the presence of examinate."

In another case reported in the Surtees Society's volume, we have Anthony Fawell of Durham deposing as to "Thomas Wandles, clerk," that "he did see him coursing a bay maire at Woodham Moore" on the 17th of

May, 1625. "Wandles," said Edmond Ellinor of Hutton Henry, "doth often use horse-coursing, and did himself run his horse at Woodham Moor, and there he broke his collar bone, as he told examinate, and doth often use hunting with doggs."

Races were striking root in the land in the reigns of the first of our Stuart kings, but a shadow came over them after the fall of the Monarchy. "Cakes and ale" were in less favour under the Commonwealth; and, besides, there were political grounds of disfavour. There was an apprehension that race and other meetings of the kind were got up as a cloak for aggressive designs on the new order of government. From the Calendar of State Papers we learn with what distrust the authorities regarded such assemblies. Thus, in 1651, the year in which the battle of Worcester brought the Civil War to a close, the Council of State ordered the preparation of a report to Parliament against horse-races, hunting and hawking matches, and football-playing; and a letter was to be sent "to the Militia Commissioners throughout the kingdom, to take care that public meetings for races, cockfighting, &c., be prevented." Promptly the circular despatch was on its rounds, setting forth the information "that the enemies of the Commonwealth were still driving on their designs to raise new troubles." There were "dangerous meetings and conferences in many places, for contriving and disposing plots, under colour and pretence of cockfighting, horse-racing, hunting, and other meetings for recreation; which, if there be not care used to prevent or disperse, may much conduce to the ripening of their counsels, and give a beginning to the breaking out of insurrections and rebellions." "Enquire after all these and the like meetings," the circular commanded; "appoint some of your militia force to attend the times and places; and either prevent the meetings or disperse them, and take care that the public peace may not be endangered by them. Observe and secure the chief promoters of these meetings, and such as shall affront or oppose you in the execution of this order, and signify the same to the Council, who will give further directions therein."

The opposition of the Council of State to horse-racing and other amusements chafed the popular mind. We have seen what fears were excited in 1651, and in the time of the Protectorate it was still considered expedient to keep a watchful eye on the race-course. On the 11th of June, 1657, one of the Yorkshire members, Sir William Strickland, was laying a paper before the House of Commons which instructs us as to the working of the resistance to favourite sports. He had received the paper from Robert Ogle, of Eslington, gentleman, the writer; and it was now read. Ogle stated that in April last, being at his inn in Alnwick, Sir Robert Collingwood, of Branton; John Salkeld the younger, of Rock; Daniel Collingwood, the son of Sir Robert; and one Robert Pemberton, came into the room where he was. Falling into discourse about a king, Sir Robert said: "We must have a king, and will have a king, and my Lord Protector dares not refuse it." And afterwards he began to inveigh against Robert Fenwick, of Bedlington (one of the three members for Northumberland). The writer, some few days before, being in company where Cavalier gentlemen were murmuring that they had been debarred from horse races, Daniel Collingwood took the liberty to say "that there was none now in power but the Rascality, who envied that gentlemen should enjoy their recreations."

After the reading of his paper, Ogle was called into the House and examined by the Speaker, Sir Thomas Widdrington, of Cheeseburn Grange, another of the members for Northumberland; and when he had verified his signature, and affirmed his statement to be true, it was ordered that Sir Robert and his son be sent for as delinquents. The latter appeared on the 23rd of June; when, kneeling at the bar, he did utterly deny that he spoke any such words as "that there were none but the Rascality now in power, who envied that gentlemen should enjoy their recreations." Whereupon he was instructed to withdraw, and it was ordered that he be discharged. To his father, Sir Robert, further time was granted. Not until the 29th of January, 1658, did the Northumbrian knight present himself before the Commons. He then admitted that he was in Alnwick at the time and place named, but denied the words ascribed to him; and he forthwith had his discharge also. Some seven years afterwards, in the Long Parliament of Charles the Second, Daniel Collingwood, of Branton, once more appeared before the Speaker, taking his place, not now on his knees as a delinquent, but on the benches among the members, as one of the representatives of Berwick-upon-Tweed.

Horse-racing was once more in the ascendant, and nobody begrudged the poor bear his baiting. Races had their revival in the land, with cockfights and bear-baiting, hawking and football. "The king had his own again," and "cakes and ale" had their swing. Now it was, perchance, that Edward Elgie, the mason of Bishop Auckland, "won at Darlington" (as we read in the historic pages of Mr. W. H. D. Longstaffe) that "best piece of silver plate" which in 1667 he was bequeathing to Dorothy his wife. In that year, on the 4th of June, Newcastle having its "horse-coursing" as before, Richard Forster, landlord of the Angel, the diligent correspondent of Sir Joseph Williamson of the *London Gazette*, was reporting progress. In the year 1667, Williamson not only had charge of the *Gazette*, but was sending "News Letters" to all parts of the kingdom, and also to foreign lands. "To-day," wrote Forster, on Tuesday, June 4, "is the first day of the races, but there is small appearance of the neighbouring gentry. The Duke of Buckingham"—who had fought his famous duel with the Earl of Shrewsbury on the 16th of March previously—"has two horses that will run."

The races went on four days; and on Friday, the 7th

of June, Forster was again writing to Sir Joseph:—"The horse-course is ended. No plate was brought in for Northumberland. The town's plate has been given to horses run by friends of the Duke. No other horses ran."

Poor sport—"no plate for Northumberland"—"small appearance of the neighbouring gentry." Men's minds were not running on the races, but on the Dutch. When Forster took pen in hand, on the 4th of June, Pepys was poring over his diary, and confessing in cipher that he had been hankering after the keeping of a coach; but with the French and the Dutch on the seas, and not knowing what might turn up or come down, he paused. Coaches and races must stand aside till the course was clear.

The course cleared, and the races went on all over England, flourishing on the Tyne through the remainder of the century, and enjoying, as at its commencement, the patronage of the Corporation. The Common Council had them under consideration, on the 6th of August, 1695, when it was resolved "that for the future it be inserted in the *Gazette* that noe horses shall run for the plate of this town that ever ran at any course on the south side of Trent."

In August of 1707, the Common Council were passing a resolution as to the "horse course," that no cords be used or paid for, for the future, at Killingworth Moor. Also, in June, 1715, "that the plate given yearly by the town, to be run for on the Thursday after Trinity Sunday, should not for the future exceed the value of £25." A "County Plate" occurs in the year ensuing (1716). The entry is given by Mr. Hodgson Hinde as the earliest "List of the Running Horses" extant for any race run at Newcastle:—

Edward Carr, of Whitburn, Esq., a bay mare called *Silversnout*, James Garth rider, in white.
Fenwick Bowman, Gentleman, *alias* Bonner, a bay mare called *Creeping Kate*, Bowman rider, in white.
Sir William Blackett, a chestnut horse called *Bagpiper*, Jonathan Cooper rider, in blue.
Mr. Robert Todd, a bay gelding called *Bouncer*, Jeremiah Forster rider, in white.

In 1721, Killingworth divided the races with Newcastle. A county plate, value £25, given by the High Sheriff (Edward Delaval), was run for at Killingworth on the Tuesday; and the remaining races took place on the Town Moor of Newcastle. Entries for the county plate were to be made with the Clerk of the Peace for Northumberland: for the gold cup of the Corporation, with the Town Clerk. "For the gentlemen's diversion, cockfighting every forenoon at Mr. Hill's pit," this being the earliest mention of cockfights in connection with Newcastle races. But from 1712 downwards, at other places in Newcastle and neighbouring towns and villages, cockfighting occurs.

Morpeth had its races in 1721 at Cottingwood, and Hexham on Tyne Green. In 1723 were the first races on record on the fine natural turf of Milfield Plain. There were races at Gateshead in 1724. At this period there were also races at Sunderland, Durham, Stockton, Barnard Castle, Auckland, and Yarm. Durham races were held on alternate days on Elvet and Framwellgate Moors; and Auckland on alternate days on Auckland Holm and Hunwick Edge. Stockton races were held on the Cars on the south side of the Tees, then accessible from the town only by a ferryboat. Between 1724 and 1740, advertisements occur of races (says Mr. Hodgson Hinde) at the following places in Northumberland and Durham, in addition to those already noticed:—Tynemouth, Blyth, Felton, Bamburgh, Alnmouth, Stamfordham, Long Benton, Newburn, Stagshawbank, Druridge, Sleekburn, Bywell, Willington Quay, and Newham; South Shields, Darlington, Wolsingham, Hartlepool, Staindrop, Sedgefield, Chester-le-Street, Lanchester, Witton Gilbert, Hamsterley, Heighington, Whickham, Ryton, Winlaton, Blaydon, Tanfield, Brian's Leap, Hebburn.

Racing was now so common, many small communities everywhere having "meetings," that Parliament interposed in 1740. The Act 13 George II., cap. 19, was placed on the Statute Book:—"An Act to restrain and prevent the excessive increase of horse-races." The preamble recites:—"Whereas the great number of horse-races for small plates, prizes, or sums of money, have contributed very much to the encouragement of idleness, to the impoverishment of many of the meaner sorts of the subjects of this kingdom; and the breed of strong and useful horses hath been much prejudiced thereby." For correction of which evils, all horses running were to be the property of the persons entering them; and no man must enter more than one horse for the same race. Nor was any plate to be run for under the value of £50.

As one of the results of this statute, Newcastle races shrunk to three days; while many places lost their meetings altogether. Only Newcastle, Morpeth, Hexham, Durham, and Stockton races were continued on a legal footing. Alnwick, Milfield, Barnard Castle, and Sunderland were afterwards revived; besides which, there are frequent presentments by grand juries of illegal meetings at other places.

In his "Local Records," Mr. Thomas Richmond gives a copy of the Stockton Race Bill of 1735. The races were run on the 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th of September, ending with the week; and the humours of the meeting comprised a foot-match among women, three times round the course, for a prize "of the full value of two guineas, 'given by a gentleman.'" Every forenoon there was a main of cocks between the gentlemen of Richmondshire and the gentlemen of Guisbrough; and every evening an assembly. The first corporate notice appears on the minutes of 1746, when there is a charge for "cash taken from the sergeant's rent to balance the race account, £15 10s. 1d." We read in the same year that the races in Stockton were to begin on the 26th of August, "the tides then falling suitable for the purpose." The course, being

carse land, was liable to be flooded; and in October, 1812, in consequence of an inundation of the river, the appointed time was postponed. In 1855, the meeting was held "on the new course, near Mandale."

Reverting to Newcastle, it was ordered by the Common Council, in April, 1742, as to the "horse-course," that "the prize on Thursday next after Trinity Sunday," falling on May 13, "be changed to a gold cup of £50 value, excluding the fashion and making."

The races of the kingdom were brought to a stand in 1749 by an epidemic among horned cattle. So virulent and fatal was this disease that all races, fairs, cockfights, &c., were prohibited, as a check on the spread of infection; and neither the year 1749 nor 1750 had a regular meeting in Newcastle. But the Duke of Cleveland and Mr. Fenwick, of Bywell, ran a match for two hundred guineas, which the latter won.

Long had the races of Newcastle now been held in Trinity week, although a meeting governed by a moveable feast was apt to clash occasionally with appointments made elsewhere. The inconvenience was at last felt to be so pressing that, on the revival of the meeting in 1751, Midsummer week (or the week nearest to Midsummer) was substituted—an arrangement that continued far away down into the present century, with the exception of the years from 1821 to 1829 inclusive, when July was preferred.

The "King's Plate" of a nundred guineas was acquired by Newcastle in 1753, and five days' racing was thus secured. "Occasionally a race was got up on the Saturday, and there are even instances when the meeting was protracted into the following week."

Whatever the operation of the Act of 1740, it did not confine race-meetings altogether to the larger towns. Many instances to the contrary might be adduced. In the month of May, 1758, as appears by the "Autobiography of the Rev. Dr. Alexander Carlyle, Minister of Inveresk," Chester-le-Street had its races; and Dr. Robertson, the historian, John Home, the dramatist, and Dr. Carlyle, returning to Edinburgh from London, were (incog.) among the more distinguished spectators of the sports. The three illustrious Scots, journeying from Durham to Newcastle, "could not resist the allurement" of a race on the road, one or more of them not having witnessed such a meeting in England. Renouncing the prospect of an early arrival on the Tyne, they tarried "to see John Bull at his favourite amusement." "There was a great crowd, and the Mrs. and Misses Bull made a conspicuous part of the scene, their equipages being single and double horses, sometimes triple, and many of them ill-mounted, and yet all of them with a keenness, eagerness, violence of motion and loudness of vociferation, that appeared like madness to us; for one thought them in extreme danger, by their crossing and jostling in all directions at the full gallop; and yet none of them fell. Having tired our horses with this diversion, we were obliged to halt at an inn to give them a little corn; for we had been four hours on horseback, and we had nine miles to Newcastle." All were jaded—the steeds and their riders; "and it was ten o'clock before we arrived."

What more shall be said of the eighteenth century—a century which closed with the erection of a Grand Stand on Newcastle Town Moor? The tale would be too long, and lose much of its historic interest. It shall, therefore, so far as the present writer is concerned, have now its end. Not far back have we been able to go in our Northern narrative. Surtees, as we have seen, names 1613 as the year in which occurs the earliest mention of public races in the county palatine. Thomas Robson and John Bainbrigge, Gentlemen, then bound themselves to Sir George Selby and Sir Charles Wren, in a recognizance of a hundred marks, to provide a piece of gold and silver plate, in the form of a bowl or cup, to be run for yearly, "at the now usual weighing place on Woodham Moor," on the Tuesday before Palm Sunday. For how long a period, previously, this "usual" race-course had been thus frequented must be left in the doubt that belongs to the vague record.

An interesting note relating to Newcastle races is appended to an article on "Sir Edward Radcliffe, of Dilston," by the Rev. Jas. Raine, jun., which appears in the first volume of the new series of the "Archæologia Æliana," published in 1857. Mr. Raine quotes the following letter from Sir Henry Babington, asking Sir Edward Radcliffe for a subscription to the horse-races at Killingworth:—

March 17, 1621.

Worthy Sir,—Being presently to goe to London, and to collect the money for the horse-race, for Sir John Fenwicke, whose yeare it is to bring in the plate, I have sent this bearer, my man, to you first—being the worthyest benefactor to our country sports—with the note of al the forinders' names, to set a crose before every ons name that hath payd, and so remembering my service to yourselfe and brothers, I rest—Your affectionat frend,

HENRY BABINGTON.

Babington's note of "al the forinders' names" set forth that the following gentlemen had subscribed five pounds each:—Sir Edward Radcliffe, Bart., Sir John Fenwicke, Kt., Sir Ralph Delaval, Kt., Sir William Selby, Kt., and Sir William Widdrington. The receipt for Radcliffe's subscription was couched in the following terms:—

March 18, 1621.

Received by me, Robert Butcher, servant to Sir Henry Babington, Knt., the sum of five pounds from the hands of Sir Edward Radcliffe, Baronet, for the contribucion, amongst other gentlemen, to the horse-race at Killingworth, payable yearly during the pleasure of the said Sir Edward, and in this year collected by Sir Henry Babington. ROBERT BUTCHER, × his marke.

Half a century later—that is to say, in 1673—John Dodsworth, of Thornton Watlass, left by will to Thomas Gabetis, of Crosby Ravensworth, "my silver flaggon which I wonne first at Killingworth Moore."

Wenceslaus Hollar, a celebrated engraver who came to England from Bohemia in 1636, etched in 1645 a plan of the River Tyne, as "described by Ra. Gardner, gent.,"

depicting the country between the river and the villages of Backworth, Earsdon, and Hartley. This plan contains also a sketch of the races on Killingworth Moor. Through the courtesy of Mr. C. J. Spence, who had placed in his hands an enlarged photograph of that part of Hollar's plan which shows the district between Billy Mill and Benton Church, the editor of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* was enabled, on June 29, 1889, to present his readers with a reproduction of the only known picture of Newcastle races on Killingworth Moor. The starting post was shown near Moorhouses, the winning post was shown near Benton Church, and the course seems to have been three miles long.

The races were continued on the Town Moor of Newcastle till 1882, when they were transferred to Gosforth Park. EDITOR.

The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stokoe.

THE HORRID WAR I' SANGYET.

THIS song commemorates an event still fresh in the memories of many residents in Newcastle. It occurred on the evening of Sunday, 11th of May, 1851, and our local bard's poetical description of the war is in strict keeping with contemporaneous reports, though the boast of the singer as to his share in the Homeric strife would hardly be sworn to, we fear, by Inspector Scott, who was a cautious man. There is no doubt, however, that the police would have been very roughly handled but for the antipathy of the Quayside porter pokemen and the keelmen to the Irish disturbers of the peace.

Joseph Philip Robson, the author of the song, and "Minstrel of the Tyne and Wear," as he described himself, was born in Bailiff-Gate on the 27th September, 1808. At an early age he lost both parents, his mother dying when he was six, and his father when he was only eight years of age. His father had been educated at Stonyhurst College; but, his health failing, he was obliged to relinquish his studies, and ultimately settled in Newcastle as teacher of the Catholic School. Joseph Philip, his son, after a brief apprenticeship to a plane maker, became also a schoolmaster, and from his earliest years was devoted to the Muses. When twenty-three years of age his "Blossoms of Poesy" appeared, followed in 1839 by "Poetic Gatherings," in 1852 by "Poetic Pencillings" in 1857 by "Hermione the Beloved" (when Her Majesty was persuaded by Lord Palmerston to send our poet a paltry gratuity of £20), and in 1869 by "Evangeline, or the Spirit of Progress." The latter work, in two parts, is a masterpiece of poetic production, in which the struggles of the great George Stephenson are cleverly introduced. Most of the other contents of the volume are really of a high order. They are, as the title page describes them, sentimental, humorous, and local, as Robson's ideas were always original, his imagination vivid, his ability varied and capricious, but without being capricious enough to render it eccentric. Besides these effusions he did much other literary work for local publications, and in 1859 he was engaged in the curious task of converting a version of the "Song of Solomon" into the Lowland Scottish dialect for Prince Lucien Buonaparte, who made a large collection of versions of the song translated into most of the dialects of Europe. Mr. Robson died on the 28th August, 1870.

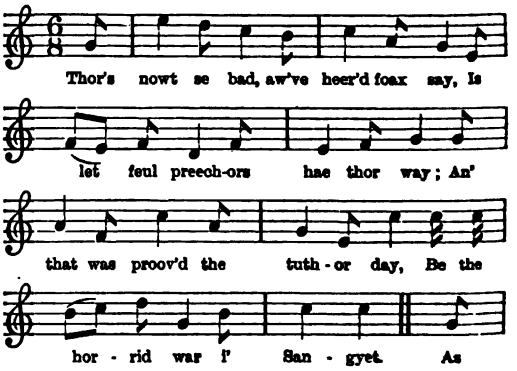
Of his humorous local songs there are many almost forgotten, as the events to which they refer are now seldom the subjects of interest, but others are thoroughly standard productions and racy of the soil—of the Tyne, Tyney. Time cannot affect the popularity of "The Pawnshop Bleezing," "Betty Beesley and her Wooden Man," or "When we were at the Schule," where a well known scene of boyish bathes and battles is pourtrayed:—

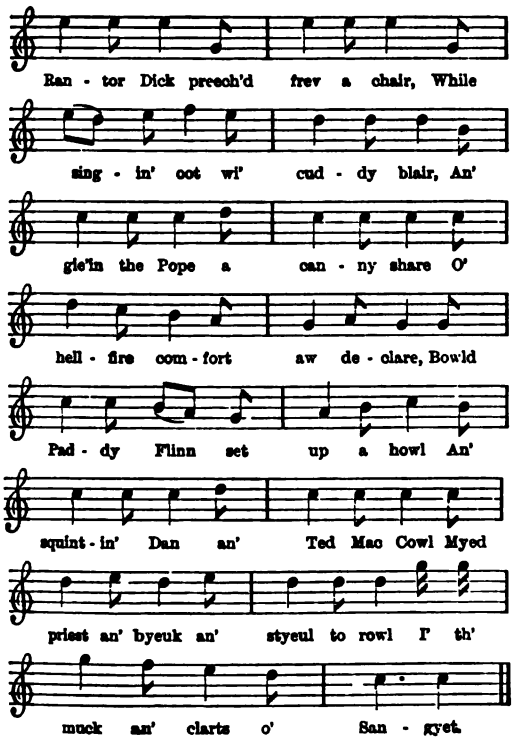
Ye'll not forget the Washing Tubs,
The Burn's Green water pyul?
Ye'll maybe mind o' Tommy's rubs
When ye cam late to skeul?

Newcastle men at a distance from home turn to no local poet with a keener relish when absence has made them home-sick, and small colonies of Englishmen even in Canada and Australia are now and then amazed by the stentorian tones of a brawny Tynesider trying to do justice to "The Horrid War i' Sangyet," or "The Exile's Return," the latter written to the melody of the immortal "Keel Row":—

Flow on, thou shining river,
Thy rolling course for ever;
Forget thee will I never,
Whatever fate be mine.

The tune to which "The Horrid War i' Sangyet" is sung is that once universally popular ditty "The King of the Cannibal Islands," written on the occasion of the visit to England of Omiah or Omai, a native of Tahiti, brought over to this country in 1774 by Captain Fourneaux.





Nan Dodds an' me an' Mettor Jack
Wis stannin' be the preechor's back ;
Says aw, "Ye thunderin' Irish pack,
Dor ye start yor gam' i' Sangyet?"
Then, wi' me neeve, aw shuts a blaw,
An' levels Dan an' Cowley law ;
Wor Jack pickt up the rantor craw,
An' tell'd not gyen Popes te jaw,
An' now the bonny gam begun ;
The Pats frev oot thor hooses run,
They poor'd be hundreds fre the "Sun,"*
Te start a war i' Sangyet.

They cam fre loosy dens wi' howls,
Like harrin'—man ! they cam' i' showls,
Wi' buzzum shanks an awd bed powls—
Styens flew like shot thru Sangyet.
The pollis cam wi' thor black sticks,
But sum gat fell'd wi' greet hawf bricks,
Then rowlin' pins an' shafts o' picks
Wis brows to de the naytive's tricks.
The Paddies screem'd till a' wis bloo—
"Let's slay the Saxon haythens, noo !
Down wid the English thaives ! Hooroo !
An' we'll be kings i' Sangyet !"

They cam fre Quinn's an' Simson's tee†
Fra Ford's an' hooses 'lang the Kee,
Fre Piporgyet an' Mill Entreet‡
Te the horrid war i' Sangyet !
The Irish force was fairly quasht,
When on the Kee-side porters dasht ;
Then tongs went up, bed powls gat smasht,
An' beeds was crackt, an' windors§ crasht ;

Then brave keel-laddies tyeuk their turn,
Wiv smiths an' potters fre the Burn ;
They cut the whitebcys doon like corn,
An' lyed them law i' Sangyet.

The sweeps now teem'd wiv sic a rush,
The Paddies fled before the brush ;
Ned Fish's heroes myed a push,
An' blackt the boys i' Sangyet.
Bill Jonsin's croo an' Clark's wis there,
An' Knight's an' Lumley's pack fowt sair ;
Jem Frame's boold fre the Cassel Square,
Wi' Blowor's Blacks an' mony mair.
The landlord's joined the jolly row,
Bob Carr gat help fre the "Barley Mow ;"¶
Moor put his Steam Boat cheps i' tow,
An' a' wes war in Sangyet.

Nell Prood chuckt up her three-legged styeul
An' lyed it into Dermitt's skull ;
An' Dorty Peg whorl'd roond her shyeul,
An' splet sum heeds i' Sangyet.
Yung Oyster Bet an' Tatey Sall
Got three greet navvies gyen the wawl ;
Bet prickt them wiv a cobbler's awl ;
Peg pows'd thor jaws an' myed them squall ;
An' when the Pats wis fairly dyeun,
Wor Sally for the pollis run,
An' te the stayshun they were tyeun
For raisin' war i' Sangyet.

The pollis wad gyen doon, aw feer,
Ef cheps like us had not been neer :—
Man, Keeside blud's se full o' beer,
We'd fight the world for Sangyet.
Wor Jack an' me to the Manors tyeuk,
Just sixteen Pats be Scott's awn byeuk ;
We seized them like a grapplin' hyeuk,
An' cyeg'd them for sum mair te lyeuk.
On Mundor morn aw fand a' sair,
When aw wis cawld afore the Mare,
An' swore 'twas a' the Rantor's prayer
That caus'd the war i' Sangyet.

To gaol the dorty trash was sent,
Wi' brockin' skulls an' fairly spent ;
They lyeukt like owt but foax content
Wi' raisin' war i' Sangyet.
Noo when we're free aw'll say agyen,
Just let us Inglish foax alyen,
Newcassel lads can rool a "main,"
In owther "seas" or "cocks"—that's plain,
Then let's away to sum yell-hoose
An' hev a sang, an' gan on croose ;
Let's proove us Keeside cheps is doose**
The conkerin' bleyds o' Sangyet.

* The Sun Inn, in Sandgate, then kept by William Mason.
† Patrick Quinn kept the Corn Market Tavern in St. Nicholas' Square; Alexander Simpson, the Lord Nelson Inn, in Sandgate; and Michael Ford the King's Arms in the same suburb.
‡ That is, from far and near on both sides of the Tyne.
§ Though now considerd a vulgarism, 'windoor' is the original word signifying an opening to admit the fresh air, but capable of being shut when necessary.
‖ The whole of the chimney sweepers in the town seem to have been there—Edward Fish's lads from Pandon, John Clark's from the Long Stairs, Thomas Lumley's and James Frames' from the Castle Garth, Robert Knight's from Percy Street, William Blower's from Gallowgate, &c., &c.
¶ The Barley Mow and boarding house in the Milk Market was kept by Robert Peacock ; and the Steam Boat Inn, in St. Mary's Street, was kept by R. C. Moor.
** Sober, sedate.

The Streets of Newcastle.

St. Nicholas' Churchyard and St. Nicholas' Square.

OUT of the dim and misty past spring vivid pictures of life in Newcastle to the stroller who, with a fair knowledge of local history, surveys the exterior of the great church of St. Nicholas. Within the sacred edifice lie the illustrious dead, all their worldly pomp and earthly honour crumb-

ling to the dust from whence they came; under the green turf surrounding it repose the lowlier townspeople, who lived their lives beneath the shadow of its massive tower, and were probably seldom out of sight of its glittering pinnacles, or far from the hearing of its melodious chime.

In the heart of the city they lie unknown and unnoticed;
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them;
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest, and for ever;
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy;
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labours;
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey.

The churchyard of St. Nicholas was truly "the heart of the city." In the good old days it was the common rendezvous of the townsfolk. At its stiles the clergy distributed doles, merchants and tradespeople chaffered, crones gossipped and slandered, and love-sick lads and lasses made their assignations, and perhaps plighted their troth. Round and round its green sward paced the faithful, earning indulgences by praying for the dead reposing below. Here dying citizens who could not hope to obtain interment within the walls, expressed a desire to lie—"nigh unto the throughe within the churchyard on the south side" willed one; "under the thorn tree in St. Nicholas' churchyard" wrote another. Round about it lived men who have helped to make Newcastle famous in art and letters—Thomas Bewick, the engraver, Joseph Barber, the bookseller, Nathaniel Bayles, the eloquent swordbearer, besides printers innumerable; while in one of its corners stood for some years the great educational institution of the town, the Free Grammar School founded by Thomas Horsley. "Lightly tread, 'tis hallowed ground."

ST. NICHOLAS' CHURCH, FROM THE SOUTH, 1826.

Let us take our stand for a moment at the top of the steps leading into the churchyard from Dean Street, the place where once Nether Dean Bridge, spanning the Lort Burn from Pilgrim Street, had its western ending. On our left, in the recess, is Bewick's workshop, depicted (with a portrait and biography of its eminent occupant) in the *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. ii., page 15. In the opposite corner, to the right, was the Grammar School, and within the railings, at the latter point, we may read the epitaph on the table monument of Joseph Barber, recently restored by the old bookseller's great grandson and namesake—Joseph Barber Lightfoot, Lord Bishop of Durham.

Proceeding onward to the left, we see an incongruous building attached to the chancel of the church. This structure contains the lower and upper vestries of St. Nicholas' Cathedral (now called the chapter-rooms, we believe), and the room which was so long the abode of the Thomlinson Library, now incorporated with the Free Library. The building itself was erected by Mr. Walter Blackett (subsequently Sir Walter Blackett) in 1736, "for the books of the Rev. Dr. Thomlinson and other benefactors." Mr. Blackett also endowed the establishment with a rent-charge of £25 a year for a librarian, to which £5 was afterwards added by Dr. Thomlinson to buy books. The Rev. Nathaniel Clayton was the first librarian under the terms of Dr. Thomlinson's bequest. He "discharged the duties of the office with great punctuality and affability, and the library was a place of great resort for the literary gentlemen of the town." His successor, the Rev. Richard Brewster, took office in 1750, "when the library began to be neglected." In 1788 and 1789 the scandalous condition into which the institution had lapsed was brought under the attention of the Archdeacon of Northumberland, one of the trustees, by Mr. William Charnley, bookseller. Dr. Sharp, the official in question, took no notice of the letter. Mr. Charnley then wrote to the Bishop of Durham. These two letters being published, the matter was taken up with spirit in the columns of the *Newcastle Advertiser*, and the then librarian (the Rev. John Ellison) was roundly charged with "a total neglect of his duty for twenty years past (he had been appointed in 1756, and in 1788 the under-curate of St. Nicholas' became his deputy), and with not purchasing any books during that time with the £5 he had annually received for that special purpose." This public censure had a little effect. The place was occasionally opened from nine to twelve in the day; but as the public knew not when to go, what power to use when there, nor what books were accessible, more grumbling ensued, and Bishop Shute Barrington was solicited in 1801 to interfere. He replied courteously that he had no power in the matter. In 1803, the Rev. Joseph Wilkinson became librarian; "and, during his time, the library was, as usual, completely neglected." In 1815, Alderman Cookson drew the attention of the Corporation to the state of affairs. The

roof did not prevent the rain from falling on the books; of the windows, hardly one was in decent repair. Public indignation was excited, and the library "was partially opened, though every artifice was used to render the visits that were made as disagreeable as possible." Of the absurd rules, having undoubtedly this end in view, it may suffice to quote only one. "It is requested that every person who comes to study in this library come in a white shirt and white neckcloth!" In or about the year 1819 or 1820 "many a basketful of old books had been sold for waste paper." Again the press took up the scandal, and the situation was criticised in the *Tyne Mercury* and the *Durham Advertiser*. Tim Tunbelly also scarified the trustees in the *Newcastle Magazine*. Matters, however, remained in much the same state till arrangements were made in 1838 for the transfer to the Public Library of Dr. Thomlinson's books—or rather such of them as had not been lost, stolen, or sorely mutilated.

There is naught to detain us further here; we continue onwards, and at once find ourselves at Amen Corner—a suggestive name which speaks for and explains itself. The real Amen Corner, however, with Joseph Barber's shop, and all the associations that clustered around it, is gone, supplanted by towering offices named St. Nicholas' Buildings.

But memories arise in this neighbourhood of some political gatherings that ought not to be passed by altogether in silence. For instance, in September, 1835, hustings were erected in St. Nicholas' Square that Daniel O'Connell might there be presented with an address, and deliver a speech. The chair was occupied by Mr. John Fife; Mr. Charles Larkin presented the address. There was more speech-making in the evening, after a public dinner in the Music Hall, where the same chairman presided; the vice chairs were occupied by Messrs. A. L. Potter, E. Charnley, J. Rayne, H. Shield, A. Nichol, and M. Dunn. Then, in 1838, on the first day of the year, a great concourse of Chartists assembled in the square, to the number of about two thousand, and walked to the Parade Ground, where they were addressed by Messrs. Thomas Doubleday, J. P. Cobett, Feargus O'Connor, and the Rev. J. R. Stephens, the two latter, according to the local historian, indulging in "remarkably inflammatory and threatening speeches." The meeting was held "to demand the abolition of the Poor Law Amendment Bill," and there was an "anti-poor law dinner" in the evening in the Music Hall. In 1839, in July, there was much excitement in many minds owing to the arrest of Dr. Taylor at Birmingham, and Mr. George Julian Harney at Bedlington, on the charge of sedition; and on the 7th of that month a meeting to protest against the arrests was held in this square. Others were subsequently held, almost nightly, in the Forth; pikes, said to have been made at Winlaton, and sold for eightcnpence apiece, were publicly exhibited in our streets; and a Sacred Month, to begin on the 17th August, was proclaimed, during which no work was to be done. On the 20th June, rioters from the Side attacked the windows in the Dean Street and Mosley Street houses, and those of the Union Bank in St. Nicholas' Square. It was at the end of this same month that the celebrated "Battle of the Forth" occurred; but that came off further a-field, though the square shared in the confusion, as

UNION BANK, ST. NICHOLAS' SQUARE, DEMOLISHED 1843.

may be guessed from the fact that a dragoon, after galloping through the square towards the Arcade, actually rode down the steps of the latter to reach the Manors! In 1840, on January 20th, a meeting was held in the square

OLD HOUSE IN ST. NICHOLAS' SQUARE, PULLED DOWN 1838.

to protest against the death-sentences passed on Frost, Jones, and Williams, for high treason.

The Union Bank, which was attacked by the Chartists in 1839, stood on the site of what is now Franklin's bookshop. Richardson's "Table Book" gives a sketch of the building when being demolished in August, 1843. To the same invaluable repository of local information we are indebted for another sketch—that of a picturesque old house in St. Nicholas' Square, which was pulled down in 1838.

To talk of St. Nicholas' Square without saying something of the grand old mother church would be an anachronism indeed. But a special article on this subject, printed elsewhere in the *Monthly Chronicle*, has been prepared by Mr. J. R. Boyle.

A Mysterious Mail Coach Robbery.

By the late James Clephan.

STOCKTON-UPON-TEES was thrown into an unwonted ferment of excitement on a market day in 1824. The story went abroad on Saturday, the 31st of January, that the York and Shields Mail Coach had been robbed, a few hours after midnight, of several thousand pounds. As the vehicle stood at the inn-door in the spacious High Street, and the ostlers were changing the horses for a northward stage, a banker's portmanteau was removed, by an unseen hand, from under an inside seat, and borne away in the darkness. Suspicion was on foot on the instant that the loss was discovered, and ran in various directions. One or two local arrests were made, followed by quick discharge, the innocence of the prisoners being made manifest; and while rumour and conjecture were still agog, the newspapers of the district, then few in number, scantily told the tale. The *Newcastle Chronicle* stated that on Saturday morning, Mr. John Dobson, clerk to Messrs. Hutchinson and Place, Tees Bank, in Stockton, took a seat in the Shields mail-coach, entrusted with parcels containing bank-notes, bills, and checks to a considerable amount, for the purpose of exchanging with the different banks at Newcastle and Sunderland. He deposited his parcels under the seat, in the inside of the coach, and, during the time they were changing horses, went into the inn on some trifling errand. On his arrival at Sunderland he found the parcels had been stolen out of the coach, which was supposed to have been done at Stockton. He immediately returned to acquaint his employers; and every diligent search was made after the robber, suspicion having fallen on a person who came by the coach from York, and quitted it at Stockton.

This record appeared on Saturday, the 7th of February; and on Tuesday, the 10th, the *Tyne Mercury* gave a somewhat more extended statement, viz. :—

At an early hour on Saturday morning, the 31st ult., a leather portmanteau was stolen from the York and Shields Mail, containing bank-notes and cheques to the value of £4,970 4s. 8d., besides bills to a considerable amount, being the property of the two Stockton banks [the Tees and Commercial]. It is supposed the robbery must have been effected about 3 o'clock in the morning, while the coach was changing horses at Stockton. The parcel was under the charge of Mr. John Dobson, clerk of the Tees Bank, who was absent from the mail only a very few moments after (as he supposed) the portmanteau had been safely deposited. Suspicion has attached to a person who came by the coach from York to Stockton, and there left it. He has been traced as travelling post in great haste to Leeds, and, it is conjectured, from thence to Liverpool. Another person, it has been discovered, was coming northward under suspicious circumstances the same morning, which has given rise to a belief that they were acting in concert, and that the man travelling by way of Leeds may have been intended to act merely as a decoy, to engage a pursuit in that direction.

In due time there was official announcement of the theft, with an offer of a reward of two hundred guineas for the discovery of the offender or offenders. The portmanteau was described as containing six paper parcels and a pocket book, in which were Newcastle, Shields, and Scotch notes, and cheques upon the Newcastle bankers to the amount of £4,970 4s. 8d., two memorandum books, and numerous bills, all belonging to the two Stockton banks.

The person supposed to have stolen the portmanteau had walked directly to Catterick Bridge, and taken chaise there in Leeming Lane, Boroughbridge, and from thence to Wetherby, Leeds, and probably to Liverpool. He arrived at Mr. Stott's, Boroughbridge, about one o'clock on Saturday afternoon. Had on a brown topcoat, drab-coloured or blue trousers, blue coat, white stockings, dirty shoes, as if he had walked on the road. He was in a great hurry to get forward, and asked the boy who drove him if he could not go a nearer way to Leeds than by Wetherby, and desired the boy to make all the haste he could. He slept a great part of the way in the chaise. He had a purple bag with him; and the waiter, when he put it into the chaise, felt two or three parcels in it answering to the description in the advertisement.

Below this statement of the movements of the supposed robber was a sort of postscript relating to someone suspected to have been an accomplice, viz. :—

A man more particularly answering the description in the above advertisement of the stolen portmanteau from the mail at Stockton was seen also on the High Street, near Scotch Corner, coming north, on the same day, and nearly at the same hour, as the man [who] was seen taking a chaise at Boroughbridge, and posting away, with all the appearance of hurry, for Leeds. Advice has this morning [February 5] reached Stockton that the man seen near Scotch Corner has been traced to near Greta Bridge, and has probably turned down to Barnard Castle. It is feared that these two men are confederates, and that, having met on the High Street line, one has gone north with the property in the most private manner, and the other south, posting it with fictitious alarm, and only acting as a decoy to direct his pursuers wrong.

Suspicion was astray. It was altogether wrong when it turned its eyes towards the north, and may also have been as far mistaken when it fastened upon the pedestrian with the blue bag who took a post-chaise at Boroughbridge. It led to no detection of the actual offender. The pursuit neither ran him down nor came near him. He

was quietly biding his time while the scent was at fault. The "very few moments" of absence from the coveted prize had been the convenient interval that gave it into his hands, and he was off and away the instant it was secured. Patiently he held his prey, reading the newspaper narratives of his exploit, and smiling over the offer of a reward that fell far short of his intentions. Masterly was his inactivity till the affair had blown over and taken its place among the nine days' wonders with which earth is filled. It was a time when lottery-agents were dazzling eager eyes with prizes of £20,000 to be won by small investments; and the hero of this dash in the dark had drawn a large proportion of the glittering sum from the wheel of fortune—the coach-wheel—where there were no blanks. A man of mystery, who could he be? Everybody was asking the question for a season, and nobody could answer it. Nor, to this day, has the veil ever been removed. Mr. Richmond, who chronicles the occurrence in his "Stockton Records," closes his brief note with the words:—"After a considerable time had passed over, and for certain considerations, the stolen property was restored to the Commercial Bank; but it was never known by whom the robbery had been effected."

The Commercial Bank of Stockton had been established in 1815; the year in which a coach first began to run between York and Shields, by way of Thirsk, Stockton, Sunderland, and Newcastle. The Tees Bank was opened in the year 1785; and Mr. Richmond has an entry of December, 1812, that the poet Wordsworth composed the earlier half of his poem, "The White Doe of Rylstone,' whilst on a visit to his brother-in-law, Mr. John Hutchinson, the senior proprietor, at Stockton.

Gradually the midnight mystery of 1824 faded into a dim tradition—a fireside tale of other days—a paragraph of local history for the Richmond Records. But greater fulness was given to the event when Mr. Fordyce brought out his History of Durham, in 1857; and in 1865, Mr. Henry Heavisides dedicated a page to it in his Annals of Stockton-upon-Tees. The writer, having so far proceeded in his purpose, pursues it to the end with Mr. Fordyce's second volume by his side.

Bleak and stormy was the weather on the evening of Friday, the 30th of January, when the mail-coach left York. There was only one passenger—a young commercial traveller, seated inside, and making his first journey. Another came up at Easingwold, and took an outside place. At Thirsk, the guard and coachman proposed to him that he should get inside, and have shelter from the rain. Profiting by their kindness, he changed his seat, but wrapped himself in his dreadnought—turned his back—and declined all conversation with his companion in the coach. At Stockton he alighted, and was no more seen. His journey was at an end. Another fellow-passenger, however, for the commercial traveller turned up. This was Mr. John Dobson, clerk in the Tees Bank, who on Saturday morning was going to Sunderland and Newcastle with bank-notes, cheques, and bills, to the amount of some thousands of pounds, intending to call for business on the bankers of those towns. While the ostlers were changing the horses, coachman, guard, and passengers were exchanging courtesies in the inn. Mr. Dobson, carefully guarding his charge, went to the coach, opened the door, and placed it under his seat. The door was then closed, and all was apparently safe. Seats were subsequently taken; the horn blew; "all right" was the cry; and at a touch of the whip the fresh horses bounded on their way. "All right," thought Mr. Dobson, but he was wrong. The portmanteau was gone. The silent man in the dreadnought, opening one door when the other had been closed, removed the deposit; and it and he were off in a moment. The first mistake of the night had been committed. At every turn of the wheels the town and the portmanteau were left farther and farther behind. Norton and Billingham were passed; through Wolviston went the coach; and at the Red Lion, where the horses were again changed, an old woman got a "lift" for Castle Eden. There she alighted, and the two insides were again left in exclusive possession of the conveyance. They kept it till they came to Sunderland, where the traveller took up his quarters with his luggage at the principal inn, and Mr. Dobson remained sole passenger, still unaware of his loss. But, nearing the end of his journey, he at length looked under his seat, and found only a place where the portmanteau was not. No search could restore the treasure. Coachman and guard were brought into conference without avail; and the disquieted clerk drove home by a chaise and four to tell the tale of his loss. The circumstances were all recalled and weighed. Persons on the spot might have had a finger in the theft; the man in the dreadnought and the young traveller might be accomplices; even the old woman did not escape suspicion. The Easingwold passenger was identified with the pedestrian who walked into Catterick Bridge and posted on to Leeds, where all trace of him was lost. Meanwhile the passenger from York, finding Saturday to be market-day in Sunderland, drove on to Newcastle. There, also, it was market-day; no business was to be done; so off he went to Hexham. At night he was at the house of a friend at North Shields, with whom he sojourned over Sunday. On Monday he returned to Sunderland, his Shields friend driving him over in his own carriage. From Sunderland he came back to Newcastle, where he put up at the Turk's Head. Openly riding to and fro in the district—going and returning on his road—was hardly the course of a man anxious to elude justice; but doubts haunted him nevertheless; the police were on his track; in his most innocent movements suspicion found its food; and to his great astonishment, at his inn in Newcastle, he was put under arrest! The matter came before the magistrates; inquiries were made in all quarters; the high character of the prisoner was clearly established; and he was discharged without a

stain, but not without a pang. His heart was sorely wounded that such a humiliation and indignity should have befallen him. Circumstances had been wrongly interpreted, and he suffered wrong from mistaken conclusions. The real culprit had eluded detection, the officers of justice were at fault; inquiry and pursuit were baffled by the clever criminal, whose whereabouts was wrapped and concealed as in a dreadnought—a coat of darkness.

The bankers, as we have seen, had promptly advertised a reward. Payment of the bills was stopped. The official announcement was made in all parts, but with no response. It left the offender undiscovered. When hope, however, was gone, he himself took the initiative. Like Macbeth, he would not only be "thus," but "securely thus"; he was anxious to make a bargain for a proportion of the plunder, which would leave him in peaceful possession of the remainder; and opening a correspondence with the lawful proprietors of his booty, he said he had seen their advertisement, and was in possession of moneys in some respects answering the description of the property advertised, but the amount was considerably larger. Perhaps there was some error. If so, and what he had in his possession belonged to the advertisers, he was prepared to treat. His terms were £2,000, and £700 in consideration of expenses incurred in three or four unsuccessful experiments for securing the prize. The bankers played awhile with the negotiator, but he was not to be outwitted. He would not move a foot till he had received a bond for the due and safe fulfilment of the bargain, and then he would be on honour with his correspondents. The final arrangements being made, a gentlemanly-looking stranger appeared on the scene, and had a private interview with a principal. The plunder was handed over, the consideration given. Bows were exchanged, and the interview was over. In the chaise-and-four that stood at the door of the bank, the dark adventurer rolled away from the High Street on which he had so dexterously withdrawn Dobson's package; and by an early post the bankers received a case of choice wine, with a cool note from their visitor, politely acknowledging their performance of contract, and expressing, moreover, the satisfaction which it would give to himself and his friends to have further dealings with gentlemen so honourable!

Mr. Fordyce, whose narrative we have abridged, describes the composed stranger as quitting the bank without uttering a syllable. It has been said, however, that when the exchange had been made, he was asked if he would have any objection to say how the robbery had been effected? Objection! he exclaimed; none at all. On the contrary, he was glad to have an opportunity of making known the simple ingenuity of the transaction. The clerk placed the portmanteau in the coach, and closed the door upon it on the one side: he—the stranger—opened the door on the other, and took it out. That was all. Such was the explanation of this pink of courtesy. Dobson and the portmanteau were never in the coach together. When he went one way, the money went another; and the commercial traveller was not only innocent of the removal—he never had a chance of touching it. A lesson to all of us on the peril of jumping to conclusions.

There is conflict of statement as to one of the circumstances of the robbery. Mr. Fordyce is silent as to the posting-house where the mail changed horses in Stockton. The bankers' "box," says Mr. Heavisides, "containing £8,000," was stolen from the coach "while a change of horses was taking place as it stood in front of the Vane Arms Hotel," the old Red Lion Inn, whose sign had been changed on the 8th of November, 1821. (Richmond's "Local Records.") Mr. Richmond states the robbery to have been effected "whilst changing horses at the Black Lion Inn," and we have always understood that this was the house. The matter is not of great moment, but the discrepancy shows the difficulties of history. Another difference may have a note, and then we have done. The sum given by Mr. Heavisides is £8,000. "Upwards of £20,000 in bills and notes," says Mr. Fordyce. Any way, it was no "unconsidered trifle," but a magnificent temptation for a wholesale expert.

The Chiff-Chaff.

THE chiff-chaff *(Sylvia rufa)*, one of the earliest of our summer arrivals, has as many *aliases* as a member of the Long Firm. It is known as the least willow wren, the chiff-chaff, the hay bird, the arbour bird, &c. Its most common name of chiff-chaff is derived from its ordinary note, often followed by "chivy-chavy," so aptly described in the following verses:—

"Chiff-chaff! Chivy-chavy!"
What a funny little bird;
Was there ever such a warbler
In the woodland heard?

"Chiff-chaff! Chivy-chavy!"
On the ear it comes again,
Faint and low, yet soft and pleasant,
Is the gentle strain.

The bird is tolerably plentiful in Durham and Northumberland in summer. "A pretty common spring-and-autumn migrant," says Mr. John Hancock, "frequenting wooded districts where the trees are lofty, from the tops of which it keeps continually uttering the two peculiar well-known notes from which it takes its name. When it leaves in September, the young and the adult are indistinguishable, the former being then as fully coloured as their parents." It will be found occasionally in most of the cemeteries around Newcastle, in Jesmond Dene, and on the wooded banks of the Tyne from Scotswood to Hexham—or, indeed, wherever there are woodlands.

Though found in woods and thickets, the chiff-chaff seems fondest of well-wooded hedge-rows, and may often be found frequenting shrubberies and gardens, where it nests if not molested. It is a lively little bird, and when the trees are in leaf it is often more frequently heard than seen, as it searches among the leaves and boughs for its favourite insect food, which consists mainly of small caterpillars, aphides, moths, and flies, the latter being often caught on the wing.

Morris gives the length of the bird as four and a half inches; weight, nearly three drachms. From the beak, above, to the root of the tail, the prevailing colour is greyish green. The beak, short and slender, is yellowish. Over the eye, running down to the shoulder, is a greenish yellow streak, while an oval band of black crosses the eye

and runs up to the root of the bill. The colours of the feathers inside this ring are slightly darker than the yellowish streak above the eye. The whole of the under part of the body is white, washed with yellowish brown. The wings and tail are dark brown, the quill feathers being a shade darker; the claws rather lighter. In size and plumage the female can scarcely be distinguished from her mate.

The chiff-chaff generally breeds on or near the ground, and is what is termed an oven-builder, the nest being built over, with an oblong hole in the side, very similar in shape to the nest of the dipper. The eggs are usually seven in number, sometimes five. They are about the same size as those of the common wren. The ground colour of the eggs is white, dotted all over with minute purplish-brown spots, densest at the thicker ends. The eggs vary much in the marking, and are sometimes nearly pure white.

A Blind Scholar.

A FAMILIAR figure in the streets of Newcastle, along which he used feel his way with a stick or pole as tall as himself, the late Laurence Goodchild was a remarkable instance of what a brave and determined struggle with great misfortune can accomplish. Mr. Goodchild was blind, and had been so from early manhood; yet he was a man of great and varied attainments, a fine classical scholar, a mathematician, and thoroughly well informed in history and general literature.

Laurence Goodchild was born at Pallion, Sunderland, on the 1st December, 1813, the estate at Pallion having been in his family from the reign of Elizabeth. His father was a banker, who failed not long after the birth of Laurence, and the estate was sold. In fact, Mr. Goodchild surrendered everything to his creditors, and had the satisfaction of knowing that, though a ruined man, no one lost a penny by his failure. After this, the family

Laurence Goodchild.

removed to Perthshire, where they resided seven years. The death of the elder Goodchild compelled the widow and children to return to Sunderland, and Laurence attended the school of Dr. Wood, at Monkwearmouth, and here was laid the foundation of his great classical learning. While still a youth he studied hard, and doubtless this hastened his blindness, which overtook him when he was about twenty years old. It may have been, as his friend Mr. Mitchison suggests, the consciousness of his impending calamity that urged him to even greater diligence. At all events he met his misfortune bravely when it did overtake him, and at once sought for some suitable occupation. This he found in the school of Mr. Weyms, at Durham, where he was engaged as classical teacher. About this time he published his first work: "Hoel, a Cambrian

Tale," which is founded on the brave resistance offered by the hardy Welshmen to the warriors of Edward I. Mr. Goodchild undertook the sale of his work himself, traversing with it, mostly on foot, nearly every county in England. Mr. Goodchild was also the author of some other stories, notably "Warkworth," "The Rebel's Wooing," and "Lamiæ."

The late William Mitchinson published in a local magazine, about seven years ago, some interesting reminiscences of Mr. Goodchild, and we have drawn upon this for a few anecdotes concerning him. His pedestrian performances, when in his prime, were equalled by very few persons indeed. He walked at least four times between Newcastle and Edinburgh, and no less than seventy times between Newcastle and Alnwick; while the roads between Newcastle, Durham, Darlington, Hartlepool, Stockton, &c., were as familiar to him as Grey Street. He has been known to walk 330 miles within a week; but his greatest performance in a single day was from Newcastle to Carlisle.

Mr. Mitchison also gives some illustrations of Goodchild's amazing memory. So ready and retentive was this that, if a Latin word was named, in two or three minutes he could repeat the line from Horace, Virgil, or Ovid in which it occurred. He knew by heart all the Odes of Horace, more than eight books of the "Ænied," the "Lady of the Lake," "Marmion," "Mazeppa," "The Siege of Corinth," "The Corsair," "The Giaour," &c.

A pupil of Goodchild's, a well-known Newcastle gentleman, tells us it was a common thing for the blind man to go to a bookcase and take down a volume, then hand it to his pupil, saying, "Horace, isn't it?" On being told that it was, he would add: "Then turn to — page, and read from — line." And woe to the careless pupil who made a slip or a false quantity! The same gentleman told the writer that Goodchild was very fond of children, a liking which most of them reciprocated. He used to delight little folks with his numerous capital stories and impromptu rhymes.

The late Lord Ravensworth held Mr. Goodchild in great esteem, and had a high opinion of his classical attainments. It was a red-letter day in the blind scholar's calendar when his lordship invited him to spend the day with him at Ravensworth Castle.

Mr. Goodchild was a successful teacher, and was accustomed to boast that no man whom he had prepared for examination was ever rejected. For thirty years he resided in Newcastle, and his tall form, enormous stick, and cheerful face were as familiar as the Grey Monument to most citizens. He had many friends, and but few enemies, as, where he took a liking, "his feelings were strong, warm, and lasting." He was a Tory of the old school, "stern and unbending," and although he did not spare an opponent, and used very strong language at times in his political arguments, few that knew him were apt to take offence.

The blind scholar died, after a very short illness, on the 21st of March, 1881, in his 68th year, sincerely regretted by his many friends, to one of whom, Mr. William Lyall, we are indebted for the loan of the photograph from which our sketch is taken.

W. W. W.

Bear-Baiting.

BEAR-BAITING was formerly one of the established amusements in England, not only among the common people, but among nobles, and even royalty itself. The chief nobles used to keep their bear-wards, whose business it was to feed, train, and carry about these animals for the delectation of their masters and their friends and dependents. The fifth Earl of Northumberland, who died in 1527, had an officer of this sort, whose annual reward from his lord was twenty shillings, as the "Northumberland Household Book" informs us, when he came "to my Lorde in Cristmas, with his lordshippe's beests for makynge his lordschip pastyme." The sports on these occasions lasted twelve days, and were witnessed by thousands of spectators of all ranks. Little further is known of the pastime in the Northern Counties. There must, however, have been a bear-baiting at Newcastle, in 1562, as we learn from Mr. Welford's "History of Newcastle and Gateshead," that among the payments out of the municipal treasury in that year was a reward to my Lord Monteagle's bearward of six shillings and eightpence.

The Castle Garth, Newcastle.

NEWCASTLE was created an independent county by charter of Henry IV., in the year 1400. But the Castle and its precincts were not affected by the grant, and therefore remained part of the county of Northumberland. The consequence of this was that the Mayor and Sheriff of Newcastle and their officers had no jurisdiction within the Castle walls. An evil-doer, after committing an offence in the town, had only to fly to the Castle to be safe from immediate arrest. When the Castle ceased to be garrisoned, and fell into partial ruin, the three and a half acres which its outer walls included became a veritable sanctuary for sinners. This state of things was brought to an end by the charter granted to Newcastle in 1589 by Queen Elizabeth. Therein the Castle is described as "old and ruinous," and it is stated that "many most wicked persons," by fleeing thither, "do often evade merited punishments." For this reason the Mayor and other officers of the town were empowered, "at all times, to enter the enclosure of the Castle, and every house and

mansion within the ambit, circuit, and precinct thereof," except the Keep itself, then used as the County Gaol, and to arrest and punish such malefactors as they might find there.

But the Castle and its precincts were still part of the county of Northumberland. In 1619, one Alexander Stevenson, "a Scotchman, who came in with King James," obtained from the king a lease of the Castle and its liberties, except the Keep and the Moot Hall, at a yearly rent of forty shillings. At this time two houses outside the Black Gate, and two others in the Castle Garth, in one of which the county gaoler lived, whilst the other was the residence of one William Robinson, who was "deputy herald under Norroy, King at Arms," were the only inhabited dwellings within the Castle liberties. After this period, however, the open spaces within the walls were rapidly built upon, justifying the comparison of the Castle Garth, by a French writer of the seventeenth century, to a little city. Amongst the early occupants of the Garth were—John Pickle, who completed the superstructure of the Black Gate, commenced by Stevenson, the lessee, "and kept a tavern in it"; one Jordan, "a Scotchman and sword kipper," who "built a house on the south side of the Gate, and lived in it"; and one Thomas Reed, "a Scotch pedlar," who "took a shop on the north side of the Gate."

The rapid and eager occupation of the Castle Garth is easily explained. In former times the members of the several incorporated companies of Newcastle had the exclusive right of pursuing their various trades in the town. No one, for instance, was allowed to make or sell shoes unless he was a member of the Cordwainers' Company, or had compounded with that company for the privilege. No one could bake and sell bread, or brew and sell beer, unless he was a member of, or had compounded with, the Bakers' and Brewers' Company. In the Castle Garth, however, any one could freely carry on any trade he pleased. This was gall and bitterness to both the trade companies and the Corporation. The latter body, in 1650, succeeded in buying the remainder of Stevenson's lease, which had then nineteen years to run, and during this period the Castle Garth tradesmen had anything but prosperous and peaceful times. As the term drew towards its end, the Corporation petitioned for the renewal of the lease, but were opposed by the county. Meantime, a new lease was granted to Lord Gerrard, afterwards Earl of Macclesfield, for the term of three lives. In 1685, however, the Corporation secured from James II. a reversion of the lease for thirty-one years, and also a warrant that the Castle Garth should be part of the county of Newcastle. On the strength of this warrant the Corporation vexed Lord Gerrard and his tenants with frivolous suits, broke open the houses in the Garth by virtue of the bye-laws of the incorporated companies, seized the occupants' goods, and indicted them for following their trades. One is glad to learn that a few years later the warrant of King James was declared to be illegal, and, consequently, was set aside.

The third life of the Gerrard lease, however, terminated in 1701, and the Corporation entered under their reversionary lease. Then came another period of harassment for the traders in the Garth. They were fined for carrying on a trade, and fined again for every journeyman they employed. In the orders of the Common Council, under date 7th of May, 1705, we have an example of the way in which the Corporation supported the unjust and illegal claims of the companies.

No tailor working in the Castle Garth shall exercise his trade anywhere within the town out of the Castle Garth, except in mending old clothes.

All master tailors exercising their trade in the Castle Garth to pay the Free Tailors' Company two shillings per annum, and to pay it quarterly, and to pay four pence per annum for every journeyman, the said four pence to be paid once a year.

To carry out these regulations persons were employed to "search" the Castle Garth from time to time, to ascertain how many tailors were trading there, and what journeymen they employed. We meet with such items as the following for many years in succession in the account books of the Tailors' Company :—

1716.—Castle Garth searches...	£4	8	0
1722.—Castle Garth searches...	4	5	2

The Corporation lease, however, terminated in 1732, and then came another period of freedom for the traders; and before their persecutors could again assert their authority in the Castle Garth the power of the incorporated companies had begun to decline. But for many years afterwards its inhabitants constituted a community amongst themselves. Tailors and shoemakers seem to have been the principal occupants of the Garth. Mackenzie mentions their skill "in *translating* old articles into new ones, or *vice versa*, as it may suit the taste of their customers." The same writer tells us that the "old, barbarous, and mischievous policy" of the Corporation and the trade companies towards "the suffering inhabitants of the Castle Garth," generated amongst the latter a "kind and friendly feeling," which, even in his day, was not extinct. "Every stranger," he tells us, "immediately after opening a shop, is invited to a general meeting of all the dealers and chapmen within the precincts and liberties of the Castle, at a public-house. Each individual pays sixpence, and the evening is spent in promoting good fellowship."

The crowded dwellings of the Castle Garth have almost all disappeared. When the present Moot Hall was built, many of the houses surrounding the Keep were taken down, and even a larger number were removed to make way for the approach to the High Level Bridge. Now all that remains to show the old-time aspect of the Garth is the short street leading within the Black Gate towards the Moot Hall, shown in our engraving. This, indeed, is all that is now generally known as the Castle Garth. It is hastening, also, towards its end. The hand of time

and decay rests heavily on it, and before very long even this remnant of Old Newcastle will be gone.

J. R. Boyle, F.S.A.

St. Nicholas' Cathedral, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

THE Roman Station of Pons Ælii and the Saxon town of Monkchester had both gone down before the arrival in this country of William the Conqueror. When that monarch reached the banks of the Tyne, he found the Roman bridge in ruins and impassable, and provisions for his army could not be found nearer than Tynemouth. The New Castle upon Tyne—fortress and town—was founded by his son, Robert Curthose. This was in the year 1080. There is every evidence that the growth of the new town was rapid, and its early prosperity great. The church of St. Nicholas, the earliest ecclesiastical establishment within the walls of Newcastle, is said to have been founded by St. Osmund, Bishop of Salisbury, in 1091. Although no very satisfactory proof of this statement is attainable, it is certain that the town would, soon after its establishment, require a church, and as we know that St. John's, the second church in Newcastle, was built whilst the twelfth century was still young, there is every reason to believe that the date ascribed to St. Nicholas' is approximately correct.

No part of the church built in those early times

THE CASTLE GARTH, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, 1889.

ST. NICHOLAS' CATHEDRAL, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, 1889.

exists now. It probably soon became too small for the needs of the inhabitants. The builders were again at work about the year 1250. In the churchyard are three or four stones, moulded in a way which indicates that they have formed part of some structure erected about this time. They had afterwards been used up as old building material, and were taken out of the walls during the restorations of a few years ago. Then we are told that in 1216 the church was consumed by fire. Certainly about that period some rebuilding was carried out. If the reader will go into the nave of the church, and will examine the easternmost pillar on the north side, he will find that an older pillar is encased in the present one. This older pillar is clearly part of a nave, with aisles, built in the early part of the thirteenth century. The walls above the present arches of the nave and below the clerestory windows were built at the same time. The arches themselves are much later, but they have been inserted in the older walls.

The nave and transepts were rebuilt in 1359. As I have just mentioned, the older nave walls were partly preserved, the new arches being pierced through them; and this accounts for what is one of the most remarkable features in this church, viz., the great width of the aisles as compared with that of the nave. Ten years later the chancel was in course of re-erection. The old chancel had been taken down, and the new one commenced, without the permission of the Bishop and Prior of Carlisle, who were rectors of the church. They sent a proctor to Newcastle on their behalf. He, on his arrival, found a priest, named Roger de Merley, sitting near the new choir, and "hammering and working on a new stone." The proctor commanded the workmen to desist, and threw pebbles at the new work, and at what remained of the old, in evidence of his authority.

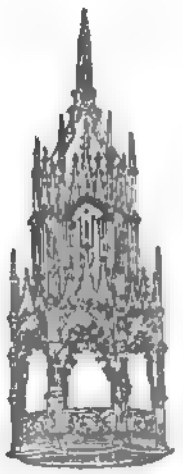
Another hundred years passed by, and Newcastle numbered amongst its people one Robert de Rodes, a lawyer, a man of wealth, and one who stood high in the esteem of the Bishop and Prior of Durham. To him we are indebted for the glorious steeple of this church. Aloft in the vault of the tower we have his coat of arms, and the legend—

"Orate pro anima Roberti de Rodes."

(Pray for the soul of Robert de Rodes.)

Except to a few conventional architects, this wonderful steeple is an object of universal admiration. There is nothing quite like it anywhere in the world. Scotland has two or three towers crowned in a slightly similar, but much inferior way, and the steeple of St. Dunstan's-in-the-East, London, built by Sir Christopher Wren, has a very poor imitation of this lantern at Newcastle.*

When we enter the church by its west door, the first object to strike our attention is the font, which is plain and rude in design, but is surmounted by a truly magnificent cover. The basin bears the arms of Rodes, as well as those of an old Durham county family, the Bainbriggs. Robert Rodes, who died in 1474, had no children. A niece, Alice Rodes, was his heiress. She afterwards married one Richard Bainbrigg, said to have been a member of a family of that name settled at Snotterton, in the parish of Staindrop. In right of his wife he acquired the estate of Wheatley Hill, in the parish of Kelloe, and his descendants remained there for several generations. I believe this font was erected by the niece of Robert de Rodes and her husband, as a memorial of the man to whom Newcastle owes its most splendid architectural achievement.



COVER OF FONT.

Turning into the south aisle, we find at its west end a remarkable slab, fixed to the wall, which has borne a now almost obliterated representation of the Crucifixion of the Saviour. On the upper part of it is a fragment of an inscription, which, with great difficulty, may be read as follows:—

Our lady prest is bon to say,
At the lavatory ewy day;

meaning that the priest of a chantry dedicated to the Virgin was required every day to say solemn dirge and mass at the altar for the soul of George Carr, and for his wife's and children's souls. The *lavatory* means the water drain near the altar, usually called the *piscina*.

Before we leave this part of the edifice we must notice the recesses in the wall of the south aisle, which, doubtless, were intended for the tombs of benefactors to the church.

The chapel in the same aisle was formerly the chantry of St. Margaret, founded in 1394 by Stephen Whitgray, who, more than once, had represented Newcastle in Parliament. It is now known as the Berwick Porch, for here, from 1636 to 1859, the Berwicks, of Close House

* Church bells were of service in times of old to guide the belated wayfarer to his home in the night. In Mr. North's "Church Bells of Leicestershire," published in 1876, there is mention of grateful bequests to parish churches by testators who had been befriended by the belfry when their road was lost in hours of darkness. The church of St. Nicholas was not only of service in this way, but also as an inland lighthouse. Pennant speaks of the pathless moors of this neighbourhood in the past century; and many a traveller who traversed them had reason to thank the lantern of St. Nicholas in the nights of old. In the second week of November, 1567, an item of 3s. occurs in the books of the Town Chamberlain, "paid for 4 lbs. of waxe maid in candell for the lanterne of Sancte Nycholas churche, and for the workynge." So, too, in December next, 1s. 6d. went for "waxe wrought in candell for the lanterne."—J. C.

near Heddon-on-the-Wall, were buried, and here are the monuments of some of them. But into this chapel are gathered the earliest memorials of the departed now

PEW STANDARDS, ST. NICHOLAS' CHURCH, TEMP. CHARLES I.

existing in the church. Besides several fragments, there are three mediæval grave stones of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and of beautiful designs; but, as was usual in those days, without any inscriptions. Here, too, is the recumbent effigy of a knight, clad in chain mail, cross-legged, and with his feet resting on a lion. There is every reason to believe that this is the effigy of Peter le Mareshal, who was sword-bearer to Edward I., and who was buried in this church on the 18th September, 1322. Edward II., who was then at Newcastle, paid for a cloth of gold to cover Mareshal's body on the day of his interment.

We proceed towards the east end of the church, and turn into the south transept. Here, on our right, we have the quaint and singular monument of the Maddisons, adorned with many effigies, representing and recording three generations of the same family. On the opposite side of the transept are two windows, architecturally the best in the church.

We now enter the south aisle of the chancel, and immediately beyond the vestry door we have the monument of the Halls, a less pretentious, but very similar one to that of the Maddisons. The Halls and the Maddisons were related by intermarriages, and were amongst the wealthy merchants of Newcastle during the first half of the seventeenth century.

Before we proceed further, we may glance at the new features which have been recently introduced into the church—the reredos, the stalls, the screens, and the bishop's throne. These all embody much excellent design, almost faultlessly executed; but they are none the less sadly out of character with the edifice into which they are introduced, and display an entire absence of that modest sense of fitness which almost invariably characterized the work of the architects of the middle ages.

If, now, we pass behind the reredos, we see a large painting by Tintoretto of "Christ washing His Disciples' Feet." Then, proceeding along the north aisle of the chancel, we enter the north transept, where we find an interesting monument of Thomas Surtees, the last representative of a family which owned the manor of Gosforth from the time of Henry II. Here we may descend into the crypt, formerly one of the chantry chapels, afterwards a receptacle of human bones, and now occupied by organ-blowing machinery.

Many stirring events have been witnessed in this church. Courts of justice were held here in the reign of Edward I. In 1313, penance was performed by one Nicholas le Porter at the doors of this church, he standing unshod, bareheaded, and clothed only in a linen gown, for having dragged certain persons from sanctuary in the church of the White Friars. Here, too, in 1417, Matilda Burgh and Margaret Usher did penance for having approached the shrine of St. Cuthbert at Durham dressed in men's clothes. Treaties of peace between the commissioners of England and Scotland were solemnly signed and sealed here in 1451 and 1459. Here, in 1550, John Knox, the great Scottish reformer, preached before those who sat in judgment on his heresies, he undertaking to prove that the sacrifice of the mass was idolatrous. Bishop Toby Matthew preached here before James I. Here the famed Alexander Henderson preached to General Leslie and the leaders of the Scottish army the day after the battle of Newburn. And when, during the siege of Newcastle in 1644, the same Leslie threatened to fire his cannons at the steeple unless the town would capitulate, Sir John Marley sent all the Scotch prisoners into the belfry, and told the besiegers they might fire away if they desired their countrymen's destruction. Charles I., during his imprisonment in the town, attended service here, and was insulted by the Scotch preacher's choice of a hymn, but the people sympathized with the King, and sung another for which he called.† After the

† The remarkable incident of 1646 is thus related in Sir William Dugdale's "Short View of the Late Troubles in England" (1681):—"A rigid Presbyterian preacher, besides many rude and uncivil expressions in his sermon before the King, called for the 52nd Psalm to be sung by the congregation, which beginneth thus:—

Why dost thou, tyrant, boast abroad,
Thy wicked works to praise?

Whereupon his Majesty instantly stood up, and called for the 56th Psalm, beginning thus:—

Have mercy, Lord, on me, I pray,
For man would me devour."

battle of Dunbar, the Scotch prisoners were lodged for a single night in this church.

No account of this famous church can be considered complete without some reference to Ben Jonson's enigma. The poet had come this way in 1618, on the occasion of his Scottish tour. Gray quotes in his "Chorographia" the following lines as having been written by Jonson concerning the steeple of St. Nicholas': -

My altitude high, my body foure square;
My foot in the grave, my head in the ayre;
My eyes in my sides, five tongues in my wombe:
Thirteen heads upon my body, foure images alone.
I can direct you where the winde doth stay;
And I time God's precepts thrice a day.
I am seen where I am not, I am heard where I is not.
Tell me now what I am, and see that you misse not.

"If Jonson wrote the riddle," says Mr. Clephan, "some other pen than his own must subsequently have made the lines to halt. They are of the 'peculiar measure' of the obliging rhymer who is said to have gone all lengths to please his friends; they present sundry openings for conjectural revision; and we may venture to suggest that at the close of the last line save one, the words were originally written, not 'I is not,' but 'I wis not.'"

J. R. Boyle, F.S.A.

J. W. Carmichael, Artist.

A COLLECTION of engravings from the local works of this eminent artist was edited by Mr. Richard Welford and published by Messrs. M. and M. W. Lambert in 1878. It is to Mr. Welford's book that we are mainly indebted for the facts embodied in the present sketch.

John Wilson Carmichael was born on January 9th, 1800. His parents lived in the neighbourhood of Tyne Street, Newcastle, and in his childhood Carmichael played amongst the very scenes of which his pencil has left us many a truthful record. Now-a-days, the East End of Newcastle is thickly populated, prosaic, grimy. The houses cluster unpleasantly together; they are conventional; they have neither beauty of form nor beauty of colour. When the century was young, it was vastly otherwise. Rows of brick-built houses, with brown tiles and quaintly curved gables, stretched westward from the Ouseburn; there was no High Level Bridge; most of the buildings on the Quay were still picturesquely Elizabethan. The character of the neighbourhood in which he was born impressed the mind of young Carmichael deeply. When he had acquired facility in the use of his brush, he painted it affectionately and often. He returned to it again at the period of his greatest maturity and power, and made the finest of his water-colour drawings out of the view from the Ropery Banks.

Humble as were the circumstances in which he was born, Carmichael was exceptionally fortunate in his early years. He was apprenticed to Richard Farrington and Brothers as a ship-carpenter; and as he exhibited great fondness for drawing, his employers, who were men of generous minds and liberal education, afforded him what facilities were in their power to perfect his knowledge of art. Working as an ordinary carpenter for the most part, he was occasionally given a seat in the draughtsman's office, and he found out in many ways

that his employers were taking a kindly interest in his career. He was careful, nevertheless, to make himself a good workman. On one occasion his devotion to his work and happy carelessness of consequences nearly cost him his life, for he fell into the river, and was fished out as much dead as alive. How hard Carmichael must have laboured at his art whilst he was still employed in the shipyard, is conclusively proved by the position to which he had attained before he was yet "out of his time." He was already known as a painter of great promise, and had, we believe, become the friend and almost the pupil of Richardson. His knowledge of ships, his close acquaintance with the river, led him to strike out a new line amongst local painters. Then, as now, owners and captains were glad to have portraits of their ships. These works, which were well paid for as a rule, were in general very inadequately painted. Carmichael invented a new style. He made the portrait of his ship as correct as even the most exigent captain could require, but he made it a picture as well. Many of his earlier marine paintings are works of this nature. They are almost invariably marked by great beauty of effect, and by a clear luminosity of colour, which afterwards became one of the most distinct characteristics of the artist's genius.

Carmichael owed his first really effective start in life to one of the brothers Farrington. This gentleman,

Joseph Farrington, presented him with the first box of water colours he ever possessed, and procured for him commissions from the Trinity House and the Corporation of Newcastle, which, in a small way, were then distinguished for their patronage of local art. In 1823, we find him settled in a studio in the New Road, overlooking the scene of his apprenticeship. A year earlier T. M. Richardson had established the "Northumberland Institution for the Promotion of the Fine Arts." The exhibitions were held at Richardson's own house in Brunswick Place, and, in spite of evil fortune, they were continued for a series of years. Carmichael was a regular contributor. His interest in the exhibition was, indeed, scarcely less warm than that of Richardson himself. A large number of his catalogues are still in existence, and their margins contain slight pencil drawings of the principal marine pictures, the shorthand notes of an artist who was studying closely the manner and the excellencies of the masters who were most appreciably influencing his style.

About a year after establishing himself in his studio, Carmichael, in 1824, was married to Mary Sweet, a gentle-mannered, pretty woman, the daughter of parents belonging to his own grade of life. The story is told that, as the wedding party was leaving the church, some friend of the artist arrived breathless with a piece of charred timber, a remnant of his studio, which had that morning been burned down. Gay and careless in spirits, Carmichael would not allow this serious misfortune to interfere with the joy of his wedding day. "Well," he said, laughing, "we can begin all over again." And he did begin all over again in right earnest. What he felt most was the destruction of a picture which had been lent to him to copy by the late Nicholas Wood, in recognition of whose services to mining and engineering the Wood Memorial Hall has since been erected. Mr. Wood had been one of his most considerate friends, and he had now a large circle of such.

In 1827, T. M. Richardson, Carmichael, and H. P. Parker were instrumental in founding the "Northern Academy of Arts." By dint of great energy and persistence, funds were procured for building the large room in Blackett Street. Richardson and Carmichael established their studios on either side of the New Academy, and they were both of them large exhibitors at the first exhibition which was held there. Their pictures hung in company with works by Turner, Linnell, Calcott, Mulready, and others of the most eminent men of the time. The exhibition was the largest and most important that had up to that period been held in Newcastle, and was the means of introducing many young local painters to the public. Carmichael had now passed his days of positive struggle. In a catalogue for 1837, the prices of pictures he then exhibited are put down as ranging from thirty shillings to fifteen guineas. This was by no means liberal payment for such work as he was then doing; but he was an eager and indefatigable worker, and pictures were despatched from his easel with a rapidity which, probably, no painter of equal powers has excelled.

During the twenty years following the establishment of the Northumberland Institution for the Promotion of Fine Arts, many artistic societies were formed in Newcastle, and Carmichael was a member of them all. Just before the middle of the century the old art circles began to fall to pieces. T. M. Richardson, who had long been a sufferer from a painful malady, died in 1847. Carmichael, now in the full vigour of his powers, had, on the pressing solicitation of friends, removed to London. He had paid a flying visit to the metropolis in 1845, and had succeeded in making new connections there. Towards the end of the year he was painting eight panels for the Duke of Devonshire, and by the beginning of 1846 he had definitely resolved on bidding the North farewell. As soon as his purpose was known his friends and patrons decided on presenting him with some token of their esteem. "This made me so nervous," he wrote, "that I was rendered totally unfit for work, as I felt so conscious that it was more than I merited." The presentation—a service of silver plate, valued at £145—took place on March 31st, 1846. Four days later, Carmichael and his family were on their way to London by sea. The painter looked upon the step which he had taken as a serious and even solemn one. "Almighty God," he ejaculates in his diary, "I solemnly ask Thy aiding hand that I may be able to keep my family in the comforts of this life."

Remembering, perhaps, that "God helps those who help themselves," he worked hard and almost furiously. Very frequently he finished a picture a day, whilst also carrying forward more elaborate work. He had invincible courage and unfailing good spirits. Two pictures which he sent to the Academy in 1847 were "skied,' whereupon he wrote in his diary;—"I hope to live long enough to make them treat me better." It is quite possible that he may have fallen below himself in these works. He always worked best when he worked rapidly, and of this he was himself perfectly aware. Under date of June 6th, 1846, he wrote;—"Began work in London. After working six days at a sea-piece of the Phantom Ship, I cut it up and put it into the fire." In another place he remarks:—"I worked very hard all day, whether for better or worse I cannot tell. I always find a pure thought of a picture fully carried out turns out better with me than making any alterations afterwards."

It is questionable whether Carmichael strengthened his art by his removal to London, although the wider sphere of work undoubtedly extended his fame. In Newcastle he had been subjected to no strong influences, or to that of Richardson only. He had worked without that restraint which comes of seeing too much of the work, and feeling too strongly the rivalry of others. In London he had many competitors; he made acquaintance with

many styles; and he was very sensitive to outside influence. His work began to be more various in character, and there was not always the same tender quality and freshness of feeling. He was, besides, a little too hardly driven. His expenses had enormously increased, and his family was large. He worked all day long with patient monotony. Now and then he was cheered by such pleasant incidents as one which he records in his diary:—"Mr. George Hudson, M.P., sent me a cheque for a picture and a very kind note saying he thought the work perfect. Perfection is very far beyond my reach. However, I was very pleased he liked the picture." Carmichael had now many wealthy and influential friends and patrons, amongst others the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Bolton, Colonel Stobart, of Darlington, and, most noteworthy of all, perhaps, the late Thomas Sopwith, who made a large collection of his water-colour drawings.

In 1851, he found himself thoroughly established. "Thank God," he wrote on the last day of the year, "I have not been during this year stopped with ill-health or any other cause." These brief expressions of thankfulness are frequent in his diary. He was, too, in the habit of taking stock of his successes and failures at the end of each year, and making brief record of them. For example, he writes at the end of 1852:—"Hard work as usual, with better results this year, and daily enjoyment of seeing friends." One of the friends he saw most frequently was the late Thomas Carrick, then at the period of his highest success as a painter of miniatures. Before anything else, Carmichael was a marine painter. It was, therefore, a matter of necessity that he should make frequent excursions by sea. His first sea trip was in his boyhood, when he was for some time with a transport which was attached to the British fleet, and which was to a large extent laden with gunpowder. During his residence in London, he made occasional excursions to Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight, and now and again ran down to Newcastle, as in 1847, when he painted the High Level Bridge, then in course of erection. His most important sea-trip, however, was taken at the instance of Mr. Ingram, who, in 1855, engaged him to accompany the British fleet to the Baltic, and make sketches for the *Illustrated London News*. He was with the fleet from May to August, and gained experience which was utilized to the full in much of his subsequent work. In 1861, he visited Calais and Dunkirk, and brought home sketches from which several pictures were painted in that and subsequent years.

Incessant work and some domestic trouble were steadily wearing out Carmichael's ordinarily good health. He had lost his eldest son in 1862. Three years later we find him still working hard, "amid great anxiety and discouragement, but always with the same gratitude to God and unwearied patience." His wife's health was little better than his own, and the family tried a change of air. They removed to Scarborough, without, however, receiving that benefit which they anticipated. Though still able to work, Carmichael continued to be the victim of failing health, and on May 2nd, 1868, he suddenly and almost without warning, expired.

Few men have crowded so much work into a lifetime as did Carmichael; yet, persistently as he laboured in his studio, he somehow found time to write and to illustrate two hand-books on marine-painting in oil and in water-colours. These little works are still in large demand. Since his death, his pictures have greatly increased in value, and he still ranks with Richardson as one of the most notable painters that the Northern school has yet produced.

Carmichael was extremely simple and unpretending in character. He always preserved his Northern habit of speech, and had so much difficulty in making himself understood in London society that on one occasion a lady asked him how long he had lived in England, and wondered that he had not made more progress with the language! He had a kindly and loyal spirit, and none of our Northern painters have been more widely esteemed by their acquaintances or more affectionately regarded by their friends.

Early Wars of Northumbria.

IX.

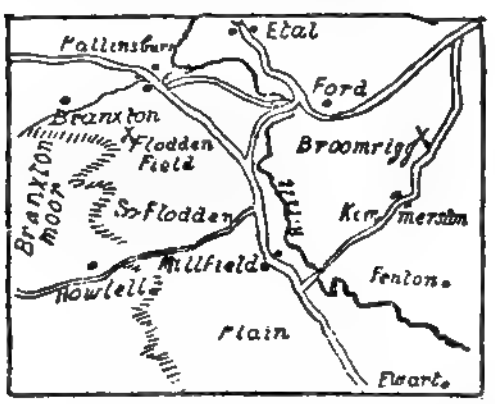
A BOLD BID FOR ASCENDENCY.

ALTHOUGH somewhat curbed by the retaliatory measures of Athelstan, in 934, the insurrectionary spirit of the Northumbrians was not extinct. But instead of acting openly, the discontented people now had recourse to plots and conspiracies of the most dangerous kind. Messengers were constantly passing between Constantine and the Britons, on the one hand, and between the Angle and Danish chieftains on the other. Men having again been counted, and the chances calculated, communications were secretly opened with Anlaf, the exiled son of Sihtric. This dashing leader had spent his period of banishment in Dublin, and had gained considerable ascendency over a large section of the fiery people who surrounded him. He joined the confederacy with the utmost alacrity, gave directions as to the course he meant to pursue, and then settled down to the work of preparation. The allies were thoroughly aware of the vast importance of their enterprise, as well as the consequences that a failure would entail, and they left no stone unturned to ensure a quick and decisive victory. In small detachments, and as quietly as they possibly could, fighting men journeyed toward the Cheviots from all parts of the land. The Scots advanced their hordes from the North; the Britons teemed out of Galloway and Cumbria; and even Wales

sent strong contingents. While these were assembling in the remote glades and woodlands near the Tweed, Anlaf and his Irish comrades made their appearance in the Humber, with a fleet of 615 ships. This was the signal for a general rising. Men joined the ranks so quickly, from every district of Northumbria, that the combined forces appeared absolutely irresistible. Athelstan's newly-appointed governors did not wait to face the storm. After a few delusive skirmishes, they fled from their posts, made the best of their way to the Saxon Court, and were actually the first to announce that the North had once more thrown off the yoke. One after another the fortified places were speedily surrendered to either Anlaf or Constantine, and when the forces eventually formed a junction, the whole country north of the Humber was in their hands.

THE SITE OF BRUNNABURG.

But, meanwhile, Athelstan had not been idle. He had gathered every available man from the midland and south-western districts, and, in an incredibly short period, was in full march towards the great centre of rebellion. The locality in which the hostile forces first crossed



swords has never been properly identified. Even the old chronicles are at variance—some asserting that it was on the banks of the Humber, and others that it was in the vicinity of the Tweed. The first impression is, of course, that the allies would rather carry the tide of war into their enemy's country than allow its blood-tipped billows to roll over their own. It is also clear that if their fleet remained near its original moorings—in order to afford shelter in case of a possible defeat—it would be necessary to intercept Athelstan's march before he reached a point at which he could interfere with their means of safety. This is the view that appears to have been taken by several writers, and they have endeavoured to fix the site of the battle at the termination of the old Ermine Street, in Lincolnshire. This, however, is obviously incorrect. Other authorities have striven to show, and, we think, with more judgment, that the scene of the conflict was much nearer the hilly lands of the Border. Having left his vessels—for the purpose of effecting a junction with Constantine—it is supposed that Anlaf would march quickly towards the North, and aid in the secure reinstatement of Danish officials. Before his departure, his ships would be ordered from the Humber to the Tyne—or, in certain contingencies, to the Tweed—as in either of these localities they would be most handy if the brunt of the expected battle should happen to go against their owners. Athelstan's advance is said to have been made with such expedition and secrecy that he was close up with the allies before they were conscious of his presence, and this may have prevented the due completion of their arrangements. Grose is of opinion that the spot on which the two forces met was only a mile or two from Brinkburn

Priory, in Coquetdale, and immediately on the line of the Great North Road. Traces of fortifications may still be seen on some of the adjacent hills, and there are also many appearances of an old town. This is the place, according to John of Hexham, which was still called Brincaburch in 1154; and, if the name alone is considered, it comes nearer than any other to that mentioned in the earlier accounts. It is quite likely that Athelstan rested here, as he most assuredly did at Roddam, while in search of his destructive foe. But it is supposed by Camden, amongst others, that he had advanced as far as Broomrigg, about a mile from Ford, before the Danes were in a position to check his progress. There are in this locality, also, many well-preserved remains of extensive encampments, and here, it is most generally believed, the battle eventually took place.

A ROMANTIC INCIDENT.

While one army was resting, and the other watching from the higher elevation of the distant hills, an incident is said to have occurred that bears a strong resemblance to the old story about Alfred the Great. The allies, being perplexed by the suddenness with which the King had pounced upon them, were extremely anxious to obtain information as to the strength and composition of the Saxon army. After attiring himself as a minstrel, Anlaf, harp in hand, made his way within the enemy's lines, and began to sing and play before the Southern soldiery. Pleased with his performance, they conducted

him to the royal tent—where Athelstan was dining with his chieftains—and there he again acquitted himself so well that he was "encouraged with much praise." Having danced, and harped, and sung, until the feast was over, a purse, well-filled with silver groats, was

slipped into his hand, and with this gracious token that the King had been edified, he was allowed to continue his way. His time had not been misspent. With the quickness of a military expert, he had well noted the situation of the King's pavilion, and meant to use his knowledge to the serious detriment of his entertainers. But though he had earned the Saxon coin, he was too proud to keep it. To give it away, or throw it away, might have aroused dangerous suspicions; and, therefore, Anlaf determined to bury it before he left the encampment. While carrying out this resolve, he was recognised by one who had formerly fought under his standard, and it was the friendliness of this soldier that enabled the harper to get off unmolested. But though he had thus connived at the escape of a spy, the man lost no time in acquainting Athelstan with the name of his recent visitor. Thereupon the King, in great anger, reproached him with want of fidelity. "Nay," quoth the honest soldier, "by the same oath of fealty which binds me to thee, O King! was I once bound to Anlaf; and, had I betrayed him, with equal justice mightest thou have expected treachery from me. But hear my counsel. While awaiting further reinforcements, take away thy tent from the spot on which it now stands, and thus mayest thou ward off the blow of thine enemy."

THE NIGHT ATTACK.

Acting on this advice, Athelstan's tent was quietly pitched in another quarter of the field, and the vacant ground was occupied, ere sundown, by a body of newly arrived troops under the leadership of Werstan, Bishop of Sherborne. Shortly after midnight, when the camp was hushed in slumber, Anlaf guided a chosen band of followers to the Saxon enclosure, pointed out the tent in which he supposed Athelstan still lay, and then made a vigorous rush for the extermination of both the King and his leaders. The onslaught was so sudden that, for a moment, there was no resistance, and every man on the ill-fated piece of ground was slaughtered. The accompanying tumult, however, had alarmed the soldiery, and, snatching up their arms, they quickly cleared the ground of intruders. The repulse did not trouble the Danes in any way. They imagined that their main object had been achieved, and that, with the death of the King, victory must assuredly be theirs on the morrow.

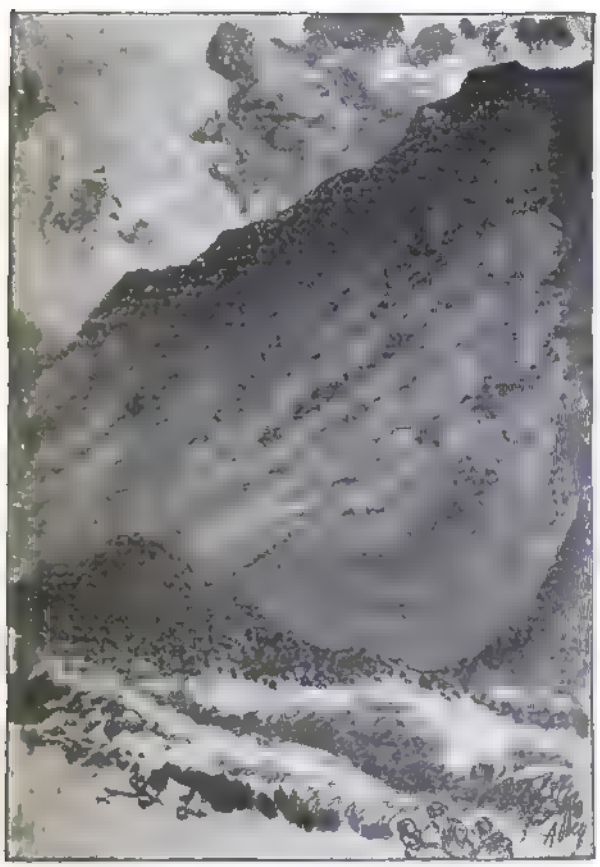
THE BATTLE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

With the first streak of dawn they were ready for the fray, and no sooner had the bright morning light begun to illumine the landscape, than the different tribes were moving towards the Saxon lines. The shock of battle, when the rival hosts came together, was terrible in its fury, and was sustained with savage bitterness. The bow played its part for a time, and "many Northern wights were shot over shields"; but it was with sword and spear and mace that the issue was eventually decided. There had been discomfort in the allied ranks when the golden-haired Athelstan was seen at the head of his forces. There was terror in the ranks when he now led his stalwart warriors to the very base of the Danish standard. With edge of sword and weight of hammered steel, as the old bards tell us, they clove the bucklers, and hewed the helmets, till the hope of Anlaf cringed before them. "Scottish sailor and Norwegian shipman were fated to fall, and the field was gory with swordsmen's blood." But the carnage still went on. It had commenced when the sun rose on morning tide—"a mighty globe to glide over the ground as God's candle bright"—and it was only "when the great light sank to its setting" that the allies, wearied of the fray, turned for the shelter of their homes. Even then the strife was unfinished. The surviving Saxons got themselves together, in linked order, and "followed the footsteps of the foul foe the livelong day." They could not prevent Anlaf reaching his ships, nor yet stop the headlong flight of Constantine to his mountain wilds; but though both escaped, it was with a sadly diminished following. Five kings and seven earls had been left dead on the field, and thousands of their warriors lay in pitiable heaps around them. The ruler of the Scots, say the chroniclers, had no cause to exult in the communion of swords. "Here was his kindred band of friends o'erthrown"; and his fair young son he "left on the slaughter-place, mangled with wounds." The Southern loss was nearly as severe, and included two near relatives of the King. "Greater carnage," it is said, "had not been seen in the island since Angles and Saxons first made their appearance." But the sacrifice was overlooked in the eternal honour that the victory brought to Athelstan—victory so complete and decisive that has not inappropiately been called the Waterloo of Early Britain. Minstrels sang so eulogistically of the famous deeds by Brunnaburg, that the conqueror came to be called the "lord of earls," the "giver of bracelets," and to be regarded as a warrior against whom it was utter folly to contend. It was now that Athelsan began to designate himself "King of the English"—a title which the popes and bishops had given to several of the early Bretwaldas, but which had never, until now, been used by the sovereigns themselves. It seemed, indeed, as though a strong master-hand had, at last, been found, and that the country was about to be consolidated under one prosperous ruler. Already the

court of this brilliant king was the home of many distinguished scholars, and the training ground of not a few Continental princes; while the country itself was showing signs of agricultural and mechanical advancement that was far ahead of anything previously attained. Just when everything was at its brightest, however, the king suddenly died, and all hope of continued peace was at once abandoned. As William of Malmesbury puts it, the life of Athelstan was "in time little—in deeds great." It was in all ways a memorable reign—as full of good works as of stirring incidents—and its premature close was justly regarded as a national calamity.

THE DANES AGAIN ON THE WAR PATH.

When the throne was rendered vacant, in 941, Edmund, the brother of Athelstan, was only 18 years of age. He was a youth of much promise, and, from the elegance of his manners and the refinement of his tastes, it was expected that the country must quickly show signs of greater culture. Unhappily, however, he had but little time allowed for his contemplated improvements. He had barely received the crown when the people of Northumbria rose in rebellion against him. Anlaf was recalled from Dublin to act as their leader; Wulstan, the Archbishop of York, gave his adhesion to the new movement; and then—being joined by a force of Norwegians under Olaus—the malcontents felt themselves prepared to assail some of the Saxon strongholds. They advanced as far south as Tamworth, took the town by storm, and carried away a large quantity of plunder; but the loss of life that had attended the operation was a source of much subsequent weakness. Having fallen back on Leicester, the Northern force was surprised by a powerful army, under Edmund, and a disastrous battle seemed inevitable. Owing, however, to the good offices of the priests, all further fighting was averted, and a peace arranged that was very favourable to the North. Odo, the Danish Archbishop of Canterbury—who accompanied the Saxon army—seems to have been brought in contact with Wulstan of York, and the result of their deliberations was a division of the Kingdom in accordance with the plan adopted by Alfred the Great. Anlaf was to rule all the lands north of Watling Street—the line between Chester and London—and Edmund had to content himself with the territory to the southward. As an additional inducement for the stoppage of strife, it was also arranged that, in case of either monarch dying, the survivor should reign over the united land. "It thus happened," says Sir Francis Palegrave, "that Edmund consented to disinherit his brothers, and the chance of survivorship might have placed all the English nations beneath the supremacy of the Dane. Sad terms these for a descendant of Alfred; and such as must lead us to suppose that Edmund was either reduced to great straits, or that he was betrayed by his counsellors."



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THE KING'S CAIRN, DUNMAIL RAISE, CUMBERLAND.

SAXON RECOVERY.

Fortunately or unfortunately for the country, Anlaf died in 943, and Edmund lost no time in sending a powerful army across the Humber to claim the fulfilment of the bond. There were already a couple of claimants for the Northern throne; but as they had only an insignificant following, they were easily expelled, and the country was again under Saxon sway by the spring of 944. Having thus established his power over the Danes, Edmund turned his attention against the Britons of Cumbria. They were accused of having allowed Anlaf's adherents a right of way over their territory, and had to be punished severely for their non-adhesion to the laws of neutrality. The task was beset with many difficulties, as Dunmail, or Donald, their chief, was a warrior of considerable power. In a battle that was fought on the high grounds between Thirlmere and Grasmere, however, the Cumbrian king was killed, the remnant of his army scattered, and his

sons cruelly blinded by order of the Saxon ruler. The cairn, which still crowns the pass, at the foot of Helvellyn, is said to mark the resting place of the "last king of rocky Cumberland," and to be near the spot on which the fiercest of the conflict was waged. The territory thus acquired was given to Malcolm, King of the Scots, on condition that he would become the co-operator of Edmund by sea and by land, and the alliance thus formed was followed by a brief, but very welcome, interval of profound peace. WILLIAM LONGSTAFF.

Brinkburn Priory, though a comparatively modern foundation, occupies a site of great antiquity. It stands on an admirably sheltered peninsula, formed by the windings of the river, and there are still traces of earthworks about the position which are supposed to have been constructed by the Britons. The place was also known to the Cæsars. It is only a mile or two from the spot at which the Devil's Causeway crossed the Coquet, and the piers of a Roman bridge may yet be seen in the bed of the stream at low water.

The groat is only a sample of many coins that were struck during Athelstan's reign. It was this king who decreed that all money should be uniform in value—a system that had not previously prevailed—and that it should only be minted in specified towns. York was one of the favoured places enumerated. It is interesting to note that, although previous monarchs had used the words "Rex Saxonum" after their names, Athelstan was the first to inscribe his coins "Rex Totius Britanniæ"—thus bearing out the contention of Sharon Turner, as mentioned in our last article.

The "artificial heap of unhewn stone" shown in our sketch from *Harper's Magazine* will be familiar to many readers. According to popular tradition, the loose pebbles not only cover the remains of the Cumbrian king, but indicate the site of the conflict which proved so disastrous to his cause. Similar mounds, for like purposes, are to be found in many parts of Ireland and Scotland—some of them being over 100 yards in diameter at the base, and having a height of 40 or 50 feet. Though "Dunmail Raise" is insignificant when compared with these larger accumulations, it is equally interesting, as it ranks amongst the English mementoes of battles to be found in the Northern Counties. Two or three centuries later, military events were celebrated by trophies that were a little more artistic. It is doubtful, however, whether the crosses and obelisks that mark the struggles at Otterburn, Flodden, Hedgeley Moor, Alnwick, and so many other places, are either so appropriate or so enduring as the rough memorial on the Cumberland watershed.

Windy Monday.

MONDAY, Jan. 7, was the fiftieth anniversary of the great storm in the North popularly known as Windy Monday. The most comprehensive account of the event is given in Mr. T. Fordyce's continuation of Sykes's Local Records, from which we take the following:—

Soon after midnight (January 6-7, 1839) the wind shifted from S. to W.S.W., and gradually increased in fury until about six o'clock in the morning, when its violence was perfectly frightful. It is impossible to describe the sensation felt during this period. Impenetrable darkness veiled the face of nature, and when a sudden crash awoke the inmates of a dwelling, they knew not where to look for shelter amidst the ruin which surrounded them. At length morning dawned on a scene of devastation such as few have witnessed. Bricks, slates, and tiles, in broken fragments, lay scattered over the streets in every direction, as if the town had stood a siege. No one ventured abroad that could possibly avoid it, and every thoroughfare was literally deserted. The injury done to public buildings in Newcastle was very great. The Infirmary had three stacks of chimneys blown down. The roof of the west wing was almost stripped, and twelve large trees in the garden were uprooted. At the Museum, a sheet of lead weighing nearly two tons was torn from the roof and carried for upwards of 100 yards. St. Thomas's Church had four pinnacles destroyed. Much apprehension was at one time entertained for the safety of the beautiful steeple of St. Nicholas, but it withstood the tempest admirably. The balustrades of the Royal Arcade were completely destroyed, and the glass domes on the roof were more or less broken. The Grey Monument was observed to rock to and fro when the storm was at its height, but it suffered no injury. A tall chimney attached to the brewhouse of Mr. Strachan, Barras Bridge, between fifty and sixty feet in height, fell with a fearful crash upon the workshops of Messrs. Burnup and Co., much to the consternation of the men, who, however, escaped. A tall chimney at Elswick Lead Works, another at Mr. Burt's Steam Mill in Thornton Street, and a third at Mr. Davidson's Tobacco Manufactory in the Side, were blown down. The bark mill of Mr. Beaumont, in Darn Crook, also received much injury, the wands of the mill being torn off with great violence, and, after hovering a little time in the air, fell into St. Andrew's Churchyard with a tremendous crash. A shed, upwards of three stories high, belonging to Mr. Arundel, skinner, Gallowgate, was completely demolished. A sheet of lead, weighing 18 cwt. 2 qrs. 14 lbs., was torn from the top of Mr. Baird's house in Northumberland Street, passed a few inches above the head of a person near the spot, and was driven with such violence against the house of Mrs. Coward, on the opposite side of the street, that the glass, frames, and shutters of two windows were shivered to fragments. The inmates, who were in the parlour, perceiving the lead coming, rushed out and escaped unhurt. At Byker, owing to the high position of the village, the damage to property was very great, and a little girl was killed by the overturning of a waggon. The river presented an extraordinary spectacle, and it may be noticed as one of the most striking evidences of the violence of the wind, that at the proper time of high water the tide had not risen more than six inches above low water mark. The Fox steamboat was blown from its moorings, driven against the bridge, and sunk. It is truly wonderful that in such a scene of devastation as the town presented so few injuries should have been sustained by individuals. A female, however, of the name of Hodgson, had her arm broken in consequence of being driven by the wind against a wall, and a man named Hugh Hutchinson was thrown down and rolled over and over like a ball for some distance. There were several other persons thrown down during the day in various parts of the town. In Gateshead the storm raged with even more serious effects than in Newcastle. Nearly every house upon the Fell was unroofed or otherwise injured. The beautiful chimney of the Brandling Junction Railway Company, 115 feet in height, was blown down, and a man named Henry Hawks had one of his legs broken. A chimney at Messrs. Abbot and Co.'s, 75 feet high, fell with a fearful crash, and a man named John Errick was killed, while another person narrowly escaped. Scotswood Bridge was impassable throughout the day, and a man who attempted to traverse it on his hands and knees was blown against the chains and had his arms broken. The destruction of trees in the country was prodigious. At Chopwell, upwards of 20,000 trees were uprooted. Capheaton, Blagdon, Woolsington, Fenham, and many other seats were extensively injured. The most distressing accident occurred at the house of Mr. Orange, stationer, Bedford Street, North Shields. Mrs. Orange and the servant were in the kitchen, and what is remarkable, almost an instant before the catastrophe, she inquired whether the servant remembered the wind that occasioned the fall of Mr. Spence's chimney three

years ago, and before an answer could be given a stack of chimneys fell upon the roof, carrying down the upper storey and burying Mrs. Orange in the ruins. She was quite dead when got out; the servant escaped. In Sunderland, the large chimney attached to Mr. Richardson's steam mill was blown down, and two men, named Robson and Moore (brothers-in-law), were killed on the spot, and a third had his leg broken. At Morpeth, the hurricane did considerable damage, unroofing many houses, blowing down chimneys, &c. The Royal Victoria Pavilion, belonging to Billy Purvis, standing in Oldgate Street, was shivered to pieces, the scenery, dresses, &c., blowing about the streets in all directions. Upwards of 250 trees were uprooted in the park and grounds about Alnwick Castle.

The following personal recollections of the casualties which occurred on Windy Monday were supplied to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* in 1888 by Mr. John McKay, an old resident of Newcastle:—

Windy Monday occurred on the 7th of January, 1839. But only the oldest among us, I imagine, can remember that dreadful day. I, however, recollect all the incidents that came under my notice as if they had taken place yesterday.

Crossing Byker Bridge the other day, I noticed a public-house called the Tanners' Arms, which reminded me that upon its site there used to be a windmill that sustained great damage from the violence of the storm on Windy Monday. It was completely denuded of the sails, wands, and other external parts, and presented an appearance of desolation. Other mills then existed in the neighbourhood—one at Walker (now a picturesque ruin), two at Spital Tongues, or Chimney Mills, as it is commonly known (one still standing), two in the Barrack Road, one at the Cowgate, another in Mill Lane (since partly demolished), one in Darn Crook (still in existence, but dismantled), and sixteen on the Windmill Hills, Gateshead. All these structures were more or less affected, but those at the Windmill Hills were so much injured that they were never reconstructed, and the visitor to Gateshead will observe that some of them have been incorporated with dwelling-houses.

The sacred edifices in Newcastle were considerably damaged. During the whole of the day fears were entertained that the spires of the parish church of St. Nicholas would be blown away, and large crowds collected at the head of the Side and along Denton Chare in anticipation that the fabric would come down with a crash; but the fine old crown weathered the storm, and the only injury done was to the vanes, which were bent and twisted. The Scotch Church in Blackett Street, which since that period has been rebuilt, was denuded of its pinnacles, which fell upon the roof with destructive effect. St. Thomas's Church, at the top of Northumberland Street, suffered extensively. If I remember aright, not one of the pinnacles was left standing after the storm.

As might have been expected, much destruction was caused among trees in the neighbourhood, particularly those around St. Thomas's Church, the limbs and branches of which were strewn about the streets.

Among the dwelling-houses that suffered may be mentioned that of Miss Peters, in the Westgate. This house was the property of the late William Wharton Burdon. The whole of the lead was stripped off the roof, and landed near the Vicar's Pump, which was situate opposite to what is now the Savings Bank, in Westgate. Many other dwellings were, of course, damaged, but I think the devastation was greatest in St. Nicholas's Churchyard. In the Plummer Chare, on the Quayside, I remember, the roof of one of the houses was lifted bodily off. Nearly all the chimneys were blown from the buildings erected by Mr. Grainger in Nelson Street, Market Street, Grainger Street, and Nun Street.

The storm did serious damage to craft on the river. Numerous boats and small vessels were driven from their moorings, some of them drifting down the river. The force of the gale was so great on the Tyne Bridge that it was perilous to cross it, inasmuch as the waves from the river were washing over the parapet. Much excitement was caused when it was known that a man intended to brave the danger, and a crowd assembled to witness the attempt. The adventurer got on very well until he reached the centre of the bridge, when he suddenly disappeared. Afterwards he was observed making his way on his hands and knees to the other side, which he safely reached amid the cheers of the spectators.

The streets presented a deserted appearance, for the slates from the houses, flying about in all directions, put pedestrians in imminent danger. Moreover, it was impossible to make headway against the wind. Many of those who did venture out were blown great distances along the streets.

Another reminiscence of the storm was supplied to the same journal on January 19, 1889, by Mr. Henry Kerr. That gentleman wrote:—

On the 7th of January, 1839, I had just turned my sixth year, and the storm, it seems to me, was the starting point of my memory—and, certainly, a significant one. I then resided with my parents in a village on the English road between Dumfries and Annan, and in, as I believe, the very focus of the storm, which came almost direct from the west. There were no railways in Dumfriesshire in 1839, nor for many years afterwards—Carlisle being the terminus, so to speak. The South of Scotland was first opened up by the Caledonian, and the Glasgow and South Western was not opened for traffic till about 1848. I have a vivid recollection of the havoc made by the storm in the woods for miles around. The noise of the wind, which blew steadily from the west, was unlike anything of the kind I have since heard; it was a loud, prolonged, and terrible roar, without an instant's cessation. After daylight—and the roaring of the wind was most appalling during the darkness—I watched from the kitchen window the effects of the wind on a clump of trees not far distant. The largest trees (and some of them were three or more feet in diameter) were either torn up by the roots or snapped right through a few feet from the ground. When the trees broke, we could hear the report even amid the horrible roaring of the storm.

The smaller trees bent to the wind, and others, of a considerable girth, were pressed nearly to the ground without breaking; and when the storm abated, which it did rather suddenly, they resumed their normal position, and seemed but little the worse. Many of the trees torn up by the roots brought with them a large quantity of earth, and in some instances they resembled the gable ends of houses. Some tall and thick hawthorn hedges near our house were curiously affected by the storm. For some yards the hedges were rooted out of the ground, showing large gaps, as if the hedges had been entirely grubbed up. In other cases the hedges were flattened to the ground, but the tenacious roots held fast in the earth, and, after the storm had passed, they gradually resumed their normal position, and seemed but little the worse for their temporary "flattening." Several large hay and straw ricks in a farm yard near were blown away, some wholesale and others in detail. The wind seemed to grasp the rick like an irresistible but invisible anaconda. After rocking slightly to and fro in the inexorable grasp of the monster, the rick was launched into the air, and blown away in wisps, like clouds scudding before a violent breeze. Where the corn and hay went to the farmer never knew.

When the storm was at its height, soon after daylight, I noticed a man on the road near our house. The road—the mail coach road—was in a hollow a few yards below our house, and was comparatively sheltered by houses and high hedges. The man was coming from the eastward up the road, and, despite the most strenuous exertions, he was several times completely blown over and rolled back, like a log of wood, several yards along the road. He was finally compelled to crawl on all-fours under the shelter of the hedge, which was so tall and thick that it would have foiled a charge of cavalry. Even in the hedge bottom he was frequently unable to make any headway, as the terrible wind seemed almost to suffocate him.

A neighbour was awakened early in the morning by the outside heavy shutter of the window having broken loose from its fastenings. As it threatened to dash in the window, he hastily arose, and, though the wind was roaring most terribly, he went to the door to fasten, as he imagined, the shutter. As he himself afterwards described it, as soon as he got outside the door he was swept away like a withered leaf. At a distance of about a dozen yards from his door he was carried right through a thick hawthorn hedge (where, by the way, he left his "breeks" in pawn), and then pitched into the bottom of a large hay-rick, fortunately more frightened than hurt. Here he lay coiled up amongst the hay, thanking his stars, no doubt, that he had pitched so softly. In the district to which I refer many houses were partially blown down or unroofed, and some, principally farm outbuildings, were entirely demolished.

The woods on the Rockhall estate (where Scott's "Red Gauntlet" held cruel sway in the memorable "killing time") presented a singular appearance after the storm. In many places, very large trees were torn up by the roots, and in their fall they had demolished smaller trees. Some large American and Norwegian pines, of a great height and girth—and some of them were at least six feet in diameter—were snapped across, a few feet from the ground, almost as clean as if they had been cut by a knife. Some of the forest trees were almost denuded of their branches, while the bare trunks stood up like the masts of a shattered ship.

This terrible storm seemed to be general over a part of the South of Scotland, and over England as far south as Cheshire. In North-East Lancashire it was most severe. It levelled the many high factory chimneys like ninepins. An old Lancashire man lately described to me the havoc created by the hurricane of "Windy Monday," which is termed in the district the "Great Storm." He said, "Eh, meestur, we'll nivver see such a 'dooment' till the Day o' Judgment! The factory chimleys went doon like blades o' grass before th' win'." A Cumbrian friend, who has a vivid recollection of the storm, has told me that it was equally severe on the banks of the Esk and Liddel, where there was enormous destruction of growing timber. The fine woods on the Netherby, Naworth, and other estates on both sides of the Border were devastated as if they had been thrown down by a Brobdignagian reaping machine. This remarkable hurricane is best known in the South of Scotland as the "Seventh of January."

Ten years ago (1879) John Rowell, of Twizell, county of Durham, supplied the *Weekly Chronicle* with the following account of his experiences on Windy Monday :—

I started for my work, along with a few others, about half-past three in the morning, having about a mile and a quarter to go, which occupied us an hour and a half, taking shelter wherever fence or rising ground afforded the least cover from the force of the wind, but only to stumble over others either stretched at full length or upon hands and knees. Some laughed, some swore, and others prayed. Struggling onward and onward, we at length arrived at the pit, which no man dared to descend. There were no cages in those days, be it understood, but by hooks and chains we were let down the pit, which made the danger much greater than it would have been at the present day. But our homeward journey was attended with no fewer difficulties than was our journey thither. We chose to return by the railway, and succeeded until we reached a cutting known as the "sandy cut," where the wind swept through with double force, when I sensibly felt my feet leave the ground; and where I should alight I knew not, but dreaded being dashed upon the iron rails. Most fortunately for me, however, I was thrown among sand, where, after recovering a little, I crawled upon my hands and knees to the end of the cutting, and down the embankment to the foot of a thick hedge, when ten or twelve other lads came tumbling over the embankment beside me, crying out, "O, dear!" I, however, had neither power nor inclination to help them, but crawled through under the hedge, and proceeded homeward by the "low way," under cover of banks and braes, and arrived at Shield Row to hear chimney tops come crashing down in all directions. No one spoke to another on our homeward journey, for few could speak, and those who could were afraid to do so. There were, however, no accidents of a serious nature.

Robert Bolron, the Spy.

ROBERT BOLRON—the Titus Oates of the North of England—was born in Newcastle, and, at the proper age, was bound apprentice to a London jeweller, named Deale. With Mr. Deale, whose place of business was at Pye Corner, where the Great Fire of London was stopped, he is said to have remained about a year, and then ran away and enlisted for a soldier. Some time afterwards, being at Tynemouth with his regiment, he was shipped on board the Rainbow frigate, which had been put into commission to fight the Dutch. From this service also he made his escape, and striking across country, found his way to Barnbow Hall, in Yorkshire, the seat of Sir Thomas Gascoigne (with one of whose retainers, a man named Richard Pepper, he seems to have been acquainted), and received hospitable entertainment. Upon Pepper's recommendation he was appointed by Sir Thomas to superintend his collieries—on the Tyne say some writers, but the evidence points rather to Yorkshire—the kind-hearted old baronet believing his story that he had been brought up among coalpits, and understood the winning and working of them. Here he married Mary Baker, a servant in Sir Thomas's household, and might have prospered, but evil genius followed him. He was accused of idleness and peculation, and Sir Thomas was obliged to withdraw his confidence. It was not until, having let him the farm of Shippon Hall, he could get neither rent nor money lent, that the baronet had recourse to legal measures. He brought an action of ejectment against Bolron, and this proceeding so exasperated the ex-soldier that he planned a deep scheme of revenge. Securing the assistance of one Lawrence Maybury, a footman at Barnbow, who had been dismissed for theft, he proceeded to put it into execution.

Late at night, on the 7th July, 1689, upon the sworn information of these two men, Sir Thomas Gascoigne, an old man of eighty-five, was apprehended, taken before a justice, sent to London, and committed to the Tower on a charge of high treason. He lay there, sorely troubled with cold and other hardships, till the following February, and then was put upon his trial. Bolron and Maybury swore that Sir Thomas, Sir Miles Stapleton, and others, conferring together at Barnbow, agreed to contribute large sums of money to introduce Popery into the kingdom, murder the King, and subvert the Government, and that in particular Sir Thomas solicited Bolron personally to kill his Majesty, and offered him £1,000 for that service. The proceedings

which occupy many pages of "Howell's State Trials," afford melancholy reading. The judges seem to have believed Bolron and his fellow conspirator; but the jury pronounced a verdict of Not Guilty. Sir Thomas was acquitted, and, standing erect and firm, as he had done throughout the trial, left the court with these touching words:—"God forgive them. Let us pray for them."

While Sir Thomas lay in prison, Bolron busied himself with other prosecutions. He appeared before the Lord Mayor of York and accused one John Andrews of being a Romish priest, alleging that he had seen him administer the sacrament to ten persons at Northallerton. He preferred a charge against Robert Dolman, of York, a Catholic gentleman of ancient descent, whose name, he averred, had been mentioned at the Barnbow conferences as one of those who were willing to assist in re-establishing Popery and founding a nunnery near Ripley. He swore also that "being on search with his assistants for priests and Jesuits," he had found in the house of Lady Widdrington a man in bed who called himself Francis Collingwood, and whose trunk contained Popish books and vestments. Then, turning his attention to his native town, he endeavoured to make victims of Sir Thomas Haggerston, of Haggerston, Bart., and Thomas Riddell, Esq., a son of Sir Thomas Riddell, of Fenham. His charges against these persons were that Robert Killingbeck, a Romish priest, being at one of the conferences at Barnbow, where it was concluded to murder the King and all Protestants that would not turn Catholics, promised, "in the name of his master, Thomas Riddell," that he would contribute liberally for the carrying on of such design, and that in a list of the actors and contributors engaged in the plot he (Bolron) had seen the names of both Riddell and Haggerston, with the sums they had respectively agreed to pay. In none of these cases does it appear that the implicated person was put upon his trial; the magistrates evidently did not believe the story which the informer told. He secured one victim only—George Tweng, clerk, of Heworth, near York, a nephew of Sir Thomas Gascoigne, who, being tried at bar, and found guilty, on Bolron's evidence chiefly, was executed with accustomed barbarity. The last case in which he is known to have been engaged, that of Sir Miles Stapleton, was, fortunately, a failure, though, as appears from the record in Howell, the prisoner had a narrow escape.

While his disreputable mission lasted, Bolron was treated by the Government as a person of consideration and credit. The judges were deferential to him, the law officers of the Crown upheld him as a highly meritorious and loyal subject, and the Privy Council went so far as to trust him with a general warrant, which authorised him to enter private houses, at all hours, in search of prohibited books, concealed vessels and vestments, and hidden priests. What became of him after the trial of Sir Miles Stapleton is not known. He undoubtedly died and was buried; but how and where nobody knows and nobody cares.

RICHARD WELFORD.

Sir George Bowes, Defender of Barnard Castle.

. . . Sir George Bowes he straitway rose,
After them some spoyle to make;
Those noble erles turn'd back again,
And aye they vow'd that knight to take.

That baron he to his castle fled,
To Barnard Castle then fled hee;
The uttermost walles were eathe [easy] to win,
The earles have wonne them presenthe.

—*Old Ballad.*

IT was in the December of 1569, during the Northern or Nevill's Rebellion — that ill-advised rising of the friends of the unhappy Scots Queen—that Sir George Bowes and his brother Robert so ably defended the Castle Barnard against the Catholic insurgents. For eleven days the garrison stoutly withstood the determined assaults of the besieging army, but on the 10th of the month they were obliged to surrender the ancient fortress. To the credit of the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, the sturdy defenders were generously dealt with, and permitted to depart in possession of their arms, ammunition, and baggage. These two unfortunate noblemen, the leaders in the revolt, were greatly beloved by their retainers and the Northern people generally. Their great estates they had well-nigh impoverished "by doing deeds of hospitality," and from that cause, it seems, they were masters of little ready money. Percy could command but 2,000 crowns, while Nevill had not a coin at his disposal. Being thus unable to procure subsistence for their followers, the rebellion, sometimes called the Rising in the North, speedily collapsed. But the Nemesis—the carnage—was to follow!

"Though this insurrection," says Hutchinson, "was suppressed with so little bloodshed in warfare, the Earl of Essex [Sussex], and Sir George Bowes, marshal of the army, delighting in slaughter, put vast numbers to death by martial law without any regular trial. Sixty-six people ['petty constables,' Hume has it] were executed at Durham. . . . Many others were put to death at York, and some were removed to London. Sir George Bowes made an inhuman boast that in a tract of country sixty miles in length and forty in breadth, betwixt Newcastle and Wetherby, there was scarce a town or village wherein he had not sacrificed some of the inhabitants to his thirst of blood."

According to Hume, no less than 800 persons are said to have suffered by the hands of the executioner. The old ballad runs:—

Wi' them full many a gallant wight
They cruellye bereav'd of life:
And many a childe made fatherlesse,
And widowed many a tender wife.

"The number of offenders is so grate," writes Pilkington, first Protestant Bishop of Durham, pitifully, "that few innocent are left to trie the giltie." Sir George Bowes, of Streatlam Castle, was the only powerful person in the North who attempted to oppose the insurrectionists. No wonder at Bishop Pilkington declaring that in "this county the sheriff cannot procure juries," when all the leading men were either involved in, or in sympathy with, the Rebellion. Fifty-eight noblemen and gentlemen of noble extraction, or of other distinction, we are told, were attainted of high treason or outlawed, and their possessions forfeited. It is, however, with the defender only of Barnard Castle that I am dealing.

Barnard Castle and Manor (the estate of the Earl of Westmoreland) was forfeited to the Crown; and the demesne lands, with some mines, were demised by Queen Elizabeth on lease to Sir George Bowes, who was by special commission made Knight-Marshal, north of Trent, for his "singular services to the Queen." Sir George was the son of Richard Bowes and his wife Elizabeth, the daughter of Sir Roger Aske, of Aske. Sir Richard's mother was a Conyers, of Cowton, in Yorkshire, by whom the family of Bowes gained large possessions. She was the wife of Sir Ralph Bowes, and lived to a great age, giving lands and large sums of money to pious uses; and she is remembered by bequeathing, in 1524, a considerable sum for "the purchase of a thousand masses." Leland says that "the Bowes were gentlemen in the bishopric of Durham, long afore Henry the V.'s tyme, and had the chief land and house of theyr name that they have there. . . . . Syr William Bowes that was in Fraunce with the Duke of Bedeford (brother to Henry the V.) did builde a fundamentis, the manor place of Stretlam, in the bishopricke of Durham, not far from Barnardes Castelle." Sir George Bowes became the heir general to this ancient family, and the Dawdon estates, near Seaham, and other possessions of the Bowes, in the eastern part of Durham, devolved to him. He was on many commissions in treaties with Scotland, was appointed ambassador to that country, and had other distinguished marks of confidence conferred upon him. He died in 1580-1." A portrait of the famous Knight-Marshal, painted in his 58th year, still hangs, or did hang till quite recently, in one of the apartments of the ancestral home of the family, Streatlam Castle.

Regarding the descendants of the Barnard Castle hero, the historian of the Bishopric says:—"His eldest son, Sir William Bowes, was frequently employed in embassies to Scotland, and was treasurer of Berwick-upon-Tweed to the time of James I., when the garrison was discharged. He died without issue male, and his brother George Bowes of Biddick [Bowes' House] dying in his lifetime, he was succeeded by his nephew, Sir George Bowes of Bradley Hall, in Weardale. But the Streatlam estate did not descend to him; for by virtue of a settlement, made on the second marriage [the first was to Dorothy, daughter of Sir William Mallory] of Sir George, the Knight-Marshal, with Jane, the daughter of Sir John Talbot, it came to the issue of that marriage, Sir Talbot Bowes. He failing in issue, his second brother, Thomas Bowes, Esq., who was born at Barnard Castle, succeeded him, from whom, in a lineal descent, the Streatlam estates came to the late Lady Strathmore, as only child of George Bowes, Esq. [of Gibside], the last male heir of this house."

The story of the hapless Lady Strathmore, who subsequently married the Irish adventurer, Andrew Robinson Stoney (Bowes), is, though romantic, sad and pitiable, and is narrated in full in vol. i. of the *Monthly Chronicle*, 1887. N. E. R.

Durham University.

ONE of the most interesting transactions in the time of the Commonwealth, so far as the North of England was concerned, was the proposed erection of a College at Durham. In 1650, "several persons of fortune" in the city and county of Durham, the county of Northumberland, and the town and county of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, addressed the Lord Protector, Cromwell, setting forth the disadvantages arising from the great distance of this part of the country from Oxford and Cambridge, and praying that the houses of the dean and prebendaries, which were going to decay, might be converted into a college for the instruction of youth. Cromwell's answer came from Edinburgh, just before the "crowning mercy" of Dunbar. He highly approved of the suggestion, which he recommended to Parliament in a letter to Lenthall, the Speaker, in which he said it was "a matter of great concernment and importance which (by the blessing of God) might much conduce to the promoting of learning and piety in these poore, rude, and ignorant parts, there being also many concurring advantages to this place, as pleasantness and aptness of situation, healthfull aire, and plenty of provisions, which seeme to favour and plead for theire desires therein." "And besides the good, so obvious to us, which those Northern Counties may reap thereby, who knows," continued the Protector, "but the setting on foot this work at this time may suit with God's present dispensations, and may, if due care and circumspection be used in the right constituting and carrying on the same, tend to, and by the blessing of God produce, such happy and glorious fruits as are scarce thought on or forseen." The subject was again pressed upon the Parliament in the following year, by petition from the grand jury at the Durham county assizes; and thereon a committee of the House reported "that the said houses (of the Dean and

Chapter) were a fit place to erect a college or school for all the sciences and literature." It was not, however, till 1657 that "Oliver, Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the dominions thereto belonging," issued his letters patent for the erection of the new college. It is a remarkable document, showing no small skill on the part of its author. A synopsis of the proposed constitution, which is too long to give here, may be found in the Rev. J. L. Low's "Diocesan History of Durham." That gentleman says:—"It was in many respects an admirable scheme, not the least of its merits consisting in giving an interest to the nobility and gentry in carrying it out." But the new college soon excited the jealousy of the ancient Universities, both of which protested against its establishment, and particularly against the power of conferring degrees being granted to it. This protest would have had no weight with the Lord Protector, but his death unhappily prevented the completion of the scheme. The provost and fellows of the new institution made application to his son and successor, Richard, for power to carry it out, alleging that it had been "left an orphan scarce bound up in its swaddling clothes," though it had been "planted by a hand which never miscarried in any of its high and magnanimous achievements." But, as is well known, Richard's power lasted only a very short time; and at the Restoration, the new seminary, from which so much good was expected, shared the fate of the Commonwealth itself.

It is a singular fact that George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, assumed to himself the consequence, and what he sincerely thought the merit, of having been the means of preventing Durham becoming the seat of a University during the interregnum. He tells us in his journal that, when he came to Durham in 1567, he found a man there who had come down from London "to set up a college there to make men ministers of Christ, as they said." And he goes on to say:—"I went with some others to reason with the man, and to let him see that to teach men Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, and the seven arts, which was all but the teachings of the natural man, was not the way to make them ministers of Christ; for the languages began at Babel; and to the Greeks, that spake Greek as their mother-tongue, the cross of Christ was but foolishness; and to the Jews, that spoke Hebrew as their mother-tongue, Christ was a stumbling-block; and as for the Romans, who had the Latin and Italian, they persecuted the Christians; and Pilate, one of the Romans, set Hebrew, Greek, and Latin a-top of Christ when he crucified him; and John the Divine, who preached the Word that was in the beginning, said that the beast and the whore had power over tongues and languages, and they are as waters." Thereupon said he to the man:—"Dost thou think to make ministers of Christ by the natural and confused languages which sprang from Babel, are admired in Babel, and set a-top of Christ by a persecutor? Oh, no! So the man confessed to many of these things, and, when we had thus discoursed with him, he became very loving and tender, and after he had considered further of it, he never set up his college."

After a lapse of one hundred and seventy years, the idea of a Northern University was revived. Bishop Van Mildert, the last of the prince-bishops who filled the see of St. Cuthbert, in conjunction with the Dean and Chapter, made application to Parliament in 1832 for leave to appropriate lands for the foundation and maintenance of a University, for the training of divinity students and conferring degrees in other faculties. The application was successful, and the Dean and Chapter were empowered to give up for this purpose an estate at South Shields of the net annual value of £1,710. The Bishop also gave temporary assistance to the extent of £1,000 for the first year, and of £2,000 for subsequent years, until his death in 1836. Besides these benefactions, his lordship gave up the Castle of Durham, for the use of the one college of which the foundation at first consisted. But the intentions of Dr. Van Mildert respecting the endowment were not for some years fully carried out, in consequence of the appointment in 1833 of the Ecclesiastical Commission, whose duty it was to render the property of the Church more available than it had hitherto been in promoting the purposes for which it was intended. In 1841, however, on the recommendation of these Commissioners, an order in council was procured, by which other Chapter estates, situated in the immediate neighbourhood of the city of Durham, and of the average net annual value of £3,700, were made over for the same object. This order attached the office of Warden permanently to the Deanery, and annexed a canonry in the Cathedral to each of the professorships of Divinity and Greek, so that the institution had thenceforward at its disposal a net sum of £5,410 annually, exclusive of the fees of students and other benefactions subsequently made to it.

The University was first opened for the reception of students on the 28th of October, 1833, when forty-five young men were entered upon the books. It consisted at this time of a Warden (Archdeacon Thorpe), a Professor of Divinity (Rev. H. F. Rose), a Professor of Greek (Rev. H. Jenkins), a Professor of Mathematics (Rev. James Carr), and readers in natural philosophy, moral philosophy, chemistry, languages, law, and medicine.

The Act of 1832 had vested the government of the University in the Dean and Chapter, empowering them, with the consent of the Bishop, to frame all necessary regulations for its establishment and continuance. In pursuance of this power, a statute was made in July, 1835, by which the Bishop was declared visitor, and the Dean and Chapter governors, the affairs of the University being ordered to be arranged by a Warden, a Senate, and a Convocation.

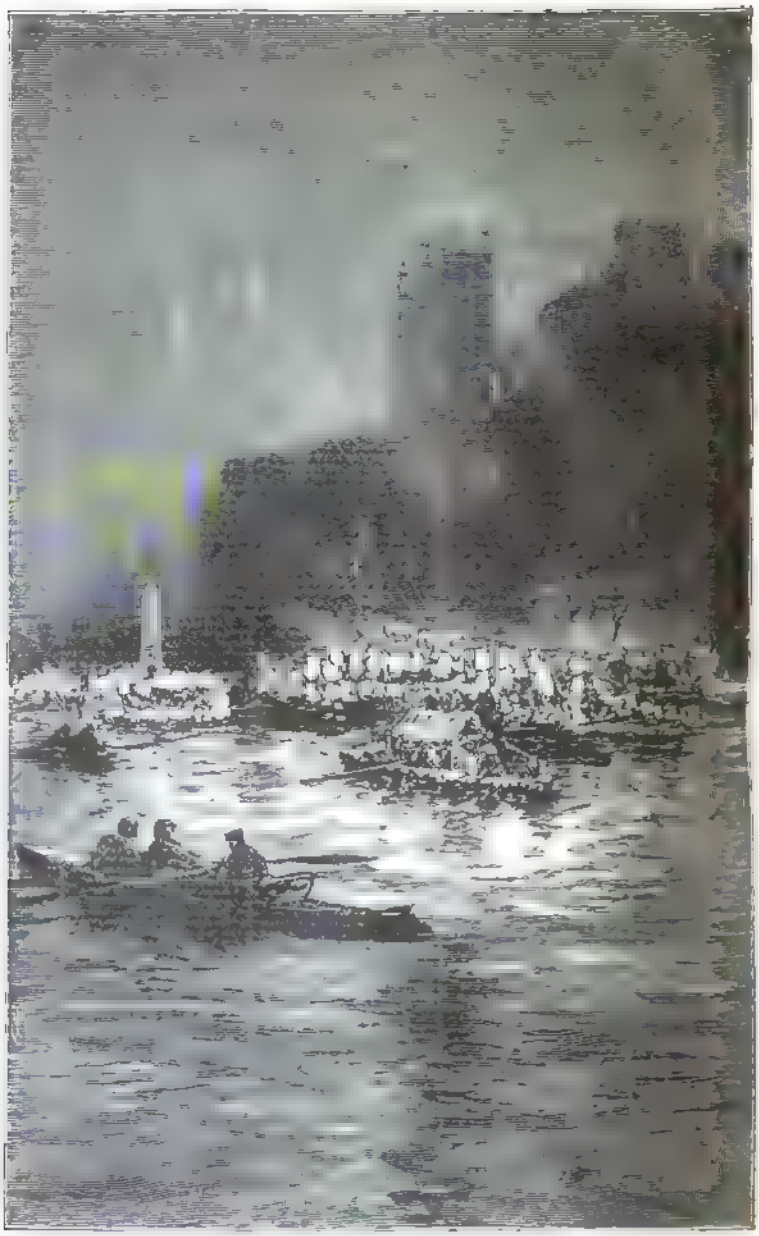
In 1837, the work of the institution was completed by a

Royal Charter, which made the University a body corporate, with perpetual succession and a common seal. The document was formally received in Convocation, sitting in the magnificent Castle Hall, which was characterised by Sir Walter Scott, on his visit to Durham, as a room which in proportion and beauty was equal, if not superior, to the finest halls in either Oxford or Cambridge. This was on the 8th of June in the above year; and a number of degrees were granted on the occasion.

Convocation consisted originally of the Warden, and of a certain number of doctors and masters in the faculties of divinity, law, medicine, and arts, from the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. At present it consists of all such persons, besides such of the original members as have been regularly admitted to the like degrees in the Univer-sity of Durham, and have conformed to the regulations thereof. The Senate, as at present composed, consists of the Warden, the Professors of Divinity, Greek, and Mathematics, the two Proctors, and five other members of Convocation, one of whom is elected by convocation, one by the fellows of the University, one by the Newcastle College of Medicine, and one by the Newcastle College of Physical Science, while one is appointed by the Dean and Chapter.

The University now contains four teaching faculties: those of Arts and Theology being carried on at Durham itself, and those of Science and Medicine at Newcastle-upon-Tyne; and, roughly speaking, the number of students at each place is about two hundred. There are many valuable foundation scholarships, private foundations, exhibitions, fellowships, and prizes attached to the University; and there has been a long succession of eminent professors and tutors, some of whom occupy or have occupied very prominent situations.

The University has the power of founding as many colleges or halls as may be necessary. It contains at present one college and one hall. University College occupies the Castle of Durham and the buildings adjoining. Bishop Hatfield's Hall, with its chapel, is situated in the North Bailey, and is in near proximity to the Cathedral, Castle, University Libraries, and Lecture Rooms. The members of each society are subject to the



PROCESSION OF BOATS ON THE WEAR.

same discipline, are under the same tutors, and are eligible generally to the same endowments. The average annual expenses of a student at University College, including those of the University as well as the College, are calculated at £80 to £85; at Bishop Hatfield's Hall at £70 to £77.

No subscription or test is required of any member of the University, with the exception that no person can become a licentiate in theology, or take any degree in theology, unless he has previously declared in writing that he is *bona fide* a member of the Church of England as by law established. The public divine service of the University is that of the Cathedral Church of Durham, but no student who is not a member of the Church of England is obliged to attend the services.

There is an excellent library attached to the institution. It was founded by Bishop Van Mildert, and has since been largely increased by the addition of other collections, particularly that of the late Dr. Routh, the learned President of Magdalen College, Oxford, consisting of upwards of 20,000 volumes. It is accommodated partly in the same building as Bishop Cosen's, which also serves as the Convocation House, and partly in the adjoining building, erected for the Exchequer of the Palatinate by Bishop Neville. With the library of the Dean and Chapter, Bishop Cosen's, and the University library, few places are better supplied with the means of study and research out of London and the two ancient Universities. There is likewise a Museum attached to the institution, and an Observatory besides.

The undergraduates of the University, having this year resolved on holding a Commemoration Day, so as to rid themselves of what they have for some time regarded as a sort of reproach, seeing that Oxford has its world-famous Commemoration, Cambridge its May Week, and every public school in the kingdom its Speech Day and other annual galas, it was duly celebrated on the 24th and 25th of June. Nearly a thousand tickets were issued for the various events connected with it. The proceedings began with a cricket match against Old Harrovians, when the 'Varsity ground, the finest in the North of England, presented a very animated and pleasing appearance, being thronged with students in their many-coloured "blazers," and their lady friends in their quite-as-many-coloured dresses. The match had a most exciting finish, and finally ended in a win for the home team by five runs. In the evening, the University concert attracted a large gathering; and next day Convocation was held in the magnificent Castle Hall, which has recently been enriched with a fine oak screen and a dado of oak. The proceedings lasted about an hour, after which there was a garden party in the Castle grounds, at which was present a large gathering of both University and Chapter dons. In the evening, between nine and ten o'clock, there was a procession of boats on the Wear, to see which the townspeople turned out in great numbers; and a pretty sight it was, as the boats, decked with Chinese lanterns and flambeaux, passed and repassed between Hatfield Hall and the Prebend's Bridge. Several of the gondolas were exceptionally attractive, much ingenuity and skill having been

GARDEN PARTY IN THE CASTLE GROUNDS.

brought to bear on their decoration. The grand massing of the boats took place immediately below the bridge, from which the view was both weird and bewitching. As the craft crowded together, with one containing a representation of Cleopatra's Needle in the centre, the scene was one blaze of light, whilst the occasional burning of coloured lights, and the sending up of rockets, lit up the wooded banks of the Wear and the old grey towers of the Cathedral overhead, producing an effect such as can seldom be witnessed elsewhere.

The combined offices of Dean of Durham and Warden of the University are occupied by Dr. William Charles Lake, who succeeded Dean Waddington in 1869. He is the son of Captain Lake, was born in January, 1817, and was educated at Rugby under Dr. Arnold, whence he was elected, in 1834, to a scholarship at Balliol College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A., taking first-class honours in classics. He also obtained the Latin Essay, became fellow, and tutor of his college, proctor, and assistant preacher and public examiner in classics and in modern history. He was appointed by Lord Panmure member of a commission to report on the state of military education in France, Prussia, Austria, and Sardinia, and submitted, in 1856, conjointly with Colonel Yolland, R.E., a report on the subject to both Houses of Parliament. He was again appointed, in 1858, member of the Royal Commission, under the presidency of the Duke of Newcastle, to report on the state of popular education in England. In the same year, he was presented by his college to the living of Huntspill, Somersetshire; and was appointed by the Bishop of London preacher at the Chapel-Royal of Whitehall. On the death of Dr. Waddington, in July, 1869, he was chosen to succeed him. The dean has his residence in the College. WILLIAM BROCKIE.

Notes and Commentaries.

THE HEAD OF THE SIDE.

Mr. James Hunter, of Ivy Street, Scotswood Road, Newcastle, informs us that the photograph from which we made our drawing of the Head of the Side, page 312, was really taken from a sketch made by himself on the spot in 1877, just before the old buildings were demolished. The drawing, he adds, is now in the possession of Mr. W. Crossling, Lily Crescent, Jesmond.

EDITOR.

THE BIDDICK PITMAN.

Since printing Mr. Boyle's account of the claimant to the Earldom of Perth, which appears in the present volume, page 145, we have received from Mr. Richard Welford a copy of an engraved portrait of Thomas

Drummond, published some years ago by R. T. Edgar, at 129, Pilgrim Street, Newcastle. The portrait was drawn by Wass and Co., and engraved by Nicholson.

EDITOR.

THE WEDDERSTONE.

This is the name of a stone which stands in a field near the village of Catton, in Allendale, Northumberland. Tradition states that several years ago a notorious sheep-stealer infested this part of Northumberland. He was the terror of the neighbouring farmers: in the first place, because he appeared to be a good judge of mutton, from the fact of his taking the best animal of the flock; and, in the second place, because, although

he had paid a visit to every sheepfold for several miles around, and to many where a strict watch was kept, he remained unsuspected, neither was there the slightest suspicion of whom the thief might be. At length, however, the invisible became visible. It appears that his method of carrying off his booty was to tie the four legs of the animal together, and then, by putting his own head through the space between the feet and the body, carry it away on his shoulder. On his last visit to his neighbour's flock, the animal which he had selected for his week's provision being heavy, he stopped to rest himself, and placed his burden on the top of a small stone column without taking the sheep off his shoulder. The animal became restive, commenced struggling, and so slipped off the stone on the opposite side. Its weight being thus suddenly drawn down round his neck, the poor thief was unable to extricate himself, and was found on the following morning quite dead, his victim proving his executioner. Such is the story which appeared in *Chambers's Journal* some forty years ago.

F. Bury, Halifax.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

THE TOWN HALL ORGAN.

At a Service of Song in the Town Hall, Newcastle, a party of men from Northumberland were among the visitors in the gallery. On taking their seats, the conversation turned on the organ, when one of the number said, "Wey, whor is the organ?" When it was pointed out to him, he said with a downcast lip, "Wey, aa thowt it wes yen of them thit torns wiv a handle!"

POTATOES.

Scene: A shop not a hundred miles from Seaton Burn. Enter a miner's "canny dowter" for half-a-stone of potatoes. Shopman: "They're a penny up, the potatoes, to-day." Canny Dowter: "Are they? Wey, then, let us hev a half-steyne of yestorday's!"

ABRAHAM'S BOSOM.

Two old fish wives met in Shields market the other day when the following conversation ensued:—"Hie, Betty, hinny, ma canny bairn hes getten away." "Hes it, Peggy? An' whor hes it gyen te?" "Wey, hinny, it's gyen te Jerusalem's arms." "Wey, is't deed, hinny?" "Aye, is't." "Then, ye mean it's gyen te Abraham's bosom, hinny." "Wey, hinny, ye knaa aa's ne scollard; ye'll knaa the gentleman's name better than aa de!"

SHIP AHOY!

Some years ago, the son of a well-known Sunderland brewer and shipowner, who was blest with a short memory, had occasion to hail one of his father's vessels named the Swan, which was lying off in the tier in the River Wear. Having forgotten the name of the ship, he bawled out, "Me fathor's ship ahoy!" "What de ye mean, ye feuyl?" cried a bystander on the quayside. This called forth the rejoinder, "It's like a deuk, but it's not a deuk; it's like a geuse, but it's not a geuse;—me fathor's ship ahoy!"

North-Country Obituaries.

On the 12th of July, the remains of Mr. James Defty, an old colliery official, who had died two or three days previously, in his 83rd year, were interred at Thornley. The deceased, who was a native of Philadelphia, had for many years charge of Woodhouse Colliery, near Bishop Auckland, until it was closed in 1875, when he retired into private life.

Mr. Daniel M'Millan, monumental sculptor, died at Alnwick on the 16th of July, in the 58th year of his age.

On the 19th of July, the death was announced of a well-known agriculturist in the Shotley Bridge district—Mr. Matthew Ridley, of Snow's Green Farm. He was 69 years of age.

There died, at the residence of his father, 21, Lily Crescent, Newcastle, on the 18th of July, Mr. Robert Mowbray, who had lately returned home after eleven years' absence in Australia, owing to the delicate state of his health. Early in life he was prominently associated with the Prudhoe Street Methodist body. The deceased was 39 years of age.

After a brief illness, Mr. Richard Ferguson, a retired gentleman, who was one of the first to build a detached villa on the slopes of the Red Hills, famous in history as the scene of the battle of Neville's Cross, died at Durham, on the 21st of July. He was about 60 years of age.

On the 22nd of July, the death took place of Mr. John Robson, of the Shepherd's Inn, Bishop Auckland, and formerly a tradesman in Pilgrim Street, Newcastle. The deceased took a very active part in the local volunteer movement, and in 1866 succeeded in carrying off the Dragon Cup, which was presented to him on the Wimbledon Range by the Prince of Wales. Mr. Robson was 67 years of age.

On the 25th of July, Mr. John Watson, proprietor of the Avenue Theatre, Sunderland, died at his residence in that town.

The death occurred very suddenly on the same day of Mr. Alderman J. W. Robinson, of Gateshead, aged 71. He came from Weardale to Gateshead 46 or 47 years ago. Starting business as a provision dealer in Bottle Bank, he gradually prospered, and entered the wholesale line on a very extended scale. About twenty years ago he became a member of the Town Council, and in 1878 was elected Mayor of the borough. So ably did he discharge the duties of chief-magistrate, that his brother-councillors re-elected him in the following year. The deceased gentleman was also a borough magistrate, and was one of the original promoters of the Children's Hospital for Gateshead.

On the 28th of July, Gateshead was called on to lament the loss of another of its public men—Mr. Benjamin Biggar, J.P., who died, also suddenly, at his residence, Vernon Terrace, in the 68th year of his age. For many years the deceased gentleman was a member of the Town Council of that borough, and also an alderman of one of the wards, but gave up his connection with municipal

matters some time since. He was twice Mayor of the borough—in 1861 and 1862. Mr. Biggar was also an ardent supporter of the turf and of various athletic exercises.

The death was announced, as having occurred on the 26th of July, of Lieut.-General Daniell, C.B., who, up till a very recent date, had been stationed at York as commander of the military forces in the Northern District.

On the 27th of July, Mr. W. J. Malcolm, one of the oldest tradesmen in the city of Durham, and a prominent freemason, died in the 65th year of his age.

The death was announced, on the 30th of July, of Mr. A. R. Lowrey, Castle Vale, Berwick, formerly borough treasurer of that town. Mr. Lowrey, who was upwards of 70 years of age, was a justice of the peace, and had only a few weeks previously celebrated his golden wedding.

Mr. Marshall Cresswell, a local song-writer, died at Dudley Colliery, Northumberland, on the 1st of August. Deceased was born at Fawdon Square, near Newcastle, in 1833, and was consequently 56 years of age at the time of his death. Mr. Cresswell was an active supporter of friendly societies; and it was principally through his efforts that a court in connection with the Order of Foresters was established at Dudley Colliery.

On the 29th of July, intelligence reached Jarrow of the death of Mr. Richard Denton, under-manager of the new shipbuilding yard of Martinez, Riveis, Palmer, and Co., at Bilbao. The deceased, who was 37 years of age, had only recently left Jarrow for Spain.

Mr. Thomas Wilson Batty, who was the representative of Messrs. Bailey and Leetham, shipowners, in Newcastle, until 1887, when he was appointed manager for the same firm at Reval, Russia, died at Reichenhall, Bavaria, on the 30th of July.

Mrs. George Crawshay, wife of the well-known iron manufacturer, of Gateshead, and a daughter of the late Sir John Fife, Newcastle, died at Tynemouth, on the 3rd August, in the 63rd year of her age.

On the 4th of August, Mr. John Deniston, formerly connected with industrial and commercial pursuits in Sunderland, died at Cardiff.

The death was announced, on the 7th of August, of Mr. C. H. Hines, of Elm Cottages, Duns, founder of the Hines Coal Distribution Fund at Sunderland for the benefit of widows and other needy persons. The deceased gentleman, who was 72 years of age, was formerly a solicitor in Sunderland.

Intelligence reached Hexham, on the 9th of August, of the death of Mr. James Burn, author of "The Autobiography of a Beggar Boy," and for some years a frequent contributor to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*. His sketches of men and manners 50 or 60 years ago were quaint and picturesque, and were read with much interest. He began life, as he himself states in his book, as a beggar boy, and, after spending some years as a wandering vagrant with his stepfather, a discharged soldier, he served his apprenticeship to the hatting business in Hexham. Here he married his first wife, a Miss Wilson, of Sandhoe. In 1834, he commenced business as a hat manufacturer in Glasgow, but not prospering in that line, he opened in the same town a tavern known as the Hatters' Arms. Soon after this, he had the misfortune to lose his wife. In the year 1838 he again married, his second wife being a native of Carlisle. When over sixty years of age, he was induced to emigrate to the United States: but, after sojourning there a few years, he returned to this country. Some twenty years ago he revisited Hexham, where his eldest daughter was then and is now living. In 1871, he obtained a situation in the service of the Great Eastern Railway, in which he remained for ten years, until he was eighty-one years of age, when his health gave way. He shortly after received a grant from the Royal Literary Fund, made arrangements for the publication of a revised and enlarged edition of his "Autobiography," and went to end his days with his daughters at Hammersmith, where he died peacefully on the 6th of August, in the 89th year of his age.

On the 10th of August, Mr. Robinson Watson, senior partner in the firm of Watson, Sons, Dixon, and Co., drapers, Stockton, died very suddenly at his country residence, Stainton Vale, Cleveland.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

JULY.

10.—Jarrow Town Council decided to sanction Sunday music in the Recreation Grounds.

—On this and the following day the annual show meeting of the Durham County Agricultural Society was held at Sunderland. The exhibits throughout were of high average quality.

11.—General Stevenson, commanding the Northern District, and Colonel Stockley, R.E., visited the Tees mouth, and inspected the proposed site for the battery of quick-firing guns at the South Gare Breakwater.

12.—The summer Assizes for the city and county of Durham were opened at Durham, before Mr. Justice Cave. There were only 21 prisoners for trial. One of the chief cases was that in which David Jones, labourer, was charged with the manslaughter of Joseph Hall, at Monkwearmouth, on the 21st of June. The prisoner, however, was acquitted.

—Mr. James Craig, familiarly known as the Ouseburn hero, was presented by the Mayor of Newcastle with the silver medal and the address on vellum awarded to him by the Royal Humane Society for his bravery in saving life from drowning, this recognition of merit being accompanied by a sum of £65, subscribed by his admirers in the district; while his Worship, on his own behalf, added to these gifts a handsomely mounted pipe in case. (See *ante*, page 287.)

13.—A grand carnival and sale of work, postponed from a previous day on account of the rain, were held at Bishop Auckland, in aid of the Bishop Lightfoot Young Men's Church Institute.

14.—The new Roman Catholic Church of St. Benet, on the Causeway, Monkwearmouth, was opened by Bishop Wilkinson.

—The first of a series of Sunday band performances was given on the Town Moor, Sunderland.

15.—It was announced that Mr. T. Gordon, a native of Haltwhistle, Northumberland, and lately engineer and surveyor to the borough of Leicester, had been appointed chief engineer of the London County Council, at a salary of £1,500 per annum.

—Mr. J. C. Stevenson, M.P., laid the foundation stone of a new Presbyterian Church at Arthur's Hill, Newcastle.

—It was stated that two miners working in the Harvey seam at East Howell Colliery, near Ferryhill, on firing a shot, discovered, among the fallen stone, alive and uninjured, a perfect specimen of the grey toad! The creature was declared to have no mouth, but where the aperture is usually found a dark strip was visible, affording evidence—so the wonderful story ran—that a mouth had once existed.

—The twenty-third annual conference of the North Eastern District Union of Young Men's Christian Associations was held on this and the following day at South Shields, under the presidency of Mr. Edward Moore, J.P.

16.—A new lecture hall in connection with the Wesleyan premises in Beaumont Street, Newcastle, which had been erected at a cost of £5,000, was formally opened by the Rev. Joseph Bush, president of the Wesleyan Conference.

—An inquest was held at Sunderland on the body of Ann Garry, who had died, as the result of an accident, in her 99th year, and who was said to be the oldest inhabitant of Monkwearmouth.

17.—At the Durham Assizes, James O'Flanagan, physician and surgeon, of Houghton-le-Spring, who had on the previous evening been found guilty of having libelled Mr. E. J. Meynell, County Court Judge at Durham, but had been recommended to mercy on the ground that he was at times not responsible for his actions, was set at liberty on his own recognisances, to come up for judgment when called on.

—The body of a diver named Richardson, who had been accidentally drowned while engaged on a sunken steamer, was found by a second diver in Beadnell Bay, on the coast of Northumberland.

18.—It was announced that a new lifeboat, the cost of which had been presented to the Royal National Lifeboat Institution by Mrs. Stoker, of Beverley, had been stationed at Blyth.

—Miss Frances H. Close, of the Kensington Infirmary, London, who had received a medal and bronze cross for her services to the wounded soldiers during the Egyptian campaign, was appointed matron and superintendent of nurses at the Newcastle Infirmary.

19.—It was announced that, by a large majority, the Durham miners had refused to accept the terms offered by the masters, which included an immediate advance of 5 per cent., and further increase of 5 per cent. in three months' time, with an inquiry into the condition of the coal trade at the expiration of the second three months, so that if a further increase were warranted it would be conceded. An advance of 2½ per cent. on wages was officially made known under the sliding scale arrangement, of which this was the last declaration. The Durham miners having, by a large majority, rejected the original offer of two advances of 5 per cent., the masters eventually offered an immediate advance of 10 per cent., and this the men agreed, by a small majority, to accept. A strike was consequently avoided.

—At a meeting of working men in Newcastle, a Radical Association was formed for Newcastle and Gateshead, and a committee was appointed to draw up a programme for the new organization.

20.—At York Assizes, a verdict, with £50 damages, was awarded to Mr. Edward Clark, solicitor, Newcastle, as plaintiff in an action for libel against Mr. E. R. Shipton, secretary of the Cyclists' Touring Club, and editor of the *Monthly Gazette and Official Record*.

—An exhibition of the articles of co-operative manufacture was opened by Mr. H. R. Bailey, at Morpeth, the principal speaker on the occasion being the Marquis of Ripon.

21.—The first of a series of Sunday sacred concerts was held in Rockcliff Cricket Ground, Whitley.

22.—It was announced that the Bishop of Durham had appointed the Rev. Herbert Kynaston, D.D., late Principal of Cheltenham College, to the vacant Professorship of Greek at Durham University. On the 8th of August, Dr. Kynaston was installed as a Canon of Durham Cathedral.

—M. Charles de Lesseps, vice-president of the Suez Canal Company, and son of the eminent French engineer, visited Sunderland as the guest of Mr. James Laing, chairman of the River Wear Commission; and on the following day he laid a large block on the new pier in course of construction by the Commissioners at Roker.

23.—In prosecution of a tour which he was making through Europe, the Shah of Persia, accompanied by a large suite, arrived at Rothbury from Edinburgh, and was received by Lord Armstrong, whose guest he remained

over the night at Cragside. On the following morning, his Majesty and party proceeded by special train to Newcastle, which was reached shortly before one o'clock. The Shah, on alighting, was officially received by the Mayor on behalf of the Corporation, a large number of

the members of which, including the Sheriff, and other officials, as well as a crowd of the general public, were present on the railway platform. A suitable address, read by the Town Clerk, was presented to his Majesty, who, in replying, said he appreciated very much the welcome which had been tendered to him. The Shah and attendants were then driven in carriages through the city, and ultimately to the Elswick Works of Sir W. G. Armstrong and Co., of which, after luncheon in the offices of the company, a complete inspection was made. The Shah and party departed for Bradford between four and five o'clock.

—A severe thunderstorm passed over Newcastle and district.

24.—Mr. U. A. Ritson, J.P., Newcastle, laid the foundation stone of a class-room intended to be added to the Wesleyan Sunday School at Castleside.

—The property and plant of the North Shields and District Tramway Company were publicly sold for £1,800.

—An interim dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum was declared by the directors of the Newcastle and Gosforth Tramways and Carriage Company, Limited.

25.—It was announced that out of a sum of £15,000 awarded by the Government for the support of University Colleges in Great Britain, £1,200 would be granted to the Durham University College of Science in Newcastle.

—For the first time in the history of the Northumberland Agricultural Society, its annual show was opened at Tynemouth, and extended over three days. The total number of visitors was 19,372, and the receipts for admissions amounted to £986 4s. 6d.

—The back portion of the Black Boy Inn, situated in the Groat Market, Newcastle, suddenly fell down, burying in the ruins two women, who were afterwards rescued with difficulty.

—The fifty-sixth annual show of the Cleveland Agricultural Society was held at South Stockton.

27.—The various friendly Societies in Consett and district held a united demonstration in the grounds of Shotley Spa, in aid of a fund to perpetuate the memory of the late Mr. Jonathan Priestman, J.P., by enabling poor and necessitous persons to be sent to the Whitley and other convalescent homes.

—A license was granted to the Tyne Theatre by the Finance Committee of the Newcastle Council, instead of by the magistrates, as formerly, the change being brought about by the new Local Government Act.

28.—A new Roman Catholic school-chapel was opened at Tyne Dock.

30.—By invitation of the Mayor and Mayoress of Newcastle (Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Richardson), about a thousand ladies and gentlemen attended an enjoyable garden party in Jesmond Dene.

—In the Court of Appeal, constituted by the Master of the Rolls (Lord Esher), Lord Justice Lindley, and Lord Justice Bowen, the appeal of the Byker Bridge Company in the case of the Attorney-General *v.* the Corporation of Newcastle, was argued. Their lordships, on August 9th, dismissed the appeal.

31.—A disastrous fire occurred in the large bonded stores of Messrs. Crisp and Robinson, Mill Dam, South Shields.

—An amicable settlement as to wages was effected between the Cleveland mineowners and their men.

—Mr. George Hannay laid the foundation stone of new Sunday schools and an extension of the church, in connection with St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Westoe Lane, South Shields.

—The first annual show of the Berwick and Border Kennel Club was held at Berwick.

AUGUST.

1.—An agitation against the price of meat was initiated at Murton Colliery.

—A destructive fire broke out at the shipyard of Messrs. J. L. Thompson and Sons, North Sands, Sunderland, the damage being estimated at £1,000.

—A very disorderly meeting was held in connection with the recently formed Newcastle and Gateshead Radical Association.

2.—The annual inspection of the Northumberland Hussars was made on Newcastle Town Moor, by Colonel Duncombe, who said he would be very happy to report favourably of the regiment.

—At Seaham Harbour, late at night, a little girl named Caroline Winter, eight years old, was decoyed by a shabbily-dressed stranger to a lonely cave on the sea-beach, where she was outraged and murdered. No trace of the murderer has, up till now, been detected.

3.—William and Francis Garrison, two sons of the late William Lloyd Garrison, the eminent anti-slavery advocate, passed through Newcastle *en route* for Edinburgh.

—The Victoria Jubilee Infirmary, Tynemouth, the foundation-stone of which was laid amid the rejoicings of Jubilee Day, was opened by Earl Percy.

—Captain Wiggins, of Sunderland, sailed from St. Katharine's Dock, London, in command of the steamer Labrador, bound for the river Yenesei, Siberia, by way of the Kara Sea.

4.—The steamer Triumph, which had lain embedded at the mouth of the Tyne since its collision with the Spanish steamer Rivas, on the 22nd of October, 1888, was successfully floated by a Hamburg firm of salvors.

5.—It was announced that the will of Mr. John Milling, draper, of Newcastle, and of Harlow Manor, Harrogate, had been sworn at £71,806 16s. 7d.

—It was reported that by the general order to the Royal Artillery, just issued, in order to reconstitute the great regiment, the northern regular brigade of the batteries would be abolished in common with several other brigades.

—The cycling track at the Recreation Ground, Moor Edge, Newcastle, was opened in the presence of Mr. Alderman Hamond and several other members of the City Council.

—The Merrybent and Darlington Railway was offered for sale by public auction, but no bid was made.

—The annual meeting of the Northern Union of Mechanics' Institutes was held at Newburn, under the presidency of Mr. John Watson Spencer.

—A new Congregational Hall was opened at the village of Winlaton.

—The twenty-third annual Legislative Council of the British United Order of Oddfellows was held in Newcastle, under the presidency of Mr. Henry Gregory, Grand Master, Chesterfield.

—The autumn meeting of the Institute of British Carriage Manufacturers was opened in Newcastle, the pro-

ceedings, which lasted two days, being presided over by Mr. G. N. Hooper, of London.

6.—The Cleveland ironmasters decided to grant to the blastfurnacemen an advance in wages of 4 per cent. above the sliding scale allowance, making an increase of 5 per cent. above the standard rate.

—The Royal Scotch Arms Hotel, Newgate Street, Newcastle, was sold by public auction to Mr. Farquhar Laing, for £19,000.

7.—By a majority of 25 against 22, the Newcastle City Council decided against the introduction of sacred music into the public parks or recreation grounds on Sundays.

8.—Mr. Alfred Cradock, a member of the Civil Service, and son of Mr. Joseph Cradock, of Stockton, wholesale grocer, was out rabbit shooting in the neighbourhood of London, when a twig caught the trigger of his gun, and the weapon exploded. The charge lodged in Mr. Cradock's head, and killed him.

9.—It was stated that probate of the will, dated 26th January, 1888, of the late Mr. Jonathan Priestman, J.P., of Derwent Lodge, Shotley Bridge, Durham, colliery owner, who died on 21st December last, aged 63 years, had been granted, the value of the personalty being affirmed at £97,945 6s. 1d. The will, dated 1st March, 1856, with codocils made the 24th March, 20th August, and 4th December, 1888, of the late Mrs. Jane Frances Maynard, of 4, South Park Road, Harrogate, who died on 4th May last, and was the widow of Mr. Thomas Christopher Maynard, of Durham, solicitor, was also proved about the same time, the personalty being valued at £7,403 4s. 6d.

—It was announced that Mr. John H. Amos, formerly Committee Clerk under the Corporation of Newcastle, had been appointed Chief Clerk to the Tees Conservancy Commissioners, *vice* Mr. Joseph Dodds, at a salary of £800 per annum.

—At the half-yearly meeting of the North-Eastern Railway Company, a dividend of 6¼ per cent. was declared; and a sum of £500 was voted to the Stephenson engineering department of the Durham College of Science in Newcastle.

10.—Thornley Colliery, after a suspension of operations for five years, was re-started under the ownership of the Weardale Iron and Coal Company.

General Occurrences.

JULY.

12.—The death was reported of Signor Giovani Bottesini, musical composer, and a noted performer on the contrabass.

16.—Sergeant Reid, of Glasgow, won the Queen's Prize at the National Rifle Association's meeting at Wimbledon.

—A young man named Lennox went up in a balloon at Manchester with a parachutist. The latter came down safely, but the balloon collapsed, and Lennox was killed.

17.—Another horrible murder was perpetrated in Whitechapel, London, presumably by the person known as "Jack the Ripper." The victim, who was horribly mutilated, was a washerwoman named Alice Mackenzie, about forty years old. No clue to the murderer was obtained.

—Death of Lord Ashburton (Alexander Hugh Baring), after a sudden illness, aged 54 years.

—A workmen's congress was commenced in Paris, and continued for several days.

—The result of an election for West Carmarthenshire was as follows:—Lloyd Morgan (Gladstonian), 4,252; Williams Drummond (Conservative), 2,533; majority, 1,719.

19.—The result of East Marylebone election, caused by the resignation of Lord Charles Beresford, was as follows:—E. Boulnois (Conservative), 2,579; G. G. Leveson-Gower (Gladstonian), 2,086; majority, 493.

—Mr. Parnell, leader of the Irish party in the British House of Commons, paid a visit to Edinburgh, when the freedom of the city was presented to him.

—An action for slander by Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., against the Marquis of Salisbury, Prime Minister, was commenced at Manchester. The plaintiff claimed £10,000 damages. After the case had occupied the attention of the court for several days, a verdict for the defendant was returned.

25.—In the House of Commons, Mr. W. H. Smith proposed that a grant of £36,000 be made to the Prince of Wales for the benefit of his family. After an important discussion, the proposal was carried.

27.—Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise Victoria Alexandra Dagmar, eldest daughter of the Prince and Princess of Wales, was married at Buckingham Palace to Alexander William George, Duke of Fife.

30.—A co-operative demonstration, promoted by the executive committee of No. 3 section of the Co-operative Union, was held at Keswick.

31.—The trial of Mrs. Maybrick, on a charge of having murdered her husband, Mr. James Maybrick, by arsenical poisoning, was commenced at Liverpool Assizes. On August 7 the jury returned a verdict of guilty, and the prisoner was sentenced to death. The verdict was received with extraordinary demonstrations of disapproval.

—The Marquis of Salisbury, Prime Minister, was the principal speaker at the annual banquet given by the Lord Mayor of London to her Majesty's Ministers.

—Death of Admiral Baillie, of Dryburgh Abbey, Kelso; and of Dr. Horatius Bonar, a well-known hymn writer, aged 81.

The Parnell Commission was continued during July. On the 16th, Sir Charles Russell and the other counsel for the Irish party withdrew from the case. On the 25th, the 112th day, all the witnesses had given evidence, and Sir Henry James asked for an adjournment in order that he might have time to prepare his speech. The court adjourned until the 24th of October.

AUGUST.

1.—News was received of a terrible fire which occurred at Loochow, China, on June 27, and lasted for three days, during which 87,000 dwellings were destroyed, and 1,200 persons were burned to death. 170,000 individuals were obliged to camp out for shelter, and many of these died from want and exposure.

3.—The Emperor of Germany arrived at Spithead, and was to have been present at a grand review of the British fleet, numbering 20 armourclads, 35 cruisers, 18 gunboats, and 38 smaller vessels—the largest fleet ever gathered together in English waters; but, owing to the inclement weather, the ceremony was postponed until the 5th, when everything passed off with success.

—A force of Egyptian and British soldiers, under

General Grenfell, completely routed the dervishes at Toski, Soudan, who were marching northward with the object of attacking Egypt. Wad-el-Njumi, the commander of the dervishes, twelve of his emirs, and fifteen hundred fighting men, were killed, while a thousand prisoners were taken. The British and Egyptian loss amounted to 17 killed and 131 wounded.

5.—Death of M. Felix Pyat, a well-known French revolutionist.

—The remains of Carnot, Marceau, La Tour d'Auvergne, and Baudin, French heroes, having been disinterred, were deposited with much ceremony in the Pantheon, Paris.

—The town of Spokane Falls, Washington Territory, United States, was destroyed by fire. The damage was estimated at 15,000,000 dollars.

7.—An Afghan soldier fired at the Ameer of Afghanistan, and wounded him in the head.

8.—Death of Benedetto Cairoli, Italian patriot, at Naples, aged 63.

—Death of Mr. W. R. S. Ralston, a well-known writer on Russian subjects, from an overdose of chloral, aged 60.

MILLET'S "ANGELUS."

"The Angelus," a celebrated picture by the great French painter, Jean François Millet, which fetched the extraordinary price of £22,120 at the sale of the Secrétan collection in Paris on July 1, has since passed into the hands of American dealers, owing to the refusal of the French Government to purchase it for the French nation. Millet, who died in 1875 at the age of sixty, devoted himself mainly to the representation of actual life among the French peasantry. He was born of a peasant family, near Cherbourg, and lived in frugal simplicity in the forest of Fontainbleau, working industriously for small pay. The fame of his genius has extended far and wide since his death, while his character has been presented in an interesting light by many biographical comments. The picture, as will be seen from our engraving, shows a couple of peasants in an attitude of devotion as they hear the bell of the neighbouring convent sounding the Angelus at the close of day.

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Baron Brown, the Durham Poet.

ON the 11th of July, 1823, there died in Old Elvet, in the City of Durham, aged 92 years, Mr. James Brown, commonly called Baron Brown, widely known throughout the North as the Durham Poet. A short account of his "life, character, and behaviour" may be found in the second volume of Sykes's "Local Records," and a more "full, true, and particular account" in Hone's "Every Day Book," furnished to the industrious compiler by a Durham correspondent, who signed himself "D." The sum and substance of both were inserted by Mr. Richardson in the second volume of the legendary part of his "Local Historian's Table Book." From these sources, supplemented by a few particulars otherwise gleaned, we shall piece together our own narrative.

Brown was born, according to his own account, in Berwick-upon-Tweed, but seems to have left that place at a very early age. While still comparatively a young man, he kept a rag shop in the Side, Newcastle, and was in the habit of attending the fairs in the neighbourhood, from Belford to Darlington, and from Sunderland to Hexham, with ready-made clothes for sale. During his residence in Newcastle, his first wife died. Of this person we are told he always spoke in terms of affection, and it has been supposed that his wife's death affected the poor man's mind to such a degree that he became throughout the rest of his life ever ready to be "tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine." He believed in every mad fanatic who rose up to diffuse opinions contrary to reason and common sense. The wilder the theory, the more congenial to his mind. He was successively a believer in Elspeth Buchan, William Huntingdon, and Joanna Southcote.

A few years after becoming a widower, he married a Sarah Richardson, of Durham, a respectable though very eccentric character, who was the proprietress of a theatre in the City of St. Cuthbert, and possessed some other little property there. On forming this second match, he removed to Durham to reside, and there he passed the rest of his life.

About the year 1794, Brown first came before the Newcastle public as a religious poet, having published a rhapsody explanatory of some passage in the Apocalypse. The frontispiece was a hideous engraving of a beast with seven heads and ten horns, meant to represent that which

John the Divine saw in his vision, as related in the thirteenth chapter of Revelations. Of this plate he always spoke in terms of rapture, and some averred that it was from his own design; but Mr. Hone's correspondent was rather inclined to think that it was the work of some of those waggish friends whom his eccentricity drew around him. Pluming himself upon the poetic merit as well as intrinsic exegetical value of his Apocalyptic rhapsody, Mr. Brown thenceforth dubbed himself, or was dubbed by others, "The Poet Laureate of Newcastle." He even believed that the Archangel Gabriel had seen and approved of his symbolical drawing of the beast.

Our Poet Laureate's peculiar muse seems to have been Melpomene, for all his poesy was of a serious cast. His biographer in the "Table Book" says of him:—"Like Dante, his imagination was gloomy; he delighted to describe the pains of hell, the rattling of the chains, and the torments of the damned. The mount of Sisyphus was his Parnassus, the Styx was his Helicon, and the pale forms that flit by Lethe's billows were the Muses that inspired his lay." His poems consisted chiefly of visions, prophecies, and rhapsodies, suggested by some part of the sacred volume, of the contents of which he had an astonishing recollection. "His song," according to the same writer, "was, like that of the witches in Thalaba, unintelligible to all but the writer, on whose mind, in reading it, meaning seemed to flash like strong inspiration." The only two lines in Brown's works that have any meaning in them to uninspired readers are said to run thus—

> When men let Satan rule their heart,
> They do act the devil's part.

His last, and, as he esteemed it, his best work—his monument more durable than bronze—was a pamphlet published in Newcastle in 1820 by Messrs. Preston and Heaton at the reasonable price of one shilling. It was not exactly a typographical gem, nor was it got up externally with that artistic taste which beseems the productions of a poet laureate. But it was not one of his weaknesses to publish his works in an expensive form; for he had faith that, if they only possessed true merit, they would find readers, though their form was ever so homely. On his once being shown the fine quarto edition of Wordsworth's "White Doe of Rylstone," and told that he ought, in justice to himself, to publish in a similar style, his answer was that "none but the devil's poets needed fine clothes." His masterpiece bore on the title page—"Poems on Military Battles, Naval Victories, and other Important Subjects, the most extraordinary ever penned, a Thunderbolt shot from a Lion's Bow at Satan's Kingdom, the Kingdom of the Devil, and the Kingdom of this World, reserving themselves in Darkness for the Great and Terrible Day of the Lord, as Jude, the Servant of God, declareth. By James Brown, P.L." This singular work was decorated with a whole-length woodcut portrait of the author treading on "The Devil's Books," like St. George on the Dragon, and blowing a trumpet to alarm sinners. It was the work of a junior pupil of Thomas Bewick—Sykes says of Bewick himself—and it had certain "curious verses at top and bottom,' the purport of which we are not told.

During the Parliamentary contest for Durham in 1820, a number of copies of an election squib, said to have been "written by a humble individual in connection with a Northern newspaper," entitled "A Sublime Epistle, Poetic and Politic, by James Brown, P.L.," were sent to him anonymously for distribution. These he turned to his own emolument by selling them at sixpence a copy, after printing an explanatory address on the back of the title, wherein he called himself S.S.L.D., the "Slayer of Seven Legions of Devils."

Amongst his strange ideas was one that he should never die, but be taken up to heaven visibly, even as the prophet Elijah was, according to the inspired word of that worthy old woman, Elspeth Buchan, "the comforter." Under this delusion, when ill, he refused all medical assistance, quoting the words of the Apostle James in his justification. This he could do very fluently, for even when he was long past the patriarchal age of four score years and ten, his memory was still so retentive that it was almost impossible to quote any passage of Scripture to him without his remembering the book, the chapter, and frequently the verse from whence it was taken.

At the age of ninety he was induced to sell the little property he had acquired by marriage for a palty guinea a week, to be paid during the life of himself and Mrs. Brown and the life of the survivor. The property which he parted from in consideration of this weekly stipend, under the impression that the purchasers were "taken in," as he "would never die," was a leasehold house in Sadler Street, for the theatre had been pulled down. This house was conveyed to two Durham tradesmen, Robinson Emmerson and George Stonehouse, by whom the allowance was for some time regularly paid; but on the latter becoming embarrassed in his circumstances, the payment was discontinued, and poor Brown and his aged partner were thrown on the world without a farthing, at a time when bodily and mental infirmities had rendered them incapable of earning a livelihood. After this calamity, Brown became for a few weeks an inmate of the poorhouse, which he subsequently left for a lodging at an obscure inn, where he died at the advanced age of ninety-two, in a state of utter penury. His wife died about a year afterwards in the parish poorhouse. The mortal remains of both were interred in the churchyard of St. Oswald.

James Brown was, like Billy Martin, uncommonly susceptible to flattery. The Wags of Durham took full advantage of this, and all his life long he was ever and anon receiving letters in rhyme, purporting to come from Scott, Byron, Shelly, Southey, Wilson, and other great poets. He had likewise communications in prose from the King of England, the Emperor of Morocco, the Sultan of

Turkey, the Shah of Persia, the Czar of Muscovy, the Great Cham of Tartary, &c. All these he believed to be genuine, and he was in the habit of showing them as curiosities to his friends, who were frequently the real authors.

In the year 1821, when he was in his ninetieth year, he received a large parchment, signed G. R., attested by George Canning and Robert Peel, and having attached to it a huge seal, which he believed to be the Great Seal of the United Kingdom. This document purported to be a patent of nobility, creating him "Baron Brown, of Durham, in the County Palatine of Durham." It recited that this title had been conferred on him in consequence of a translation of his works into Sanscrit, Hindostani, or Persian—we forget which, but it does not much matter—having been the means of converting the Mogul Empire to Christianity. From that moment he assumed the name and style of Baron Brown, and had a wooden box made for the preservation of his patent.

Of the poetic pieces which Brown was in the habit of receiving, many were close imitations of the styles of the authors whose names were affixed to them. One communication, "from Mr. Coleridge," was a burlesque of the "Ancient Mariner," and began—

> It is a lion's trumpeter,
> And he stoppeth one of three.

Another, "from Mr. Wilson," commenced thus:—

> Poetic dreams float round me now,
> My spirit, where art thou?
> Oh! art thou watching the moonbeams smile
> On the groves of palm in an Indian isle?
> Or dost thou hang over the lovely main,
> And list to the boatman's boisterous strain?
> Or dost thou sail on sylphid wings,
> Through liquid fields of air,
> Or, riding on the clouds afar,
> Dost thou gaze on the beams of the evening star,
> So beautiful and so fair?
> O no! O no! sweet Spirit of mine,
> Thou art entering a holy strain divine,
> A strain which is so sweet,
> Oh, one might think 'twas a fairy thing,
> A thing of love and blessedness
> Singing in holy tenderness,—
> A lay of peaceful quietness,
> Within a fairy street?
> But, ah! 'tis BROWN, &c., &c.

A piece "from Walter Scott" opened with—

> The heathcock shrill his clarion blew
> Among the heights of Ben Venue,
> And fast the sportive echo flew
> Adown Glenavin's Vale;
> But louder, louder was the knell
> Of Brown's Northumbrian penance-bell;
> The noise was heard on Norham Fell,
> And rung through Teviotdale.

Ringing "the penance-bell" was a favourite expression of poor Brown's. It is said to occur three or four times in each of his several poems, as—

> We toll'd the devil's penance-bell,
> And warned you to keep from hell, &c.

These burlesques were chiefly produced by the law and medical students of Newcastle and Durham, and the young gentlemen of the Catholic College of Ushaw. But the poet never detected the imposture, and died in the full belief that he had actually been honoured with all that distinguished and flattering correspondence.

Furthermore, he had another correspondent, of a far more exalted character than any of those burdened with mortal flesh, namely, the Archangel Gabriel, who used to bring him letters from Joanna Southcote, and to call to carry back his answers. This "Gabriel" was a young West Indian, resident in Durham, whose amusement it was to dress himself in a white sheet with goose wings on his shoulders, and visit the poet at night, with letters purporting to be written to him in heaven by the Devonshire prophetess. After "Gabriel" left Durham, Brown was frequently told of the deception which had been practised upon him, but he never could be induced to believe that his nocturnal visitor was any other than the archangel himself. "Did I not," he once said, "see him clearly fly out at the ceiling?"

Of Brown's personal appearance the portrait which accompanies the memoir in Hone's "Table Book," from a drawing by Mr. Terry, is said to give an exact idea. Our own sketch is copied from it. With all his eccentricities, he was an honest, harmless, and inoffensive old man.

Newcastle Apprentices.

By the late James Clephan.

THE apprentices of England were formerly among the Great Powers, and, like other Great Powers, occasionally forgot that it was not well to go too far. The "Evil May Day" of 1517 was witness in London to their excesses. Jealous, in common with many of their seniors, of foreign merchants and tradesmen, and more especially of Frenchmen, they rose up against them, and were joined by the populace. Fierce were the outrages that marked the outbreak. Tolerance of strangers in the trade and commerce of the City was odious to the rioters, and violently were their prejudices made known. Hundreds of the misguided throng were made prisoners. Fifteen, including the ringleader, were singled out for execution; and many more stood in peril of death. Four hundred, bound with ropes, appeared in their shirts before King Henry in Westminster, with halters round their necks, and cried aloud for mercy. Their supplications were earnestly supported by Queen Catherine, and by the Queens of Scotland and France, then in London: whereupon their lives were spared, to the great praise of the royal clemency.

The London apprentices of a later day are described by the pictorial pen of Sir Walter Scott, whose "Fortunes of Nigel" has made them familiar to every reader of the

Waverley Novels. Brand and other local authors have not overlooked the apprentices of the Tyne. These youngsters were by no means what we should call "small boys." At the time of the Shrovetide riot of the reign of Charles the First, and for long afterwards, youths were well stricken in their teens before they were indentured to Merchant Adventurers; and, moreover, they were bound for a term of ten years. Ambrose Barnes, the famous Puritan Alderman, was 18 or 19 years of age when he came from the Tees to the Tyne to enter upon his long servitude. In 1646 he was bound apprentice to a Merchant Adventurer and "Boothman"—a significant phrase, carrying back the imagination to olden times, when booths and stalls were places of business among our forefathers; and, indeed, even in living memory, there were shops in Newcastle unguarded by glazed windows—a comparatively modern innovation in our Northern metropolis. In Barnes's days, when the Scottish Covenanters were on foot, it is related that tracts in promotion of their cause were thrown in by night, by unseen hands, at the open fronts of the inhabitants of Newcastle; several of which were sent up to London for the consideration of the Government. Unlighted were the thoroughfares; and the principal householders were required to relieve the gloom of winter by placing lamps over their doors, accomplishing little more than the making of darkness visible. The well-known story of "Jack Scott" (Lord Eldon) shows us that not only the Covenanters could readily intrude their pamphlets on the tradespeople, but that the school-boys of the last century had them considerably at their mercy. The youngsters of the Royal Grammar School, stealing down the Side in the more dismal nights of the year, bent on fun and mischief, would send someone in, crawling on hands and knees, to an unsuspecting owner. Up rose a small head opposite the feeble flicker of the dim lamp or candle. One single puff, and out went the light! Out, too, went the roguish urchin; and off ran the little throng in search of new victims. Street lamps there were none; not even the twinkling stars of oil; and night larks were little restrained in their progress by the old Dogberries.

The exuberance of the youth of Newcastle in Tudor times may be measured by the severity of a statute framed to keep it in check. It was enacted in the month of November, 1554, by the Merchants' Company, when Cuthbert Ellison was Governor and also Mayor.* This "Act for the Apperell of the Apryntices" quaintly exclaims in its graphic beginning:—"What dyseng, cardeng, and mummyng; what typling, daunseng, and brasenge of harlots; what garded cotes, jagged hose lyned with silke, and cutt shoes; what use of gitterns by nyght; what wearynge of berds; what daggers ys by theim worne cross overthwarte their backs, that theis theire dooings are more cumlye and decent for rageng ruffians than seemlye for honest apprentizes!" The writer of the Act, having thus relieved himself of his hot indignation, proceeds to the enactments for a reformation of abuses. Apprentices were not "to daunse, dyse, carde, or mum, or use gytterns"; "cuthose, cut shoes, pounced jerkens" were forbidden; and "berds" were not to be tolerated. As for garments, they must "weare none other hoses than slopped of course clothe, whereof the yarde not to exceed ijs." "Shoes and cotes to be of course clothe, of houswifes making." "No straite hoose" to be allowed, "but playne, without cuffs, pounseng, or gardes." Exceptions there were, but only few in number. The apprentices of Mayors, Sheriffs, and Aldermen were alone exempt from the operation of the humiliating statute.

Ten years afterwards, there was another curious piece of legislation about apprentices. No Border youth, born in Tynedale, Redesdale, or such like places, was to be indentured, "the parties there brought up being known, either by education or nature, not to be of honest conversation." This disqualification, however, gradually ceased to be regarded; although not until 1771, says Brand, was it repealed.

In the autumn of 1603, when the Tudors were gone out and the Stuarts had come in, the Merchant Adventurers were again legislating as to their apprentices. These difficult juveniles were prohibited from dancing, dicing, carding, mumming, or using "anye musick, either by nyght or daye, in the streetes." Their apparel of cloth was to be under ten shillings a yard; or of fustian, of or under three shillings per yard. They were not "to weare any velvate or lace on their apparell, neither anie silke garters, silk or velvat girdles, silk pointes, worsted or Jersey stockings, shoe-strings of sylk, pumppes pantofles, or corke shoes, hatts lyned with velvitt, nor double Cypres hatt-bands, or silk strings, nor clokes and daggers, neyther anie ruffed bands, but fallinge bands, plaine, without laice, stitcht, or anie kind of sowen worck; neither shall they weare their haire longe, nor locks at their eares like ruffians."

One privilege, however, they had; and yet we may doubt whether it was prized by its possessors. A special place of detention was provided for their discipline. Thither, to the Apprentices' Prison in the West Gate, were the disobedient and refractory committed; and a gaoler was appointed over them, with a salary of forty shillings a-year.

Whether Tudors or Stuarts reigned, there was law-making against the apprentices, and disregard of the statutes; and when the Monarchy was passing into eclipse for a season, still the work of regulation went on. In the year 1649, it was ordered that every apprentice of the Merchants' Company should "cutt his haire ffrom ye crowne of the heade," and "keepe his fforeheade bare."

* The spelling of the old enactments is corrected from Mr. J. R. Boyle's "Vestiges of Old Newcastle and Gateshead."

"His lockes, if any, shall not reach belowe the lapp of his eare; and the same length to be observed behynd. And if in caise any be sicke, he shall weare a linnen capp, and no other; and that without lace. And they shall weare no beaver hatts, nor castors. If their hatts be blacke, they shall have blacke bands; if gray hatts, then bands suetable; but neither gould nor silver woorke in any of them; neither ffancies nor ribbins att their hattbands. The cloath for their apparrell shall nott exeede ffourteene or ffifteene shilling the yerde. They shall weare no stuffe of silke or Camnell haire. Their clothes shall be made plaine up, without lace or any other trimeinges, except buttons; and them onely in places needfull, and no better then of silke. Their bands shalbe plaine, without lace or scallope. They shall weare no cuffs, boothostopps, white or cullered showes, or showes of Spannish lether, longe nebd showes or bootes. No silke garters att all, noe showstrings better than fferrett or cotten-ribbin. No gloves butt plaine; nor bootes butt when they ride."

Implicit obedience was demanded, but not in every case obtained. At a Court of the Company, held on the 5th of October, 1649, nine of the apprentices refused to conform, and were allowed till the 7th of December to consider their course; when three of the number, "shewing themselves disobedient and very obstinate, were first in open court"—(where a dish is said to have been kept by the edge of which their hair was cut round)—"made exemplary by shortninge their hayre, and taking from their clothes superfluos ribbining; and after for their wilfull obstinacy were comitted to prison, where each was allowed no more money than two pence in bread and one quarte of table beare per diem." Eleven days of this diet in durance overcame their contumacy. Their spirits broken, they petitioned the Governor and Fellowship "to passe by and be oblivious of all their misdemeanors," promising on their enlargement to observe the ordinances.

Conceive the mortification of these young gentlemen, passing to and fro in the presence of their fair townswomen, cropped and costumed as commanded by the Company! It is recorded of the shorn youths, in one of the volumes of Brand, that a brother of the fraternity was "complained of for mocking them, and calling them 'the Company's cowed tupps,' in the coarse and homely language of that age."

Not only the costumes, but the creeds of the apprentices were strictly supervised. On the 26th of January, 1656-7, the Merchants' Company made an order bearing upon the religion of the youths committed to their care. Listen to the preamble of the ordinance! "Whereas, in these late tymes (wherein iniquity abounds), wee find by woefull experience a great apostacy and fallinge off from the truth to Popery, Quakisme, and all manner of heresy and unheard-of blasphemy and profainenes." Having laid this alarming foundation for action, they resolve "that no Popish recusant, or Quaker, or any who shall not attend duely on his maister at the publicke ordinances, or any base-begotten, crooked, or lame, or any other way deformed," be taken apprentice, on pain of being fined a hundred marks.

Still were the Merchant Adventurers legislating over their apprentices when the Commonwealth was gone, and the Restoration had run its course, and the Stadtholder filled the English throne. But not against heresies was their governance directed; personal blemishes were not now matters of anxiety; sports and gaieties, ruffles and wigs were to be dealt with on the 24th of November, 1697. The apprentices were forbidden "to go to dancing or fencing schools, musick houses, lotteries, or playhouses, to keep horses, dogs for hunting, or fighting cocks, till they had served seven of their ten years." They were "to use no gold or silver trimming on their apparel or hats, nor to line any garment with any sort of silk; to wear no point lace, nor any embroidery at all; no ruffles at their breasts, necks, or sleeves; and, lastly, no long wigs, nor any short ones above the value of 15s."

The reader will now have some image in his mind of the apprentices of former days. Many of them were sons of the gentry and yeomanry of the North of England. Likely leaders, therefore, the apprentices might find if they were wanted; and an occasion arose in the year 1633, when "at Shrovetide there was a riot of the apprentices, on account of a new limekiln and ballast-heap having been made without the gate of the town called Sand Gate."

Shrovetide, 1633, fell on the 5th of March. The Lords of the Privy Council heard of the tumult within a week of its occurrence. The Mayor (Lionel Maddison), with others of the inhabitants, wrote to them on the subject on the 11th of March, stating that the apprentices had pulled down a limekiln belonging to Christopher Reasley, which stood on the Ballast Hills without the walls. Some of them had been arrested, and the Mayor and others were conveying them to prison, when their comrades made fast the gate (Sand Gate); and although the captives were lodged in gaol, they were subsequently rescued by those at liberty. The rioters then assembled on the Ballast Hills, and held possession of them for two days, endeavouring to pull down Reasley's house, and partly effecting their purpose. With pikes and halberts they withstood the Mayor and magistrates, who could get little assistance from the burgesses; for, indeed, the townspeople secretly aided the rioters. Some few arrests were made; but the writers, at the date of their letter, apprehended further wicked doings.

"The pretence of this insolence," wrote Secretary Sir John Coke on the margin of the communication, "was that the limekiln had been erected in prejudice of the drying of their clothes, and their walks after service."

Henry Lord Clifford and Francis Earl of Cumberland were at this time Lords-Lieutenant of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Northumberland. The former of the

two wrote to the Mayor on the 12th, regretting such an outbreak in a town hitherto so well governed; and suggested that, if the authorities had assembled the train-bands to apprehend the rioters, and had had good guard and watch over the prisoners, the delinquents had not been so easily rescued, and the tumult would have been sooner ended. They had, he said, the Sheriff of the County dwelling amongst them, and the Deputy-Lieutenants to assist them; and if the disorder increased, he (Lord Clifford) would not fail to give his best assistance.

For all which comfortable criticism the Mayor and his brethren were no doubt duly grateful. On the 13th, the Vice-President and Council at York were writing to Thomas Viscount Wentworth (the Lord Strafford of an after-day), reporting to his lordship, as Lord-President of the North, what measures they had taken on hearing of the riot. They had first ordered the Sergeant-at-Arms to attach persons who were by name complained of; then they had written to the neighbouring Sheriffs to support the Mayor; and they proposed to give directions to proceed against the offenders as they should find cause.

The Mayor and his friends again wrote to the Lords of the Privy Council on the 26th, gratified that the King approved of their efforts in suppressing the riot. They had doubted their power to call out the train-bands; besides, the trained bands consisted of townsmen; and not finding such forwardness as they expected in them to assist the Mayor, they feared to add thereby more strength to the rioters. All had been quiet since the riot was suppressed. The Council of the North had arrested most of the delinquents, who were now at York to be censured by that tribunal. Until they were thence dismissed, the writers could not send the chiefest of them to London as directed.

At the sessions in Newcastle, on the 29th of March, an indictment was found against Edward Glavering [Clavering] and others, for the riot and misdemeanour committed by them in the destruction of the limekiln of Christopher Reasley, situated on the West Ballast Hills, and in other unlawful acts in connection with the riots. What was done with them the Calendar of State Papers sayeth not, and we have failed to ascertain in other quarters.

Secretary Coke, making notes on the communications received from Newcastle, lets us know in what directions his thoughts were running. He attributed the disturbance, not to the pretence of destroying the limekiln built on the town drying and pleasure ground, but to a desire in the Commons to have a change in the local government, and stated various circumstances connected with the audit of the Corporation Accounts, and the last election of Mayor, from which he drew this inference. Coke had misgivings that the masters as well as the apprentices had brought about the disasters.

We have seen that a Clavering was indicted as one of the rioters: a Bulmer was also implicated in the fray. His petition of April 16, 1634, to King Charles, occurs in a volume of the Calendar of State Papers. Being (said he) one of the Trinity House of Newcastle, and a steersman of the barge to carry his Majesty and divers of the nobility down the Tyne (June 5, 1633), he did then show the King and the Lords a certificate from the Trinity House of the great abuse concerning that river; for which relation, and no other cause that he could imagine, the Mayor and Aldermen, having property in the staiths and quays whence the abuse arose, had taken so great malice against him, that in his absence, in a suit at York, followed by the town, they procured him to be fined 500 marks, as being one of those who animated the boys to the late pulling down of a house and limekiln, the evidence against him being only that of some lewd persons whom he had before punished, and he in his answer having expressed his innocence; yet, not so satisfied, they use other unjust persecutions against him. Prays the remission of the fine, or a reference to the Lords of the Admiralty.

The Secretary of the Admiralty, Edward Nicholas, is preparing, May 3, for a meeting of the Board, and makes notes of the business requiring the attention of the Lords. "Three men in custody of messengers," he writes: "Bulmer, Fenn, and Billings." Then in the margin of his memorandum, he has this jotting:—"Fenn and Billings, on their discharge of Boult, to be discharged."

About a fortnight afterwards, there is a petition of Edward Bulmer, mariner, to the Admiralty:—Has continued in custody three weeks, and understands the messenger is suddenly to ride with him to York. Is so weak, by age and infirmities, as to be unequal to so long a journey, without great danger. Prays time for his appearance at the Court in York, on sufficient security. ("To present his security for £1,000," is Secretary Nicholas's note.)

The security was found; the bond approved; and Bulmer discharged, with an obligation to appear in York on an appointed day. On the 30th of June, he was petitioning the Vice-President and Council of the North. He had been informed against, among others, for riots committed at Newcastle; for which (he says) he, with the rest, was most justly censured at this table, he being then employed by the Merchant Adventurers for a voyage to Hamburg, and unable to attend at the hearing of the cause. Acknowledges his censure to be just, and submits thereto, but beseeches them to consider his great loss by the Dunkirkers, and in other ways (these Dunkirkers preying on English shipping along our coasts to the reproach of the Government).

An order of the Court was made, mitigating the mariner's fine to £40; on payment of which, or security, the pursuivant had warrant for his discharge. Bond was accordingly given; and before the year ran out the penalty was paid. And so ends our Shrovetide story of the riot of 1633 on the West Ballast Hills.

It is curious, now-a-days, to read of the apprentices in past times as a community and a power—ruffling gallants of the night, with tinkling "gitterns" in front, and deadly daggers "crosse overthwarte their backes." Shortly before the Shrovetide riot, thousands of "scrolls" are said to have been cast abroad in London for the gathering together of apprentices to demolish houses of ill-fame; and shortly after it there was a talk of their pulling down obnoxious places of worship. They seem to have been regarded as ready for any raid. When the cry of "Clubs" was heard, the London apprentice, as described by Sir Walter Scott, rushed to his staff, and his master saw no more of him till the affray was ended. But the world changes, and the apprentices with it. The "gittern" of the streets has given place to the piano of the house. Sumptuary laws have been repealed by time, and the Apprentices' Prison has followed them into forgetfulness.

In the year of the riot under the town-walls, King Charles came to Newcastle, arriving among the burgesses ere the month of June was full three days old. On the morrow, with his suite, he dined with the Mayor and his brethren. His Worship knelt to his Sovereign, and rose to his feet "Sir Lionel Maddison." Next day, June 5, the king went on board the barge of which Edward Bulmer was steersman, bound for Tynemouth Castle; and we may be sure his Majesty had pointed out to him, in passing, the Ballast Hills, where clothes were dried and citizens promenaded, and where so recently had happened the memorable riot. How different now the scene—afloat and on shore!

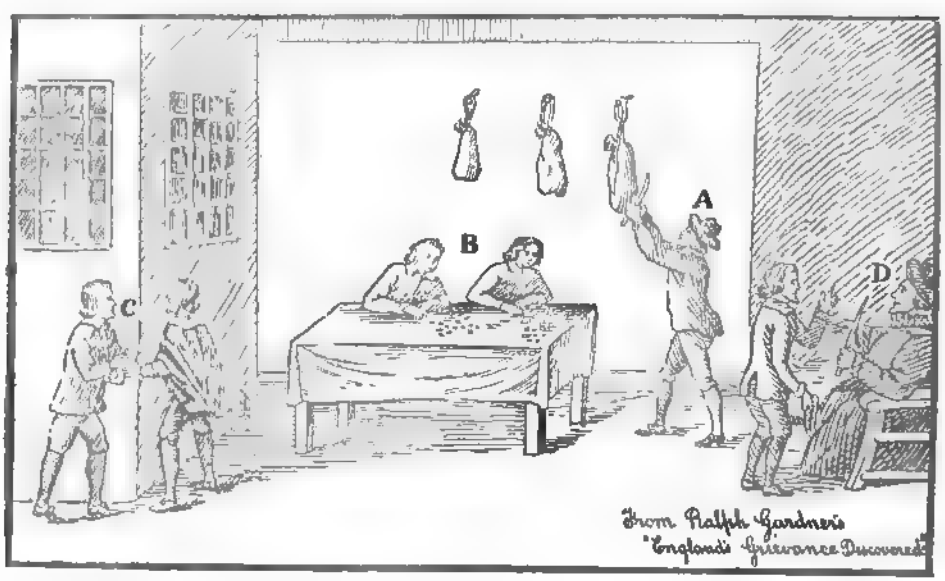
The Cut-Purse Ordeal.

IN ancient costumes the purse was slung from the girdle, and the thief of the period appropriated it by cutting the leather straps by which it was suspended. Hence the name of cut-purse. Autolycus, rogue and vagabond, was of the profession, and was proud of his accomplishments. When he discourses on his craft, he says:—"To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand is necessary for a cut-purse: a good nose is requisite also to smell out work for the other senses." His was the consideration of the subject as a fine art; but the lofty view of his profession was not shared in by the world at large. A stern statute, 8 Elizabeth, 4, sets forth:—"Whereas there are a certain people, of a fraternity, or brother-hood, that puts in practice that art, or mystery, of cutting of purses, and that do combine secretly, to spoyl the true subjects of this realm, be it therefore enacted, that whosoever be found guilty of taking away monies, &c., in such sort, from any person, or persons, shall not have the benefit of clergy." The popular mind was strongly disposed to take this view of the business and to mete out vague terrors to the offender. Cut-purse thus became an epithet descriptive of the sum of all villany. Doll Tearsheet displayed her copious vocabulary to the admiration of Sir John Falstaff and the confusion of ancient Pistol, and she is wrought up to the highest pitch of anathema when she cries, "Away, you cut-purse rascal!" It was her superlative degree in infamy. This association of the word was recognised by the Mayor and burgesses of Newcastle-upon-Tyne at an early period, and they used it as an object lesson to offenders against their charter laws.

At the very time when Shakspeare was writing, there is an entry in the Newcastle municipal account book which reads—"Auguste, 1593, Paide for two purses of lether which should have bene cutt in the Towne Chamber and was not, by a Frenchman, 8d." This is explained by reference to a petition which was afterwards presented by the authorities of Newcastle to James I., in which they pray his Majesty "to confirm all their ancient grants and charters, and to give them further powers, especially of the river Tyne." They set forth, among many articles, that:—"Whereas there hath been an ancient custome in Newcastle, that every master of any ship, who is known to cast any ballast at sea, between Souter and Hartly, or within fourteen fathom water of the haven, to the hurt of the said river, was brought into the towne chamber; and there, in the presence of the people, had a knife put into his hand, was constrained to cut a purse, with monies in it, as who should say he had offended in as high a degree as if he cut a purse from the person of a man, whereby he might be so ashamed that he should never offend again therein; and others, by his example, were terrified from trespassing in the like kind." These ancients of Newcastle were a picturesque old people, who, in their unsophisticated manner, made the dry procedure of a trial sparkle with dramatic incident. All their ways seem to lead us on to the masque and antique pageantry of the times. Their delight was in minstrels, waits, and dancers, as their accounts for payment show us. Their plays and shows, on the high carnival of "copy-cristy" day, embraced "The Three Kings of Coleyn," "The Deliverance of the Children of Israll out of the Thraldome, Bondage, and Servitude of King Pharo," "The Offering of Isaac by Abraham," and many other pious performances. They seem to have fully entered into the spirit of the miracle play, which at once taught its solemn lesson and at the same time gave the pleasure of a spectacle. It was but one step from this to the cut-purse scene in the "towne chamber," where, "in the presence of the people," a little drama was enacted, showing the moral turpitude of the offence of ballast-casting. All that was required was a knife "to cutt" withal, and an expenditure of eightpence, as we have

seen, for purses. The chief actor was found in the person of the skipper of a "crayer" of Harwich, or of a "hoy" hailing from Yarmouth, who was constrained to make a "bizon" of himself before all men. The "two purses of lether which should have bene cutt, and was not, by a Frenchman," show the occasional transition of the action from its serious moral aspect to the broadest farce. Probably the scene proceeded smoothly with the Frenchman in the solemn dumb show which he could not understand till the knife was put into his hand. With what grimace, gesticulation, and final explosion of laughter from clerks, witnesses, and the Worshipful presence itself the scene at last closed, we need scarcely be told. The entry "should have bene cutt, and was not, by a Frenchman," sufficiently explains all.

It is to the work of Ralph Gardner, of Chirton, Gent., that we are indebted for contemporary details of this ceremony. In his "England's Grievance Discovered" (A.D. 1655), he says of the many items included in the petition to King James—"All these articles are broke, except the fifth, for cutting purses, and the ninth article." The Mayor and burgesses clung tenaciously to the ancient form. But, whatever may have been the moral effect of the performance in the old time before them, it had become in Gardner's days a vain and venial show. "The mayor and burgesses of Newcastle-upon-Tyne," he says, "do force masters of ships to cut purses, in their open court, for gain to themselves, and imprisions them if they refuse. They force all masters of ships to swear against themselves, and notwithstanding they have swore the truth, others are called in to swear against them, which is for a fine's sake, which profit accrues to the mayor, burgesses, and witnesse, for their own use." All the poetry had now gone out of the scene; for, according to Gardner, a sordid spirit that looked only at fees and fines was in the air of the town chamber. No ringing merriment now in that sombre apartment if a "Frenchman" wonderingly guess and cannot be got to understand the customs of the Northern port. Not in Gardner's time would he be allowed to depart amid the laughter of the crowd and the loss of eightpence to the municipality. The court had become a star chamber, and we have not only a verbal description of the altered condition of the play, but Gardner gives us the actual pictorial representation which is here reproduced. In this the plot has thickened since the early times, and the picture is made up of a series of incidents set forth in panoramic fashion. Here, on the left hand, at the angle of the wall [C], enter the shipmaster, to whom an oath is being administered. He swears that he "did not cast ballast at sea, between Sowter and Hartly, or within fourteen fathom water, to the hurt of the river of Tyne." But the figure on the extreme right [D], in chair of state, with insignium, is his Worship the Mayor, before whom standing, cap in hand, is the villain of the piece. He is "a poor drunken fisher-man, or other, and maketh oath that the master *did* cast ballast, when in truth he did not." This witness receives part of the fine, for it was ordered that "such rewards as shall be given to every wherry-man, or fisher-man, or other that shall truly present any offence against the Tyne Conservancy, shall be taken out of such fines, mulcts, and amerciaments, as shall be imposed upon any the delinquents." On such testimony it is proved that the master has forsworn himself. "Then the master's oath is invalid, and laid aside, and he is forthwith commanded to pay a fine of five pounds, or else to cut a purse with sand and money in it, and so much as is therein, he must pay, or is sent to



prison, and there to lye till he doth pay it." On the wall which forms the background of our picture are hung three purses. The shipmaster [A] is in the act of cutting one of them. According to Gardner, he must pay the five pounds fine, "*or else* cut a purse." Now, if this was left as an alternative, the master, in electing to cut the purse rather than pay the fine, must have trusted to his chance of cutting a purse holding sand only. The ignominy of submitting to the degrading ordeal was in itself punishment sufficient, and it would, if optional, be adopted only as a last resource in hope of averting the fine. But sand and money bulge out each purse to an equal bulk, and there is probability that the unfortunate skipper cuts down a purse containing, not five pounds, but an even larger sum of money, which "the clarks telling the mony" [D] are eager to finger. The little drama closes with the passage of the action to the grated windows shown in the upper left hand corner of the plate. Within is the appearance of a ghostly figure. It is the ill-fated shipmaster in prison, "who there doth lye" till he pay the uttermost farthing.

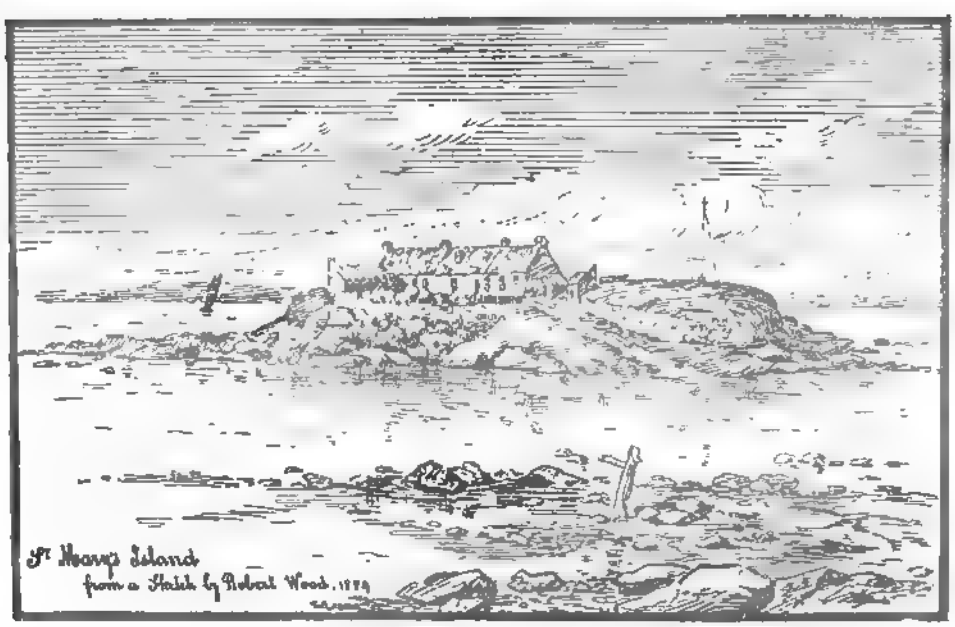
Gardner gives the case of a captain who was fined £20 for casting ballast, and a further £24 for denying on oath that he had cast it. "Some drunken fisher-man, or other," swore that he saw it done, although he and another stood a quarter of a mile away from the ship at the time. The vision of these men became preternaturally acute on such occasions. One of the ship's company had cast, not ballast, but two or three straw mats out of one of the ship's port-holes, and the captain plaintively argues:—"This could do no harm by reason of its swimming to sea." "No harm," adds punctilious Gardner "other than endanger the choaking of the fish!" But the cut-purse ordeal had now become a mere plan for extorting a cumulative penalty, and of the actual knife and purses, as they lie in the collection of the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, we can only say with the author of the "Pitman's Pay":—

> The "cut-purse" points to by-gyen times,
> When truth was niver sowt in wells—
> When Justice punish'd captains' crimes
> Without the fash o' weights and skyells.

R. Oliver Heslop.

St. Mary's Island, Northumberland.

THE islands and islets off the coast of Northumberland are, almost without exception, of much interest on account of their sacred and historic associations. Holy Island, the largest in area, will ever be memorable as the spot which was chosen by St. Aidan in A.D. 635 for the seat of his bishopric, and so became, in the words of the Bishop of Durham, "the true cradle of English Christianity." Farne Island has the fame of St. Cuthbert for its undying heritage. Coquet Island was the site of a small Benedictine monastery as early as A.D. 684, and the scene of an important interview between Elfleda, the abbess of Whitby, and St. Cuthbert. St. Mary's



Island, the subject of this paper, has but one claim to distinction—its connexion with the celebrated Priory of Tynemouth.

The idea that solitude was favourable to the development of the religious life was very prevalent during the earlier ages of the Church, and the few barren inhospitable islets off the coast were soon appropriated by lonely recluses. When two of them settled on the same spot, they regarded each other with jealousy and dislike, as did Elwin and Bartholomew on the Farne, and anything but a saint-like spirit was manifested. One of the monks of Tynemouth, St. Henry the Dane, retired to Coquet Island, and another appears to have withdrawn to the bleak rock now known as St. Mary's Island. We have the authority of Mackenzie for stating that there was formerly a hermitage on the islet, though whether the historian had any documentary evidence of the fact may be doubted. A little chapel dedicated to St. Mary was founded here at an early period, but every trace of it has long since disappeared. The only guide to its site is the inlet in the rocks known as St. Mary's Bay, to which fishermen still run for shelter when caught in a storm. According to tradition, a lamp was kept burning in the sanctuary during the night for the benefit of passing ships. In the tower hung a bell which was rung to summon aid in the event of a shipwreck on the coast. Attached to the chapel was a cemetery in which it was customary to bury the bodies of drowned sailors. Interments took place in it until about a century ago. It is said in the district that, towards the end of last century, while the Russian fleet was lying off the coast, it suffered from the ravages of cholera, and that permission was obtained from the authorities to inter the bodies of the victims of the dreadful disease on St. Mary's Island instead of burying them at sea. While some additions were being made to the inn on the island a short time since, seven skeletons were discovered, one of which is still kept in the cellars. The lawn on the east side of the house is the site of this graveyard, and cannot be built on, being consecrated ground. It is recorded that in April, 1810, a number of fishermen who were rescued during a storm by the Blyth lifeboat, were landed at Bates Island. This is another name for St. Mary's Island. It may have been called after some person of the name of Bates, or the name may have been derived from the circumstance of fishermen baiting their lines here. The "old standards" say that a good deal of smuggling was formerly carried on in the island. The contraband goods were transferred into boats from the lugger and then run into a deep winding gully called "The Smugglers' Creek," on the north side of the island, near the gable end of the present inn, and so conveniently and quietly landed.

The island is a little boss of sandstone belonging to the coal-measures, and was no doubt at one time connected with the mainland. Around it are accumulations of tidal deposits—coarse pebbles and boulder beds. Rising from a low reef which is covered with masses of twin-bladder wrack and the other varieties of fucus, it forms a picturesque object from nearly every point of view, and sketches are continually being made of it, many of them finding their way to the walls of the Bewick Club. The only house on the island is the well-known inn of Mr. John Ewen, a long, low building facing the west, partly thatched and partly tiled. A potato patch in front of it, with a privet hedge for a fence, shows that even such an exposed and bleak spot as this may be cultivated to good purpose. At one end of the house is a bare bleached ledge of rock overlooking the little haven, at the other is a bit of green turf with a flagstaff upon it, banked up from the sea. Many rare birds *en route* from the northern parts of Europe, and even from the plains of Central Asia, find their way to the island, where, sad to say, they are frequently shot. Of these feathered immigrants we may mention the hoopoe, the hooded merganser, the blue-throated warbler, and Pallas's sand grouse (of which there are two beautiful specimens in the principal room of the inn). Mackenzie relates that, in December, 1763, there was found in the stomach of a woodcock which was shot here a diamond of considerable value.

Anyone visiting the island in the autumn of 1739 would have seen on the sea-banks immediately opposite a gibbet with the body of a murderer upon it, the chains clanking and creaking in the wind. The unfortunate man was Michael Curry, who was executed at the Westgate on the 4th of September, 1739, for the murder of Robert Shevil, the landlord of the Three Horse Shoes Inn at Hartley, and then, as was the custom of the time, hung in chains within sight of the scene of the crime.

> They set him on high,
> That all the ships of the world might stare at him passing by.

From that time to the present the spot where the gibbet stood has been known as "Curry's Point." In the map of Lieutenant Andrew Armstrong and Son, published in 1769, there is a representation of the ghastly object, which was no doubt standing at the time.

Wm. W. Tomlinson.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford.

Henry Chapman,

MAYOR AND MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

A FAMILY of Chapmans held high office in Newcastle for the greater part of a century. They made their appearance upon the lists of mayors, and sheriffs, and members of Parliament in 1545, and their exit in 1628, since which date, with the single exception of 1834, the

name finds no entry there. Three members, at least, of this family were men of mark—Oswald Chapman, Henry his son, and Henry his grandson. A few paragraphs will suffice to show the position which each of these worshipful persons occupied in the municipality and in the State.

Oswald Chapman, elected Sheriff of Newcastle at Michaelmas, 1545, and Mayor for the municipal year 1558-59, laid the foundation of the family fortune by marriage. He was united, about the time of his shrievalty, to Marion, daughter of Henry Anderson—an alliance that brought him into kinship with most of the leading families of the town, and gave him position and influence. His name appears in the charter which Edward VI. granted to the Newcastle Merchant Adventurers, and in the list of their worshipful governors. During his mayoralty, he was called upon to take a muster of the men capable of bearing arms in the town, and was appointed a member of a Royal Commission "for Assigning Places to Load and Discharge Merchandise" within the port of Newcastle and the creeks of Hartlepool and Whitby.

In his will, which bears date October 6, 1566, he appears as the owner of a mansion in the Close, wherein he resided, with cellar, parlour, and packing loft, garden and orchard; a house in Pilgrim Street, "at the head of the Painter-heugh"; another in Javel Group; a fourth adjoining his own dwelling; and lastly, that remarkable house on the Tuthill, which in after years became a Nonconformist meeting-place, and still stands with faint traces of its former magnificence, crumbling to dust. He was also the owner of salt pans in Willington fields, and of property in Gateshead.

Henry Chapman, so named after his maternal grandsire, followed his father's footsteps in public life, and rose to greater heights of honour and usefulness. He inherited the family mansion and other property, subject to the life interest of his mother, and being appointed Sheriff in 1581, rose to the mayoralty in 1586, was elected Mayor again in May, 1597, on the death of Ralph Jenison, and filled the office for the third time in the municipal year 1608-9. At the Parliamentary election in October, 1597, just after his second mayoralty ended, he was sent to represent his native town at Westminster, and a similar honour was conferred upon him in the first Parliament of James I. A member of the Hostmen's Company, and a large coalowner, he took a prominent part in the heated discussions that arose out of the coal monopoly, defended the fraternity against the complaints of the citizens of London, and espoused their cause in the violent quarrel that sprung up among the burgesses of Newcastle respecting the apportionment of the Grand Lease of Gateshead and Whickham. In the "Great Charter" of Queen Elizabeth, he is named as one of the aldermen, and is included among the fraternity of Hostmen, which then, for the first time, was created a body corporate.

When King James I. came to the throne, the town petitioned for further powers over the management of the river Tyne, and in 1613 his Majesty sanctioned the appointment of a Tyne Conservancy Commission, consisting of the Bishop of Durham and certain justices of the peace belonging to the county palatine, with six aldermen of Newcastle. This arrangement did not satisfy the townspeople, and four years later they succeeded in ousting the bishop and his colleagues, and obtained a new commission in which Newcastle had the preponderating influence. Henry Chapman, as one of the aldermen, was a member of both the old and the new commissions, and his name is attached to the periodical reports which the conservators made to the Privy Council. He appears to have had his residence at this time in St. John's, for a subsidy roll of 1621 places him at the head of the assessments on goods in that parish, his contribution being 16s., while no other parishioner was called upon to contribute more than 13s. 4d.

The domestic influence that encompassed Alderman Chapman had helped his fortune; his own abilities had placed him at the head of his family. Through his mother he was related to the Andersons, Mitfords, Dents, and Fenwicks, and other local houses of wealth and reputation. One of his brothers, Matthew Chapman, had been Sheriff of Newcastle in 1603, and was steering for the mayoralty when death removed him; his sister Agnes was the wife of an influential burgess—Roger Nicholson, Sheriff in 1583-84, and Mayor in 1588-89; his daughter (or perhaps his step-daughter, for, although married, he does not seem to have had grown-up children) was united to Sir John Howland; his nephew, named after him, Henry Chapman, had been Sheriff and member of Parliament, and was filling the office of Mayor when the subsidy roll above-quoted was written.

A great mortality occurred among public men in Newcastle during the month of April, 1623. Twelve of the more prominent citizens, nearly all of them merchants, were stricken. Among them were Cuthbert Gray, father of the author of the "Chorographia"; Francis Anderson, who had twice filled the highest office in the municipality; and Claudius Delaval, the King's Receiver. One of the first to succumb to the prevailing malady—probably the plague—was Alderman Henry Chapman. The Register of St. Nicholas' Church shows that, on the 19th of the month, he was buried in the great necropolis of the town, among the Andersons and Ellisons, Carrs and Shaftos, Ordes and Selbys, and other notable townsmen whose lives and actions form the historical records of Newcastle.

Edward Charlton, M.D.,

PHYSICIAN, SCHOLAR, AND ANTIQUARY.

No North-Countryman needs to be told that the Charltons of Northumberland form a very numerous, and belong to a very ancient, family. Their origin, and their manner of coming hither, no antiquary has discovered,

and no genealogist has been able to trace. The valley of the North Tyne was their principal home; from the upper reaches of that wild and thinly populated vale they made the country ring in the olden time with daring and lawless deeds. They were the "sufficientest and ablest men" upon the Borders during the reigns of the Tudor sovereigns, as successive Wardens of the Marches found to their cost, and more than one Scottish chieftain remembered for the rest of his life. The State Papers of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth are loaded with complaints of their bold adventures and tales of their wild misdeeds. Although hunted and captured by Royal troops, fined and imprisoned by judges of assize, and occasionally "hanged up in chains upon a pair of gallows," for "terrible example of semblable offenders," they helped to keep the Borders in a state of ferment and unrest for generations. From time immemorial Charltons have lived in Northumberland; a glance at local directories will show that no fear need be entertained of the name dying out.

One of the principal branches of the Charlton family has been settled from an early period at Healeyside, near Bellingham, and at that place Edward Charlton was born

on the 23rd July, 1814. He was the second son of William John Charlton and Katherine Henrietta, daughter of Francis Cholmley, of Brandsby—a lady whose progenitors included Englefields and Ferrers, Cliffords and Conyers, Plomptons and Waltons, and other notable North-Country families. At the age of ten he was sent to Ushaw College, and entered the juvenile class (Underlow), where he had for companions Ralph Platt, Marmaduke Salvin, Randolph Frith, Richard Gillow, Evan Buller, and other lads who have since become widely known in various spheres of public usefulness. Canon Frith remembers him as a boy of tender constitution and gentle habits, who, avoiding the rougher games of the playground, devoted himself to books and study, secured good places at the "readings up," and by urbanity of manner and kindness of heart won the confidence of his teachers and the affection of his schoolfellows. At Ushaw he remained six years, passing through the various "schools" of the college with credit and success, and in October, 1830, being then in the School of Natural Philosophy, he was removed to Edinburgh University.

The profession which he had selected to follow through life was that of medicine. His studies at the University were directed to that end, and on the 21st April, 1837, at the age of twenty-two, he graduated M.D., and had the gratification of receiving his diploma signed with the eminent names of Carpenter, Christison, Simpson, and Balfour. Seeking, then, more extended experience, he went to Paris, entered the School of Medicine in that city, and distinguished himself by a thesis upon "Pneumonia amongst Old People," which obtained the honour of publication ("Collection des Theses," &c., 1839-1845). Returning to Newcastle about the year 1840, he commenced practice in the unfinished thoroughfare of Hood Street. In May, 1842, upon his marriage, he removed to Eldon Square, and there he resided for the rest of his life.

Dr. Charlton's career as a physician in Newcastle was exceptionally brilliant and successful. In him were combined the dexterous skill which establishes confidence, the urbane manners which create popularity, and the solid capacity which builds up reputation and fame. Thus, while acquiring a large and remunerative practice among the well-to-do classes of the three Northern Counties, he was at all times accessible to the indigent sick, and devoted no small part of his time to the medical institutions which public charity has founded for the treatment of the poor. He was one of the physicians of the Infirmary from 1853 to his death, and gave his services in the same capacity for some time to the Fever Hospital and the two local Dispensaries. His professional skill and the remarkable success which attended his practice brought him honours and honourable appointments. When the University of Durham established a Medical College in Newcastle, he became one of its professors, a member of council, and, in his turn, president. From that University he received the honorary degrees of M.D. and D.C.L.; from Stockholm came to him an honorary membership of the Royal Swedish Academy of Medicine; from the British Medical Association he received the honours of the

presidency, when, in 1870, that learned body held in Newcastle its 38th itinerant Conference.

Outside of his profession, Dr. Charlton was widely known as a scholar, scientist, and antiquary. Early acquaintanceship in Edinburgh with Edward Forbes had given him a knowledge and love of natural history which enabled him, upon his settlement in Newcastle, to assume the office of co-secretary of the Natural History Society of Northumberland and Durham, and to become a contributor to its published Transactions. He was one of the founders of the Tyneside Naturalists' Field Club, and a promoter of the amalgamation of that body with the Natural History Society—a union which was happily effected in 1864, under his presidency. For some years he officiated as co-secretary with Dr. Bruce of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries; in the official publication of that society, the "Archæologia Æliana," are numerous papers which attest his zeal in antiquarian research and display his skill in literary composition. From early youth he was a member of the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Society; in later years he became one of its vice-presidents; and on several occasions he delivered to its members lectures of great interest and value. The following list of his papers, pamphlets, and lectures is by no means exhaustive, but may serve to show the versatility of his genius and the services which he rendered to local history and to antiquarian literature:—

1847. An Account of the Late Epidemic of Scarlatina in Newcastle and its Neighbourhood.
1859. Memoir of Professor Munch. Manx Society's Transactions, vol. xxii.
1859-65. Papers on (1) The Great Auk, [2] The Ornithology of North Tyne, and (3) Bellingham Church, in the "Tyneside Naturalists' Field Club Transactions," and a paper, (4) on the Sessions of the Liberty of Tynedale, in the "Natural History Society's Transactions."
1845-74. Lectures at the Literary and Philosophical Society, Newcastle, on (1) European Volcanoes; (2) The Ballads and Legends of Northern Europe; (3) The Runic Inscriptions of Great Britain; (4) Society in the North of England in the last Century.
1850-74. Papers in the "Archæologia Æliana"—(1) On an Ancient Saxon Cross from the Church of Rothbury; (2) On a Mediæval Water-Ewer of Metal in the form of a Mailed Horseman, discovered near Hexham; (3) On an Enamelled Bronze Cup, and a Celt and Ring Mould belonging to Sir W. C. Trevelyan, with Observations on the Use of Metals by the Ancient British and the Romans; (4) On the Monumental Stone with Ogham Inscription from the Island of Bressay; (5) Description of a Roll of Prayers formerly belonging to Henry VIII. when Prince; (6) Leaden Box and Crosses from Richmond; (7) Umbo of a Roman Shield found near Matfen; (8) On an Inscription in Runic Letters in Carlisle Cathedral; (9) Notes on North Tynedale in 1279; (10) The Inquisition after the death of Adam de Charlton of Tynedale; (11) Early German Versions of the Bible; (12) North Tynedale in the 16th Century; (13) Ancient Vases from Malta; (14) Implements of the Saxon Period found near Lanchester; (15) The MS. of Gower's Confessio Amantis; (16) Old Recipes; (18) Jacobite Relics of 1715 and 1745; (19) Ecclesiastical Vestments; (20) The Orkney Runes; (21) Roman Caricature of Christianity; (22) Runic Inscription on Baronspike.

Dr. Charlton died somewhat suddenly on the 14th May, 1874, at his house in Eldon Square, Newcastle, and was interred in the family vault at St. Oswald's, Catholic Cemetery, Bellingham. He was twice married—first to Eliza Janet, daughter of James Kirsopp, Esq., of the Spital, Hexham, and secondly to Margaret, eldest daughter of Mr. Serjeant Bellasis. By the latter he had seven children, one of whom, Mr. W. L. Charlton, of Carrieteth, near Bellingham, inherits his father's taste for antiquities, and has rendered useful service in ensuring the accuracy of the foregoing narrative.

Edward Chicken,

SCHOOLMASTER AND POET.

In former Days when Trade was good,
And Men got Money, Cloaths, and Food;
When Landlords were not too severe,
And Tenants broke not ev'ry Year;

. . . . . .

Then Collier Lads got Money fast,
Had merry Days while it did last;
Did feast and drink and game and play.
And swore when they had nought to say.

. . . . . .

And thus the Colliers and their Wives
Liv'd drunken, honest, working Lives;
Were very fond of one another,
And always marry'd one thro' other.

The reputation of Edward Chicken is founded upon a poem of about seven hundred lines, from which the foregoing verses are extracted. "The Collier's Wedding"—for that is the name of the poem—is a story of the rough courtship which preceded, and the still rougher ceremonies which accompanied, marriage among local toiler underground in the "good old" days, "when George the First was king." The original, written in the year 1720, is not very pleasant reading. It bears strong traces of the impurities that characterised a preceding age, while it is entirely wanting in that refinement of suggestiveness by which the poets of the Restoration managed to veil some of their grossness from the unsophisticated readers Our forefathers, apparently, saw nothing amiss in the poem. They enjoyed the coarse humour of it, for in 1778, Thomas Saint was issuing a fifth edition of the book unpurged and unpurified. A modern version, edited by William Cail, and published by T. and J. Hodgson, in 1829, is toned down to suit ears polite. If the little coarseness that remains can be tolerated, the reader will obtain from Chicken's masterpiece an interesting account of customs that fortunately have fallen into disuse, and of manners that, happily, have passed away.

The author of "The Collier's Wedding" was a native of Newcastle, born in St. John's parish in the year 1698. His father, a weaver, died when the children were young, and his mother's means being limited, he was educated with his brother Robert (who became a clergyman, and died curate of Bishopwearmouth in 1743) at the parish charity school. Nothing is known of his early life, and the little that has been preserved of his later career was collected by Mr. Cail from his descendants. He appears to have been brought up to his father's trade, for the books of the Incorporated Company of Weavers show

that in 1718, when he had attained his majority, he took up his freedom in that company. Three years afterwards, being a young man of ability, he received from the fraternity the appointment of clerk, and about the same time he was elected parish clerk of St. John's. His acquirements, and the confidence which his official conduct inspired among his friends and neighbours, encouraged him to open a school, and in this adventure he was successful. He occupied the house which, under the denomination of "The Three Tuns," still stands at the corner of Newgate Street and Low Friar Street, facing

the site of the White Cross. There he kept his school, and being a man of strong individuality of character, became a sort of oracle and arbiter among his fellow-townsmen. Mr. Cail, remarking that he was familiarly known by the soubriquet of "The Mayor of the White Cross," tells the following anecdote illustrating the humorous way in which on one occasion he rendered an important service to a neighbour who sought his aid in a time of trouble :—

A neighbour in great poverty and anxiety of mind went to the "Mayor of the White Cross" for advice, who, in deploring his situation, felt at a loss how to relieve his necessities; he, however, advised the man to keep up his spirits, and he would endeavour to adopt some means for his relief. On the Saturday morning following he got a few acquaintances to sit round a table in the street, and in front of his house, smoking tobacco, and drinking ale, for the purpose of exciting the attention of the country folks who were coming to market; nor was he disappointed, for presently many inquiries were made to know the meaning of this novel proceeding, when Chicken, availing himself of the interest he had excited, told the bystanders a lamentable tale of the distress of his destitute neighbour, and how easy it was by their united means to relieve him from his pecuniary difficulties. They could not resist the appeal to their humanity, and in a few minutes a larger sum was collected than was necessary to relieve the wants of his poor neighbour.

Besides "The Collier's Wedding," Chicken published a poem of 194 lines, in foolscap folio, entitled "No! This is the Truth,"—a satire upon the election of 1741. A search among old book catalogues of the last century has failed to find a copy of this particular "truth." The late John Bell had one in his multifarious collection, and showed it to Mr. Cail, who evidently did not consider it worthy to be reprinted.

The parish registers show that Chicken married Ann Jordan, of Newcastle, and that he died on the 2nd of January, 1746-47. A son and two daughters survived him. The daughters died unmarried; the son, named after his father, Edward, entering into holy orders, became successively curate of Bridlington and Hornsea, Yorkshire, and died at a comparatively early age. The Rev. J. R. Boyle —a contributor to the *Monthly Chronicle*—has recently called public attention to the disappearance of the poet's tombstone, upon which, until about a dozen years ago, "between the south wall and the footpath" of St. John's, might have been read a record of his parish clerkship of a quarter of a century.

An autograph of the author of "The Collier's Wedding" is attached to a receipt for the rent of two houses in the Castle Garth belonging to the Corporation of Newcastle, by the chamberlains of which august body he appears to have been for the time employed.

8br. 13, 1724. Reced of Cath: Longmoor five pounds five shillings in full for half year's rent for two Messuages in Castle Garth, due Michaelmas 1724, viz. for Johnson's Mess: £2 15s. 0d.; Longmoor do. £2 10s. 0d. = £5 5s. 0d.

Edwd Chicken

Thomas Dixon, Cork-cutter.

THOMAS DIXON, a Sunderland cork-cutter, was a man of highly refined taste, keen critical acumen, an inextinguishable love of wholesome sterling literature, a most industrious caterer for local libraries, museums, schools of art, and art galleries, and a kind and constant adviser and director of young men and women in whom he saw the least indication of a taste for art and literature.

In consequence of the reputation which he thus acquired, he came to have, perhaps, the widest circle of artistic and literary correspondents of any man in the North of England. Professor Max Müller, John Ruskin, Charles Kingsley, F. D. Maurice, Thomas Carlyle, John Stuart Mill, Richard Owen, Joseph Mazzini, Lord Brougham, Bishop Colenso, Walt Whitman, W. B. Scott, Alphonse Legros, W. M. Rossetti, Tom Taylor, Henry Irving, Frances Power Cobbe, J. E. Boehm, George Rolleston, Edward Burne-Jones, and many other highly distinguished persons entered into hearty correspondence with him. A selection from the hundreds of letters he thus received, now in possession of his son, Mr. William Bell Scott Dixon, of Hutton Rudby, Yarm, would, if published, form one of the most interesting collections of the kind. Amongst them are about forty letters received from Ruskin, independently of the interesting series of twenty-five letters on the Laws of Work, which the illustrious art-critic addressed to him, and which were afterwards published under the title of "Time and Tide by Wear and Tyne"—a work which has gone through more than one edition, with Mr. Dixon's notes. These letters relate to a variety of social and other questions, including education, co-operation, the duties of masters and servants, legislation, &c., in all which subjects Mr. Dixon took the deepest interest. Max Müller had such confidence in Dixon's judgment, in matters quite out of the ordinary line, that he sent him down the proofs of his "Lectures on the Science of Language." When Messrs. Hales, Furnival, Child, and Chappell were getting up their edition of Bishop Percy's Folio Manuscript, in 1866, they consulted him as to the derivation and meaning of a number of North-Country words, a tolerably extensive and accurate knowledge of which he had amongst his other accomplishments. At the same time, he wrote little himself, except letters to all sorts of distinguished people.

Thomas Dixon, Cork-cutter.

Among the local artists in whose progress he took a kind and helpful interest we need only name Messrs. William Crosby, James Stokeld, William Rutledge, J. B. Tate, William Pae, and Mr. J. Gillis Brown, Jun., to the last-named of whom we owe the striking likeness of Mr. Dixon taken from the last photograph he ever sat for, a few months before his death, by Mr. J. T. Robinson, of Frederick Street, Sunderland. Mr. Brown has likewise furnished us with the view of Mr. Dixon's residence and workshop in Sunderland Street, which appears on the next page.

Mr. Dixon died on the 11th of July, 1880. The duty having been laid on the present writer of communicating the sad news to his friends at a distance, he received letters from many of them expressing their deep regret that he had been cut down so unexpectedly in the midst of his days—he being a comparatively young man. Mr. Rossetti wrote with respect to him:—"I never met with one of equal worth to his in single-minded devotion to the intellectual good of others." Mr. W. B. Scott wrote:—"Of all the men I have ever known, he was the most intellectually interesting, considering the complete absence of ability in any specific direction, and general negative character in literary attainments. Appreciating the genius of others was his power, and aiding the development of it his pleasure—a power and a pleasure so rare as to make him unique in my experience." And Max Müller wrote:—"You know that Thomas Dixon was not a learned man; but I can assure you that his letters, in spite of occasional mistakes in spelling, showed a clearer insight into the true objects of all my writings, and conveyed to me more useful criticisms, than many a review in our best weekly, monthly, or quarterly journals. How he found time to do all he did, and to read all he read, and to think out all that he thought out for himself, is still a riddle to me. Nothing gives me a stronger faith in the intellectual vigour and moral strength of the English people than that such a man as Thomas Dixon could have lived and passed away almost unknown, except to his friends and fellow-citizens. We must not

judge England by its so-called head or capital city, but by its backbone that runs through the provinces, and by its noble heart, that beats so strongly in the breasts of such men as Thomas Dixon—a provincial cork-cutter, if you like—but a truer, nobler man than many a duke or marquis." W. B.

St. Giles's Church, Durham.

THE visitor to Durham who has time and inclination to see any of the less frequented places of interest in and about that city would do well in the first place to turn into the street which leads from the south-east corner of the Market Place. This is Claypath. After proceeding a little way, he begins to ascend a gentle hill, but before he reaches its summit the street changes its name, and becomes Gilesgate, or Gillygate, as the people used to call it. It is a street margined with old-fashioned houses, all of them delightfully unlike each other.

After a very brief descent from the first hill, the road again begins to ascend, this time to reach a greater height than before. But before we attain its summit, a short avenue on our right conducts us into the graveyard of St. Giles's Church. We have before us parts at least of a most venerable structure. Although, as we shall afterwards find, almost the whole of the south side is modern, this north side, upon which we come first of all when we enter the churchyard, appears, except for the addition of the new porch, just as it has done for many centuries. The church was built by Ralph Flambard, Bishop of Durham, and dedicated by him on the third of the Ides of June (the 11th day), in the year 1112. He at the same time founded the hospital of Kepier. But of Flambard's church only the north wall of the nave, with its two small round-headed windows, now remains.

In the warlike events which attended William Comyn's attempt to seize the bishopric of Durham, in the years 1140 to 1144, this church occupied a not unimportant place. Comyn had usurped the possessions of the see, and had held possession of the Castle of Durham for nearly three years, when William de St. Barbara was elected bishop. This election took place in March, 1143, but it was not till the following August that the new bishop attempted to enter his diocese. On entering the county he proceeded to Bishopton, and spent a few days in the castle of Roger de Conyers, who seems to have been the chief amongst the barons of the bishopric who had resisted the claims of Comyn. Conyers collected an army in the bishop's support, attended by which he marched to

The Residence & Workshop of the late Thomas Dixon, Cork-cutter, Sunderland st. Sunderland.

Durham. The bishop and his followers believed that on their arrival either Comyn would yield or his attendants would abandon him.

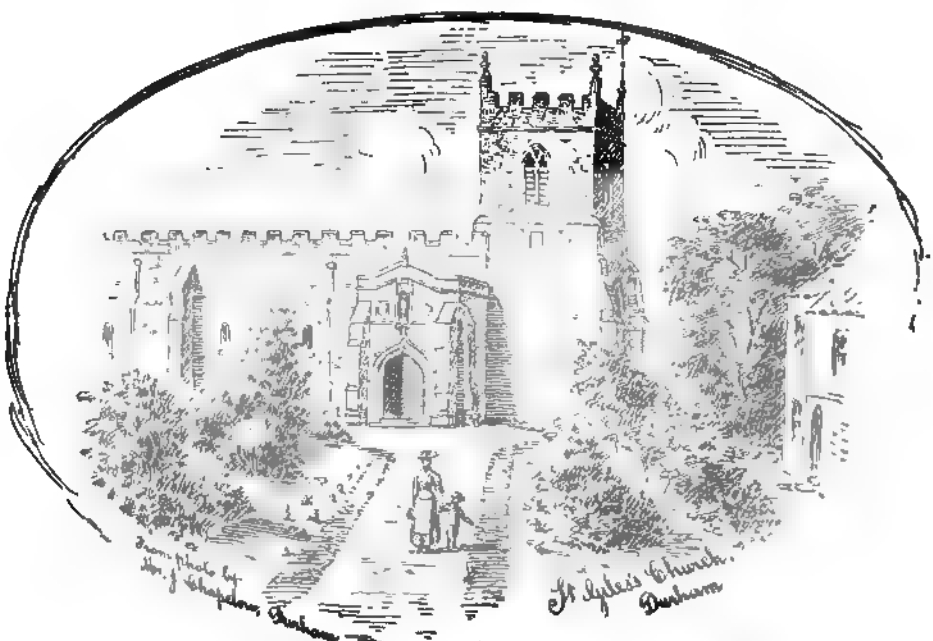
"But," says the continuator of Simeon's History of the Church of Durham, "in these their anticipations they were miserably mistaken. For not only did he not repent of his sins, but he did not sue for peace; nay, rather, the messengers who were dispatched to him to speak for peace were rejected by him; some he did not admit at all; some he drove away; some he cast out with threats and revilings. Next he caused his soldiers to march out, and when those who were on the bishop's side drew near the walls, he drove them back as if they had been enemies. The bishop's company thereupon returned to the church of St. Giles, at some little distance from the walls, and there they and the bishop spent the night. In the next morning, William, accompanied by a concourse of his adherents, broke open the doors, and rushed into the church with his armed men; and there you might have seen soldiers in their armour, with drawn swords in their hands, running up and down between the altars; archers—some intermingled with weeping and praying monks, others brandishing swords over their heads, while the whole church was filled with loud and tumultuous outcries. The troops could with difficulty be held back from injuring the monks; indeed, they had nearly killed one of them by throwing a stone at him. They left a company of men-at-arms and archers within the church, which they fortified as if it had been a castle; and it seemed to afford them intense joy that, in the very house of peace, they had dishonoured God; they lighted their fires, they snuffed up the fumes of the meal which they were cooking as if they were the sweet-smelling savour of incense; instead of the voice of praise, there were heard the loud shoutings of the watchmen, and these sounded to a far distance, being intermingled with the blowing of horns."

The bishop retired from the conflict, but after a second unsuccessful attempt to gain possession of Durham, he approached its walls for the third time in August, 1144. The Earl of Northumberland had collected an army on the bishop's behalf, but as it approached the city, "the adherents of William [Comyn] issued forth and set fire to the hospital situated near the church of St. Giles, and burnt to the ground the entire vill that belonged to it. They also committed to the flames that portion of the borough [of St. Giles's] which belonged to the monks."

That powerful bishop, Hugh Pudsey, was a benefactor to the hospital of Kepier, and by him the chancel of St. Giles's was built. This was done about the year 1180. The portions of the chancel which are of this date are the north wall, with its walled-up doorway and its one round-headed window, the lower part of the east wall, and so much of the south wall, with another round-headed window, as now remains.

The lower portion of the tower is of early English date, and was built early in the thirteenth century. Its most noticeable features are the corbels on which rests the arch opening into the nave.

In the year 1414, Bishop Langley granted an indulgence of forty days to all persons who should contribute towards the repair of this church. At this period the upper stages of the tower were built, and the walls of the



nave were raised in a way which is very obvious in the exising north wall. At the same time the west window, of three lights, was inserted in the tower.

Such is the ancient history of this church. In 1876 it was greatly enlarged. A south aisle and an organ chamber were added, and for this purpose the south wall of the nave, and part of that of the chancel, were taken down. The present east window was inserted at the same time.

Inside the church we shall not find many things to interest us. At the west end, beneath the tower, is the font, a large rude basin, measuring 2ft. 9in. in diameter, and 1ft. 2½in. in depth. It is probably contemporary in date with the earliest part of the church. On the south side of the chancel, within the communion rails, and lying on a barbarous modern sham altar-tomb, is a monumental effigy carved in wood. It is the figure of a man, attired in plate armour, his head resting on his helmet, which is surmounted by his crest—a cock's head. His hands are joined in the attitude of prayer. From a band which passes over his right shoulder his sword is suspended. His feet rest on a scroll, in which two skulls are partly wrapped, and on which are the words,

HODIE MICHI
CRAS TIBI.

"To-day is mine, to-morrow thine." The crest on the helmet is that of a family of Heath, of London and Norfolk, one of whom acquired the estates of Kepier Hospital. There is a shield bearing the arms of the same family on one end of the altar-tomb. John Heath, to whom I have just alluded, purchased the Kepier estates in 1568. He was a friend of the famed Bernard Gilpin, with whom he joined in founding the Kepier School at Houghton-le-Spring. Heath died in August, 1591, and was buried in the chancel of St. Giles's. The effigy just described is without doubt his.

The church possesses three bells, one of which, inscribed in Latin, "The Bell of St. Giles," is believed to be more than 500 years old, whilst the second, which also bears a Latin inscription, "Holy Mary, pray for us," dates probably from the time of Henry VIII. The third bell is dated 1640, and is inscribed in Latin, "Glory to God alone."

J. R. BOYLE, F.S.A.

Early Wars of Northumbria.

X.

PUTTING DOWN REBELS.

WHILE in the hey-day of his prosperity, Edmund was stabbed to death in his own hall, and a younger brother, Edred, was called upon to succeed him. Though puny and weak in body, this youth was a prince of unusual vigour, and had the benefit of some exceedingly wise advisers. Having settled his affairs in Wessex, he made an imposing entry into Northumbria in 946, and there, at a place called Taddenscliffe, Wulstan and all the Danish chiefs renewed their oaths of fealty. There was plenty of feasting and revelry, and every indication that good relations would continue; but no sooner had the king left the district, than arrangements were made for another revolt. Eric, the son of Harold Blaatand, King of Denmark, was invited to co-operate, and as he brought with him a number of savage sea kings and their men, the fighting speedily commenced. The Saxon governors having been expelled, Eric seized their possessions, and was in 948 made ruler of the recovered land. Provoked by this rebellion, Edred again led his army to the North, and began a system of indiscriminate spoliation and plunder. York was captured; the town and monastery of Ripon were burnt to the ground; and horrible scenes of devastation were witnessed in many other places. Wherever met with, the Danish forces were overthrown; and, as if dissatisfied with these successes, many non-combatants were very cruelly used. When satiated with blood, and in possession of heaps of plunder, Edred replaced his governors, and then began his march to the South. But the Northumbrians were constantly hovering round his flank and rear, and ever on the look-out for a suitable chance to strike. They got their opportunity in the vicinity of Castleford. Noticing an unusually wide space between the leading column and the rear-guard, they succeeded, by a daring movement, in surrounding the latter body, and in cutting nearly every man to pieces. Enraged at this disaster, the king called a halt, and, after threatening terrible reprisals, recommenced his course of destruction. This was too much for the Northumbrians. They seemed to realise that they were now face to face with an utterly relentless foe, and that a crushing disaster was about to overtake them. To avert the calamity, Maccus, a Norwegian chief, and Osulf of Bambrough, headed a conspiracy against the newly-elected Eric. Accompanied by several Northern nobles they chased him to Steinmore, and there, forgetful of their promised support, put him to death in 949. A son and brother of the unhappy prince fell with him, and an end was thus put to the whole batch of pretenders.

POWER OF DUNSTAN.

Though Edred was now in undisputed possession of the throne, the North continued in a state of great unrest, and one chief after another gave trouble. As a final effort at tranquillity, the matter was left in the strong hand of a priest—Dunstan of Glastonbury—and he did more, perhaps, to give stability to the kingdom than any other person. Suspecting that Wulstan, the Northern archbishop, was the chief incentive in the different risings, he had him cast into prison at Jedburgh; and this step he followed by sending many of the Northumbrian leaders in bondage to the South. Humbled, and apparently crushed, the unhappy Danes were condemned to pay heavy pecuniary fines; Northumbria itself was

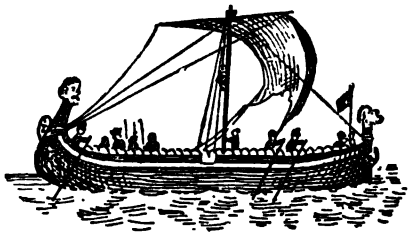
annexed to the Wessex crown; the royal title was abolished; and the administration of its affairs put into the hands of an earl appointed by the king. Osulf, one of the murderers of Eric, was the first person to exercise this new power, and he continued at his post with varying success till after the death of Edred in 955.

EFFORTS TO BREAK UP THE NORTHERN POWER.

But though its dignity was thus lowered, Northumbria—for a time at least—continued to exert a powerful influence in the affairs of the nation. As Edred left no children, the two sons of his brother and predecessor found strong factions to advocate their respective claims. Edwy, a boy of 15, was chosen by the West Saxons; while Edgar, who was a couple of years younger, was allowed to rule as a vassal king over the extensive territory of Mercia. If the elder prince had swayed his sceptre wisely, this arrangement might not have been disturbed. Edwy, however, was hot and impulsive. An unfortunate quarrel with Dunstan led to the flight of that wily priest, and furnished Odo with a pretext for again inciting the Northumbrians to rebel. Without a thought as to the consequences, the intrepid Danes proclaimed Edgar as their chief, made him master of nearly all the lands north of the Thames, and, three years afterwards, in 958, helped to establish his authority over the whole realm. Dunstan was at once recalled by the king, and one of his first acts, after his elvation to the headship of the Church, was to devise a scheme for still further weakening the Northumbrian power. Having split the district into three sections, he made Kenneth, King of the Scots, absolute ruler of all the lands beyond the Tweed; and also confirmed the rights of that monarch over the old British settlements in Cumbria. The territory between the Tees and Tweed, which then became *Northumberland*, was retained by Osulf; while the ancient Kingdom of Deira, allotted to Earl Oslac, became the modern Yorkshire. The effect of this dismemberment was very marked. It wholly changed the character of the Scots. They swarmed into the lowlands like men determined to make the most of their opportunity, and were soon in possession of Edinburgh as their seat of government. With a powerful race holding the Cheviots against them, and with earls favourable to the Saxon king, it is not surprising that the Danes should have settled down so quietly. There was no attempt to interfere with their independence in purely local affairs; but they were given to understand that a quick retaliation might be expected from both their northern and southern boundaries if they did not live in harmony with their fellows.

THE BENEFITS OF UNION.

It was thus, by the strong hand of a priest, that the benefits of union were first made intelligible to this warlike people, and that the blessings of peace were secured for the terribly stricken land. The supremacy of the West Saxons was at length fairly established, and there was an obedience rendered to Edgar such as no sovereign of Britain had ever received before. His ships, "numbering from 4,000 to 5,000," were so constantly cruising round the coast that the sea kings were at last beaten on their own element, and forced to seek plunder elsewhere. It is needless to dilate upon the pomp of this reign, or to describe the magnificent scenes that were witnessed during its twenty years of tranquillity. It will be sufficient to say that the divided Northumbria shared in the general prosperity; and that, as the old chroniclers put it, "The earth seemed to be more fertile, and the sun to shine brighter under Edgar, than in the reign of any other king."



A DANISH REVIVAL.

Our task might fairly end here, as from this time the kingdom of Northumbria ceased. It may be well, however, to refer briefly to the part played by the district during the next century. There is absolutely no local record connected with the brief reign of Edward the Martyr—975 to 979—and not for a few years after the accession of Ethelred the Unready. But by 982 the Vikings were again on the war path. Under Sweyne, an exiled son of the King of Denmark, they invaded Mercia, captured Chester, overpowered London, and ravaged the whole of the intermediate territory. The country smoked with fires kindled by the pirate hordes. Time after time were they bought off with gold, but this only acted as an incentive for their return. In 993—having formed an alliance with Olave, King of Norway—they landed on the Northumbrian coast, stormed the castle at Bamborough, and were instantly joined by three chiefs of Danish origin who had been appointed to guard the shore. Imitating the example of their leaders, the people joined Sweyne's forces in a body, and accompanied him on an expedition which did "unspeakable harm" to the midland and southern portions of the country. Almost the whole of these vast areas were laid waste by 998, and both famine and sickness were added to the horrors that prevailed. The invaders had again to be bought off, and the drain thus entailed on his impoverished exchequer nearly drove Ethelred frantic.

THE SAXON RETALIATION.

In was while goaded to desperation by a sense of his wrongs, that the feeble king conceived his brutal scheme for a cold-blooded massacre of the Danes. Aided by a

chosen band of accomplices, he quietly matured his plans, and then struck a blow which caused the utmost amazement and horror in all parts of the land. It was not before the 13th November, 1002, that the butchery could safely begin; but the order had no sooner passed the royal lips than it was carried out with the utmost ferocity. There was no pity. The good fell with the bad; the innocent child with the hardened ruffian; the peaceable neighbour of years with the swaggering invader of yesterday. Neither age nor sex could turn aside the assassin's sword. Blood ran like water in thousands of hamlets, and atrocities of the most fiendish description were witnessed in the more populous towns. But the bloody outbreak was as foolish as it was cruel, and failed utterly to accomplish the end desired. Though the Danes of the South were practically exterminated, their brethren of the North had escaped unharmed, and they lost no time in reporting the dreadful occurrence to their allies in the Baltic. Sweyne's anger at the news is said to have been terrible, and he forthwith commenced preparations for a war of revenge. His ships were magnificent specimens of their class, and his men all young, brave, and hardy. They reached the South Coast in 1003, carried flame and desolation wherever they went, and did not cease their victorious progress till the very poverty of the land compelled their departure.

THURKILL'S TREACHERY.

Amid the horrors resulting from the Danish massacres, it may readily be supposed that the condition of England was wretched in the extreme. Treason was rampant everywhere. It pervaded all classes—churls and jarls alike—and was quite as conspicuous amongst the Saxons as the Danes. Elfric of Mercia gave trouble enough in this way; but Edric Steorn— a man of low birth, and as clever as he was unscrupulous—seemed to possess a genius for intrigue which speedily brought fresh disasters upon the already stricken land. His influence at Court became so great, indeed, that he married Ethelred's daughter, and drove from the Royal presence many men who were striving zealously for the national weal. He thus ousted Wolnuth—the father of the famous Godwins—and then, after treacherously selling information to the still troublesome Danes, he openly joined the invaders with 10,000 men. This took place during Thurkill's formidable descent on our coast in 1009, and was followed by consequences of the most serious kind. When augmented by Edric's contingent, and supported by old levies of discontented Northumbrians, Sweyne's great captain was practically irresistible. His march from the Lincolnshire sea-board was the forerunner of a brilliant succession of triumphs. So many towns were taken, and so much property destroyed, that the spirit of the Anglo-Saxons was completely broken, and they were again compelled to secure a cessation of hostilities by means of enormous money bribes. This time, however, there was an important change in the articles of agreement. Instead of being asked to leave the country, as on former occasions, the Danes were now engaged as its defenders, and pledged to maintain its integrity against all the enemies of the English king.

SWEYNE'S NEW INVASION.

It has been thought that Thurkill's compact was intended to be deceptive, and really meant to bring about more certainly the downfall of Ethelred. Additional weight is given to this suggestion from the fact that Edric —who hated the Saxon ruler—was a warm supporter of the bargain. But whatever the motive, the act was regarded by Sweyne—who was now King of Denmark—as eminently dangerous to his own influence. He was exceeding wroth at the apparent treachery of his vassal, and lost no time in avenging it. Gathering together a mighty fleet, he took the water in the spring of 1013, and was soon forcing his way up the Humber. "The vessels," we are told, "were adorned with bright and fantastic imagery, and glittered with gold and silver. Lions, dolphins, eagles, and dragons rose above the prows, and the sea foamed beneath the oars of the ships which —vieing with the gay and splendid barks of eastern seas— seemed rather prepared for festal triumph than for battle. But this barbaric pomp—like the trappings of a war-horse — excited the pride and energy of the rude warriors who manned the vessels, and, by displaying the wealth and power of their leader, added to the panic of his enemies." After rowing as near to the city of York as the depth of water would permit, Sweyne made a dash for the Northern capital, and was speedily in possession. Earl Uchtred and his garrison offered no resistance. They seemed, indeed, to hail the advent of the invaders with pleasure, and speedily ranged themselves under the banners of the advancing host. After this example, the whole of the Danelagh rose in support of Sweyne; and, therefore, leaving his fleet under the command of his son, Canute, the intrepid leader turned his face southward with confidence and hope.

THE DANES AT LAST PRE-EMINENT.

It soon became apparent that this was not a mere plundering expedition, but an invasion for the purpose of

conquest. As the men marched through the well-wooded valleys of Mid-England, they exultingly stuck their lances into the soil, or threw them into the brawling streams, as a token of entire dominion over the country. The course of the advancing columns could have been easily tracked by deplorable evidences of fire and sword, and many broad acres of smiling land were rendered waste and desolate. The western strongholds having capitulated without a struggle, Ethelred seems to have realised the hopelessness of his position, and to have fled from his kingdom in dismay. Then the gates of London were opened to the invader also, and the whole country was at the mercy of the conquering Dane. After many attempts, the sea kings had secured absolute pre-eminence in the long-coveted isle, and Northumbria, with its strong admixture of Norsemen, had helped most materially to bring about this result.

THREE YEARS OF ANARCHY.

On the death of Sweyne, which occurred only six weeks after his grand triumph, there was a renewed struggle for the throne. Ethelred was brought from his hiding place by the Saxon nobles, and Canute was put forward by the leaders of the North. This led to more fighting; and, what with betrayal, bribery, murder, and losses in battle, the scenes of bloodshed were again almost continuous. There was no cessation of strife during the few remaining years of Ethelred's inglorious reign, and all the efforts of his valiant son, Edmund Ironsides, were equally powerless to stop it. Chiefs were ruthlessly slaughtered in banqueting halls, armies were sold wholesale, and great earls were engaged in predatory expeditions against their neighbours. The Northumbrians offended Canute by a destructive incursion into Mercia, and—at the instigation of the still plotting Edric—their famous leader, Uchtred, was brutally put to death. The dead hero was succeeded by Eric—a Norwegian brother-in-law of the Danish King—and this noted warrior rendered valuable aid in the many campaigns that preceded the great peace with the Saxons.

WILLIAM LONGSTAFF.

Though the small vessel figured on p. 451 is known as "Harold's ship," there is no reason to doubt that it was constructed after the model prevalent in Edgar's day. Alfred was the first king to impart anything like symmetry of outline to his sea-going craft, and, except in matters of ornamentation, there was little change until after the Conquest. The sketch is known as a restoration from the Bayeux tapestry—the wonderful scroll of needlework in which the wife of William the Conqueror depicted the scenes and incidents that culminated on the field of Hastings. It is an unquestionably genuine representation of the English fleet of this early period, and was not unlike the ships in which the followers of Duke William crossed the Channel. Compared with an illustrated manuscript of the time of Canute—a copy of which is preserved in the British Museum—it would appear that while the English and Norman ships were lighter than those of the Danes, the arms and accoutrements of the three peoples possessed many striking points of similarity.

The vessels from the Baltic coast, as shown in our second sketch (p. 452), were heavier in build than those of either Norman or Saxon, and were supplemented with a variety of very terrible accessories. Sharp prongs of iron were not unfrequently attached to the prows, and used very effectively for the purpose of running down an enemy. But though the Norsemen thus anticipated the leviathan rams of the present day, they were themselves only adapters of a much older idea. The driving of beaked vessels against each other was a popular method of naval warfare in the Mediterranean, at least twelve or fifteen centuries before the Vikings commenced their depredations in England. It is interesting to note that the great battle of Salamis—nearly 500 years before Christ—is said to have been won by the judicious handling of similarly equipped craft.

The Streets of Newcastle.

The Quayside.

MANY centuries back, the Quayside was a fortified place. Before the town walls were built, there can be no doubt that the Danes often enough paid their undesirable visits to the banks of the Tyne. Indeed, tradition hath it that they were accustomed to lie, at such time, at the part of the river known long after their day as Dent's Hole; that is, the Danes' Hole; though we now know that Dent's Hole was named after the local family of Dent, who owned the adjoining manor. Then, later on, we had our good friends the Scots paying us attentions that were sometimes found to be more free than welcome. It was, therefore, only prudent that, when our forefathers were about it, they should defend their town from hostile attacks, even on the water side. But when "old times were changed, old manners gone," the Quayside section of the town wall was discovered to be an obstacle to the development of trade; and so it came to pass that, in 1763, workmen began to raze it to the ground. After they had knocked down the old wall, they proceeded to divide the east end of the Quay, from Spicer Lane to

THE HIGH CRANE, QUAYSIDE.

Sandgate, by iron rails, and to construct a descent to the portion adjoining the river by several steps. This arrangement answered for a while; but, some years after, the roadway was raised and levelled, and so transformed into a fine broad wharf. Since then our Quay has been continuously and watchfully strengthened and improved whenever the occasion seemed to arise for any such treatment.

The time was coming when this local Rialto was to receive its baptism of fire. Men of middle age remember that season of trouble and anxiety right well. Those of them at all interested in the Quay in the year 1854 will recollect the quaint, old-fashioned appearance which its buildings then presented. Queerest of them all, perhaps, was the Grey Horse public-house, with its bold projection seeking, and not in vain, to usurp part of the footpath. On the night of the 5th of October in that year, that great fire occurred which has already been described in the *Monthly Chronicle*. (See vol. ii., p. 549) As in so many matters more, out of this immediate evil came future good. In place of the old chares and time-worn houses and shops thus so decisively destroyed, there arose those handsome stone-fronted buildings which have so often attracted the attention of passing travellers along the High Level Bridge.

If some chares were swept away by the calamity, it must be admitted that there are still plenty left. In former days there were no less than twenty of these narrow lanes leading from the Quayside to the streets on its northern boundary. It was difficult, long before this great fire, to identify the situation of some of these by their names as given in old documents; and of course the task is by no means easier now. But some of them, at any rate, we may recall to mind. Starting, then, from the west, we note the first of the number—the Dark Chare. It was so close that the houses in it nearly touched one another at the top. Then there was Grindon, Granden, or Grinding Chare. In this chare stood the remains of a remarkable house, traditionally called St. John's Chapel. It had suffered from the ravages of change prior to the explosion, which only completed what had thus been already begun. Then there were the Blue Anchor, Peppercorn, Pallister's, Colvin's, and Hornsby's

GRINDING CHARE, QUAYSIDE, NEWCASTLE.

QUAYSIDE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

Chares—all forgotten now. Plummer, or Plumber, Chare is still in existence, and is supposed to have been named after a Robert Plumber who in 1378 was one of the bailiffs of the town.

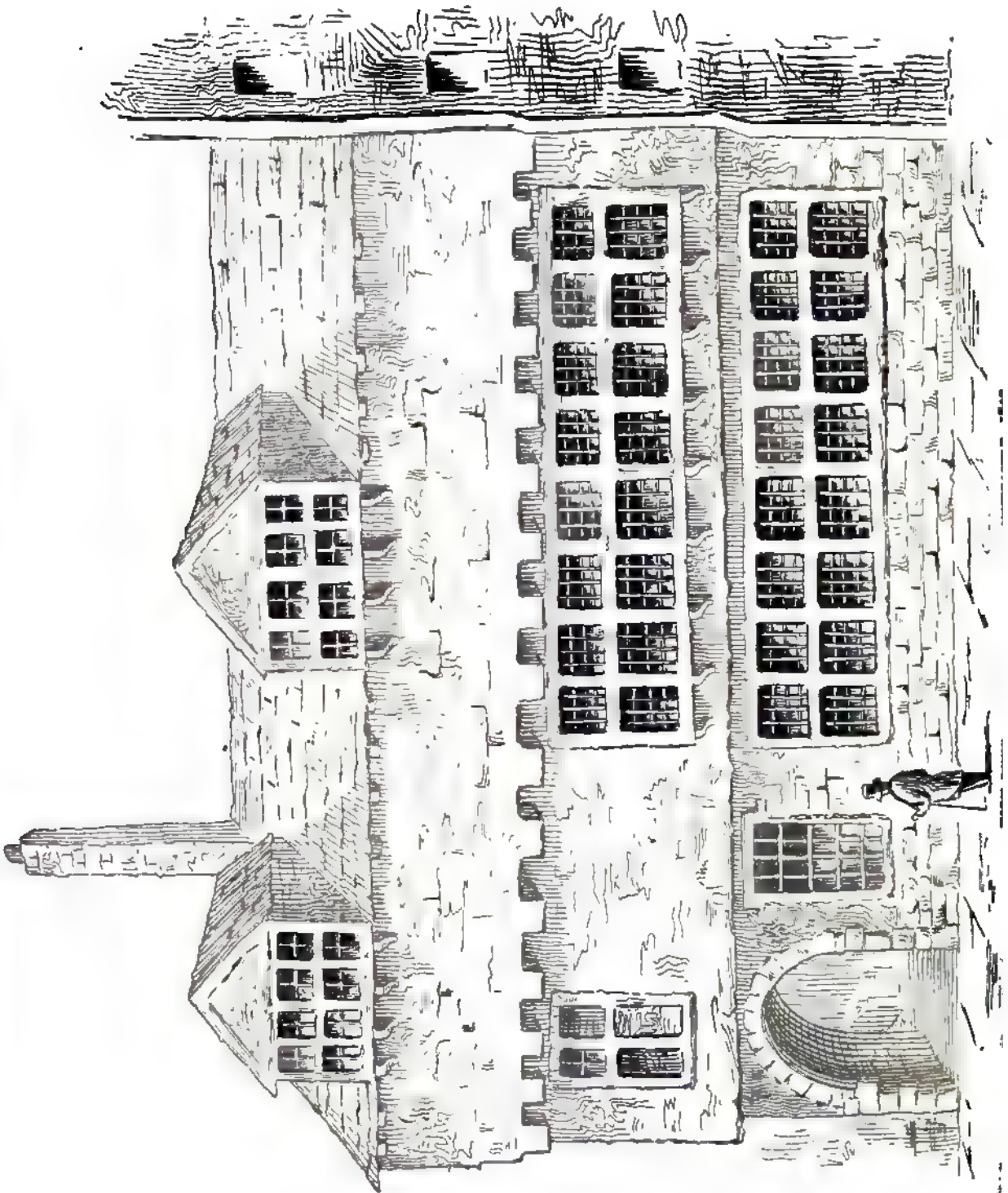
HORNSBY'S CHARE, QUAYSIDE, NEWCASTLE.

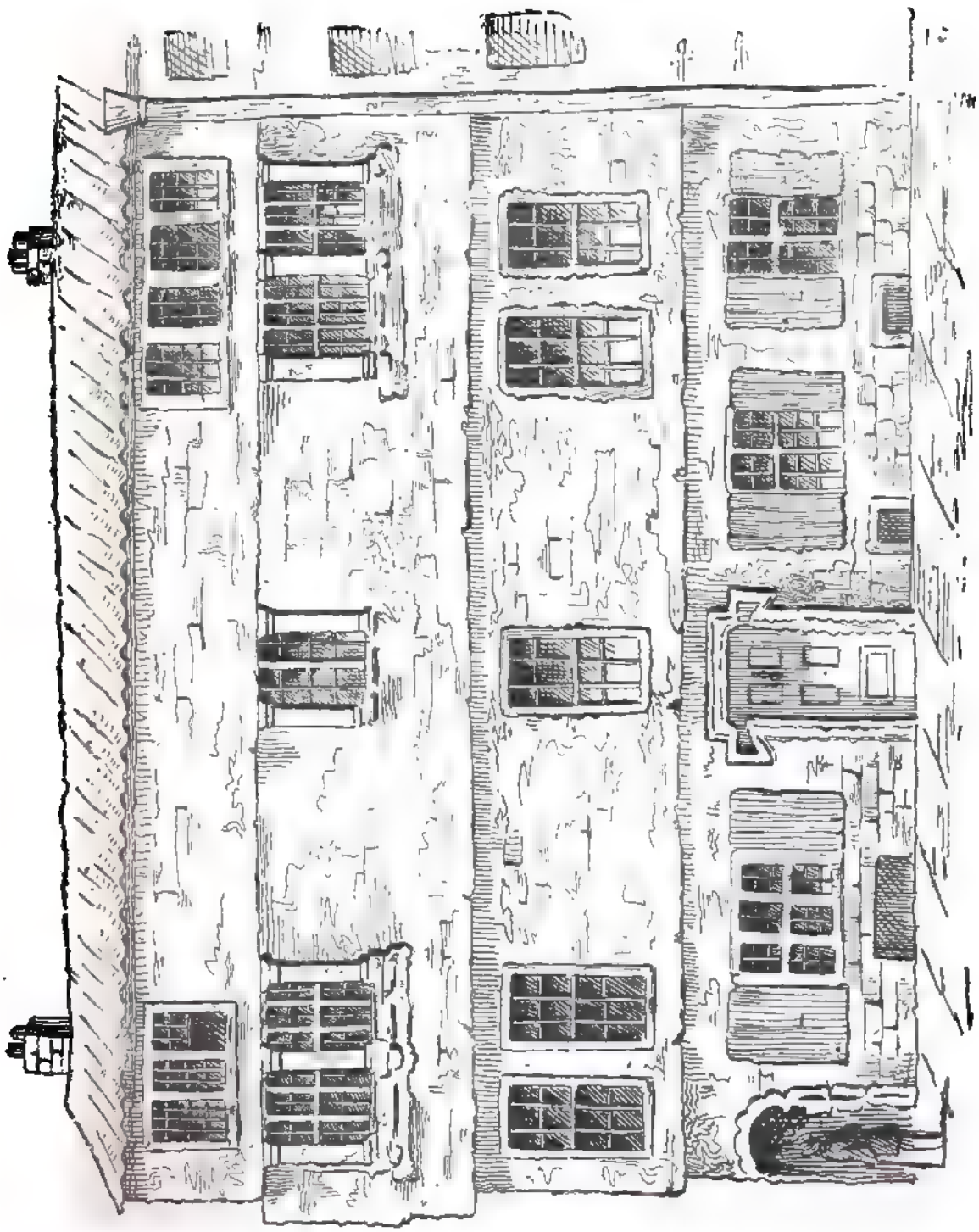
Fenwick's Chare, next in order, was so named after its owner, Alderman Cuthbert Fenwick, who had his residence in it; for it must be remembered that these chares had some of the best houses of Newcastle at one time, though warehouses of various kinds now are formed in their place. The Park, or Back Lane, occurred next. Bourne in his plan of the town calls this the true Dark Chare, and so illustrates the difficulty that the inquirer has at getting to the exact truth in regard to these obscure places. Broad Garth, which came next, is not to be confounded with the much better known Broad Chare, still to come to. And then there came Peacock's Chare, or Entry, where that remarkable man, Thomas Spence, kept his school.

And now we have reached the Custom House, built in 1765, passing which we come to Trinity Chare, so-called because it is the back entrance to the Trinity House, which also has already been described. (See vol. iii., p. 176.) The window of the dining-room of the Three Indian Kings (a well-known Quayside hostelry) looks into Trinity Chare. The three kings are usually understood to be the three wise men from the East who brought gold, frankincense, and myrrh, in tribute to the infant Christ and his virgin mother. The sign is not an uncommon one with ancient inns.

Next to Trinity Chare is the Broad Chare. Though narrow enough to our modern notions, it is certainly the broadest chare in this locality, and almost the only one that will admit a cart. It was the common thoroughfare of the town in the olden days; now it is given up to huge warehouses and to establishments devoted to the refreshment of the inner man. Two houses figured in our illustrations on pages 456, 457, were interesting specimens of the old architecture of the locality. Both pictures are copied from sketches in the late Mr. John Waller's copy of Mackenzie's "History of Newcastle," now the property of Mr. J. W. Pease. The High Dykes Tavern is supposed to have somehow got its name from the fosse or ditch which surrounded the town walls, and which was called the King's Dykes. The house shown in our other

GRAIN WAREHOUSE, QUAYSIDE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.





OLD HOUSE IN BROAD CHARE, NEWCASTLE, 1843.

picture is alleged to have been the mansion of the Liddells of Ravensworth.

Beyond Spicer Lane, the next opening from the Quayside is the Burn Bank, where Pandon Burn used to run down into the Tyne. It was a dangerous place enough at one time. "It lies," wrote Bourne in his day, "very low, and before the heightening of the ground with ballast, and the building of the wall and key, was often of great hazard to the inhabitants. Once, in particular, a most melancholy accident occurred in this place. In the year 1320, the 13th of King Edward III., the river Tyne overflowed so much that one hundred and twenty laymen and several priests, besides women, were drowned, and, as Gray says, one hundred and forty houses were destroyed."

Byker Chare, which comes next, is by Brand styled Baker Chare. The name is accounted for easily enough on the theory that it was obtained from Robert de Byker and Laderine his wife, who had lands in Pandon. On the Quay here is the chemist's shop long associated with the name of Anthony Nichol, alderman and mayor of the town in his day, and known on the turf as the owner of the celebrated race-horse, The Wizard. Cock's

HOUSE WHERE LORD ELDON WAS BORN.

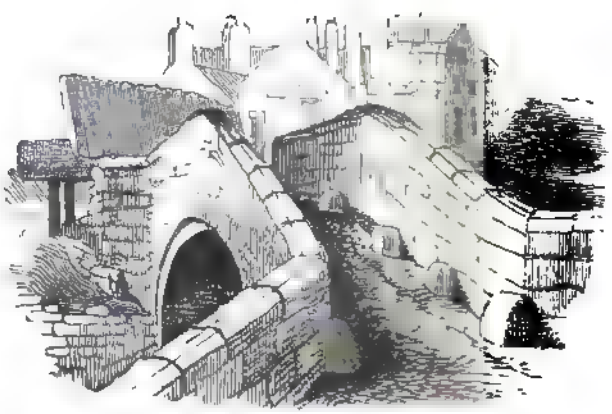
Chare comes next: so named from Alderman Cock, who lived in it. Then comes Love Lane. In the seventeenth century it was Gowerley's Rawe. Here was born John Scott, afterwards Earl of Eldon. But it is a mistake to say, even with Mackenzie, that his brother William, afterwards Lord Stowell, and one of our foremost authorities in maritime law, was born here also. That is not so. He was born at Heworth, whither his mother had been wisely removed for greater safety, as all Newcastle at the time was in a state of alarm at the rising of the young Pretender. It is also a common mistake to suppose that the large old-fashioned house on the west side of the lane was John Scott's birthplace. It was on the east side (faithfully depicted in our illustration), and was long ago converted into a granary.

Before we leave this part of the Quay, we ought to make mention of that remarkable candle which illuminated it in the year of grace 1770, by way of celebrating the release of John Wilkes from the prison to which he had been sent for the publication of the famous "No. 45" of his *North Briton*. One Mr. Kelly manufactured a candle, which consisted of forty-five branches, cast forty-five lights, and weighed just forty-five half pounds. "The magistrates," we are told, "adopted cautions for the preservation of the peace; but the entertainments were conducted with the greatest order and decorum."

We proceed along the riverside on our way eastward, leaving behind us the old historic Quay of centuries to note the peculiarities of the new. Ancient buildings we find here and there also in this comparatively modern neighbourhood; but, speaking generally, we cannot fail to remark that we are now in a neighbourhood sacred to the trade of the Tyne.

The stores and workshops of the Tyne Steam Shipping Company now claim our attention on our left hand; and, a little further, beyond the ancient "Swirle," we find the huge pile of brick buildings known as the Grain Warehouses, with their iron doors, their ponderous lifts, and their many storeys. Near these warehouses is the eighty-ton crane—another striking example of Tynside energy; and beside and beyond it are wharves from which steamers run to London, Hamburg, Rotterdam, Copenhagen, Malmo, and other ports. And so we come to the end of the Quay *proper*, for the next building to be observed is the Sailors' Bethel, a neat and commodious chapel which stands in a continuation of the Quay called Horatio Street, and forms a lasting monument of the energy and public spirit of Mr. W. D. Stephens, J.P.

Sooth to say, this part of the town is not over inviting, though the signs of business enterprise and also of rigid economy of space are both evident enough. We continue



THE GLASSHOUSE BRIDGE.

on until we come to the little bridge across the streamlet called the Ouseburn, which gives its name to the district. The road by the river, from the end of Sandgate to this bridge, is called the North Shore, and is devoted to business purposes strictly. The roadway over the stream is usually known as the Glasshouse Bridge, and consists of one arch of stone. We gather from Bourne that it was originally a wooden structure. "But," says he, "in the year 1669, when Ralph Jennison, Esq., was mayor, it was made of stone by Thomas Wrangham, shipwright, on account of lands which the town let him. The passage, however, over it was very difficult and uneven until the year 1729, when Stephen Coulson, Esq., was mayor, [and] it was made commodious and level both for horse and foot." The little bridge was so named from the circumstance that the glass trade had long been carried on in its vicinity.

We continue onwards, and find ourselves next at the River Police Station. Then we turn away at right angles to the Mushroom, and, proceeding northwards, speedily find ourselves in St. Lawrence Street, the end of our journey, where there is nothing to detain us. For only a very small portion of the ancient "fre chappell of Saynt Laurence in the Lordshippe of Byker" remains to give us pause. This chapel was founded, according to a document issued when the monasteries were suppressed, "by the auncesters of the late erle of Northumberland toward the fyndinge of a prieste to pray for their sowles and all christen sowls and also to herbour such (sick) persons and wayfaring men in time of nede." Edward VI. granted this chapel to the Corporation in 1549; in 1782 Brand found its remains converted into a lumber-room for an adjoining glasshouse.

Our engravings of the High Crane, Grinding Chare, Hornsby's Chare, and the Glasshouse Bridge are reproduced from Richardson's "Table Book." The High Crane was situated near the Guildhall at the west end of the Quay.

Rob Roy in Northumberland.

WE scarcely need remind our readers how, as may be read in Sir Walter Scott's famous story, Mr. Francis Osbaldistone, when newly returned from Bordeaux, whither his father had sent him to learn the mysteries of trade, completely lost the good opinion of the old man—a shrewd matter-of-fact London merchant—through expressing his strong dislike to the formal drudgery of a counting house, and his preference for a literary career; how he was sent down into Northumberland to rusticate at the house of an uncle, Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone, of Osbaldistone Hall; how he arrived on his journey north at the town of Darlington, in company with a very timid fellow-traveller named Morris; and how he met with the renowned Rob Roy there, under the designation of Robert Campbell, a cattle-dealer from the Highlands of Scotland. In those days when journeys were chiefly performed upon horseback, it was the custom for the landlords of inns to entertain with a dinner such persons as halted over the Sunday at their hostelries. Licensed Victuallers on the Great North Road were then truer to their name than now, when the "Flying Scotchman" carries its burden of passengers right through from London to Edinburgh at whirlwind speed in the course of fewer hours than the journey once took days. On such an occasion, when Mr. Francis Osbaldistone and his companion were about to sit down to partake of their host's beef and pudding, Boniface informed them, with a sort of apologetic tone, that a Scotch gentleman was to dine with them.

"A gentleman?—what sort of a gentleman?" said Morris, somewhat hastily, his mind probably running upon gentlemen of the pad, as they were then termed.

"Why, a Scotch sort of a gentleman, as I said before," returned mine host: "they are all gentle, ye mun know, though they ha' narra shirt to back; but this is a decentish hallion—a canny North Briton as e'er crossed Berwick Bridge—I trow he's a dealer in cattle."

"Let us have his company, by all means," answered Morris; and then turning to Frank Osbaldistone, he gave vent to the tenor of his own reflections. "I respect the Scotch, sir; I love and honour the nation for their sense of morality. Men talk of their filth and their poverty, but commend me to sterling honesty, though clad in rags, as the poet saith. I have been credibly informed, sir, by men on whom I can depend, that there was never known such a thing in Scotland as a highway robbery."

"That's because they have nothing to lose," said mine host, with the chuckle of a self-applauding wit.

"No, no, landlord," answered a strong deep voice behind him, "it's e'en because your English gaugers and supervisors, that you have sent down benorth the Tweed, have ta'en up the trade of thieving over the heads of the native professors."

"Well said, Mr. Campbell," answered the landlord; "I did not think thoud'st been sae near us, mon. But thou knows I'm an outspoken Yorkshire tyke. And how go markets in the South?"

"Even in the ordinar," replied Mr. Campbell; "wise folks buy and sell, but fools are bought and sold."

"But wise folks and fools both eat their dinner," answered their jolly entertainer; "and here a comes—as foine a buttock of beef as e'er hungry man stuck fork in."

So saying, he eagerly whetted his knife, assumed his seat of empire at the head of the board, and loaded the plates of his Sunday guests with his good cheer.

"It was then," says Frank Osbaldistone, telling his own tale through the agency of the Author of "Waverley," his amanuensis, "that I contemplated, with an impression of dislike, the first Scotchman I chanced to meet in society. There was much in him that coincided with my previous conceptions. He had the hard features and athletic form said to be peculiar to his country, together with the national intonation and slow pedantic mode of expression, arising from a desire to avoid peculiarities of idiom or dialect. I could also observe the caution and shrewdness of his country in many of the observations which he made, and the answers which he returned. But I was not prepared for an air of easy self-possession and superiority with which he seemed to predominate over the company into

which he was thrown, as it were, by accident. His dress was as coarse as it could be, being still decent. His conversation intimated that he was engaged in the cattle trade, no very dignified professional pursuit. And yet, under these disadvantages, he seemed, as a matter of course, to treat the rest of the company with the cool and condescending politeness which implies a real or imaginary superiority over those towards whom it is used. When he gave his opinions upon any point, it was with that easy tone of confidence used by those superior to their society in rank or information, as if what he said could not be doubted, and was not to be questioned. Mine host and his Sunday guests, after an effort to support their consequence by noise and bold averment, sunk gradually under the authority of Mr. Campbell, who thus fairly possessed himself of the lead in the conversation. I was tempted, from curiosity, to dispute the ground with him myself, confiding in my knowledge of the world, extended, as it was, by my residence abroad, and in the stores with which a tolerable education possessed my mind. In the latter respect, he offered no competition, and it was easy to see that his natural powers had never been cultivated by education. But I found him much better acquainted than I was myself with the present state of France, the character of the Duke of Orleans, who had just succeeded to the regency of that kingdom, and that of the statesmen by whom he was surrounded; and his shrewd, caustic, and somewhat cynical remarks were those of a man who had been a close observer of the affairs of that country."

According to the best authorities, this is a life-like sketch, so far as it goes, of the manners and address of the Scottish Robin Hood. We may supplement it with the following passage, from the Introduction to "Rob Roy," written in 1829:—

His stature was not of the tallest, but his person was uncommonly strong and compact. The greatest peculiarities of his frame were the breadth of his shoulders, and the great and almost disproportionate length of his arms; so remarkable, indeed, that it was said he could, without stooping, tie the garters of his Highland hose, which are placed two inches below the knee. His countenance was open, manly, stern at periods of danger, but frank and cheerful in his hours of festivity. His hair was dark red, thick, and frizzled, and curled short around the face. His fashion of dress showed, of course, the knees and upper part of the leg, which was described to me as resembling that of a Highland bull, hirsute with red hair, and evincing muscular strength similar to that animal. To these personal qualifications must be added a masterly use of the Highland sword, in which his length of arm gave him great advantage—and a perfect and intimate knowledge of all the recesses of the wild country in which he harboured, and the character of the various individuals, whether friendly or hostile, with whom he might come in contact. His mental qualities seemed to have been no less adapted to the circumstances in which he was placed. Though the descendant of the bloodthirsty Ciar Mhor, he inherited none of his ancestor's ferocity. On the contrary, Rob Roy avoided every appearance of cruelty, and it is not averred that he was ever the means of unnecessary bloodshed, or the actor in any deed which could lead the way to it. His schemes of plunder were contrived and executed with equal boldness and sagacity, and were almost universally successful, from the skill with which they were laid, and the secrecy and rapidity with which they were executed. Like Robin Hood of England, he was a kind and gentle robber, and, while he took from the rich, was liberal in relieving the poor. This might in part be policy, but the universal tradition of the country speaks it to have arisen from a better motive. All whom I have conversed with, and I have in my youth seen some who knew Rob Roy personally, gave him the character of a benevolent and humane man "in his way."

Every one who has turned over the pages of the splendid Abbotsford edition of the Waverley Novels, enriched with illustrations embodying the forms of the men, scenes, and things that the great Wizard of the North worked up into such a wonderful web of narrative and description, must have formed his own notion of the face of the famous Highland cateran, there engraved from an original picture in the possession of Mr. Buchanan, of Arden. It fully bears out all that Sir Walter Scott says of him in the above extract. Nobody would have taken Rob Roy for a thief, even a gentle one, and such a man could have become an outlaw only in a lawless country. Under more favourable circumstances he might, judging from his looks, have been another Martin Luther.

It was sometime about the year 1714 that Mr. Francis Osbaldistone and Mr. Robert Macgregor Campbell are stated to have "foregathered" in the inn at Darlington. The former is said to have pursued his route northwards next morning, towards the old family mansion of his Jacobite uncle, Sir Hildebrand, at Osbaldistone Hall, and the latter likewise went on his way, following his ostensible business as related in the novel. Osbaldistone Hall is identified by some writers with Chillingham Castle, famous all the world over for the breed of wild cattle still preserved in the large and beautiful park which surrounds it. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. i., p. 272, and vol. ii., p. 129.) Others, however, contend that Sir Walter had Biddlestone Hall in his mind.

Rob was accustomed to visit Stagshawbank once a year on the occasion of the great cattle fair held there at Whitsuntide. He was well known to most of the English dealers and farmers who frequented that great annual gathering. The sobriety and caution of his ordinary demeanour are said to have been conspicuous, while his general intelligence was beyond the common. He used also to frequent the chief cattle fairs further south—Durham, York, Lincoln, Nottingham, Leicester, and Barnet, at which latter place he could sell his droves of kyloes or runts to the best advantage, his principal customers being well-to-do Essex marsh-land farmers, with better-lined purses than the generality of English farmers then had. Newcastle and Morpeth were about as familiar to him as Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Falkirk; and, although it stands not on the face of the record, we may be sure that he had occasionally set his huge Nuremburg silver watch by St. Nicholas' church clock, or by that in the tower of All Saints' church, on his way up or down Pilgrim Street and the Cowgate to or from the bridge—the line the Scotch drovers then took with their "camstairy beasts."

It was generally understood that, besides his honest trade of cattle dealing, Rob did a good deal of business in the way of secret political agency, carrying information from the heads of the Jacobite party in Scotland to their sympathisers in various parts of England—chiefly Catholics, and particularly Northumbrians. In this latter capacity, he had, of course, relations with the Radcliffes, Forsters, Shaftoes, Hodgsons, Sandersons, Swinburnes, Charltons, Blacketts, Riddles, and others; and his visits to Dilston, Beaufront, Bavington, Capheaton, Bywell, Benwell, and other places, ostensibly paid by him as a drover, had really for their object the conveying of secret intelligence necessary for the accomplishment of the plot then in busy preparation, which eventuated in the Rebellion of 1715.

We cannot give the account of Rob Roy's career in more authentic words than those of his kinsman, Baillie Nicol Jarvie, who thus epitomises it in the novel:—

"Robin was anes a weel-doing, pains-taking drover as ye wad see amang ten thousand. It was a pleasure to see him with his belted plaid and brogues, with his target at his back, and claymore and dirk at his belt, following a hundred Highland stotts, and a dozen o' the gillies as rough and ragged as the beasts they drave. And he was baith civil and just in his dealings, and if he thaught his chapman had made a hard bargain, he wad gie him a luckpenny to the mends. I hae kenn'd him gie back five shillings out o' the pund sterling."

"Twenty-four per cent.," said Owen—"a heavy discount."

"He wad gie it though, sir, as I tell ye; mair especially if he thought the buyer was a puir man and couldna stan by a loss. But the times cam hard, and Rob was venturesome. It wasna my faut—it wasna my faut; he canna wyte me. I aye told him o't. And the creditors, mair especially some grit neighbours o' his, grippit to his living and land; and they say his wife was turned out o' the house to the hill-side, and sair misguided to the boot. Shamefu'! shamefu'! I am a peacefu' man and a magistrate, but if ony ane had guided sae muckle as my servant queen, Mattie, as it's like they guided Rob's wife, I think it suld hae set the shabble that my father the deacon had at Bothwell-brigg a-walking again. Weel, Rab came hame, and faund desolation, God pity us! where he left plenty; he looked east, west, south, and north, and saw neither hauld nor hope—neither bield nor shelter—sae he e'en pu'd the bonnet ower his brow, belted the broadsword to his side, took to the brae-side, and became a broken man."

Rob's insolvency was caused by the bad faith of a partner, who absconded with their joint funds, and the author of his outlawry was the Duke of Montrose, against whom he ever afterwards carried on a fierce predatory war. Like many outlaws before him on the Highland Line, which extended in an irregular curve along the Grampian range from Cardross in Dumbartonshire to Ballandalloch in Strathspey, he was in the habit of levying black mail on his Lowland neighbours, especially those of Lennox and Menteith. Such as paid him the tribute peaceably he undertook to protect, or to make good any loss they might sustain through the ravages of other Highland caterans; and such as refused payment were pretty sure to be made to rue it, when they rose some fine morning to find all their cattle swept off to the hills, and perhaps their barns and stackyards burned. Rob lived this sort of life for the best part of twenty years, defying the civil and military authorities, being enabled to do so by the disturbed political condition of the times, and by the bitter enmity which existed between the rival houses of Argyle and Montrose, on the borders of whose territories the old allodial lands of the Clan Gregor lay, in Glengyle and Glenfallach, and on the Braes of Balquidder, at the head of Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine, and thereabouts.

Seventy or eighty years before Rob's day, the Clan Gregor had been put under the ban of the law, and the name itself forbidden, by the Government of James VI., which thought to pacify these wild districts by playing off one turbulent clan against another, and so weakening, if not exterminating, them all. The proscribed Macgregors were hunted through the country like wolves or foxes by the Campbells, Camerons, Macnabs, Macdonalds, and other hostile clans; and though they made a brave resistance, and killed many of their pursuers, they were at last overcome. Commissions were thereafter sent through the kingdom for fining those who had harboured any of the clan, and for punishing all persons who had kept up any communication with them; and the fines so levied were given by the king to the Earl of Argyle. Alexander Macgregor, the chief of the clan, after suffering many vicissitudes of fortune and many privations, at last surrendered himself to Argyle, on condition that he should grant him a safe conduct into England to King James, that he might lay before his Majesty a true state of the whole affair since the commencement, and crave the royal mercy; and as a security for his return to Scotland he delivered up to Argyle thirty of his choicest men, and of the best reputation among the clan, as hostages to remain in Argyle in custody till he should come back from London. But no sooner had Macgregor arrived in Berwick on his way to the English capital than he was basely arrested and brought back by the earl to Edinburgh, and, by his influence, executed along with the thirty hostages. Argyle hoped, by this means, ultimately to annihilate the whole clan; but the Macgregors, though deprived of house and hold, name and fame, increased in numbers, and the race soon became more illustrious than ever, under various surnames, particularly under that of Gregory. Argyle, who acted in this treacherous manner, was the celebrated Archibald the Grim, the leader of the Scotch covenanting party during the great civil war.

It was the grandson of this great earl—John, Duke of Argyle, the equivocal hero of Sheriffmuir—that Rob Roy Macgregor took as his chief and patron, and whose surname of Campbell he thought proper to assume, his own clan-name being still tabooed. But he was Macgregor for ever when on his own native heath, and he was too sensible of the wrongs his people and himself had suffered from both the great rival parties in the State to care very much, in his heart of hearts, which of them got the upper hand. His making himself busy in the Jacobite interest previous to the insurrection of 1715, was probably prompted by

no real sympathy with or love for the Pretender or his cause. He perhaps rather prosecuted these intrigues with a view to his own private purposes of revenge and restitution than from any deep feeling of genuine loyalty or principle of legitimate kingly right. If he had any wish that the king over the water might enjoy his own again, it could not be because the Stuarts had been old friends of the Macgregors, for they had ever been among their worst enemies. And so, when the fortune of war wavered in the balance at Sheriffmuir, and a hundred good broadswords thrown on the side of the Chevalier de St. George (proclaimed, a short time before, James VIII., by the grace of God, &c.) might have turned the scale in favour of the Jacobites, neither Macgregor nor his men joined in the contest at all. Owing to their remaining thus neutral, the battle of Sheriffmuir, where both sides claimed the victory, was tantamout to a total defeat of the Earl of Mar.

But the Whig Ministers of King George showed small gratitude to the Macgregors for their timely abstention at so critical a juncture from active hostility to the Hanoverian cause, for when an Act of Grace was passed in 1717 by the King and both Houses of Parliament, granting a free and general pardon to all persons who had committed any treasonable offences before the 6th day of May of that year, among the special exceptions were "all persons of the name and clan of Macgregor, mentioned in the Act of the first Parliament of Charles I., intituled Anent the Clan Gregor.'" A previous Act had rendered it unlawful for any person in that part of Scotland north of the water of Leven or the river Forth "to have in custody, or to use, or bear broadsword or target, poniard, whingar, or dirk, side pistol or side pistols, or gun, or any other warlike weapon, in the fields, or in the way coming, or going to, from, or at any church, market, fair, burials, huntings, meetings, or any occasion whatever within the said bounds, or to come into the low countries armed as aforesaid."

But Rob Roy, singular to tell, managed to escape the lash of the law, and to retain his national arms, down to the day of his death, which took place peacefully at an advanced age, about the year 1733, at the hamlet of Balquidder, at the east end of Lochvoil, in the land of his fathers, where his grave is still pointed out in the churchyard. His sons Robert and James were not so fortunate as himself; for, attempting to follow the footsteps of their redoubtable and widely-renowned father, in a quieter and better regulated age, they fell into the hands of justice, and were both hanged.

The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stokoe.

THE FAIR FLOWER OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

THIS ballad is well known about the English Borders, and was evidently inspired by the ballad of "The Ungrateful Knight," printed in "The History of Jack of Newbery," 1596, and written by T. D., or Thomas Deloney, the "ballading silk weaver" who died about 1600. Though vulgarly handled, it has in its form recognisably the smack of old ballad literature. Joseph Ritson printed it in his "Ancient Songs, 1790." A Scottish version is given in Kinloch's Ballads under the title of "The Provost's Daughter," and differs only in the burden and in some minor incidents. It begins :—

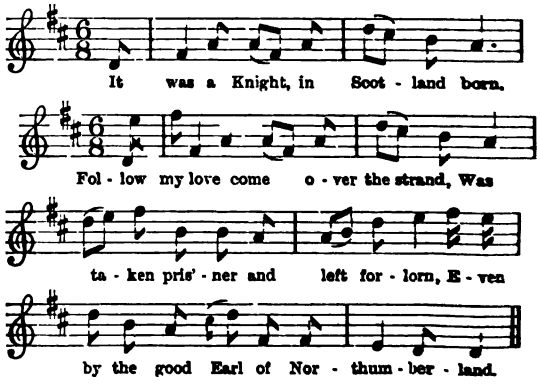
The provost's daughter went out a walking
(A May's love whiles is easy won);
She heard a fair prisoner making his meane (moan),
And she the fair flower of Northumberlonde.

And it finishes with the boast—

She's nae the first the Scots hae beguiled,
And she's still the fair flower of Northumberlonde.

The ballad embodies a strong national sentiment, perhaps not yet even wholly eradicated. "The Scots," said all Englishmen of old, "are ever fair and false." The knight, who is here represented as playing so ungallant, perfidious, cruel, and therefore unknightly a part, may be a mere eidolon of the ballad-makers, or he may very pos sibly have had an actual existence as a living monster. There can be no doubt, at any rate, that many fair damsels have been decoyed away from home, even as the Fair Flower of Northumberland is alleged to have been, to be left by their heartless seducers at the place which Irish adventurers call Strip Hill.

The tune is taken from a manuscript collection made by the late James Telfer, schoolmaster, of Saughtree, Liddesdale, which is now in the possession of the Antiquarian Society of Newcastle.



Then was he cast in prison strong,
Follow my love, come over the strand,
Where he could not walk nor lay along,
Even by the good Earl of Northumberland.

And, as in sorrow thus he lay,
Follow my love, come over the strand,
The Earl's sweet daughter passed that way,
And she the fair flower of Northumberland.

And passing by, like an angel bright,
Follow my love, &c.,
The prisoner had of her a sight,
And she the fair flower of Northumberland.

And aloud to her this knight did cry,
Follow my love, &c.,
The salt tears standing in her eye,—
And she the fair flower of Northumberland.

"Fair lady," he said, "take pity on me,
Follow my love, &c.,
And let me not in prison dee,
And you the fair flower of Northumberland."

"Fair sir, how should I take pity on thee,
Follow my love, &c.,
Thou being a foe to our countrie,
And I the fair flower of Northumberland?"

"Fair lady, I am no foe," he said,
"Follow my love, &c.,
Through thy sweet love here was I stayed,
And thou the fair flower of Northumberland."

"Why should'st thou come here for love of me,
Follow my love, &c.,
Having wife and bairns in thy own countrie,
And I the fair flower of Northumberland?"

"I swear by the blessed Trinity,
Follow my love, &c.,
That neither wife nor bairns have I,
And thou the fair flower of Northumberland.

"If courteously thou wilt set me free,
Follow my love, &c.,
I vow that I will marry thee,
And thou the fair flower of Northumberland."

"Thou shalt be lady of castles and towers,
Follow my love, &c.,
And sit like a queen in princely bowers,
Even thou the fair flower of Northumberland."

Then parted hence this lady gay,
Follow my love, &c.,
And got her father's ring away,
And she the fair flower of Northumberland.

Likewise much gold got she by sleight,
Follow my love, &c.,
And all to help this forlorn knight,
And she the fair flower of Northumberland.

Two gallant steeds both good and able,
Follow my love, &c.,
She likewise took out of the stable,
And she the fair flower of Northumberland.

And to the gaoler she sent the ring,
Follow my love, &c.,
Who the knight from prison forth did bring
To meet the fair flower of Northumberland.

This token set the prisoner free,
Follow my love, &c.,
Who straight went to this fair lady,
And she the fair flower of Northumberland.

A gallant steed he did bestride,
Follow my love, &c.,
And with the lady away did ride,
And she the fair flower of Northumberland.

They rode till they came to a water clear,
Follow my love, &c.,
"Good sir! how shall I follow you here,
And I the fair flower of Northumberland?

"The water is rough and wonderful deep,
Follow my love, &c.,
And on my saddle I shall not keep,
And I the fair flower of Northumberland."

"Fear not the ford, fair lady!" quoth he,
"Follow my love, &c.,
For long I cannot stay for thee,
Even thou the fair flower of Northumberland."

The lady prickt her gallant steed,
Follow my love, &c.,
And over the water swam with speed,
Even she the fair flower of Northumberland.

From top to toe all wet was she,
Follow my love, &c.,
"This have I done for love of thee,
Even I the fair flower of Northumberland."

Thus rode she all one winter's night,
Follow my love, &c.,
Till Edenborough they saw in sight,
The fairest town in all Scotland.

"Now choose," quoth he, "thou wanton Flower,
Follow my love, &c.,
If thou wilt be my paramour,
And thou the fair flower of Northumberland.

"For I have a wife and children five,
Follow my love, &c.,
In Edenborough they be alive,
And thou the fair flower of Northumberland.

"And if thou wilt not give thy hand,
Follow my love, &c.,
Then get thee home to fair England,
And thou the fair flower of Northumberland.

"This favour thou shalt have to boot,
Follow my love, &c.,
I'll have thy horse; go thou on foot,
Even thou the fair flower of Northumberland."

"O false and faithless knight," quoth she,
Follow my love, &c.,
"And canst thou deal so bad with me,
And I the fair flower of Northumberland?

"Dishonour not a lady's name,
Follow my love, &c.,
But draw thy sword and end my shame,
Even I the fair flower of Northumberland."

He took her from her stately steed,
Follow my love, &c.,
And left her there in extreme need,
And she the fair flower of Northumberland.

Then sat she down full heavily,
Follow my love, &c.,
At length two knights came riding by,
And she the fair flower of Northumberland.

Two gallant knights of fair England,
Follow my love, &c.,
And there they found her on the strand,
Even she the fair flower of Northumberland.

She fell down humbly on her knee,
Follow my love, &c.,
Crying, "Courteous knights, take pity on me,
Even I the fair flower of Northumberland.

"I have offended my father dear,
Follow my love, &c.,
For a false knight that brought me here,
Even I the fair flower of Northumberland."

They took her up beside her then,
Follow my love, &c.,
And brought her to her father again,
And she the fair flower of Northumberland.

Now, all you fair maids, be warned by me,
Follow no Scotchman over the strand,
Scots never were true, nor ever will be,
To lord nor lady nor fair England.

The Central Station Hotel, Newcastle.

FOR some time past it has been found that the accommodation at the Central Station Hotel, Newcastle, has been inadequate to the demands of so important an hostelry. The authorities of the North-Eastern Railway have, therefore, determined to extend the hotel by the addition of a large building to the east of the present edifice. The extension will consist of a frontage of 165 feet in Neville Street, with a width of about 50 feet. A new and commodious entrance, which will project some twenty feet from the face of the building, will be made in that part which adjoins the old hotel. Mr. William Bell, the company's architect, has entire control of the arrangements, and the contractor for the work is Mr. Walter Scott, of Newcastle, of whom we now proceed to give a few biographical particulars. Our sketch shows Mr. Bell's design.

Mr. Walter Scott.

Some forty years ago there arrived in Newcastle a man who, at that time, gave few indications that he was to become one of the most prominent men in the North of England. Walter Scott was then a skilled artisan, and he came to Tyneside to seek employment as a mason. We believe that his first job of any importance was at the Central Railway Station, which was then in course of erection. He afterwards commenced business for himself, and, in course of time, he undertook many important contracts. From small beginnings, he came to be one of the largest contractors in the North, and has undertaken the erection of many of the principal buildings, railways, and other concerns in this district that have been initiated within the last quarter of a century. Nor have his operations being confined to our own neighbourhood, for he has constructed bridges, docks, and railways in almost all parts of the country.

Walter Scott was, we believe, born at Abbey Junction, near Carlisle. This village derives its name from the Abbey of Cistercians, said by several writers to have been founded by Prince Henry, son of David, King of

Scotland, about the year 1150. Other writers, however, suggest that the founder was Alanda, son of Earl Waldeof; but from the Crown Rolls it would appear that it was a foundation of King Henry I., and that Alanda only restored the edifice. The remains of the abbey have been renovated, and are now used as the parish church. It was in this historic region that Walter Scott passed his early years. On completing his apprenticeship, he, like many others, sought "fresh woods and pastures new" for his energies, Newcastle being the town he selected. How the subject of this notice has won for himself a high position amongst his fellow-citizens is sufficiently well known. Shrewdness, foresight, keen intelligence, perseverance, combined with geniality and unobtrusiveness, are his characteristics, and it was in recognition of these remarkable abilities that he was, some eight years ago, elected to represent the Elswick North Ward in the Newcastle Council.

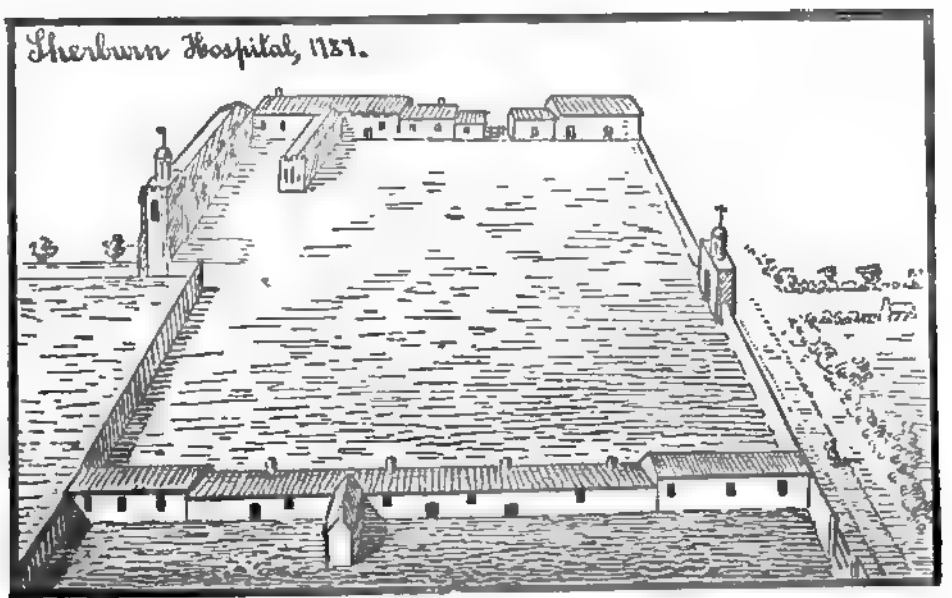
Mr. Scott's energies have also found vent in a direction altogether unexpected, when the nature of his own business is taken into consideration; but this is only another proof of his versatility and power to direct and control. The establishment of a provincial publishing house, which now equals in importance that of the foremost book firms in the metropolis, is a grand achievement of itself. Indeed, the concern has assumed almost phenomenal proportions. From the Felling Works there has been, and is being, issued literature of the popular class which has found its way all over the world. The Canterbury Poets, the Oxford Library, the Camelot Classics, and the Great Writers Series, need no recommendation, as they are firmly established in public favour. Then there is a series of popular novels, books for the young, valuable science lectures delivered before the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society, and many other important works. Indeed, thirty or forty thousand good and useful volumes are issued every month from Mr. Scott's famous establishment on the Tyne.

Besides the works just indicated, Mr. Scott is understood to be concerned in a multitude of other enterprises—coal mines, iron works, soap factories, &c. Altogether he is one of the most remarkable men of our time; yet, he is, withal, as modest and as retiring, as gentle and as unassuming, as when he began life in Newcastle as a journeyman mason at the Central Station.

Leprosy in the Northern Counties.

LEPROSY, which Celsus characterises as the most atrocious and filthy, hateful and incurable of all diseases [*morbus atrocissimus et fœdissimus, et maximè invisus et incurabilis*], was once much more prevalent in Western Europe than it now is, and far from uncommon in our own country, where it may be said, indeed, to have been unknown for ages past.

The term Leprosy has been very vaguely used both by medical and other writers. But the best authorities now restrict it to the disease known as Black or Tuberculous Leprosy [*Lepra nigricans sive tuberculosa*], which is the malady that prevailed to such an extent and caused such well-founded alarm and widespread suffering in Britain, France, Germany, and other parts of the Continent in the



Middle Ages, and which is still frequently met with in various warm climates. The Greeks knew the black leprosy as elephantiasis, from the dark scales with which the skin of those suffering from it is covered, and the abnormal swelling of their legs, which was such as to make them resemble those of the huge Indian beast, though on a small scale.

The persons most likely to be affected with this loathsome disease were those whose occupation exposed them to cold and damp or sudden variations in temperature, and who led a precarious and irregular mode of life. Old writers enumerate soldiers, brewers, cooks, laundresses, butchers, coachmen, porters, smiths, huntsmen, scullermen, and labourers, as peculiarly liable to suffer from it. Moreover, it was held to be, and doubtless was, very infectious; and, therefore, leprous persons were segregated from the general community, and either consigned to lazarettos or lazar-houses, where they might herd together more like brute beasts than human beings, or obliged to "dwell in a several house," like Uzziah, King of Judah, all the days of their lives. It was the magistrate's duty to appoint a physician to inspect such as it was deemed necessary to set apart from the rest of mankind on account of their being leprous; and lazar-houses were established in almost every town in England and Scotland in the days when leprosy was common.

Thus, to begin with Newcastle. The Hospital of St. Mary Magdalene was founded in the beginning of the twelfth century by King Henry I., for a master, brethren, and three sisters, and for the reception of persons afflicted with leprosy, with a view to check the baneful progress of the disease, which had been brought to England by the Crusaders, and doubtless also by poor palmers and other pilgrims wearily returning from the Holy Land. The situation was, as always in the case of such establishments, outside the wall of the town; and here the poor wretches were cut off from the rest of society, after having been formally sentenced to civil death by a particular religious service. Pious monks and nuns voluntarily devoted their lives to the service of the house; and contributions and endowments flowed in upon them from the wealthy and benevolent. But the charity soon came to be abused; for, as in course of time all persons suffering from skin diseases were indiscriminately classed as lepers, multitudes of idle and filthy persons contrived to obtain a living by ranking themselves as so afflicted. The hospital was consequently filled to repletion, and huts had to be erected on the waste ground outside to lodge some of the patients. As the refuge was situated close beside the road leading to Jesmond, then a much-frequented place of pilgrimage, the ears of the pious passers-by were constantly assailed with doleful cries of "Unclean! Unclean! pity the poor lepers!" reiterated until they dropped an alms into the lepers' dish set down on the roadside, near the Barras Bridge, for the purpose. The wretched, but unfortunate, suppliants, dressed in a peculiar garb, consisting of a long mantle and a beaver hat, carried in their hands a wooden clapper or crake, somewhat like that used by crow-herds to scare away rooks from the cornfields, with which they rattled so as to attract attention.

At length, on the almost total disappearance of the disease from Britain, about the beginning of the sixteenth century, through the more general adoption of cleanliness and ventilation and the use of more wholesome and digestible aliment, St. Mary Magdalene's Hospital began to be used "for the comfort and help of the poor folks of the town that chanced to fall sick in time of pestilence"—a contingency very often occurring in those days, when whole towns and districts were liable to be depopulated, over and over again, by such scourges as the Black Death or the Sweating Sickness. The institution was dissolved by statute in Henry VIII.'s time, but was re-established by James I. in 1611; and in Bourne's time it had fourteen persons residing in it, each of whom was allowed a room, coals, and eight shillings a month, while fifteen others were out-patients, with different allowances, some receiving four shillings and some half-a-crown per month. When Mackenzie wrote, in 1826, part of the old hospital buildings was still remaining, behind the Bay Nag public-house, at the top of Northumberland Street, adjoining to which was the Magdalene, or, as it was vulgarly called, the Maudlin Meadow, and also, close at hand, St. Mary Magdalene's Well. In the following year, an Act was obtained enabling the Mayor and Council, who are, by Royal Charter, the patrons of the institution, to dispose of the grounds belonging to it upon building leases of ninety-nine years; and in 1830, the remains of the hospital were pulled down and the present St. Thomas's Church was erected on its site, while the Magdalene Field was enclosed to form the churchyard of the new church. A new hospital was erected in the "Sick Men's Close," which is traditionally said to have got its name from the plague-stricken inhabitants of the town being removed during the epidemic to tents pitched there, to be buried, when they died, in the Maudlin Barrows, or burying place of the hospital, from which the Barras Bridge derives its name, or at the place nigh to Jesmond called the "Dead Men's Graves."

An hospital was founded at Bolton, in the parish of Edlingham, sometime before the year 1225, by Robert de Roos, Baron of Wark, for a master, three brethren, three chaplains, and thirteen leprous laymen. It was dedicated to the Blessed Mary and St. Thomas the Martyr. The Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the Bishops of Durham, Wells, and Lincoln, the Deans of York and Lincoln, and the Abbots of Rievaulx, Melrose, and De Valle Dei, signed their names to the charter as witnesses. The Abbot of Rievaulx and the Prior of Kirkham were appointed

governors of the hospital; and the founder endowed it with the following estates:—The villa, lordship, impropriation, and advowson of Bolton, and a waste of 150 acres; a corn mill and a tenement at Mindrum; lands at Paston and at Kilham; the villa, manor, impropriation, and advowson of Stroxton or Straunston, near Grantham, in Lincolnshire, and the estates of the Pauntons within that lordship; an estate at Elwell, in Swanesland, in Yorkshire, with pasturage for 300 sheep, near the river Humber; a corn mill and a tenement at Middleton, near Dalton; and lands at Garton, also in the county of York. The master, chaplains, and brethren were to keep a good table, dress neatly, and provide themselves with proper necessaries and conveniences out of their annual revenues, and apply the remainder to the relief of the poor and the succour of helpless strangers. At the dissolution in Henry VIII.'s time, the hospital came, with the manor and vill, into the possession of the Collingwoods of Eslington; and the other estates fell into the hands of other lay impropriators, who profited as they had influence and opportunity by the new state of things the Reformation introduced.

The Benedictine nuns of Holystone had an hospital at Alwinton, near the confluence of the Coquet and the Alwine, but whether it was ever used as a lazar-house we cannot ascertain. There was likewise an hospital at Catchburn, in the parish of Morpeth, built under the influence and patronage of Roger Lord Merley, the second of that name. St. Leonard's Hospital, which stood on the hill above the village of Mitford, in an airy situation, was founded about the same time as that of St. Mary Magdalene in Newcastle, by Sir William Bertram, the first of the name, in whose favour the manor and castle of Mitford and its dependencies were erected into a barony. The Hospital of St. Mary Magdalene at Bamborough was licensed by King Edward II. in the year 1316, just before the outbreak of a grievous famine and mortality in Northumberland, during which we are told that "the quick could hardly bury the dead; there was a great corruption of cattle and grass; some people ate the flesh of their own children; and thieves in prison devoured those who were brought in, and greedily ate them half alive." It must have been about the same time that St. Leonard's Hospital, which stood a little to the west of Tynemouth, on the road to Newcastle, was founded for the reception of diseased persons, particularly lepers. Every vestige of this place has now disappeared, but the ruins are said to have existed down till about sixty years ago. The fishing village and bathing station of Spittal, in the parish of Tweedmouth, opposite Berwick, owes its name to an hospital for lepers and other sick persons, which was founded there, close to the sea shore, on the verge of what was then an extensive moor, by King Edward I. Another hospital stood on the north side of the Tweed, between the sea and the town of Berwick; it was dedicated, like most other establishments of the kind, to St. Mary Magdalene, and the fields in the midst of which it stood are still known as the Maudlin or Magdalene Fields. The township of Spittle, in the parish of Ovingham, undoubtedly owes its name to its having been the site of a lazar-house. Hexham Spital, which stood on an elevated site to the westward of the town, was founded for leprous persons by one of the Archbishops of York. The site is now occupied by a private mansion of the same name, the residence of Mr. Edward Leadbitter.

On the north side of the Tweed, leprosy was quite as common from the twelfth to the sixteenth century as it was in South Britain; and though in both parts of the island it chiefly affected the lower classes, yet occasionally it proved fatal to the very highest personages, King Robert Bruce, the hero of Bannockburn, having died of it in 1329. Confining ourselves to the county of Roxburgh, we find that there were five or six lazar-houses within little more than twenty miles of each other. Thus there was one at Roxburgh, which existed previous to 1140, and the master of which swore fealty to Edward I. in 1296. There was another at Rutherford, two or three miles off, dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene. At Ancrum, there was a third, probably constructed of wood, which was burned down by Sir Ralph Evers in 1544, and again by the Earl of Hertford in the following year. At Jedburgh, there was an hospital called the Maison Dieu, on the banks of the river Jed, the road that led down to which is still known as the Sick Man's Path. Finally, there was a lazar-house at Cavers-Douglas, on the south bank of the Teviot, between Jedburgh and Hawick, which was destroyed by the English in 1596, and appears not to have been re-built. The last case of leprosy known to have occurred in Scotland was met with in Edinburgh by Dr. Edmondson in 1809.

Turning to Cumberland and Westmoreland, we find that at Carlisle, without the gates of the city, at the south end of Botchergate, was the Hospital of St. Nicholas, which was founded in ancient times by one of the kings of England, for the reception of thirteen lepers, men and women. In 1180, a moiety of the tithes of Little Bampton was given to this hospital, by "Adam, son of Robert." In 1371, the Bishop of Carlisle, on being informed that it was being defrauded of a great part of its revenues, issued "a munition to all rectors and vicars in the neighbouring parts, requiring them to give notice to their parishioners that all detainers of threaves of corn or other goods belonging to the said hospital shall make full payment or restitution within the space of ten days, on pain of the greater excommunication." In 1477, both the hospital and its possessions were given to the prior and convent of St. Mary's, Carlisle, and they afterwards descended with the rest of the priory estates to the Dean and Chapter. At Wigton, Appleby, Kendal, and possibly other towns, hospitals or lazar-houses existed in monastic

times, all dedicated to St. Leonard, and all dissolved by King Henry VIII.

Sherburn Hospital.

The history of Sherburn Hospital (see p. 466), situated two miles to the south-east of Durham, dates from a very early period. It was founded in the year 1180 by that princely prelate, Hugh Pudsey, Bishop of Durham, who did so much to enrich the county palatine by building churches, castles, bridges, and hospitals, and granting charters to the burgesses in his diocese similar to those enjoyed by the burgesses of Newcastle. The object of its munificent founder was to establish a place of refuge and residence for persons afflicted with leprosy.

According to its original foundation, the number of persons, male and female, to be admitted to the hospital was sixty-five, and they were to be divided into five convents, and have their spiritual wants attended to by three priests and four clerks. A procurator, or master as he was afterwards called, was placed over them as guardian; and in order that the hospital might be properly maintained, the founder endowed it with his demesne or vill of Sherburn, with its mill and appurtenances, besides lands at Ebchester, Witton, Garmondsway, and Sheraton. The patronage of the churches of Kelloe, Grindon, Sockburn, and Bishopton were also assigned to it, either by the bishop himself or some other pious benefactor.

Each leper was to have a loaf, weighing ten marks, and a gallon of beer daily; three days in the week flesh meat, and four days fish, eggs, cheese, or butter. On great days two dishes were provided for each, particularly on Quadragesima Day, when they were allowed fresh salmon or other fish, if they could be had, for one of the dishes, while on Michaelmas Day they were to have geese,—a goose to every four. During Lent, each had a razer of wheat, to make furmenty, and two razers of beans to boil.

For their clothing, each had a yearly allowance of three yards of woollen cloth, russet or white, six yards of linen, and six yards of canvas; and the tailor had his meat and drink the day on which he came to cut out their clothes. Four fires were allowed for the whole community. From Michaelmas to All Saints they had two baskets of peat on double mess days, and four baskets daily from All Saints to Easter. On Christmas Eve, they had four yule logs, each a cart-load, with four trusses of straw; four trusses of straw on All Saints' Eve and Easter Eve; four bundles of rushes on the Eves of Pentecost, St. John the Baptist, and St. Mary Magdalene. And on the anniversary of Martin de Sancta Cruce, every leper received five shillings and fivepence in money.

The lepers had a common kitchen and a common cook; and the utensils for cooking, &c., were two brazen pots, a table, a large wooden vessel for washing or making wine, two ale vats, a laver, and two bathing vats. The sick had fire, a candle, and all necessaries until they either got well or died.

Thus things seemed to have gone on for many years, only interrupted by alarms from the side of Scotland (the place was once plundered and devastated by the Scots, but was rebuilt shortly afterwards); and the revenues of the hospital were augmented from time to time by bequests made to it by piously disposed persons. But, about the year 1410, Bishop Langley appointed a pluralist named Newton master of the hospital; and under his extravagant management the hospital estates were almost ruined, and the buildings and outhouses were suffered to go to decay. Newton being, as Allan, in his Collections, terms him, "a true chop church," who had chopped and changed six or eight churches in the single county of Essex, before he came down to the North to lay hold of two rich rectories, those of Houghton-le-Spring and Bishopwearmouth.

As leprosy had in the meantime become a disease of comparatively rare occurrence, it was deemed necessary to revise the constitution of the hospital. Consequently a faculty was obtained from the Pope by Bishop (then Cardinal) Langley, empowering him to make such alterations in the rules as he should deem proper, after taking the best advice in the matter. The new rules and orders he issued bear date the 22nd July, 1434, and their general purport was that the master should be in priest's orders, and that he should keep four chaplains, four clerks or singing men, and two boy chanters, with thirteen poor men, who were to be supplied with meat and drink of the value of tenpence weekly, and likewise to be allowed 6s. 8d. a year for fuel and clothes. The regulations likewise directed that, in remembrance of the original foundation, two lepers should be received into the hospital if they could be found, but they were to be kept apart from the rest of the brethren. The master was also to have the custody of the goods and buildings of the hospital—a trust which several of them, however, discharged very badly, so that in the year 1554 it was reported to the

authorities that there then was "neither poor man nor poor woman, neither yet priest nor clerk, nor child found of the house-charge, saving only two priests, two clerks, and two children," while the residue of the revenues, meant only to be poor men's livings, went together to the private use of the master.

In order to prevent "the utter destruction of the hospital for ever," an Act was passed, in the year 1589, for the incorporation of the charity, under the name of "The Master and Brethren of Christ's Hospital, in Sherburn, near Durham," with a perpetual succession and common seal. By this Act the number of brethren was increased to thirty, to be nominated, with one exception, in favour of the owners of Thornley, by the master, who was to be appointed by the bishop, having no cure or charges of souls elsewhere.

From the period of incorporation, till 1819, there had at no time been more than fifteen in-brethren, and sixteen out-brethren; but in that year Bishop Barrington ordered a new wing to be erected, containing fifteen apartments, for the out-brothers, so that the whole might be accommodated within the building. Those who, from having wives, could not comply with the rules of the resident brethren, were to receive £20 a year for life; but none were in future to be appointed who were not single or widowers.

It has been indicated that several of the masters who have presided over this magnificent charity fared sumptuously out of its funds. Previous to 1830, the demesne lands belonging to the hospital were let by the master alone at rack rent to yearly tenants, and he was wont to appropriate to his own use the residue of these rents, and also of the fines taken on the renewal of leases, after simply defraying the expenses of the establishment, according to the strict letter of the bond. It is stated that one of the masters, Dr. Bell, in the course of his twenty years' mastership, put into his pocket the sum of nearly thirty thousand pounds.

The appropriation of large sums of money in this way, and the increasing income which the estates yielded, led to an effort to extend the usefulness of the hospital. The course pursued was to invoke the aid of the Charity Commissioners on the one hand, and the interference of the Court of Chancery on the other; and after months of investigation in every direction, and careful inquiry of those cognisant of the hospital affairs, its future career was arranged in 1857 for the maintenance of fifteen indoor and fifteen outdoor brethren, with chaplain and medical officer.

The annual income of the charity is stated to be £5,500. The Rev. Henry Mitton, M.A., is the present master and chaplain, with £500 a year salary; and the staff under his charge consists of a surgeon, a receiver, a dispenser, a clerk, and a matron or nurse. The Dean of Durham, the Archdeacon of Durham, the Chancellor of the Diocese, the Mayor of Durham, and the Chairman of Quarter Sessions are Governors *ex officio*, and have associated with them in the control of the hospital estates several county gentlemen, appointed, from time to time, when vacancies occur, by the Court of Chancery.

Our view of the gateway is sketched from a photograph by Frith, while that of the hospital itself is copied from an engraving in Hutchinson's "History of Durham."

The Swallow and the Swift.

THE Chimney Swallow *(Hirundo rustica)* belongs to the *Hirundinidæ* family of birds. The *Hirundines* are distinguished by their small, delicately-formed body, broad breast, short neck, and flat head; their beak is short, flat, broad at its base, and terminates in a slight hook; the gape is so wide as to extend as far as the eyes. These birds have no crop; their broad, flat, horny tongue, sharp at its edge, is divided at its tip, and furnished with small, tooth-like appendages towards its base. The feet are broad and feeble, the toes, three of which are placed in front, are very weak, and the claws are slender. The wing is long, narrow, composed of nine quills, and sharply pointed at its extremity; the tail forked, containing twelve feathers, those at the exterior often far exceeding the centre ones in length. The plumage is composed of small compact feathers, and frequently exhibits considerable metallic lustre.

As Mr. John Hancock briefly notes, the swallow, a general favourite everywhere, is "a plentiful spring and autumn migrant, arriving in April and departing in September or October, a little earlier or later, according to the season." "The numbers," he adds, "of this delightful harbinger of returning summer, and its congeners, have of late years considerably decreased in our district (Northumberland and Durham), probably owing to the diminution of insects, consequent upon the vast increase of chemical and other manufactories." This falling-off has also been noticed in most of the manufacturing districts of the country.

The birds arrive in this country in flocks, mostly, it is believed, during the night, as few are seen to arrive; but in their southern flight the birds, old and young, often take their departure for sunnier climes in immense flocks during the day. The old birds, no doubt, show the way to the young. Sometimes, when cold weather prevails, the swallows, after their arrival, disappear, no doubt for more genial localities, though in some cases the birds are thought to re-migrate. It was once a popular belief—and that acute naturalist, Gilbert White, seemed to entertain a similar opinion—that many swallows hyber-

nated in the mud at the bottom of ponds during winter; but this figment has been long exploded.

Most schoolboys have read the story of the pair of swallows which were ousted from their nest by predatory sparrows, and which built up the hole of the nest, enclosing the intruders in a living tomb. Bishop Stanley, Mr. Jesse, and other naturalists, vouch for the truth of the story. Here is Bishop Stanley's version:—"A pair of swallows, no doubt those of the preceding year, on their arriving, found their old nest already occupied by a sparrow, who kept the poor birds at a distance by pecking at them with its strong beak whenever they attempted to dislodge it. Wearied and hopeless of regaining possession of their own property, they at last hit upon a plan which effectually prevented the intruder from reaping the reward of his roguery. One morning they appeared with a few more swallows, their mouths distended with a supply of tempered clay, and, by joint labour, in a short time actually plastered up the entire hole, thus punishing the sparrow with imprisonment and death by starvation. This instance of apparent reasoning occurred at a rectory-house in Lancashire; and a similar story is on record, near London, of a pair of swallows calling in the assistance of their neighbours for the very same purpose."

The swallows love to build in disused chimneys, and in barns and out-houses, where the nest, not so compact and well finished as that of the house martin, may often be seen attached to or under beams and rafters.

The male swallow is an extremely handsome bird, and the wings, expanding to a width of one foot two inches, are long and pointed. The tail is much forked, the outer feather on each side, about five inches in length, being as long again as the others, and nearly black, shot with bronze. The head, neck, and upper part are brownish black, with steel blue reflections, only seen in certain lights. The forehead and throat are chestnut, and there is a tinge of the same on the delicate white of the under-parts of the body. The legs are very short, the toes slender, and reddish grey. The female resembles the male, but is scarcely so lustrous in her plumage.

The Swift (*Cypselus murarius*) is one of the largest members of the swallow family which visit this country, but, except in favourable localities, where nesting accommodation and food are plentiful, it is not numerous. It is seldom seen in or near large manufacturing towns, as

smoke, no doubt, renders insect food less plentiful than in country districts where the air is purer. The swifts are usually later in arriving in this country than the swallows, and they depart earlier for southern climes. Like the cuckoo, the swift has "no winter in its year"; neither can it be said to have "sorrow in its song," as its note is merely a wild and defiant or jubilant shriek.

This bird has quite a variety of scientific and common names. It is the *Hirundo apus* of Linnæus, Pennant, and Montagu—*apus* being derived from *apous*, "without a foot," as it was long a belief that the swift, which was so seldom noticed to rest on the ground, was without feet. Amongst other popular names, the swift is called the swift swallow, black martin, screech, screech martin, screamer, squealer, &c., and the ancient British name of the bird is martin du—the black martin.

Mr. John Hancock, writing of the swift a few years since, related the following most interesting particulars:—"This fine species nested, thirty or forty years ago, in the old houses in the Castle Garth in the midst of Newcastle; like his relatives, the swallow and martin, it is now rarely seen in Newcastle. It also built at Lumley Castle, on the Wear, and being anxious to obtain its eggs, I watched an individual enter a hole in the parapet several times, and was astonished, on ascending the building and capturing the bird, as I supposed in its nest, to find that this contained only sparrow's eggs. 'The shortness of the tarsi and great length of wings render the swift unable to rise from an even surface.' So it is stated in 'Selby's Illustrations of British Ornithology.' Impressed with this idea, I laid my Lumley captive on the floor of the room where I was; it appeared quite helpless, and rolled from side to side when touched; becoming emboldened, I took it out of doors and placed it on the garden walk, and in a moment it took wing, and went off as only a swift can. This happened many years ago. I had, however, a recent demonstration of the same fact. The spring of 1873 was very cold, and a swift, becoming apparently benumbed, entered an open window of the Newcastle Infirmary. After the bird had somewhat recovered, I had an opportunity of handling it, and of again trying my old experiment. The swift was laid on the floor of the apartment, and in an instant it took flight and flew against the window, but not with sufficient force to injure itself." Thus Mr. Hancock successfully confutes the fallacy that the swift cannot rise from the ground.

The nest of the swift, placed in holes of high walls and other inaccessible places, is loosely formed of straw, grass, hair, feathers, and other materials, agglutinised together. The birds dexterously pick up nesting materials while on the wing—a fact which may account for the ancient popular error that the birds have no legs. The rapidity of the flight of the bird is astonishing. It has been estimated that wild ducks fly at the rate of ninety miles an hour, swallows rather more; but the swift, in its migrations, is said to attain a speed of about 200 miles an hour. If this be true, the birds will arrive in tropical Africa a few hours after leaving our shores, premising they do not encounter a strong and sudden head-wind.

The male swift weighs nearly one ounce, and is from seven to eight inches in length; bill, very short and black; iris, dark brown; head very broad. The whole plumage, which is dense and close set, with the exception of a small patch of greyish white under the chin, is blackish brown, with a tinge of green, light yellow, and purple. Taking the size of the bird into consideration, the wings are of extraordinary length, expanding to a width of eighteen inches.

Christopher North at Elleray.

JOHN WILSON, perhaps better known as "Christopher North," was born on May 18th, 1785, in a somewhat gloomy house in a dingy court at the head of High Street, Paisley, Scotland, which house was afterwards used as a lecture-room for artisans, and is still preserved as classic ground, under the name of "Wilson's Hall." His father was a wealthy man, having realised his fortune in trade as a gauze manufacturer. The early education of John Wilson was imparted under the fostering care of the Rev. George M'Latchie, of Mearns. On the death of his father, young Wilson was sent to Glasgow University, and entered as a student in the Latin class for the session 1797-98, attending other classes in due course down to 1803. Whilst engaged in his studies at that seat of learning, his attention was attracted by the "Lyrical Ballads" of William Wordsworth. Young Wilson was amongst the most enthusiastic admirers of Wordsworth's poetry, and he conveyed his sentiments in a lengthy letter (it occupies nine pages of the biography written by Wilson's daughter, Mrs. Gordon), assuring the author of the pleasure he had derived from a perusal of his poems, and expressing the delight he would experience on receiving a letter from him. To this letter Wordsworth replied, and thus commenced a connection which was, in after years, to blossom into friendship, and endure as long as life lasted.

In June, 1803, we find young Wilson entered as a gentleman-commoner of Magdalen College, Oxford. His biographer thus refers to him at this period: "Full of life and enthusiasm, tall, strong, and graceful, quick-witted, well-read, and eloquent, of open heart and open hand, apt for all things honourable and manly, a more splendid youth of nineteen had seldom entered the 'bell-chiming and cloistered haunts of Rhedicyna.'" In addition to this, he had almost a passion for athletic sports, and possessed a fortune of £50,000. His life at Oxford was extraordinary, his tastes and sympathies being all-embracing. Everything was fish that came to his net. At one time he was discussing the merits of boxing with prize-fighters; at another time engaged in profound study with classical veterans and professors of philosophy. He had no equal in the hunting field, or in breakneck races. Swimming, wrestling, leaping, walking, dancing, riding, as no one else did at Oxford, it might have been thought that he was not a reading man. But he was, though. One of his contemporaries refers to Wilson's life at Oxford, as follows:—

Wilson read hard, lived hard, but never ran into vulgar or vicious dissipation. He talked well, and loved to talk. Such gushes of poetic eloquence as fell from his lips,—I doubt whether Jeremy Taylor himself, could he speak as

well as he wrote, could have kept up with him. Every one anticipated his doing well, whatever profession he might adopt, and when he left us old Oxford seemed as if a shadow had fallen upon its beauty.

In 1805, Wilson, who was suffering from nervousness and deep gloom engendered by an unhappy love affair which had been nipped in the bud by an ever-watchful mother, sought solace in travel. At first he thought of a journey to Timbuctoo with Mungo Park, but eventually decided upon a tour in the North of England and in Ireland. In a letter afterwards written to a friend, he says that his expedition was prolific in adventure and scrape, and made him acquainted with strange bedfellows, from which it may be concluded that he indulged his reckless mood to its fullest extent, probably in the hope of self-forgetfulness. In that letter he says: "I have bought some ground at Windermere Lake, but whether in future years I may live there, I know not." He did subsequently decide to take up his residence at Elleray. There was no suitable dwelling-house on the estate. The rustic cottage that he found there was adapted by him as a residence. It was built of common stone; French windows opened to the ground; and the whole was adorned with jessamine, clematis, and honeysuckle. The principal part of the dwelling was entered through a trellised entrance covered with wild roses. The cottage was protected by a fine old sycamore that spread its branches over the roof. Wilson often spoke of this noble tree. "Never in this well-wooded world," he soliloquized, "not even in the days of the Druids, could there have been such another tree! It would be easier to suppose two Shakspeares. Yet I have heard people say it is far from being a large tree. A small one it cannot be, with a house in its shadow—an unawakened house that looks as if it were dreaming. True, 'tis but a cottage, a Westmoreland cottage. But, then, it has several roofs shelving away there in the lustre of loveliest lichens; each roof with its own assortment of doves and pigeons preening their pinions in the morning pleasance. Oh, sweetest and shadiest of all sycamores, we love thee beyond all other trees!"

The little cottage nestled beneath the shelter of a well-wooded hill, that imparted an aspect of retirement to its situation. A comprehensive view of Windermere could be gained from the windows, the Langdales Pikes riveting the eye by their distinctive configuration.

About this time the poets of the Lake School were in their glory. Among the *genii loci* were Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, De Quincey, Bishop Watson, and Charles Lloyd. Wilson soon came to be on intimate terms with these worthies. He was introduced to De Quincey by Wordsworth, when the latter was residing at Allan Bank, near Grasmere. Here is the Opium Eater's account of the interview:—

At the time I speak of, both Mr. Coleridge and myself were on a visit to Mr. Wordsworth; and one room on the ground floor, designed for a breakfasting-room, which commands a sublime view of the three mountains—Fairfield, Arthur's Chair, and Seat Sandal (the first of them within about 400 feet of the highest mountains in Great Britain)—was then occupied by Mr. Coleridge as a study. On this particular day, the sun having only just set, it naturally happened that Mr. Coleridge—whose nightly vigils were long—had not yet come down to breakfast; meantime, and until the epoch of the Coleridgian breakfast should arrive, his study was lawfully disposed to profaner uses. Here, therefore, it was that, opening the door hastily in quest of a book, I found seated, and in earnest conversation, two gentlemen, one of them my host. Mr. Wordsworth was at that time about thirty-seven or thirty-eight years old; the other was a younger man by good sixteen or seventeen years, in a sailor's dress, manifestly in robust health, *fervidæ juventæ*, and wearing upon his countenance a powerful expression of ardour and animated intelligence, mixed with much good nature. "Mr. Wilson, of Elleray"—delivered as the formula of introduction, in the deep tones of Mr. Wordsworth—at once banished the momentary surprise I felt on finding an unknown stranger where I had expected nobody, and substituted a surprise of another kind; I now well understand who it was that I saw; and there was no wonder in his being at Allan Bank, Elleray standing within nine miles; but (as usually happens in such cases) I felt a shock of surprise on seeing a person so little corresponding to the one I had half unconsciously prefigured. Figure to yourself, then, a tall man, about six feet high, within half an inch or so, built with tolerable appearance of strength; but at the date of my description (that is in the very springtide and blossom of youth), wearing for the predominant character of his person, lightness and agility, or, in our Westmoreland phrase, *lithness*, he seemed framed with an express view to gymnastic exercises of every sort.

Wilson's superabundant energy speedily manifested itself at Elleray. Of his many amusements, boating was

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JOHN WILSON: "CHRISTOPHER NORTH."

one of the principal. This favourite, though occasionally fatal, diversion on Windermere became, in course of time, quite a passion with him; for he maintained at his own expense a small fleet that must have been a serious drain upon his finances. Many daring escapades are related of Wilson upon the lake in company with his faithful boatman, Billy Balmer. Next to his boats in point of favour came his game-cocks. It is on record that a main of cocks was once fought in the drawing-room at Elleray, before the flooring was laid down. Wrestling was another pet diversion of his. Though he never appeared in the ring, he steadily patronised this amusement, astounding the competitors at the sports by the superior quality of the prizes he offered. Yet he did not decline to engage in a tussle with a worthy opponent when a favourable opportunity presented itself.

The writer of this article, when in Wastdale in the month of June last, had an interview with a well-known Cumberland statesman, old Will Ritson, who, in his youth, was an adept at wrestling and had the honour of a throw with Wilson. Ritson is a perfect budget of anecdotes of the celebrated men who have visited Wastdale. He had acted as guide to Wordsworth, De Quincey, Wilson, Professor Sedgwick, and many other famous visitors. Wordsworth, he said, was a very quiet man, who seldom spoke to anyone; but he entertains the highest opinions of Wilson, whom he describes as "a grand 'un, who banged 'em all for fun." The pair had once a great and memorable encounter. It was during a hot day in summer that Wilson arrived in Wastdale. He had heard that there were many tough customers in that part of the Lake District, and inquired if anyone was likely to give him a throw. He was referred to Ritson. Wilson sought him out. But Ritson was then engaged in his daily employment, but promised to meet him on the village green in the evening. Accordingly, they met and prepared for a tussle. Ritson speaks of Wilson at that time as a mighty powerful man, much older than himself, and seeming to possess the strength and agility of a lion. But mere power of limb is not all that is required of a wrestler. And this Wilson soon discovered when he tackled a lad who had practised the art from childhood. Wilson was thrown twice out of three throws, but, as Ritson says, "he was a varry bad 'un to lick." In other games of skill, such as jumping, Wilson was much the superior man.

Ritson had many opportunities of judging Wilson's powers. Thus he tells how he indulged in the freak of tumbling out of a boat into Wastwater, much to the amazement and consternation of his companions, who, when they had, as they thought, rescued him, found him very difficult to hold, as he slipped into the lake as quickly as they got him out. This was one of his pranks. Indeed, during the whole of the time he stayed at Wastdale, Wilson indulged his bent for practical joking to the fullest extent. He drank heartily, he quizzed the parson, and he sang songs. "Ye sud 'a heard him sing," says Old Will, "for he had a main strang voice—he was the grandest singer as ivvor heard."

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CHRISTOPHER NORTH'S COTTAGE AT ELLERAY.

Wilson was a great favourite with everybody in Wastdale, and reference to his exploits never fails to kindle the enthusiasm of Will Ritson, who, though now over eighty years of age, is always glad to "hev a crack about the old times" with anyone who calls upon him at his cottage beneath the shadow of Buckbarrow at the foot of the lake; for it must be explained that he has removed from the hamlet at Wastdale Head where he dwelt for the greater portion of his life.

It was in 1811 that John Wilson married. The object of his affection was Miss Jane Penny, the belle of the Lake District, a lady of rare beauty, gentle, loving, and true. He did not make the usual wedding tour, but took his bride to his flower-embowered cottage. It might have reasonably been supposed that nothing could occur to spoil or mar their wedded happiness; but a calamity was in store for poor Wilson which, on that bright and happy morn when he made Jane Penny his wife, he never contemplated. For a time all was perfect peace and happiness; Wilson's means were ample for his personal wants and the requirements of his household. The union was blessed with lovely children, and the future prospect was hopeful. But a darkening cloud was to come over the horizon and leave its effect upon Wilson for the rest of his life. This was after four years of wedded bliss. By one foul blow he was deprived of his entire fortune, and rendered in word, if not in deed, penniless. This was brought about by an uncle who had acted the part of the "unjust steward." It became necessary that Wilson should leave Elleray. He bore his troubles bravely, sorrowing, but not repining, and, like the hero that he was, generously assisted in contributing to the support of his relative, who had been dragged down in the same vortex of ruin. So ended Christopher North's life at Elleray.

When Wilson gave up the estate at Elleray, he went with his wife and family to live in Edinburgh with his mother. Four years later, he had won a measurable degree of success, and was enabled to provide a home of his own. He studied for the law, was admitted, and for some time frequented the law courts on the look-out for business. But he was not destined to be a lawyer. William Blackwood, the publisher, engaged him to write for the *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine*, and later for *Blackwood's Magazine*. He was appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh in 1820, and held that office for more than thirty years. But as his life at Edinburgh forms no part of the scheme of this article, we may conclude by stating that he died on April 3, 1854.

Notes and Commentaries.

THE BELL TOWER AT MORPETH.

The following extract from Wilson's "Handbook of Morpeth and Neighbourhood" relates to the bell tower mentioned in the account of Morpeth on page 166 of the *Monthly Chronicle*:—"In Oldgate Street, adjoining the Market Place, is a stone tower, containing an ancient clock and a capital peal of bells, which, in consequence of the church being at some distance from the town, are used for the ordinary parochial purposes. [A turriolum is mentioned in a deed printed under date of 1310, and a turrellus in 1343; and, in a plan of 1603, a considerable tower is drawn on the south side of Bridge Street, on the site of the old gaol.] There are six bells, which, according to an inscription upon one of them, were the gift of Major-General Edmond Main to the Corporation of Morpeth. The general was M.P. for Morpeth in 1705. The tower goes by the name of the Clock House, from its containing a large old-fashioned clock. There is, says Hodgson, a tradition that the clock was brought from Bothal Castle, and that it is a very old one. The lowest floor of the tower was a sort of prison or correction-house of the town, to which the bailiffs continued to commit offenders against the law till after 1800. In the records of the Corporation the following interesting instance is given of the mode of punishment in vogue at the period quoted:—'On the 10th of June, 1743, Mary Clarke, sister of Sir William Brown, taken in the publick markitt place for picking the pockets of Jane Holmes of a geanney and a half, was brought before Mr. W. Cooper and Mr. Thomas Weatherhead, the then present bailiffs; the fact being proved against her by evidence upon oath, he committed her to the Clock House and whipted her sevearly all next day.'"

ERNEST WELLS, Newcastle.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne, one of the leading poets of the day, is the son of Admiral Charles Henry Swinburne and his wife, Lady Jane Henrietta, daughter of George, third Earl of Ashburnham. Admiral Swinburne, who died in 1877, was the second son of Sir John Edward Swinburne, of Capheaton, Northumberland. Mr. Swinburne is, therefore, the cousin of Sir John Swinburne, the present owner of Capheaton. Born in Pimlico in 1837, Mr. Swinburne in 1857 entered as a Commoner at Baliol College, Oxford. Though a distinguished student, he left the University without taking a degree. He was one of a small band, all the members of which have since become more or less distinguished, who wrote the "Undergraduate Papers." Soon after he left the University, he visited Florence, and spent some time with the late Walter Savage Landor. Mr. Swinburne's initial literary efforts, two plays entitled

"The Queen Mother" and "Rosamond," published in 1860, attracted but little attention. They were immature, but it was admitted that they exhibited unmistakable genius. Much more important was "Atalanta in Calydon," published in 1865. This was allowed to be one of the most finished works of its class. "Chastelard, a Tragedy," followed in 1866. The same year saw the publication of a volume of "Poems and Ballads," composed of pieces many of which had long been written. The work was severely criticised, and a wordy warfare followed. The writer was called prurient, indecent, and so forth. The publisher withdrew the work from circulation; it was, however, speedily re-issued by another publisher. The poet retorted upon his accusers in a scathing pamphlet, entitled "Notes on Poems and Reviews." Since then Mr. Swinburne has made many valuable additions to English literature. Besides essays on Victor Hugo, George Chapman, and William Blake, he has issued a work on Charlotte Brontë and several volumes of poems. Mr. Swinburne possesses the rare faculty of being able to write in French as fluently and correctly as in English, some of his compositions in that tongue having won the warmest praise from distinguished French critics. E. B., Hexham.

AN ANCIENT DOORWAY.

Visitors to the Mowbray Park, Sunderland, have often inquired about the history of the fine old doorway which is built into the mouth of a cave under Boylden Hill. This interesting relic of antiquity once formed the south entrance to Bishopwearmouth Rectory courtyard.

In 1856, the Rectory Park passed into the hands of a building company, of which Mr. Rounthwaite, the father of the present Borough Engineer of Sunderland, was managing partner. When the old doorway was taken down (by the way, it had originally much higher side jambs), Mr. Anthony Wardropper induced Mr. Rounthwaite to present it to the town as a memento of the old Rectory. And thus the doorway has been preserved. It is utilised as the entrance to a gardeners' tool-house dug out of the solid rock of Boylden Hill. J. G. B.

STARLINGS AT ALSTON.

The first recorded starling seen in the neighbourhood was caught in a room at Allenheads, about 50 years ago. It had come down the chimney. It was taken to the late Mr. Crawhall, who was then resident there. He identified the bird, and I believe had it preserved. Probably it is now in the possession of one of his family. In Alston itself the starling first appeared in the year 1833 or 1834, when a pair built under the roof of a house situate at the foot of the town and facing up the street. Since then they have yearly increased in numbers, and are now very numerous, although not so numerous this year, I think, as usual. They seem to build year after year in the same nesting-places, and are not disturbed by repairs to buildings where they have once located themselves. J. D. Y., The Raise, Alston.

THE PETTING STONE AT HOLY ISLAND.

A beautiful cross of stone, twelve feet high, stands in a square which was once the Market Place of Holy Island. The cross, which was rebuilt by H. C. Selby in 1820, according to the designs of Mr. John Dobson, of Newcastle, stands on the pedestal of St. Cuthbert's Cross, erected by Bishop Æthelwold. The ancient socket was called the "Petting Stone," and newly married people were formerly made to leap over it for luck, a marriage being said to prove unfortunate if the bride were unable to stride across it. So, at any rate, says Mr. W. W. Tomlinson in his "Comprehensive Guide to Northumberland." E. R. Nesrs, Newcastle.

BARNUM IN NEWCASTLE.

Phineas T. Barnum, the celebrated showman, visited England in 1858, when he lectured in all the principal towns on the "Art of Money Making." The *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* published a whole page advertisement of six columns, announcing the visit to Newcastle, together with a synopsis of the lecture to be given in the New Town Hall on April 4th and 5th, 1859. The following is a copy of the report of the first lecture given in the *Daily Chronicle* for April 5th:—"Everybody who went to hear Mr. Barnum was, we believe, agreeably disappointed. A more entertaining and ingenious oration—for he speaks without notes—we have rarely heard. The new jokes were good, and the old were so spiced and peppered that their relish was fresh. The American reminded us of the late Alexis Soyer, who served up a dish of the stalest scraps to make a delicious dish; but the cleverness with which a distinction was drawn between humbug and deceit was 'a thing to be heard.' Mr. Barnum devoted the first part of his address to the

art of making money, and the advice on the whole was such as would not have been expected from the Apostle of Humbug. Punctuality, perseverance, strict accuracy in accounts, and economy, were described as the essentials of success. In the second part the nature and uses of humbug were illustrated by a set of large diagrams, many of which were loudly applauded, and lastly by a sort of biographical history of the speaker and the celebrated American Museum. The whole concluded with the exhibition of the Feejee mermaid, who, while hideous, is a curiosity worth seeing."

CHAS. WM. F. GOSS, Jesmond.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

TOE OR TOAD.

A miner who was working in a very low seam, with his feet in water, and who was obliged to hew out his coal in a lying posture, saw with some surprise what he conceived to be a toad leaping near his feet every time he made his stroke. Wondering what could bring the animal there, he exclaimed, "Aa'll palm thy gob for thoo if thoo lowps there onny langor!" After making another stroke with the same effect, he levelled a sudden blow with his pick at the supposed toad, when, with acute pain, he grasped his foot, and ejaculated, "Me aa'n toe, bekrike!"

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

The Mayor of a local borough, on being elected to the office for the second year in succession, was thus congratulated by a tradesman of his acquaintance:—"Aa'm varry sorry they've had te giv ye the trouble te stand anuthor year. A far warse man wad hae dyun, if they could hae fund him!"

INGRAITTUDE.

Discussing the conduct of a man who had done a shabby and dishonest action involving ingratitude to a benefactor, a workman said to the narrator of the story:—"An' wasn't he 'shem'd of hissel?" To which the reply was:—"'Shem'd of hissel! Wey, man, it wad tyek a mustord plaistor te bring a blush tiv his cheeks!"

A SINGING COMPETITION.

Two local vocalists had been engaged singing songs against each other for a prize, and anxiously awaited the referee's decision. Turning to one of the competitors, that official said:—"Yor the warst singor ivvor aa hord i' ma life." "Hooray, hooray," shouted the other, thinking he had won. "Nay, ye needent craw," said the referee, "for, as for ye, ye cannet sing at aall!"

A PITMAN'S ETIQUETTE.

A pitman, having been invited to dine with a friend who had risen in the world, was desirous of exhibiting his best manners. He attacked a plate of roast mutton, and, having finished it, gathered up all the bones and "overmatter," and dexterously threw them into the fire. "Oh," said his friend, "thor's ne occasion te tyek aall that trouble; put it on the side o' yor plate." "It's no trouble at aall," was the reply; "aa cud throa twice as far!"

THE GLASS OF WATER.

A country girl who had been at service in a public-house got a situation in a gentleman's family. The lady of the house called for a glass of water, which the new acquisition brought in her hand. "Don't you know that you ought to put the glass on a tray when you hand it to anybody?" said the lady. "Yes, mum," replied Sarah, "aa wes elwis used te that mesel; but aa didn't knaa that ye wor used te't tee!"

RIVER IMPROVEMENTS.

"Greet improvements i' the Tyne, sor," remarked old Bob Cranky to a gentleman on board a Tyne General Ferry Company's steamboat going down the river; "varry different te what it wes when aa wes a lad. Aa remembor when ma muthor used to tyek us doon te Tynmooth for the day, she elwis carried an umberell wiv hor, and put it up to keep the sand oot iv her eyes that the steamboat wheels raised oot o' the bed o' the river if it wes owt like laa tide!"

THE RED NOSE.

Scene: Board School during an examination, with a crowd of parents and friends present. A member of the Board, who has a fiery nose, and is of great self-importance, has volunteered to catechise. "What is a bouquet?" Boy: "A bunch of flowers." S. B. member, benignly: "Right. What then are nosegays?" Boy, with special meaning: "Brandy blossoms, sor!"

A PATRIOTIC TYNESIDER.

A Tynesider was present at a theatre in Pittsburg, United States, the play being "The Battle of Bunker's Hill." He was an interested spectator until he saw the English begin to run away. He could not stand this: so, rising to his feet, he shouted out in a stentorian voice:—"Haad on there! haad on there! Ye've the reed jackets on the wrang men!"

RURAL CRITICISM.

A young artist was sketching near Winlaton Mill, when a considerable number of the natives gathered around him. One of them undertook to explain the progress of the picture. "Aye, aye," he said, "thor's yor tiles, Jimmy; them's yor hens, Geordy; that's yor house, Bessy; this is ma dunghill; and, begox, thor is aad' Jenny's hoose. Noo, when she comes te the door, watch the pentor strike her doon wi' yen stroke o' the brush!"

THE CHEP THAT BOWLED THE PLATES.

Among the exhibits at the Jubilee Exhibition in Newcastle was a model of an iron river steamer which had been built in a neighbouring shipyard. On one occasion a visitor to the exhibition, who was standing

in the vicinity of the model, had his attention drawn to a sturdy-looking little fellow, apparently a workman, who was examining the object with an air of intense interest. Visitor number one approached the model and paused. Turning to him with great earnestness, the little man said, "Mistor, can thoo read?" On receiving an answer in the affirmative, the inquirer continued, "As wish thoo'd read what's written on this caird?" The request was complied with. The description of the steamer was recited in distinct tones. "Is that aall?" asked the querist, with a lugubrious air. That was all. "Nowt else?" Nothing else. "Is thor nowt aboot the chep that rowled the plates?" On being assured that the name and achievements of that individual had been omitted from the legend, the little fellow exclaimed in angry earnest: "Wey, mistor, aa's the chep that rowled the plates, and they hennot put ma nyem on the caird at aall!"

North-Country Obituaries.

Mr. R. H. Wilson, a well-known Northumbrian agriculturist, and a descendant of a family which has for generations held tenancies on the Duke of Northumberland's estates, died at Hermitage Farm, Warkworth, on the 11th of August.

On the 12th of August, there died at North Seaton Colliery, where he had resided for several years, Mr. James Barrass, a prominent member of the Primitive Methodist community.

On the 12th of August, the Rev. Lewis Paige, rector of Whitfield, Northampton, died at the advanced age of 87. About half a century ago, the deceased gentleman occupied the position of chaplain of the Borough Gaol of Newcastle; and in that capacity it was his painful duty, in 1844, to accompany in the cart Mark Sherwood, the last convict hanged for murder on the Town Moor. About the year 1847, Mr. Paige also officiated as evening lecturer at St. Andrew's Church, in the same town; and in 1852 he became perpetual curate of Holy Trinity, Hartlepool, which in 1867 he exchanged for the living at Whitfield.

Mr. William Fallows, "father of Middlesbrough," died at his residence, South Field Villas, in that town, on the 14th of August, passing quietly away in sleep. Born at the picturesque little village of Sleights, near Whitby, on the 10th of December, 1797, the deceased gentleman was approaching the advanced age of 92 years. (See page 111.)

On the 16th of August, Mr. Andrew Moir died somewhat suddenly at Derwent Place, Shotley Bridge. The deceased, who was a native of Durham City, entered the service of the original Consett Iron Company, and worked under the Consett Iron Company, Limited, having acted as foreman blacksmith for nearly forty years. He was a pioneer of the co-operative movement, having been one of the founders of the stores at Consett. Mr. Moir was 53 years of age.

The death was announced on the 17th of August of Mr. Edward Hutchinson, of Lemington, for many years manager of Messrs. Joicey's engineering works, and afterwards second manager at Grange Ironworks.

Lady Marjoribanks, widow of Lord Marjoribanks (formerly Mr. David Robertson), and eldest daughter of the late Sir Thomas Haggerston, Bart., of Ellingham, Northumberland, died at Ripley Castle, Yorkshire, on the 19th of August.

Mrs. Miekle, widow of Mr. William Miekle, for many years a prominent freeman in Newcastle, and chairman of the Stewards of the Incorporated Companies, died in that city on the 18th of August. The deceased lady, who had survived her husband upwards of twenty years, was 80 years of age.

Intelligence was received on the 19th of August, from Adelaide, South Australia, of the death of the Rev. R. Carr, Primitive Methodist minister, and a native of Whittonstall, near Stocksfield, Northumberland.

On the same day, feeling reference was made at Tynemouth Petty Sessions to the death, since the last sitting of the court, of Mr. Henry Bell, who had for many years occupied the chair of that Bench.

The Rev. Samuel Beal, D.C.L., Professor of Chinese in the London University, and rector of Falstone, Northumberland, 1877-80, and rector of Wark-on-Tyne, in the same county, 1880-88, died, in his sixty-third year, on the 20th of August.

Mr. Jonathan Priestly, an old Sunderland standard, expired very suddenly at his residence, Ryhope Village, on the 21st of August. The deceased was one of the pioneers of the temperance movement in the North of England.

On the 23rd of August, Mr. John Jobson, surgeon, of Bishop Auckland, who held a prominent position in all public matters, died somewhat unexpectedly in that town, in the eightieth year of his age. The deceased gentleman was a nephew of the late Dr. Frost, of Newcastle, under whom he served his preliminaries, and made a name for himself during the cholera epidemic in Newcastle and Gateshead in 1831.

Dr. Tennant, who for upwards of thirty years had practised as a surgeon at Newbottle, and who took an active part in all social and philanthropic movements in the district, died in that village on the 24th of August.

Mr. Thomas Mullen, secretary to the Cleator Moor Co-operative Society, died at his residence there on the 26th of August, at the age of 34 years. Mr. Mullen, who was a native of Newcastle-on-Tyne, received the appointment of secretary to the above society about five years ago, and by his patient and genial manner won many friends among the members of the society and the general public. The remains of the deceased were conveyed to Newcastle on the 29th, and the interment took place at Jesmond Cemetery the same day.

Mr. John Richley, one of the oldest inhabitants of Spennymoor, died there, at the age of 76, on the 28th of August.

On the 30th of August, Mr. Marmaduke Watson Proudlock, manager of the Teesside Iron and Engine Works, Limited, Middlesbrough, died in that town, in the 50th year of his age.

On the 31st of August, the day after his 79th birthday, died Mr. Edward Fenwick Boyd, of Moor House, Leamside. The deceased gentleman was the third son of the late Mr. William Boyd, banker, of Newcastle, a member of the old firm of Sir Matthew White Ridley and Co., and was educated at Witton-le-Wear, whence he pro-

ceeded to Edinburgh University. The profession which he adopted was that of mining engineer, and for many years he held the position of mineral agent for the Dean and Chapter of Durham, the same duties being afterwards discharged by him under the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. Mr. Boyd was one of the original founders of the North of England Institute of Mining and Mechanical Engineers; and it was largely in consequence of his exertions that the College of Physical Science in Newcastle was established and affiliated to the University of Durham. The deceased was also well known as an artist, having been one of the pupils of the elder T. M. Richardson.

The death was announced on the 31st of August, of Mr. T. Stephenson, of Ferryhill, who, in June last, celebrated his jubilee as a servant of the North-Eastern Railway Company, whose employment he entered in 1838. The deceased was 74 years of age.

Mr. J. T. Abbott, who for a long period was in business as a chemist at Darlington, and who was well-known as a local antiquary, died very suddenly on the 3rd of September. Mr. Abbott, who was about 67 years of age, showed great knowledge of heraldry, and designed the seal for the North-Eastern County School at Barnard Castle.

Lieutenant Gilbert Elliott Harrison, R.N., son of the Rev. W. G. Harrison, rector of Easington, died at his father's residence on the 3rd of September. His most important service was as lieutenant-commander of the Bramble, six guns, screw-boat of the first class.

Mrs. Preston, wife of Mr. Alderman Preston, of the Grange, Sunderland, died on the 6th of September, at the age of 53.

Record of Events.

AUGUST.

8.—A horse was killed and several persons were severely injured by being stung by bees which had escaped from a hive at Dipton, in the county of Durham.

10.—A girl named Mary Isabella Chicken, belonging to Backworth, was drowned by the upsetting of a pleasure-boat on the Tyne at Hexham.

11.—The Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker, of the City Temple, London, a native of Hexham, preached in West Clayton Street Congregational Church, Newcastle, at the morning service.

12.—The new No. 3 gateway of the Hudson Dock North, at Sunderland, was opened by Mr. James Laing, chairman of the Wear Commissioners; and the large new steamer Mombassa, built by Mr. Laing at the Deptford yard for the British India Company, passed through the gateway into the dock.

—The Committee of Visitation of Lloyd's Registry of Shipping arrived in Newcastle from the Tees, and in the course of this and following days made a general inspection of shipbuilding yards on the Tyne. The committee also visited the river Wear.

—Steps were taken for the formation of a new society, under the title of the Newcastle-upon-Tyne Equitable and Industrial Co-operative Association, Limited.

13.—Mr. Robert Reid, station-master at the Central Station, Newcastle, was presented by the railway servants with an illuminated address on the attainment of his sixtieth birthday, and the fortieth year of his service under the North-Eastern Railway Company. On behalf of his wife, he was also presented with a valuable silver salver.

—Janet Dodds, a young woman, employed as a farm servant, committed suicide by drowning in the river at Corbridge.

14.—A young man named John Graham, manager for Mr. D. M. Ward, boot and shoemaker, King Street, South Shields, was drowned while bathing in the sea at that town.

—At a meeting of the Jarrow Town Council, a letter was read from Lady Northbourne announcing her intention of presenting to the town as a free gift the ground necessary for the extension of the Recreation Ground.

—It was officially intimated that his Honour, Judge Holl, had been transferred from the County Court of Northumberland (Newcastle-upon-Tyne, &c.) to the County Court of Berkshire, &c., and that Mr. Digby Seymour, Q.C., had been appointed to the County Court of Northumberland. Mr. Holl concluded his duties in Newcastle on the 30th of August.

15.—It was announced that an advance of wages had been conceded to the limestone quarrymen of Weardale and Fawcett.

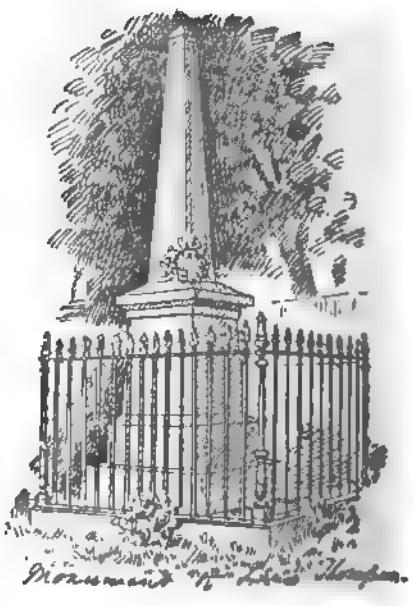
—The Cowen Challenge Cup, in connection with cycling, won by Mr. W. Illston, of Birmingham, was formally presented at the Crown Hotel, Clayton Street, Newcastle.

—A conference of delegates representing the National Association of Blastfurnacemen was held on this and the following day at Middlesbrough.

16.—A new school-room, added to the Grammar School of Morpeth, was opened amid considerable rejoicings.

17.—It was stated that the new way to the Quayside of Newcastle, from Gibson Street and the New Road, *viâ* Wood's Lane (formerly Wood's Entry), had been completed, and was now open to the public.

—The ceremony of placing a wreath of flowers on the grave of the late Mr. Thomas Thompson was performed



in the Cemetery, Jesmond. As stated on page 286 of the present volume, the late Mr. Lewis Thompson left £15,000 as a poor's rate gift to Byker township, on condition that the Guardians should deposit, once a year, a memorial garland of the value of not less than two shillings upon the tombstone of the late Mr. Thomas Thompson, of Byker, his father. The wreath, which was composed of beautiful white flowers, was borne from the gateway of the cemetery by Mr. Scott, one of the Byker Guardians. At the graveside, it was handed to another of the Guardians, Mr. L. Arrowsmith, and by the latter it was handed to Mr. James Coltman, who placed it on the grave.

—The remains of a human skeleton, and close to them an earthen pot, were discovered on the banks of the Tarret Burn, near Bellingham, in North Tyne.

—A discussion, arising out of the estimates, took place in the House of Commons, on the subject of the Edlingham burglary, but nothing practical resulted from the question.

18.—The body of a man named William Hill was found in the lake in the Bull Park Recreation Ground, Newcastle.

19.—A debit-balance of 15 guineas was reported as the result of the first year's operations of the Newcastle Tree Culture and Protection Society.

—A very alarming accident occurred at Ryhope, near Sunderland, on the North-Eastern Railway. The through express from Leeds, due in Newcastle at a quarter-past seven o'clock at night, after having run with great speed down the incline from Seaton, jumped from the rails just where they take a sharp curve at Ryhope Station. The engine fell over upon its right side, and, the couplings between the tender and the first carriage having snapped, the carriages rushed past the fallen locomotive, and, after jolting and oscillating fearfully, they, too, toppled over to the right. Some of the carriages were smashed, and between twenty and thirty people were sorely injured. Fortunately, however, no one was killed. The carriages were the property of the London and North-Western Railway Company, and the train was one of the fastest run on the North-Eastern system.

20.—The twenty-eighth annual meeting of the United Kingdom Billposters' Association was held in Newcastle.

—The sale by public auction was commenced of the machine tools, engines, boilers, shafting, and other plant at the old and well-known works of Messrs. Hawks, Crawshay, and Sons, Gateshead, Mr. Goulty, of Manchester and London, being the auctioneer. The sale closed on the 29th. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1887, page 28.)

21.—The Queen's Prize for the highest aggregate scoring in connection with the annual meeting of the National Artillery Association at Shoeburyness, was won by the 6th detachment of the 4th Durham, (West Harlepool) whose score was 114 points.

22.—Mr. E. M. Bainbridge, J.P., founder of the firm of Messrs. Bainbridge and Co., drapers, Market Street, Newcastle, and Mrs. Bainbridge, celebrated their golden wedding at Heatherlea, Wolsingham.

23.—An association was formed at Gateshead in furtherance of the movement for a weekly half-holiday to shop-assistants.

—It was announced that the will of Mr. Alexander Petrie, late of Stockton-on-Tees, shipowner, had been proved, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £33,000.

24.—Damage, estimated at from £12,000 to £15,000, was done by a fire which broke out at the West Marsh Stores, Middlesbrough, belonging to Mr. John Frederick Wake, general dealer.

—Captain G. C. Coates was elected a member of the Newcastle Board of Guardians for Jesmond township.

—A new lifeboat was launched at the fishing village of Cresswell, in Northumberland.

25.—The fourth annual demonstration and church parade of the friendly and trades societies of the borough of Tynemouth were held, collections being made on behalf of the Tynemouth Infirmary.

—The new railway station at North Shields was opened for traffic.

26.—An extraordinary and sad occurrence took place in Newcastle, whereby two men in the employment of the Corporation lost their lives. James Mills, mason, and a labourer named William Hewitt were engaged in the repair of a sewer in Lime Street, in the district of Ouseburn, about three o'clock in the afternoon, when a deluge of rain came down with such force that, before the men were aware of the approach of the flood, they were carried from the place where they were working into the Ouseburn, and from that stream into the Tyne itself, where they were drowned. A gallant attempt to rescue them while they were being borne down the stream was made by Mr. J. W. Liddle, of the firm of Liddle, Henzell, and Co., glass manufacturers, who succeeded in getting hold of one of the men, but was obliged to relinquish his hold owing to his perilous position. The bodies were afterwards recovered.

28.—In prosecution of the programme of annual naval manœuvres in connection with the British fleet, an attack was made upon Tynemouth early this morning. The bombarding vessels, of which there were three, seemed to be little more than a mile off the coast; and although the weather was hazy, they were distinctly visible to the onlookers, except when they became enveloped in their own smoke. Sunderland, Hartlepool, and Seaham Harbour were also fired upon, and the mimic warfare that took place created considerable excitement.

29.—It was announced that several fresh disclosures of ancient features had been made in the Alnwick Parish Church, by opening out the walled-up north clerestory windows.

—A shark was caught off Beadnell, on the coast of Northumberland.

—Alma Beaumont, of Omaha, United States, a celebrated parachutist, made a successful ascent from the grounds of the North Shields Cycling Club, Hawkey's Lane, in that town. She descended safely in a field close to the North Shields Park, after reaching an altitude of about 15,000 feet. On the 31st, she made another ascent from the Cycling Grounds. When she was descending, however, the parachute became entangled in the lightning conductor of the Water Works chimney, 65 feet high. Here she hung for some time, until she was rescued from her perilous position by means of three ladders lashed together with pocket handkerchiefs. Miss Beaumont made ascents from Stockton on the 4th of September, and from South Shields on the 7th of that month, ascending on the latter occasion to a height of 18,000 feet before she shot down in the parachute.

30.—The Central Exchange News Room and Art Gallery, Grainger Street, Newcastle, was re-opened, after having been cleaned and renovated, the ceremony being performed by the Mayor. There was inaugurated at the same time a loan exhibition of works of local art, specially arranged in view of the approaching meeting of the British Association.

31.—A demonstration of trades unionists was held at Sunderland, with the object of assisting dock labourers and others on strike in London and protesting against the sweating system.

—A very successful review of members of classes in the county of Durham connected with the St. John Ambulance Association was held in Gibside Park by Surgeon-Major Hutton, about 500 certificated men taking part in the demonstration.

—The *Athenæum* recorded the fact that at Cilurnum, on the estate of Mr. John Clayton, of the Chesters, a very perfect specimen of the Roman handmill for grinding corn had just been brought to light.

SEPTEMBER.

1.—A demonstration of the North-Eastern Railway servants, on the subject of the hours of labour, was held at Darlington.

2.—A commencement was made with the erection of new buildings for the Salvation Army in Bath Lane, Newcastle.

—A new station erected by the North-Eastern Railway Company at Elswick was opened for traffic.

—The Theatre Royal at Jarrow, the Royal Hotel, and twelve shops and dwelling-houses were offered for sale, but the desired price was not realised.

3.—The employees of Messrs. Bainbridge and Co., met in the carpet-room of that establishment, in order to congratulate Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Bainbridge on the celebration of their golden wedding, and to make them presentations in recognition of the event, and as a mark of their esteem and affection.

—In presence of a considerable number of spectators, Dr. Hodgkin, on behalf of the Tablet Society, uncovered a memorial slab erected on the shop at the corner of Grainger Street and Nelson Street, Newcastle, formerly occupied by the late Mr. Joseph Barlow, bookseller, the stone bearing the following inscription:—"To commemorate visits to this city, and to a bookshop in this house, by Guiseppe Garibaldi, in 1854; Louis Kossuth, in 1856; and W. Lloyd Garrison, in 1876." On the same occasion, and under the same auspices, Dr. Bruce unveiled a tablet on a house in Sandhill, opposite the Guildhall, and on which had been carved the following words:—"From one of the windows of this house Bessie Surtees eloped with John Scott, afterwards Lord Chancellor Eldon, on November 22, 1772."

7.—It was announced that the Right Rev. Henry O'Callaghan, D.D., Roman Catholic Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle, had taken up his permanent residence at Rome.

8.—In the presence of a large assemblage of spectators, Bishop Wilkinson, Auxiliary Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle, performed the ceremony of the "solemn blessing of the foundations of the new church of Our Lady and St. Oswin, at Tynemouth.

General Occurrences.

AUGUST.

13.—The British Medical Association held its fifty-seventh annual meeting at Leeds.

14.—The French High Court of Justice pronounced General Boulanger guilty of conspiracy, and on the following day found him guilty of misappropriation of public funds.

15.—Naval manœuvres, which assumed the form of a sham naval war between Ireland and England, commenced to-day.

20.—Lightning struck the Eiffel Tower at the Paris Exhibition, but did no damage.

22.—The sentence of death on Mrs. Maybrick, who had been convicted of the murder of her husband, was commuted to penal servitude for life.

23.—A train conveying Barnum's circus was wrecked in New York State, U.S. Thirty-five valuable animals were killed.

24.—The Queen commenced a visit to North Wales, her temporary residence being Palé Hall, Llanderfil.

27.—More than 100,000 dock labourers came out on strike in London, and for a time the docks, wharves, &c., were almost deserted, trade being greatly impeded.

—A man named Graham shot the Niagara Falls in a barrel, narrowly escaping with his life.

28.—The village of Khenzorik, near the Russian frontier of Armenia, was destroyed by an earthquake. Over a hundred persons were buried alive.

29.—Death of Mr. Charles H. Anderson, Q.C., M.P. for Elgin and Nairn. He was born at Burnston Vicarage, Yorkshire, in 1838.

30.—Parliament was formally prorogued until November 16.

—News was received from Japan to the effect that 10,000 people had lost their lives, owing to disastrous floods. Twenty thousand were rendered homeless.

SEPTEMBER.

3.—The twenty-second annual Trades Union Congress opened at Dundee, and was continued until the end of the week.

4.—Death of Mr. Joseph Bottomley Firth, M.P.

—Mr. Edward Laman Blanchard, a well-known theatrical critic and writer of pantomimes died in London, aged 69 years.

5.—A serious fire occurred at the Mauricewood Ironstone Pit, Penicuik, Midlothian. Many persons were killed.

—An explosion took place in a factory at Antwerp in which dynamite cartridges were in course of preparation. The fire extended to two stores containing petroleum, half a million gallons of which were consumed by the flames. Within a radius of a mile the windows of nearly every house were destroyed, numerous buildings being partially unroofed. About 200 persons were killed, and many injured.

6.—A man named Brodie descended Niagara Falls in an indiarubber suit. He was rescued in an unconscious state, covered with bruises, and suffering from internal injuries.

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OF

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Sir John Fenwick, Jacobite.

By the late James Clephan.

MR. JOHN FENWICK, of Newcastle, contributing, in 1845, a paper to the "Table Book" of Mr. Richardson, on "The Gathering Ode of the Fenwyke of Northumberland," described the Fenwick family as of Saxon origin, the name being taken "from their ancient fastness in the fenny lands in the vicinity of Stamfordham." There they had their tower of strength in the time of Henry III., and till England passed under the sway of Henry IV., when Sir John de Fenwyke acquired Wallington by marriage with Mary, daughter of William del Strother (a name associated with the mayoralty of Newcastle in the days of Edward the Third). The older seat of the Fenwicks was then suffered to fall into decay; the stronghold became a farm-house; the tower—Fenwick Tower—was pulled down in 1775, when a stone chest was unearthed containing some hundreds of gold nobles of Edward III., supposed to have been hidden away when King David made a raid into England in 1360, and two sons of the Sir John of that period were carried off by the Scots. Wallington Hall, which the family acquired in the century after the invasion, was in the reign of Henry VIII. "made a note of" by Leland as "the chiefest house of the Fenwicks." There they dwelt in high esteem and influence.

"The illustrious house of Percy always ranked the Fenwyke among the most constant of its retainers"; and Mr. Richardson, of North Shields, publishing in 1816 the Gathering Ode which we now reprint, "supposes an inroad of the Scots to have taken place in the absence of the Percy in Palestine, and that this ode, in the manner of the Highland pibroch, was used for the gathering of the Fenwyke to repel them." In those old days, the "alarm wisp," glowing on the outstretched spear, flew over Northumberland as a call to arms.

Pipe of Northumbria, sound!
War pipe of Alnwicke;
Wake the wild hills around,
Summon the Fenwyke.
Percy at Paynim war,
Fenwicke stands foremost:
Scots in array from far,
Swell wide their war host.

See fierce from the Border,
Wolf-like, he rushes:
Drives southward the Warder,
Gore-stream forth gushes.
Come Spearman, come Bowman,
Come bold-hearted Trewicke;
Repel the proud foeman,
Join lion-like Bewicke.

From Fenwicke and Denwicke,
Harlow and Hallington:
Sound bugle at Alnwicke,
Bagpipe at Wallington,
On Elf Hills th' Alarm Wisp
Smoulders in pale ray;
Maids, babes that can scare lisp,
Point trembling the bale-way.

Leave the plough, leave the mow,
Leave loom and amithie;
Come with your trusty yew,
Strong arm and pithy.
Leave the herd on the hill,
Lowing and flying:
Leave the vill, cot, and mill,
The dead and the dying.

Come, clad in your steel jack,
Your war gear in order;
And down hew, or drive back,
The Scot o'er the Border.
And yield you to no man;
Stand firm in the vanguard;
Brave death in each foeman,
Or die on the green-sward.

John de Fenwyke occurs as High Sheriff of Northumberland in the reigns of Edward II. and III. Robert de Fenwyke succeeds under the latter king; and in the time of Richard II. comes as Sheriff John de Fenwyke de Fenwyke Tower. In later days, the Fenwicks held the same office—through the times of the Tudors to those of the Stuarts. In the reign of James I., Sir John Fenwick, Knight, was elected one of the members for Northumberland, and five times afterwards he was returned; till in the Long Parliament when Crown and Commons had come to blows, he was expelled for absenting himself and giving his services to the King. He was subsequently taken prisoner, with others, between Banbury and Northampton, by the Parliamentary forces; and at Marston Moor his son John, fighting for the Royal cause, was slain. In 1646, he was restored to his seat for the county by a vote of the House (126 to 73).

On the expulsion of Sir John, William Fenwick was elected a county member. In two of the Parliaments of Oliver Cromwell, Northumberland had three members; and both William Fenwick, of Wallington, and Robert Fenwick, of Bedlington, were of the number. The former, afterwards Sir William Fenwick, Baronet, was also elected under Richard Cromwell. His son John, sent to the Convention (or Healing) Parliament of 1660, which voted the Restoration, retained his seat throughout the reign of Charles II., and into that of his brother James. His last election followed the accession of the latter monarch, when all over the country the Tories had pretty well their own way. The attempt to exclude James from the throne had failed; and now his supporters were in great elation, and rode on the crest of the wave. The contests for the new Parliament mainly ended in their favour, and were marked by singular fervour and excitement. Demonstrations of loyalty ran high in town and country. "In Northumberland," says Macaulay, "the triumph of Sir John Fenwick, a courtier whose name afterwards obtained a melancholy celebrity, was attended by circumstances which excited interest in London, and which were therefore not unworthy of being mentioned in the despatches of Foreign Ministers. Newcastle was lighted up with great piles of coal. The steeples sent forth a joyous peal. A copy of the Exclusion Bill, and a black box resembling that which, according to the popular fable, contained the contract between Charles II. and Lucy Walters, were publicly committed to the flames, with loud acclamations." (Despatch of the Dutch Ambassador, April 10-20, 1685.)

Keen as was the interest taken by our forefathers on the Tyne in the "black box," how many of their descendants know anything about it now, or of the King's mistress, Lucy Walters? Lucy was mother of the youth who became Duke of Monmouth and Duke of Buccleuch, and seemed at one time in a fair way, not to the scaffold on which he perished, but to the throne on which his hopes were fixed. It was reported, and widely believed, that Charles had secretly married his favourite, and that the contract was lodged in the sable casket whose representative was publicly burnt in Newcastle by the supporters of James, to mark their indignation at the fiction which assailed his title to the crown.

"It was afterwards remarked as a curious circumstance, that among the zealous Tories who went up with the Bill" against Monmouth "from the House of Commons to the bar of the Lords, was Sir John Fenwick, member for Northumberland. This gentleman, a few years later, had occasion to reconsider the whole subject; and then came to the conclusion that Acts of Attainder are altogether unjustifiable." (Macaulay.) All parties had resorted to them in turn, with more or less of excuse for the unconstitutional device. The age was disturbed and troublous. The Prince of Orange was brought to the English throne by means which, if not crowned by success, would have recoiled on heads that took part in them; and the Jacobites, passing into the shadows of the new reign, risked their safety in plots and conspiracies.

Sir John Fenwick, who had married the Lady Mary Howard, eldest daughter of the first Earl of Carlisle, was zealous in his attachment to the interests of James, then an exile at the Court of Louis XIV. of France. Early in William's reign he was conspicuous in opposition. That laborious chronicler, Narcissus Luttrell, whose "Brief Historical Relation of State Affairs" extends from 1678 to 1714, makes an entry in March, 1689:—"Letters from the North of England say that some disturbances are likely to break out there: that the Lord Preston, Lord Griffin, Sir John Fenwick, Colonel Oglethorpe, are there, fomenting the same on behalf of the late King James." In April, "causing some disturbances," Sir John was apprehended, and removed to London; and in May was sent to the Tower. In October, he was brought, with others, before the Court of King's Bench by *habeas corpus* and admitted to bail; and on the last day of term, in November, he was discharged.

Not long after, he was in trouble again. The Jacobites had been warmed into new life by a disaster to the arms of William. Mons, one of the most important of his fortresses in the Netherlands, fell into the hands of France. The King of England had suffered a reverse, and the drooping spirits of the Jacobites revived in this gleam of sunshine. "The joy of the whole party," says Macaulay, "was boundless. Nonjuring priests ran backwards and forwards between Sam's Coffee House and Westminster Hall, spreading the praises of Louis. In the Park the malcontents were in the habit of mustering daily; and one avenue was called the Jacobite Walk. They now came to this rendezvous in crowds, wore their biggest looks, and talked sedition in their loudest tones. The most conspicuous among these swaggerers was Sir John Fenwick, who had, in the late reign, been high in Royal favour and in military com-

mand. In his exultation he forgot the courtesy which man owes to woman. He had more than once made himself conspicuous by his incivility to the Queen. He now ostentatiously put himself in her way when she took her airing, and, while all around him uncovered and bowed to her, gave her a rude stare and cocked his hat in her face. The affront was not only brutal, but cowardly. For the law had provided no punishment for mere impertinence, however gross; and the King was the only gentleman and soldier in the kingdom who could not protect his wife from contumely with his sword. All that the Queen could do was to order the park-keeper not to admit Sir John again within the gates. But long after her death, a day came when he had reason to wish he had restrained his insolence. He found, by terrible proof, that of all the Jacobites, the most desperate assassins not excepted, he was the only one for whom William felt an intense personal aversion."

Dangers thickened round about Sir John Fenwick. Luttrell takes note, in the month of May, 1692, of a proclamation for discovering, seizing, and apprehending him, and also Sir Theophilus Oglethorpe and others, for high treason. He had fled and disappeared, and there was hot pursuit, which came close on his heels. On the night of the 13th, "a messenger, with a file of musqueteers, went to his lodgings to search for him; and he got away, leaving his breeches, with some guineas in them, behind him." (Luttrell's "Brief Relation of State Affairs.") He had escaped for a season, but was soon caught; and being examined, was admitted to bail. Two or three years go by; and in June, 1695, we have him seized as being "concerned in the late Jacobite riot in Drury Lane." In July, there was a trial at the Old Bailey, when some prisoners were convicted, some acquitted. Sir John was of the latter number.

The daughter of King James, Queen Mary, had died near the end of 1694. William was left alone, and the Jacobites had more lively hopes of a restoration. A slighter barrier, as it now seemed, stood between their party and its fortunes. Macaulay depicts some of the leading conspirators who were stimulated into greater activity by their prospects of success:—Robert Charnock, George Porter, Cordell Goodman, &c., whose "design was imparted to Sir John Fenwick." "He, if his own assertion is to be trusted, was willing to join in an insurrection, but recoiled from the thought of assassination, and showed so much of what was in his mind as sufficed to make him an object of suspicion to his less scrupulous associates. He kept their secret, however, as strictly as if he had wished them success." (Macaulay.)

Luttrell refers, in March, 1696, to the trial of Sir John Friend at the Old Bailey, when Montgomery and Fenwick, with the Earl of Ailesbury and others, were named in the evidence of Porter and Blair, as being at several meetings where it was agreed to levy forces for King James in England. Next day a proclamation was issued for the apprehension of the implicated parties, Lord Montgomery and Sir John Fenwick, for high treason in conspiring against the life of the King.

There were rewards offered for all who were "wanted"; and of the hunted Jacobites none were in greater peril than Sir John. "His birth, his connections, the high situations which he had filled, the indefatigable activity with which he had, during several years, laboured to subvert the Government, and the personal insolence with which he had treated the deceased Queen" (we are quoting Macaulay), "marked him out as a man fit to be made an example. He succeeded, however, in concealing himself from the officers of justice till the first heat of pursuit was over. In his hiding-place he thought of an ingenious device which might, as he conceived, save him from the fate of his friends Charnock and Parkyns. Two witnesses were necessary to convict him. It appeared, from what had passed at the trials of his accomplices, that there were only two witnesses who could prove his guilt, Porter and Goodman. His life was safe if either of these men could be persuaded to abscond."

Lord Ailesbury, one of the conspirators, was in the Tower. His friends, and Sir John's, raised money to purchase the absence of evidence, and began with Porter. Chancy, a periwig-maker, and Donelagh, a disbanded captain, were set upon him. Three hundred guineas down, three hundred afterwards, an annuity of three hundred, and King James's pardon; these were the golden lures held out to him for making his exit to France; and he seemed to be overcome. But, carrying his news to another market, he went off to Whitehall with the tale, and received instructions how to proceed. The day came when the proposed compact was to be carried out. The parties to the bargain met at an alehouse in Drury Lane, where the three hundred guineas were paid down, and bills shown for the three hundred more. Porter then gave the signal, and a State messenger entered from an adjoining room, where he had heard all that passed. The bills were seized; the tempters were taken into custody; and ere long the poor barber was in the pillory.

Next City Sessions a bill of indictment was preferred against Fenwick; Porter and Goodman supported it; and it was returned as true. Fenwick's arrest was imminent; his conviction certain if he were found; and he made his way in haste to the coast for the Continent. At Romney Marsh he was to lie in wait for a convenient vessel. Two smugglers had at this time been seized on a charge of harbouring traitors, and were to be conveyed to London. "Mr. Kitson, the messenger, who was sent down to Romney Marsh to bring up the prisoners" (so writes Luttrell in June, 1696), "mett in his return near Rochester Sir John Fenwick (mentioned in the proclamation) and another gentleman, well

mounted and armed. Sir John, knowing the messenger, threatened to kill him if he stopt him; so he made his escape." Sir John knew the messenger, as well as the messenger knew him. Familiar was the face of the baronet to his countrymen; few more so; and, pistol in hand, he dashed forward, and was free. The messenger, on spying his prize, had promised the smugglers pardon and pay if they stood by him; and they did so. But Fenwick was too well-mounted to be stayed; and he was safe—for a season. The hue and cry was raised; church-bells were set a-ringing; the country was up; the fugitive, beset on every side, was found. His pursuers "took him at New Romney in bed with Mr. Webber, the Jacobite solicitor, who was the next day to have embarked." (Luttrell.) The ship came to the shore, and showed English colours; but practised eyes detected under the national flag a French privateer; and when she had lingered a while, and saw her errand to be hopeless, she sheered off to sea.

Sir John so far eluded the vigilance of his captors "as to scrawl with a lead pencil a short letter to his wife. Every line contained evidence of his guilt. All, he wrote, was lost. He was a dead man; unless, indeed, his friends could, by dint of solicitation, obtain a pardon for him. Perhaps the united entreaties of all the Howards might succeed. He would go abroad. He would solemnly promise never again to set foot on English ground, and never to draw sword against the Government. Or would it be possible to bribe a juryman or two to starve out the rest? 'That,' he wrote, 'or nothing, can save me.'" (Macaulay.) His note was intercepted by the way. Sir John himself was borne to London, and brought before the Lord Justice. His courage was high, his tone defiant. The letter was laid before him—the letter which he had expected was in the hands of his wife; and his bearing changed. To the Lord Steward (the Duke of Devonshire), with whom he had been on friendly relations, he addressed himself, offering to disclose all he knew about the Jacobites, and throwing himself on the King's mercy. The duke advised the postponement of the trial until the pleasure of the King, who was in the Netherlands, should be known. His Majesty was consulted accordingly, and directed that the prisoner's confession should be received in writing, and sent over to him abroad.

Fenwick was now to confess, and what was he to say? He was unwilling to die, but still more unwilling to do harm to his party. What he did, in this critical dilemma, was clever, but far from wise. He wrote a paper that might injure his political opponents, but be innocent as to his friends. Damage might accrue to the men in power. He might sow distrust in the mind of William. But William was too astute a statesman to be moved by the device. He saw through it all.

By the advice of his counsellors, the King gave Fenwick reluctant audience; and they met at Kensington, where William called his attention to the fact that instead of giving an account of the doings of his friends and accomplices, with which he must be fully acquainted, he had done nothing but relate hearsay tales about others; his confession, apparently, being only a contrivance to screen those who were really in league against him, and make him suspect and discard those in whom he had good reason to place confidence. If he hoped for any favour, he must then and there make full disclosure of what he knew of his own knowledge. Fenwick asked for time. The King inquired for what purpose. He could need no time, save for the production of another such paper; while what was wanted was simply a statement of what he had done and seen and heard; and this could be given at once, without pen and ink. Fenwick was unmoved: he refused to say anything. "Be it so," said the King: "I will neither hear you, nor hear from you, any more."

Fenwick returned to prison, leaving great perplexity behind him. The boldness of his demeanour, so different from the anxiety and dejection he had exhibited in his cell, was unintelligible for the moment; but the explanation came. He had received word from his wife, on the eve of the interview, that Goodman had been won, and there was but one witness left, leaving his life no longer in danger. Goodman had been bought over to France. Fenwick was safe, or thought so. But he was not to escape. He was not to profit by the purchase of Goodman. A method remained, with many precedents, and one which Fenwick had been eager to employ against the Duke of Monmouth. It was now to be resorted to against himself.

The Commons met on the 6th of November, 1696. The Earl of Orford boldly laid the confession of Fenwick before the House, and demanded justice for himself and his colleagues. "If we are innocent, clear us. If we are guilty, punish us as we deserve. I put myself on you as on my country, and am ready to stand or fall by your verdict." Fenwick was sent for from Newgate, and brought to the bar. He declined to say anything, and was removed. His confession was pronounced false and scandalous. A Bill of Attainder was moved for, and a storm arose; the Tories surprised and indignant, the Whigs warm and resolute. Leave to bring in a bill was obtained by 179 votes to 61, and it was read by 196 to 104. Fenwick was heard against the bill by counsel on the 13th. Three days the excited proceedings went on. Porter was interrogated. Goodman was shown to be absent with Fenwick's privity, and through the intervention of his friends. Secondary evidence of what he would have proved was then admitted. His confession on oath was put in. Grand jurors who had found the bill against Fenwick gave an account of what Goodman had sworn; and their

testimony was confirmed by petty jurymen who had tried and convicted another conspirator.

Protracted sittings in the Commons ensued. For fifteen hours without intermission the Speaker was once in the chair. Intense was the public interest, and crowded the House; for strangers were freely admitted, as into a court of justice. The choicest spirits of Parliament took part in the proceedings, and lent them a marvellous attraction and charm for Englishmen. The bill was passed by 189 to 156. Three to one for bringing in the bill; the votes little more than equal on the last division. From 118 the majority had come down to 33.

The Lords, too, had animated debates and narrow divisions. Secondary evidence was heard by 73 to 53. The bill had its second reading by 73 to 55: its third, by 68 to 61—a bare majority of seven votes. In the course of the proceedings, when it had become certain that the Bill would become law, Sir John was brought to the bar. He was face to face with death, and it was thought that in such a strait he might speak. But he declined to say anything unless he first had promise of the King's pardon, and was removed.

The King signed the bill on the 11th of January, 1697. The Lady Mary fell at his Majesty's feet with a petition for her husband's life; she appealed to the Lords; she begged that banishment might be substituted for death; but all that could be gained for Sir John was a brief delay of execution, and an exchange of Tower Hill for Tyburn.

In the coach of his kinsman, the Earl of Carlisle, he was conveyed to Tower Hill, where, on January 28, 1697, he suffered death on the block, meeting his fate with courage and dignity. "He behaved," observed Macaulay, "with a firmness which had not been expected from him." He is stated to have been in his fifty-second year, but was probably somewhat older; for he was in Parliament in the year 1660, and would hardly be there at the age of sixteen.

Sir John was buried by torch-light, near the altar of St. Martins's-in-the-Fields, close by his three sons, Charles, William, and Howard, who had died at the ages of fifteen, six, and one and a half. His widow, "as a testimony of respect for the memory of Sir John Fenwicke, Baronet, of Fenwicke Castle," erected a "monumental pillar" in York Minster; and on this memorial, some ten years later, was inscribed her own death and burial:—"Here lyeth the body of the Right Honourable the Lady Mary Fenwicke, relect of Sir John Fenwicke, Baronet, of Northumberland, and daughter of Charles Howard, Earl of Carlisle. She died on the 27th October, 1708, in the fiftieth year of her age. Her life was a patrimony to the poor and friendless; and her many virtues make her memory precious."

The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stokoe.

NEWCASSEL IS MY NATIVE PLACE, AND BOBBY NUNN.

ROBERT NUNN, or Bobby Nunn, as he was more familiarly called, was a Newcastle institution about fifty years ago. He was a slater to trade, and met with an accident which caused the loss of his eyesight by a fall from a roof whilst he was yet an apprentice. Being afterwards unable to follow his trade, he supported himself by his talents as a musician, attending at night with his fiddle the different merrymakings and dance meetings in the town; and as he had also written many local songs of excellent merit, which he sung with considerable humour, his services were for many years in great demand at social gatherings.

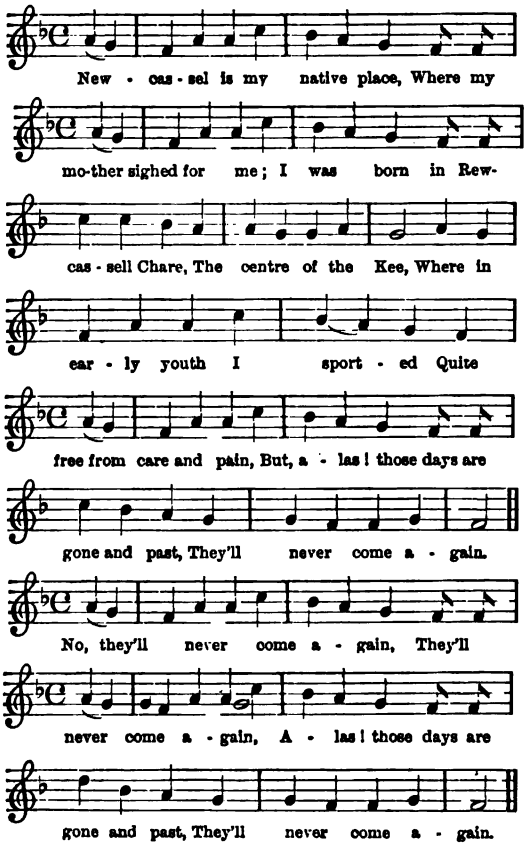
At the period of which we write, female benefit societies and their accompanying annual or "box" dinners were the order of the day; every inn had its society, from the Royal Oak down to the Shamrock; and a right royal day was that on which the dividend was declared and paid, a red-letter day in the ladies' calendar. The interior of the hostelry was all bustle and confusion to get the "gyuse" roasted; extra help was specially engaged to get the viands properly prepared; and woe betide the "cyucks" if the joints "wassent up to the mark." The great dinner was on all occasions presided over by the worthy clerk, or "sec," as he was termed, who was "A 1" with the fair ladies, a great favourite with the landlord, and a popular individual in every society. Precisely as old "Sin' Nick" chimed the hour of two, members assembled for the attack! The rule was for each member to bring her own knife and fork, which were usually carried in a clean white napkin. Adorned in a dandy frilled cap with showy ribbons, and in her clean white apron, each member really looked like a ship in full sail. Of course the ladies tried to outvie each other with their caps. Ample justice having been done to a substantial feast, and the dividend having been received, tables were cleared for the dance, in which the members' husbands joined after work hours. It was on occasions like these that Bobby Nunn was the monarch of the day, and reigned supreme. Perched on a table at one end of the room, like old King Cole he sat in state, rasping away on the fiddle for bare life, while "aad wives" and their guidmen whirled away to the old tunes, "Be Sharp Before it's Dark," "The Holey Ha'penny," &c. During the evening at short intervals he enlivened the assembly with songs of his own composition, such as "The Wise Bairn," "The Quarter o' Curns," "Jocker," "The Styen Cellars Ne Mair," and a host of others, now forgotten.

Bobby was a quiet, respectable man, with a happy, chubby face, and one who could keep any company in a roar of laughter. During the day, Bobby added a few shillings to his slender income by turning the big wheel for a wood turner named Johnny Scott, or Scotty, who worked for Mr. Thomas Thompson, cabinet-maker, Pilgrim Street. At that time everybody had a fine four-post bed, and Scotty turned the bed poles. It was heavy work and scant pay for poor Bobby; but he was happy through it all, crooning over and singing his songs or whistling from morning till night.

Many of his songs, written on passing events, and sometimes rather coarse in consequence of the mixed companies he amused, are now forgotten; but several are yet to the fore, and have taken their places as standards among Tyneside songs.

Poor Bobby died in Queen Street, at the head of the Long Stairs, Newcastle, on the 2nd May, 1853, aged 45 years.

The tune of our song has been used in all parts of the United Kingdom, one sett being sung as Scotch in "We've Aye been Provided for, and Sae will We Yet," and another forming the foundation of the Irish "Wearin' o' the Green." Several local ditties have also been written to it.



They sent me to the Jub'lee School,
A scholar to make me,
Where Tommy Penn, my monitor,
Learned me my A, B, C;
My master to correct me then
He often used the cane,
But I can say with confidence
He'll never do't again.
No, he'll never do't again,
He'll never do't again,
Yes, I can say with confidence
He'll never do't again.

Now like another youth I had
A love to grace my side,
I often whispered in her ear
That she should be my bride;
And when I kissed her ruby lips,
She cried, "O fye, for shame!"
But with "Good night" she always said,
"Oh, mind come back again,
Oh, mind come back again,
Oh, do come back again,"
But with "Good night" she always said,
"Oh, mind come back again."

At length I had to go to trade;
I went to serve my time;
The world with all its flattering charms
Before me seem'd to shine;
When plenty cash was in my store,
I never did complain,
Alas! those days are gone and past,
They'll never come again,
No, they'll never come again,
They'll never come again,
Alas! those days are gone and past,
They'll never come again.

At length to church I gladly went
With Nancy to be wed,
The thoughts of matrimony came
And troubled then my head.
The priest that tied the fatal knot
I now could tell him plain,
That, if I was once more single,
He should never tie't again.
He should never tie't again,
He should never tie't again,
If I was once more single
He should never tie't again.

Now like another married man,
I have with care to fight,
So let all joy and happiness
Among us reign to-night,
And with a bumper in each hand,
Let every heart proclaim,
That happy may we separate,
And happy meet again.
Yes! happy meet again,
Yes, happy meet again,
Happy may we separate,
And happy meet again.

The late Robert Emery, a local poet of some reputation, and a friend of Bobby Nunn's, wrote a lament on the poor minstrel's death, which, as it gives a graphic picture of Bobby's life, and is also sung to the same melody as the foregoing song, may fitly be introduced here:—

THE SANDGATE LASSIE'S LAMENT FOR THE DEETH OF BOBBY NUNN.

Oh! hinny, Mall, aw's very bad—
My heart is like to break,—
The dowly news aw's grieved to say
Hes nearly deun the trick;
For Dick the Deevil on the Kee
Declared to me to-day,

While sobbin' sair, that deeth had tyen
Poor Bobby Nunn away.
Poor Bobby Nunn away,
Poor Bobby Nunn away,
He sobbed an' cried that deeth had tyen
Poor Bobby Nunn away.

Aw's ne way superstitious, Mall,
But still aw think it queer,
That Bobby Nunn look'd shakey like
The last time he was here;—
Lang Jenny Brown, before she deed,
And Peg that sell'd broon ware,
Swore they'd never rest in hiven
Without Bobby Nunn was there.
Without Bobby Nunn was there, &c.

Noo Jin and Peg were fond o' spree—
Bang'd a' for threesom reels—
Two smarter lasses ne'er were seen
Fra' Sandgate doon to Shields—
But noo they're gyen to their lang hyem,
And to keep up the fun,
Thev've sent sly deeth, in spite wor teeth,
To steal poor Bobby Nunn.
To steal poor Bobby Nunn, &c.

Head meeting days were spent in glee,
When Bobby took the chair—
Whene'er we saw his sonsy face
Wor steam got up for fair.
His merry sang and fiddle good
Did banish care and pain,
But cruel deeth has stopp'd his breeth—
He'll never sing again!
Oh! he'll never sing again, &c.

The happy days o' Christmas
Ne joy to us will bring,
E'en Peter Nichol's bonny birds
Most dowly dirges sing.
But while Tyne's stream runs to the sea,
Nunn's fame can never set,
He always was Newcassel's pride
And sae will he yet.
And sae will he yet, &c.

Ralph Gardner, of Chirton.

AMONG the men of renown whom the great national rising of 1642 brought to light, not the least remarkable was a spirited brewer at Chirton, near North Shields, named Ralph Gardner, whose resistance to the "tyrannical oppression" of the old Corporation of Newcastle, with his well-known work entitled "England's Grievance Discovered in Relation to the Coal Trade," has rendered his name familiar as a household word to most dwellers on the Tyne. "The tone of the Commonwealth," it has been said, "rings through all Ralph Gardner's writings." At the time he wrote his book, he was only twenty-eight years of age—a man broken in fortune, but not in spirit, by persecution. His clear mind perceived all the evil flowing from the absurd monopoly given to Newcastle, by royal charter, of the trade and commerce of the North-East of England; and he indignantly scorned the idea that the people of Shields, or of any other place on the estuary of the Tyne, should neither bake nor brew, nor steep malt, nor build ships, unless they had inherited from their fathers, or chose to buy or obtain by service, the freedom of the favoured town of Newcastle.

Ralph Gardner, or Gardiner, it appears, was the son of Devereux Gardiner, gent., of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and (probably) grandson of Nicholas Gardiner, of Mearcefern (Mason), in the parish of Ponteland, in the county of Northumberland, yeoman. All that we know of his father is that he was bred to the legal profession and wrote a beautiful hand, and that, having failed apparently to secure a livelihood by practising law, he accepted the post of writing-master to Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School in Newcastle, which he retained down till 1632, when—for what reason history sayeth not—he got his leave from the Common Council, who presented him, however, with £10, "in respect of his poverty for a full discharge to depart the school." It was while Devereux Gardiner was thus engaged that his son Ralph was born, on the 29th of August, 1625. The lad seems to have got a good education, and Dame Nature had endowed him with a dauntless spirit. Of his youth we know nothing; but in his twenty-third or twenty-fourth year he was established as a brewer at North Shields, and resided in a two-storeyed house at Chirton, near that town, which house was taken down in 1856 to make way for a new mansion then about to be erected on its site by Mr. Collingwood, of Lilburn Tower, for Mr. John Foster Spence, of North Shields. Our picture of Gardner's house is copied from a sketch, "drawn and etched by John Storey," which appeared in Philipson and Hare's edition of "England's Grievance," 1849.

The Free Hostmen of Newcastle claimed, on the authority of a clause in Queen Elizabeth's Charter, to bake and brew for all the ships in the port of Tyne. This right Ralph Gardner disputed. He asserted that charter law was in opposition to both common and statute law; and, at that particular epoch, when Monarchy was overthrown and a free Commonwealth established, he had every reason to expect that his interpretation would be adopted. The Corporation of Newcastle was still strong, however, even though Cromwell was at the helm. The Chirton brewer got intimation that he was to give up his business—"to surcease brewing." This he would not do; and actions at law were consequently brought against him. Heavy fines were imposed and costs accumulated. In August, 1652, he was cast into Newcastle Gaol, "upon a bare arrest," as Thomas Salkeld, gent., afterwards deponed, "and actions laid for upwards of nine hundred pounds where twenty pounds could not be recovered." He was kept locked up in that place "from all comforts," in a tower above thirty-six feet high, and destitute of the most common conveniences. He offered good bail, freemen of Newcastle, who were accepted and entered in the book, "and two days after razed out again, and he still kept there." He desired to be admitted to defend his own case in court, but this was refused; desired to go with a keeper to counsel,

which was also denied; his friends and servants not admitted to come to him; proffered good bond to be a true prisoner, to the end he might have the benefit of the fresh air, for preservation of his health, but at the gaoler's house, which the sheriff granted at the first, but presently after refused, saying that the mayor, aldermen, and himself had a meeting, and resolved he should have no liberty, being an enemy to their privileges. He was "constrained to drink the gaoler's beer, not fit for men's bodies." This, to a brewer, was "the most unkindest cut of all." No trial was ever had against him. The Common Council disobeyed two or three writs of *habeas corpus* which the sheriff received, but which he never returned. Finally, his substantial bond to appear in London before the judges was refused. Seeing no end or outlet from all this oppression, he "broke prison," after four months' detention.

From February, 1652, till May, 1653, Ralph seems to have been at liberty, gathering up his evidence, and setting himself to overturn the monopoly which had been so ruinous to him. But one day in the latter month the Newcastle myrmidons, "with swords drawn and pistols cocked," and a warrant from the mayor and sheriff, surrounded his house, while he was peacefully seated in it, shot at some of his servants, and struck his wife; and he not being the man to submit tamely to such an outrage, "much blood was spilt," for the seamen got ashore and fell upon the Newcastle men like furies, wounding and disarming them. The pretence for these proceedings was a debt of £900 for fines and court expenses; and although the victim then escaped, he was not suffered to go at large long. Shortly afterwards he was put in prison once more; and his whole case against Newcastle, which is contained at large in that remarkable volume of his, "England's Grievance," seems to have been got up by him while thus confined. Gardner's petition to the "Supreme Authority, the Parliament of the Commonwealth of England," is dated 29th September, 1653. Having been read on October 5th by the Commons' Committee for hearing petitions, it was recommended by them to the Committee on Trade and Corporations. On the 18th of the same month, the last-named committee, sitting at Whitehall, ordered it to be taken into consideration on the 15th November, the Mayor and Corporation being duly apprised thereof. The Newcastle magnates, dismayed at the turn matters were taking, petitioned the committee to give them fourteen days longer to make their defence. This was granted. But on the 18th November many of the witnesses were examined upon the charge, the Corporation agent being present. Various excuses were hereupon offered by Mr. Samuel Hartlibb, solicitor on behalf of the Corporation. He humbly begged ten weeks' longer time, "by reason they were not ready, nor prepared to answer the charge, for it struck at all that was near and dear unto them." The committee yielded a fortnight's grace to this pressing importunity; and the case was to come on again on the 13th December. But on the 12th December Cromwell dismissed the Long Parliament, and the proceedings fell to the ground at once, with a multiplicity of similar affairs.

Notwithstanding this defeat, Ralph did not lose heart. Though still in prison, he determined to persevere. He petitioned for a copy of certain records in the Exchequer, in order to substantiate his charge; and asked to have them gratis, on account of his being then in confinement. We know not how he obtained his liberty, or by what means, or on what terms. But three years later we find him once more at large, and as keenly engaged as ever in battle with his old antagonists. And the contest continued for many years afterwards.

It appears from the vestry book of the parish church of Tynemouth, that Ralph Gardner removed to London in 1659. With the Restoration, which took place in the following year, all hope must have fled of being able to put down the monopoly against which he had been fighting so long. His safety for the time lay in silence and retirement. Yet, true to his principles and constant in his practice, the brewer of Chirton was not to be swayed by the ill fashions of a backsliding age. Though appeals to Parliament would have been in vain, and consequently were not attempted, Ralph Gardner came back to brew his beer, and "withstand the little tyrants of his fields" on the banks of the Tyne as stoutly as ever. For, in the Bakers' and Brewers' Books of Newcastle of 1662-63, we find, amid the expenditure of the company, the following entry:—

Item, paid at Shields and other places for discovery of Mr. Gardner's brewing with wherry hire, and given to Peter Easterby, for his paine touching the same.....	£1 2 6

This is the last direct notice we have of him at Shields,

though in some "Expedients proposed for the easing and advantaging the coal trade, and lessening the price of coals in London and some other places," drawn up about 1675, there are many marks of his bold Roman hand.

Although Gardner was twice in prison, and suffered much otherwise, both in purse and person, he maintained to the last a degree of respectability creditable to himself. In the records of Christ Church for the year 1651 his name stands first on the list of the "Four-and-Twenty." He also held the office of churchwarden in 1651-52, and from that time down to 1659 he seems to have been quite a pillar of the church, his name generally standing next to that of Ralph de Laval in the place of honour. In the year 1658 the following occurs:—

May 22nd, 1658.

Received, the day and year above mentioned, of and from the hands of Anthony Dow, churchwarden for the parish of Tynemouth, for the Shields part of the half-year's rent for the meeting place at Chirton, the sum of forty shillings, due at Michaelmas next ensuing the date hereof, this day received by me. RALPH GARDNER.
Witness, Anthony Dow,
This being a true coppie.

One word as to Ralph's domestic relations. He was married to Catherine Reed, of Chirton, on the 9th September, 1648. She was probably a daughter of Ralph Reed, of Chirton, gentleman, who had come from Newcastle and settled there, along with George Milbourne, of Newcastle, gentleman. Ralph's first child, John, was born in 1649-50, and three others, George, Ralph, and Ann, are mentioned in the register of the parish church of Tynemouth as having been baptized—the first, Feb. 4, 1651; the second, Sept. 15, 1652; and the third July 23, 1655. John and Ann died in the years they were born.

When, or under what circumstances, Ralph Gardner died is unknown. A story was long current of his having been hanged at York for coining, on the authority of a letter from a nameless alderman of Newcastle, quoted in the life of Alderman Barnes. There once was, it is true, a person of the same name hanged at York for the crime above specified; but that was in 1661, as appears from official records, whereas our Ralph Gardner was still alive twenty years after that, and we cannot tell how much longer. The Surtees Society's volume of "York Depositions," 1861, shows him to have been living in 1682; for on March 4th, 1681-82, a letter, signed "Davenport Lacy," was addressed to the judges of assize for the city and county of York, requesting them to respite, until the next assizes, the recognizance of "one Mr. Ralph Gardner, who is now in his Majesty's present service in the Horse Guards, and bound to appear to an indictment of trespass and assault, pretended to be done by him in the city of York," "by reason he is ordered to wait upon the king in a party to Newmarket, in order to keep guard during his Majesty's stay there.' The editor of the volume, referring to the story in Barnes that our Ralph Gardner was hanged at York, observes:—

This, it will be seen from the letter, was altogether incorrect. Mr. Gardner had been committing an assault at York, of which there is no account preserved, but it is evident that it was not of a serious or heinous character. It had not hitherto been ascertained what became of Gardner when he left the North. It now appears that he entered the army, and was in the Royal Horse Guards.

The counterfeit coin story had previously been disproved in Philipson and Hare's edition of "Gardner's Grievance," through the investigations of the editor,

ROCK HALL, NORTHUMBERLAND.

Dr. David Ross Lietch, a brother of Mr. Thomas C. Lietch, Town Clerk of Tynemouth. The facts are also stated at length in Brockie's "History of Shields."

Though bearing marks of the haste and unpropitious circumstances in which it was composed, the "Grievance," with its pictorial illustrations, is one of the most curious monuments of the manners and customs of the times, and is specially valuable as throwing light on the municipal, commercial, and social history of Newcastle. Copies of the original edition, printed in London in 1655, in small quarto, having become extremely rare, it was reprinted at Newcastle in 1796 by the Akenheads. This, too, has become scarce. Mr. Brockett's copy of the original edition sold for £20 9s. 6d., and Mr. Thomas Bell's copy, though imperfect, likewise brought a high price. A copy of it is also in the possession of Mr. Robert Spence, of North Shields, banker, who, after infinite labour, has been able also to secure a copy of the plan to original edition.

Rock Hall, Northumberland.

ROCK HALL, the property of Mr. C. B. P. Bosanquet, is situated about four and a half miles noth-east of Alnwick, in the county of Northumberland. The surrounding scenery is romantic, and the hall commands a fine prospect of the adjacent country. The hall now consists of an oblong tower, nearly rectangular; a smaller tower to the south-west, irregular in shape, with curious angles; and a tower to the north-west, containing one square room. The north-east front of the hall was probably built in the seventeenth century as a place of residence, and not as a place of strength. All the rest has been added during the present century. At the north-west front is an addition with corbie-stepped gables erected for the father of the present owner. Mr. F. R. Wilson is of opinion that there is in the masonry now visible no proof of anything older than Elizabethan times: but it is surmised that there was a Norman pele long before that period, inasmuch as there is evidence that the estate, which is co-extensive with the township of Rock, was held by service of half a knight's fee in the reign of Henry I.; and whoever held it would require a defensible place of residence. This view is supported by the fact that a little Norman chapel incorporated in the hall has been in existence from early times—probably from the time of King Stephen.

There is no Domesday Book for Northumberland, but the Testa de Nevill, our oldest authority, says that between 1219 and 1252 William de Rok held Rok under William de Vescy, Baron of Alnwick, by service of half a knight's fee of ancient feoffment. An inquisition made in 1289 informs us that Thomas de Rocke held Rocke, and that it was then worth £20 a year; and an inquisition in 1314 says Thomas de Rokk held the vill of Rokk. In 1346 Robert de Tughalle held the vill of Roke by a service of a quarter of a fee, and in 1368 by service of one fee. In 1359 Bishop Hatfield gave permission to Robert de Tughalle to cause divine service to be performed in his oratories of Rock and Scremerston. Rock and Scremerston appear to have passed by marriage to the Swynhoes before 1386, and continued to belong to that family until about 1547. John de Swynhow died in the latter year, and Rock passed to his sister Margery, who married, first, Edmund Lawson, of the Craunlington family, and, second, Robert Lawson, of Usworth. The estate passed to William, Margery's son by her second marriage. In 1620 we find Sir Ralph Lawson, of Burgh, and others, conveying the manor of Rock to John Salkeld the younger, of Hull (Hulne) Abbey. This John Salkeld's grandson, Colonel John Salkeld, appears to have lived at Rock until 1705; but during part of this time one Ralph Thoresby and his father appear to have owned part of the estate, but not the house. Colonel Salkeld was succeeded by the Proctors, who had formerly owned Shawdon, and who at the time owned Proctor's Steads or Dunston Hall—Elizabeth Fenwick, granddaughter of Colonel Salkeld, having married Thomas Proctor. In 1732 the estate was sold to Lord Jersey; in 1752 a fire reduced the house to ruins, in which state it remained for more than half a century; in 1794 Mr. Peter Holford bought the estate from Lord Jersey; and in 1804 his son, Robert Holford, made it over to the grandfather of the present owner.

The Salkelds are the most interesting of the families who have occupied the house; it is thought that Colonel Salkeld planted the old limes and horse chestnuts which now beautify the gardens. The hall and grounds bear evidence of the great architectural and landscape taste of the later owners.

Early Wars of Northumbria.

XI.

CANUTE AND HIS CHIEFTAINS.

AFTER the unfortunate Ironsides had been murdered, in 1017, and Canute had assumed supreme authority over the entire kingdom, there came a period of much-needed quiet. But if internal wars ceased to cause serious trouble, there was plenty of jealousy and assassination to keep men active. The brother of Edmund was slain, his sons were banished, and a long list of distinguished offenders were done to death through the misrepresentations of Edric Steorne. This wretched schemer seems to have been always ready for disreputable work. No matter what king, or what nationality, was in the ascendant, he had

never failed to worm his way into favour with the winning side. It is satisfactory to know that he eventually met with a suitable reward, and that to Northumbria belongs the credit of his undoing. The recital reads like a page of Eastern romance. While discussing state matters with the king, Edric is said to have loudly complained about the insufficiency of his rewards for many notable services. He had been made Earl of Mercia, but was dissatisfied with the way in which his power was

restricted. His discontent was exceedingly unpalatable to the rude chiefs around him, as many of them thought the honour could have been more worthily bestowed. Canute justified his own watchfulness on the ground that the betrayer of one king, and the murderer of another, was not unlikely to be lacking in loyalty to their successor. Eric of Northumbria was a sullen listener to the wrangle that ensued, and, provoked by the audacity of his dangerous colleague, he brained him with a battle-axe. It was a sensational sequel to a life of treachery and crime, and illustrates not inaptly the savage lawlessness of the time. The carcase of Edric was thrown into the Thames, and "the ghastly head, spiked upon the highest gate of London, announced to the populace that a wretch had at last paid the penalty of his misdeeds."

CHANGED CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE.

In the years that immediately ensued, the lot of the Anglo-Saxons was a most unenviable one. They were insulted, plundered, and sorely oppressed by Danes of all degrees; and it was only when Canute had firmly established his authority, and realised the importance of having a united people, that the tyranny and persecution ceased. He banished Thurkill and Eric from his realm; put Northumbria under the more gentle sway of Siward; and kept a pretty tight grip on the lesser chieftains everywhere. In course of time Dane and Saxon stood shoulder to shoulder on many a foreign battle field, and won victory after victory against the troops of Norway and Sweden.

THE BRITONS OF CUMBRIA.

By 1031 Canute had become the greatest monarch of his day, and the wisdom of his rule was rapidly bringing about a state of prosperity in England that had never been previously equalled. There was only one cloud on the horizon, and that was in the North. Cumbria, it will be remembered, was still governed by a British chieftain, though it owed allegiance to the King of the Scots. Ethelred had endeavoured to tax the Cumbrians in 1008—during his efforts to raise a land and sea force for the repulsion of the Danes—but all his demands for money were resisted. Malcolm, a son of King Kenneth, was residing in Cumbria at the time, and he strongly supported the action of the Britons. They were always able, he said, to repel the Danes by their own power, and could neither submit to buy peace off their enemies nor pay others for assisting them. Offended by this fearless reply, Ethelred had ordered Earl Uchtred to enforce his demands, and an army of Northumbrians forthwith took the field. They encountered the allied forces at Carham-on-Tweed, but, in the fighting that ensued, were rather roughly handled. Owen the Bold lost his life, and the hamlets of his people were burnt; but these disasters only increased the martial ardour of the Scots, and, in a pursuit across the Border, they fully avenged the losses of their friends. Although this action led to nothing serious at the time, it was not forgotten. The Cumbrians steadily refused to supply the funds sought by Ethelred, and they also resisted similar demands from Canute in the early days of his reign. When, however, the Dane had established himself securely on the throne, and had settled accounts with his Norwegian and Swedish enemies, he summoned Malcolm—who was then King of Scotland—to acknowledge himself a vassal for Cumbria to the Crown of England. Malcolm refused compliance, on the ground that he could not owe allegiance to a usurper; but when he saw the vastness of the army which Canute sent to the northern frontier, he realised that conflict was hopeless, and lowered his colours without a blow. In the terms agreed upon, it was decided that Duncan, a grandson of the Scottish ruler, should be put in possession of Cumbria, and should then make the submission required. In this way, Canute got what he sought, the dignity of Malcolm was preserved, and the remaining years of the great Dane's reign were allowed to be spent in peace.

POWER OF THE GREAT EARLDOMS.

During the turbulent reigns of Harold Harefoot and

Hardicanute—1035-1042—Northumbria was enjoying a peaceful existence under the wise sway of the great Earl Siward. Its people were never, probably, more prosperous, and they had certainly never enjoyed greater quiet. Even when the Danish line of kings had ceased, and Edward the Confessor had ascended the throne, their immunity from warlike enterprises was happily continued. Having a strong alliance with Leofric of Mercia, they were able to watch the intrigues of Earl Godwin and his sons, and not unfrequently to checkmate them. The members of this latter family had rendered valuable aid in securing the restoration of the Saxon line, and their rewards had been enormous. Godwin himself was made Earl of Wessex; Harold, his son, was appointed earl of an enlarged East Anglia; and Sweyne, another son, governed the area comprised within the present counties of Gloucester, Somerset, Hereford, Oxford, and Berks. In the eyes of the Saxon people, Edward's chief source of offending was his partiality for the Normans. He had lived amongst them, had his friends amongst them, and, not unnaturally, introduced them and their ways into English life when he was brought here to rule. On one of them, Ralph—a half-foreign nephew—he had actually bestowed the earldom of Worcester. With this fancy of the king the Northumbrians heartily sympathised. It would be difficult to say whether love for the Normans or hostility to the Anglo-Saxons had most influence in directing their policy; but there can be little doubt that their attitude, now and afterwards, helped very materially to place the country in Norman hands. They frustrated many of the earlier attempts of Godwin to get rid of the intruders, and, for a time, secured his banishment from the country. When he returned, in 1052, and forced the king to reinstate him in his earldom—as well as make restitution to his sons, Harold and Sweyne, also—the Northumbrians and Mercians were bound to acquiesce, and the prospect of a strong Saxon supremacy appeared more assured than at any time since Edgar.

DEATH OF SIWARD.

Every move seemed to favour the Godwin party after their restoration to royal favour, and they did not fail to wield their vast influence to the detriment of the Normans. While in the midst of their triumphs, the founder of the family died, and the event led to a somewhat important re-adjustment of power. Harold at once transferred his affections to Wessex; but, in order to appease the jealousy of the North, he induced the king to send Algar, a son of Leofric, to guide the destinies of East Anglia. Matters remained in this condition until 1054, when the commencement of a war with Scotland paved the way for still more momentous changes. This quarrel across the Border had a special interest for the Northumbrians, and they took the field with unmistakable fervour. Duncan, the king, had been murdered by Macbeth, and Malcolm Canmore, the rightful heir, had been driven into exile. Duncan's wife was a daughter of Siward, and it was to assist his own grandson, therefore, that the doughty old earl had gathered up his forces. He directed his assault both by land and by sea, and, after one or two successful battles, was able to satisfactorily accomplish his object. But although Macbeth was slain, and Malcolm was restored to the throne of his ancestors, the victory was a costly one for England. Siward's eldest son, Osberne, fell in the fight at Dunsinane, and the father was utterly prostrated by his bereavement. Honours were showered thickly upon him when he led his stalwart warriors back to their quarters, but the popular applause was powerless to drive away the melancholy that possessed him. Within a year, his gallant heart had ceased to beat, and Northumbria had lost a governor whose simplicity of character had earned the admiration of all men, and whose sagacity and foresight were worthy of his undoubted valour.

INFLUENCE OF THE GODWINS.

The death of Siward, though a sad blow for the Anglo-Danes across the Humber, was regarded with ill-concealed pleasure by the Saxon chieftains of the South. Godwin's ambitious sons looked upon the calamity as an additional step towards their own aggrandisement, and they were not slow to take advantage of it. Acting under strong pressure, Edward was induced to grant the vacant earldom of Northumbria to Tostig, another of Harold's brothers, and the bulk of the kingdom was then under the family control. Deeming themselves strong enough for all contingencies, they lost no time in ousting Algar from his oft-begrudged possessions in East Anglia, and driving him for shelter into Wales. While there seeking allies, the death of his father, Leofric, in 1056, caused a vacancy in Mercia also. Supposing, naturally enough, that he would be allowed to occupy the dead earl's place, Algar returned to his old home. But he was not permitted to remain. The alleged treasonable practices that had ensured his ejection from East Anglia were held to be sufficient to prevent his rule in any other place, and he was again driven into exile. The result was a terribly destructive war. Algar had allied himself with his British neighbours on the west, and Harold called for the assistance of his brothers to put down the revolt. It was not an easy undertaking. The Northumbrians were only half-hearted in the work, and the Britons were too expert to be readily caught

in their mountain retreats. The rapidity of their manœuvres, indeed, seldom failed to frustrate the plans of their assailants; and hence it happened that a somewhat remarkable change took place in the military accoutrements of the Saxons. Harold had no alternative but to reduce the weight of metal in the helmets of his followers, and to construct their shields and breastplates of leather. When thus lightened, they were better qualified for rapid marches; and, being aided by a powerful fleet on the coast, eventually succeeded in bringing their adversaries to their knees. Algar was banished, as the best means of counteracting his influence in the country; but the conquerors were compelled, for the sake of peace, to grant the Mercian earldom to his son Edwin.

REBELLION AGAINST TOSTIG.

While matters were thus gloomy for Mercia and Wales, the Northumbrians created a very acceptable diversion. They had not been happy during the long campaign against their old friends, and, therefore, when Tostig afterwards began to add cruel treatment to the general severity of his rule, the people rose against him in a body. They were the hardiest and most warlike men in the land, and they soon made their power felt. Marching to York, in 1065, they speedily put the tyrant to flight, killed 200 of his body-guard on the banks of the Ouse, and pillaged both his treasury and armoury. Having taken this bold step, the insurrectionary party ignored the authority of the king also, and proceeded to the election of a new chief. Siward's only son, Waltheof, was deemed too young for the appointment, and the popular choice fell upon Morcar, another of the sons of Algar. This young warrior accepted the offer, and, after being duly installed, took charge of an expedition against the Saxons of the South. As amongst his followers were many of Edwin's men from Mercia, and not a few of the Britons of Wales, his command was eminently fitted for the work of conquest. When he had reached Northampton, however, he was confronted by Harold—who had just returned from his famous mission to William of Normandy—and a conference was arranged between the leaders of the opposing forces. Harold tried, of course, to secure the peaceable reinstatement of his brother; but the Northumbrians declined absolutely to sanction any such adjustment of the pending dispute. Tostig, they said, had tyrannised over them, and they would have no more of his sway. "A proud chief," they added, "is to us unbearable, for we have learnt from our ancestors to live free or die." Under these circumstances, and being doubtful of the result of a conflict, Harold wisely allowed the election of Morcar to stand, and promised to have it confirmed by the king.

NORWEGIAN SUCCESSES IN THE NORTH.

When Tostig realised that Northumbria was lost to him, he laid all the blame on his brother, and became one of his most inveterate opponents. But though he at once began to intrigue against the Saxon power, there was little response from any quarter until after the death of Edward the Confessor in January, 1066. Matters then began to assume a very gloomy aspect. Harold's elevation to the vacant throne was regarded as a breach of faith by the Normans, and Duke William at once made preparations for asserting his own claims to the realm. Tostig's services were accordingly utilised, and he was given a few ships with which to harry the English coast. Owing to the keenness of the outlook, the

scheme was not very successful. After futile descents had been made on the Isle of Wight and East Anglia, he made a dash up the Humber; but here again he was driven off by the forces of Edwin and Morcar. Finding all his efforts useless, he set sail for Denmark in the hope that the then king—a descendant of the fiery Sweyne—might attempt the conquest of the island. Being baulked once more, he tried his blandishments on Hardrada, King of Norway. Here he was more successful, and, by the end of summer, a fleet of 200 war ships and 300 store ships were in readiness for the projected work. Having touched at the Orkneys—where they were reinforced by a large contingent of pirates and adventurers—the allies sailed for the Tyne, and succeeded in plundering many towns on its banks. Whitby and Scarborough shared the same fate. As it was not deemed advisable to linger over any of these exploits, a move was next made for the Humber, and the vessels, branching off at the Ouse, proceeded to Riccal, a place not far from the city of York. Here the invaders landed, and, after being joined by a section of the natives favourable to Tostig, proceeded

to devastate the district in all directions. Morcar and Edwin hastily gathered their forces, and gave battle at Water Fulford, near Bishopsthorpe. The result was a severe defeat for the Northumbrians. As the old chroniclers put it, "there was much of the English slain, drowned, and driven away in flight, and the Norsemen had possession of the place of carnage." York was next assailed; but as it capitulated after a mere show of resistance, the strangers settled down, as they supposed, to the peaceable enjoyment of their newly won dominions. WILLIAM LONGSTAFF.

In our concluding sketch we have a fair representation of the lightly accoutred fighting force of the Saxons. With the exception of the metal skull cap, the only protection—whether by shield or leg guards—was of padded leather. But while this was the uniform of the rank and file, there were special regiments—both of Saxon and Dane—that went into action with much more effective coverings of ring or mascled armour, and were supplied, in addition, with ponderous head pieces of hammered steel. It is not easy, in the face of conflicting accounts, to say precisely how the chieftains were arrayed; but Strutt, who devoted much attention to the subject, has figured them in chain mail from head to heels. In the description of Godwin's famous present to Hardicanute, we get one of the most reliable accounts of the military equipment of the period. Having constructed a gorgeously decorated barque, the great earl had it manned by eighty of his thegns. Each of these warriors is said to have had a gilded helmet on his head; a triple hauberk on his body; a sword, with hilt of gold, by his side; a battle-axe, damasked with silver, on his shoulder; and a shield, on his left arm, that was bound and embossed with even greater magnificence.

The Story of a Border Trance.

CASES of suspended animation have, from time to time, been recorded in different parts of the world. One of these, resting on evidence which may be variously regarded, is very closely associated with the North of England. It is that of Mrs. Erskine, wife of the Rev. Henry Erskine, an eminent Nonconformist divine of more than two centuries ago.

This gentleman was one of the thirty-three children of Ralph Erskine, who belonged to a family that originally descended from the ancient house of Mar. Henry Erskine was minister of Cornhill-on-Tweed, which then formed part of the county of Durham. Ejected from his living in 1662, under the terms of the Act of Uniformity, he afterwards resided several years at Dryburgh, the last resting place, as is generally known, of Sir Walter Scott. Seized afterwards by a company of soldiers, he had the honour of testifying before the "bluidy Mackenzie" and a committee of the Scotch Privy Council. Condemned as one who preached in "conventicles," and sentenced to fine and imprisonment, he was transported to the Bass Rock, where he remained for some time; but through the kindness of influential friends, his penalty was ultimately commuted into banishment from the kingdom of Scotland. Erskine then returned to England; but, as he still continued his irregular preaching practices, he was apprehended and imprisoned at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. King James's proclamation of indulgence setting him free once more, he entered upon the pastoral charge of a dissenting place of worship at Moneylaws, in the county of Northumberland.

It was while he was living at Moneylaws that, according to tradition, his wife, to all appearance, died, and was actually placed in the family vault. Mrs. Erskine wore a valuable gold ring, which, as it could not be easily removed from her finger, was buried with her. This circumstance being known to the sexton, he thought it a pity that so precious an article should be left among the mouldering remains. Accordingly, he opened the grave at night, seized hold of the lady's hand, and tried to pull off the ring. Finding it difficult to do so, however, and fearing discovery, the fellow whipped out his jack-knife, and was in the act of cutting off the finger to secure the coveted treasure, when, to his amazement and horror, the supposed corpse sat up in the coffin. As may readily be imagined, the grave-digger quickly fled; and Mrs. Erskine, thus restored to activity, made the best of her way home, where her well-known knock at the door startled her husband, who is said to have exclaimed, "If my wife had not been dead, I could have sworn that that was her knock."

The worthy lady—so the old story runs—survived this extraordinary experience many years, and bore several children, including a son named Ralph, who was born in 1685. This son became the Rev. Ralph Erskine, V.D.M., minister of Dunfermline from 1711, when he was twenty-six years old, to 1752. In conjunction with his brother, the Rev. Ebenezer Erskine, who was four years older than himself, he became the founder of the Secession Church, which, by a series of amalgamations, has become the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland. The Rev. Ralph Erskine was the author of what are known as "The Gospel Sonnets," to which is added another very quaint poem, entitled "Smoking Spiritualised." As a further example of his proclivities in this direction we may quote the following epitaph, which he composed on the death of his first wife, Margaret Dewar, who died on the 22nd of November, 1730, after having borne him ten children.

The law brought forth her precepts ten,
And then dissolved in grace;
This vine as many boughs, and then
In glory took her place.

Her dying breath triumphantly
Did that sweet anthem sing,
"Thanks be to God for victory!
O death! where is thy sting?"

In the biographical sketch of the Rev. Ralph Erskine which accompanied a volume of his poems published in 1803, no reference is made to the remarkable occurrence

to which he is alleged to have owed his parentage on the maternal side. Very recently, however, the circumstances have been fully stated and argued *pro* and *con.* in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle.* Mr. R. A. Hill, writing from Stirling on the 4th of October, 1888, stated that the story of the interment and subsequent resurrection of Mrs. Erskine had been known to him from his earliest childhood as an actual occurrence. "The incident," Mr. Hill added, "has been handed down from one generation to another in our family; and the ring referred to is in my possession now." With such evidence and data to guide them, readers must form their own conclusions.

Ralph Waldo Emerson in Newcastle.

AN intimation appeared in the *Newcastle Chronicle* on the 4th of February, 1848, that the committee of the Mechanics' Institution had engaged Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson to deliver two lectures in the Lecture Room, Nelson Street, on Wednesday and Thursday, February 9th and 10th—the first on "Shakspeare, the Poet," the second on "Napoleon, the Man of the World." The price of admission to each lecture was one shilling to the body of the room, and one shilling and sixpence to the reserved seats. The advertisement was signed by the then secretaries of the institution, Mr. J. L. Thornton and Mr. Metcalf Ross. The *Chronicle*, in the following week, gave a brief notice of Mr. Emerson's visit, stating that the audience was a good one, and that the lecturer was frequently applauded. It also published the following brief report of the oration on Shakspeare:—

Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, the American author and lecturer, delivered a lecture on Shakspeare, the Poet, in the Lecture Room, Nelson Street, to a numerous audience. The lecturer, in investigating the characteristics of the poet's genius, remarked that the history of the man furnished no insight into the mind of the poet, so as to elucidate the causes and explain the process by which his genius was able to exert a power so talismanic and universal. Shakspeare, in the age in which he lived, maintained his incognito complete. The age, rich as it was in great men, failed to recognise the poet of mankind; and it was only during the present age that his genius had been appreciated, or that his history could be written. The lecturer also showed how true genius, having once proved its power to be original, thenceforward established its claim to become a universal borrower from the writings of others, inheriting, so to speak, the fruits of other men's labours. Shakspeare's object, however, was to exhibit the beautiful, not so much for the sake of its relation to the true, as for its own sake. Cheerfulness was his prevailing characteristic; amusement was the object to which his powers were always directed; and the poet was still wanted who should prove that unrivalled powers of fancy were ever compatible with universal wisdom.

Mr. Emerson was the guest of Mr. George Crawshay, who then resided in Westgate Street. Mr. Crawshay has kindly supplied us with the following memorandum of his recollection of the New England philosopher:—

April 27, 1888.

Emerson was a delightful inmate; so exalted, so gentle, and so pure; his presence did one good. We had much conversation. I have four letters from him, in one of which he says that he continued to be occupied with the subjects of our conversation. He induced me to get the "Bhagavad-Gita," a translation from the Sanscrit, and predicted to me a great infusion of Oriental thought into English thought. The grounds of his prediction, which has come true, were that in this respect there was a vacuum in England which would necessarily be filled up. At the time of his visit I was full of Charles Fourier's ideas, and they were the chief subject of discussion. That a great truth underlay Fourier's extravagances was our common view. G. C.

The four letters to which Mr. Crawshay refers have also been placed in our hands, with permission to copy them. As everything that Emerson wrote is of interest to the world at large, we are pleased to have the privilege of printing them here:—

2, Ferry Street, Higher Broughton,
Manchester, December 24, 1847.

Dear Sir,—Your kind note was received last night, and awakens the warmest interest. It is not yet quite certain that I am to lecture at Newcastle, but on such a showing as yours I see not how I can avoid going thither. I believe I must frankly accept your invitation, and make you a short visit, whether I go to the Institute or not. Will you let me keep this good hope before me? and when I see the opportunity of realizing it, I will write to you.—Yours respectfully,

R. W. EMERSON.

2, Ferry Street, Higher Broughton,
Manchester, February 7, 1848.

Dear Sir,—I find that I am promised to your Mechanics' Institution at Newcastle on Wednesday evening next, so that I am setting forth on my journey northward to-day, and promise myself the privilege of visiting you on Wednesday p.m. I hope it will be my good fortune to find you at home. If affairs have chanced to call you thence, I shall blame my imprudence in not giving you earlier notice of my designs on you.—Yours respectfully, R. W. EMERSON.

Edinburgh, Monday Evening, Feb. 14, 1848.

My Dear Sir,—Forgive me the strange slowness in keeping my promise; but I have been in a whirl ever since I left your door, and could ill command a minute or a pen. But the train kept its word and arrived at or near 8·15. A porter came at once to the carriage window to see if Mr. E. was within. Dr. Brown was waiting for me. Your message had been faithfully forwarded, and happily the lecture had been appointed for 8½ o'clock. I was driven to the Phil. Society's rooms, where I found kind secretaries with hot coffee, and the audience were kept waiting by apologizing directors only fifteen minutes, so that all prospered well. There was a great company, so the forewarning was important. I have seen Professor Wilson and Lord Jeffrey, and to-day dined with De Quincey. I trust that Mrs. Crawshay is in firmer health,* though the weather is so wild. I am still revolving many good things I learned at your house, and shall not have done with them for a long time. But in the present haste must postpone all to a future note.—Yours with great regard,

R. W. EMERSON.

2, Ferry Street, Higher Broughton,
Manchester, March 2, 1848.

My Dear Sir,—Your kind note found me still in Scotland, where I had a pleasant visit, and satisfied on many points and persons my Western curiosity. Thence I came to Ambleside, where I spent a couple of days

* Mrs. Crawshay, who was a daughter of the late Sir John Fife, died on August 3, 1889, aged 63.

most agreeably; saw Wordsworth for an hour and a half; had much talk with Miss Martineau of her coming book; saw the excellent family of the Arnolds, and particularly Mr. Greg, under whose guidance I had a good ride on horseback among the mountains and waters; and yesterday returned home hither. I think to set forth toward London to-morrow, perhaps may stop at Birmingham one night, and I mean to remain in or near London until 1st May. If you shall be there in that interim, and will send your address for me to Mr. Chapman, 142, Strand, I shall not fail to see you. These wondrous French news must occupy you fully in these days and hours. I desire to be kindly remembered by Mrs. Crawshay, and am yours, with best regards, R. W. Emerson.

Old House at Hexham.

FOUR or five years ago the old house shown in our engraving, which is copied from a photograph by Mr. J. P. Gibson, still existed in Gilesgate, Hexham. But it has since given place to business premises.

The style of the house was Early Jacobean; it had prominent bay windows, and was unmistakably of some note in its earlier days. It was rather unique in having the Royal motto on its lintel, boldly cut in black letter:—

HONI SOIT QVI MAL Y PENS
W.S. . . . ANNO DOMINI. 1638.

The final letter of the motto was omitted for want of space, while the third and fourth letters in the second line were almost obliterated. The windows had all been mullioned; the door was iron studded; and a room on the left hand had an enormous fireplace, some 10 feet wide. Tradition has it that the house belonged to one of the county families, many of whom had residences in Hexham, just as in these modern times many have town residences in London.

Gilesgate has still other old houses which bear interesting inscriptions. One of these is over the door of the Skinners' Arms. The inscription is as follows:—

C.D. 1613 I.D.

Reason doth wonder, but Faith he can tell
That a Maid was a Mother, and God was a Man;
Let Reason look down, and Faith see the wonder,
For Faith sees above, and Reason sees under.
Reason doth wonder what by Scripture is meant,
Which saith that Christ's body is our sacrament;
That our bread is his body, and our drink is his blood,
Which cannot by reason be well understood;
For Faith sees above, and Reason below,
For Faith can see more than Reason doth know.

Perhaps we may just add a word or two about the trade of Hexham when these old houses would be in their palmy days. The staple trades then were weaving, hatting, gloving, and tanning. With the exception of the last-named, all these trades are now things of the past. A century or so ago, however, they gave employment to a large number of workpeople. Wright, in his

OLD HOUSE AT HEXHAM.

"History of Hexham," written half a century ago, gives the following table to show the extent to which the leather trade was then carried on :—

Men and boys employed as leather-dressers and glove-cutters	71
Boys employed as dusters	40
Women in Hexham and its vicinity employed as sewers.....	1,000
	1,111
Raw skins used annually	80,000
Skins of dressed leather imported annually.....	18,000
	98,000

There were annually made and exported 23,504 dozen pairs of gloves. But the glory of "Hexham tans" has departed.

Haltwhistle Church.

HALTWHISTLE, a village in appearance, is in reality a genuine old-fashioned country market town, pleasantly situated in the valley of the South Tyne. It impresses the visitor with a sense of its airy healthfulness, and with its easy-going and leisurely circumstances. It has witnessed its stirring scenes in the old days of Border feud and warfare; but those times have for ever passed away, and, except for the record they have left in the pages of history, and the evidence of their necessities which we find in the peel towers and castles of the North Country, would now be forgotten. An interesting fragment of one of these ancient strongholds may still be found in the rear of the Red Lion, perhaps the principal hostelry in Haltwhistle.

Such annals of the history of Haltwhistle church as we possess, though scanty, are deeply interesting. In former times the position of the vicars of this parish was anything but enviable. When, in 1311, Robert Brus, the King of Scotland, invaded Northumberland, ravaging the district of Gilsland and a great part of Tindale, and overrunning the country as far as Corbridge, his followers carried off the then vicar of Haltwhistle, one Robert de Pykwell, a prisoner. On the 13th October, 1311, there occurs a letter from the Bishop of Durham, addressed to Pykwell—"We have recently heard, from the confused story of trustworthy persons, that thou hast been captured by the Scots, the enemies of the king and kingdom of England, and detained in captivity to the imminent danger of thy death, and that thou art not able, without a most costly redemption, to escape from their audacious hands." Whereupon the bishop proceeds to license the vicar to farm out "the fruits, rents, offerings, and profits" of his vicarage for one year, in order to raise the sum needed for his liberation. Pykwell does not seem to have long survived his captivity. In September, 1316, a successor, David de Harrays, was appointed to the living and, as we meet with no subsequent mention of Pykwell, it is almost certain he was dead.

But those were troubled times. The king was incessantly engaged in war, to bear the expenses whereof, subsidies were being constantly levied on the nation. When, therefore, Edward, by brief, calls upon the Bishop of Durham, in February, 1312, to collect the contributions at which they were assessed from certain of his clergy, amongst whom occurs the vicar of Haltwhistle, for a sum of £10 10s. 6d., we are not surprised to find the bishop replying, "the goods of the vicar of Haltwhistle are not to be found, because they are destroyed by the Scots.' Shortly afterwards, in another return, the bishop tells the king that he can levy nothing at present towards the royal subsidies on the vicars of Norham, Bywell St. Peter's, Haltwhistle, Hilderton, or the parson of Ovingham, because all their goods, as well as the churches and villages in their parishes, are entirely burnt and destroyed by the Scots." Again and again, the same story is repeated in later returns—"Their churches are burnt, and their parishes destroyed."

In 1385, the church of Haltwhistle was appropriated to the Priory of Tynemouth. The Scots still harassed the country, and Tynemouth suffered severely from their repeated invasions. The maintenance of the walls and towers of the convent, which, like Durham, was

> Half church of God, half castle 'gainst the Scot,

exceeded the monks' resources. They,

therefore, petitioned the king and the Bishop of Durham for the appropriation of Haltwhistle Church. The king's license mentions that the priory is "situated in the marches of Scotland," "to which priory the adversaries and enemies of our kingdom of England are able to come dryshod; and the possessions of the said priory and its rents and profits, on account of the invasions of the Scots, assailing those parts for many years past, are so diminished, that the said prior and convent, and their household and servants, serving God within the said priory, are unable to maintain the ammunition of the walls and towers surrounding the said priory on the one hand, and the walls circumvallating the said priory after the fashion of a castle and great fortress on the other. On which account the castle, towers, and walls of the said priory are much decayed on every side; the people, who with their goods are received into the said castle and priory in the time of civil war, cannot be comfortably maintained; and the hospitalities and charities which the said priory was accustomed to dispense" cannot be supported unless some remedy be afforded. For all these reasons the king calls upon the Bishop of Durham to appropriate the church of Haltwhistle to the priory. The bishop complied with the request, imposing, however, the condition that the prior and convent of Tynemouth should pay the vicar of Haltwhistle his accustomed stipend, as well as 13s. 4d. a year to the bishop himself and his successors, and 6s. 8d. a year to the prior and convent of Durham. The rest of the income of the church of Haltwhistle was to go to the priory of Tynemouth.

Haltwhistle Church is an edifice about which there is much to interest every visitor. It is a building in what is called the early English style of architecture, and was evidently erected about 1250. Except its modern alterations and restorations, it is all of one date.

The church consists of a nave with two aisles and a chancel. The nave is divided from its aisles by arcades, each of four pointed arches: The pillars are cylindrical, and have round capitals, the upper portion of each of which—technically called "the abacus"—is eight sided. The moulding which covers the arches—called the "hood-moulding"—on the sides towards the nave, is what is known as the "nail-head moulding," from its resemblance to a row of old-fashioned pyramid-shaped nailheads. All the windows in the church are what are known as lancets. In the clerestory of the nave—that is, in the walls which are above the roofs of the aisles and above the arches also—there are three windows of this kind on each side. There are two windows under a single arch at the east end of each aisle. There is a beautiful, though much restored, doorway on the north side of the nave, formerly the principal entrance to the church, but now opening only into the vestry. The font, which stands near the west end of the church, is a remarkable piece of workmanship. It is six sided, and each side is covered by sculpture of the rudest description. On one side is the representation of a face, evidently meant for our Saviour's; on the next side an intricate knot is carved; the third side bears a thistle, the fourth a cross, the fifth a fleur-de-lis, and the sixth another knot. Near the rim is the following inscription:—

R P IVLY THE 29 1676

R. P. are the initials of Robert Priestman, who was at that time Vicar of Haltwhistle.

Close beside the chancel arch, high up in the north-east and south-east corners of the nave are stone brackets, one on each side. There have been many ingenious suggestions as to what was the original purpose of these brackets. There can, I think, be no doubt that they were intended to carry images. Near to the east end of the south aisle, and in the south wall, is a small and very rude piscina, the uses of which I explained in the account of Norton Church. (See page 346.) This part of the church was evidently used, before the reformation, as a chantry.

We now come to the chancel, the architectural features of which do not require lengthy description. The principal of these is the beautiful east window, consisting of three lofty lancet lights, each of which has shafts at its sides, with bases, bands and capitals, and a trefoil head, in the moulding of which we again meet with the nail heads. There are four lancet windows on each side of the chancel. In the south wall are three sedilia, priests' seats—each with a trefoil head, and separated from each other by clustered shafts. Here, also, there is a piscina, much of which is modern, but its original miniature nook-shafts constitute an unusual feature of great interest and beauty.

The Church of Haltwhistle, like many of our old churches, has a "low-side window," though here, as in the majority of cases, it is walled up. Some reader may ask, What is a low-side window? It is a small window, or, perhaps I ought to say, opening, at the west end of the chancel, in the *side* wall, almost always on the south, though very rarely we find it on the north, *low* down and near the ground and looking into the churchyard. It is sometimes of one light, sometimes of two. Originally it was never glazed, but was closed by a shutter, the iron hinges of which, in a few cases, still exist. The same reader may again ask, What was the purpose of these low-side windows? It is easier often to ask questions than to answer them, and this is a case in point. Long and learned papers on the purpose of these low-side windows have been written and read and discussed and printed. Theories without number have been put forward. The briefest statement of the various opinions of learned antiquaries would fill pages of this magazine; and still, perhaps, the question remains unanswered. They had probably several uses, and, whatever might be their principal purpose, I have no doubt that they were used as confessionals, and for the administration of the sacra-

ment during periods of pestilence, and to infected persons at all times. The low-side window at Haltwhistle is of two lights, and square headed, and was doubtless an insertion of the fifteenth century.

There are several monuments of the departed in this church of the very highest interest. One of these is the recumbent effigy of an armed knight, which lies on the north side of the chancel, within the communion rails. It has, as the visitor will see, been terribly mutilated. Not only has the figure lost its legs and all the features of its face, but even the shield once attached to its right arm has been destroyed. The shield existed in the time of John Hodgson, the historian, and bore a device which proved that the effigy represented some member of the ancient family of Blenkinsop. The costume of the effigy, so far as its mutilated state enables us to judge, belongs to the latter portion of the fourteenth century. It is probably the effigy of Thomas de Blenkinsop, lord of Blenkinsop Castle, a personage who appears to have taken an active part in the military affairs of the North in his day, having been at one time Governor of Roxborough Castle. He died between 1386 and 1389, at the age of about 50 years, and is said to have then borne arms for 30 years. But there is an older memorial of a Blenkinsop on the other side of the chancel. This is the largest and most elaborate of the three grave covers. All these ancient grave covers have points of resemblance to each other, which render it almost certain that they are the work of one sculptor; and a very excellent sculptor he evidently was. The designs of all the crosses are very beautiful, though the Blenkinsop's cross bears the palm. It is proved to be a Blenkinsop's monument by the coat of arms upon it, which a herald would describe as "a fesse between three garbs"—*garb* being an old word for a corn-sheaf. These three slabs may all belong to about the year 1350. On the Blenkinsop stone we see a sword, a bag (with another corn-sheaf on it) and a long staff represented. The sword indicates that the person commemorated was a male, and not, as many people think, that he was a warrior. The staff and the bag indicate that he had undertaken one of those pilgrimages to some distant shrine—perhaps to Rome, perhaps to the Holy Sepulchre—which were so fashionable in the middle ages. Another Thomas de Blenkinsop had license granted him in 1340 to crenellate—that is, to fortify—his manor house of Blenkinsop, which was then described as being in "the Marches of Scotland." He is probably the person commemorated by this beautiful gravestone, and was most likely the father of the knight whose effigy I have already described. The Blenkinsops were an ancient and powerful Northumbrian family. The earliest mention of them occurs about 1240, when one Ralph de Blenkinsop held the vill of Blenkinsop. From this time we find them, through a long series of generations, occupying Blenkinsop Castle, till the early part of last century, when the line terminated in an heiress who married William Coulson, of Jesmond, from whom the Blenkinsop-Coulsons are descended.

The two other grave-covers are, as we know from the coat of arms upon them, memorials of members of the family of Thirlwall, another ancient Northumbrian family. They, like the Blenkinsops, took their name from their estate, which, in turn, had its designation from the fact that the famed Roman Wall passes across it. The early Thirlwalls were called barons. This family also ended in a female representative, who, in 1738, married one of the Swinburnes. The early generations in the pedigree of the Thirlwalls are too chaotic and fragmentary to enable us with any degree of probability to determine whose graves these interesting stones covered. We must be content with the simple fact that they were ancient Thirlwalls. One Lancelot Thirlwall, who died in 1583, in his will, desired "to be buried within the parish church of Haltwhistle, where my ancestors doth lie."

We have still another monument to notice, which, though more recent in date, is no less interesting. It is a slab of stone, fixed to the south wall of the chancel, and which, beneath some strange sculptures, bears a long rhyming inscription. It commemorates one John Ridley, "lord of the Walltown," who married his relative, Elizabeth Ridley, the sister of Bishop Nicholas Ridley, who, as everybody knows, was martyred at Oxford in 1555. The bishop, in the letter in which, just before his martyrdom, he bids his relatives farewell, thus addresses John Ridley and his wife:—"Farewell, my beloved brother, John Ridley, of the Walltown, and you my gentle and loving sister Elizabeth, whom, besides the natural league of amity, your tender love which you were said ever to bear towards me above the rest of your brethren doth bind me to love. My mind was to have acknowledged this your loving affection, and to have acquitted it with deeds, and not with words alone. Your daughter Elizabeth I bid farewell, whom I love for the meek and gentle spirit that God hath given her, which is a precious thing in the sight of God." The Ridley inscription, which in parts is difficult to decipher, reads as follows:—

IHON REDLE THATE SVM TIM DID BE
THEN LARD OF THE WALTON
GON IS HE ÓVT OF THES VAL OF MESERE
HIS BONS LIES VNDER THES STON
WE MVST BELEVE BE GODS MERSE
INTO THES WORLD GAVE HES SON
THEN FOR TO REDEM AL CHRESTENS
SO CHRIST HATH HES SOVL WOUN
AL FAETHFVL PEOPLE MAY BE FAEN
WHEN DATH COMES THAT NON CAN FLE
THE BODE KEPT THE SOVLE IN FAEN
THROVGH CHRIST IS SET AT LEBERTE
AMONG BLESED COMPANE TO REMAEN
TO SLEP IN CHRIST NOWE IS HE GON
YET STEL BELEVES TO HAVE AGAEN
THROVGH CHRIST A IOYFVL RESVRRECCION
AL FRENDES MAY BE GLAD TO HAER

WHEN HIS SOVL FROM PAEN DID GO
OVT OF THES WORLD AS DOETH APAER
IN THE YEER OF OVR LORD
A : 1562

× ×

Blenkinsop Castle is now a shattered ruin ; Thirlwall Castle is also a ruin ; and the tower of Walltown, the ancient home of the Ridleys, has almost entirely disappeared. The conditions of social life out of which these old fortresses arose no longer exist. Of many of their occupants even the names have perished. But the ruins of these ancient homes, and the gravestones on this chancel floor, call up before us the dim figures of those valiant knights, the lords of Thirlwall, Blenkinsop, and Walltown, whose halls and corridors were hung with armour, whose doors were thickly barred with iron, from whose battlements missiles and arrows were showered upon the invader, who themselves went forth from their fortresses, now to the sanctuary where the bones of their ancestors were laid, now in defence of their cattle and their neighbours against the raid of the Border freebooter, and who, despite the rudeness of their age, beneath their coats of mail cherished the faith and the humanity which have ever ennobled our race.

Our view of Haltwistle Church is from a photograph by Mr. J. P. Gibson, of Hexham.

J. R. BOYLE, F.S.A.

The Floating Island in Derwentwater.

A SMALL volume has lately been published by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., from the pen of Mr. G. J. Symons, secretary of the Royal Meteorological Society, which gives the history, and explains the reason for the existence, of the mysterious floating island in Derwentwater. As far back as authentic records can be obtained, there has appeared from time to time in the south-east corner Lake Derwentwater, a small island, which, after a certain interval of time, has sunk again and disappeared. The place at which this phenomenon is exhibited is approximately the same at each re-appearance, namely, a point off the mouth of the Derwent and about 200 yards to the west of the place where the Cat Gill Beck pours its waters into the lake. At this point the ordinary depth of the water is about six feet. The island, which, when it rises, appears a few inches above the level of the lake, is sufficiently firm to allow people to stand on it ; and on one occasion a band landed on it and played a selection of airs. Its area has been found to vary on different occasions from a few square yards up to two acres. Now and again several small islets appear instead of a single one, and not infrequently it has been found to be divided by one or more deep clefts. Careful examination shows that the island consists of a peaty mass several feet in thickness, having its surface covered by living specimens of various water plants. It is manifest that the island is merely the highest part of a great blister-like upheaval of the peat which here forms the lake bottom, and that when this blister-like elevation subsides the island is submerged and disappears. Captain Wharton, the hydrographer to the Admiralty, who on one occasion accompanied Mr. Symons on a visit to the island, obtained a section of the peaty mass of which it is formed down into the lake bottom. The peat was found to rest on a layer, only a few inches thick, of a diatomaceous earth. When sticks are forcibly thrust into the materials composing the island bubbles of gas are given off, and these on analysis are found to be almost identical with that of fire-damp from Killingworth Colliery. It is only in hot weather that it rises, generally in the months of July and August ; and while it has never been known to appear before June 5, it has only once remained up after October 8. It would seem that during warm weather a sufficient evolution of gases takes place to cause the peaty bottom of the lake at this point to rise in a great blister. But what are the causes that give rise to an evolution of gas at this particular spot—an operation that has been repeated many times during the last 150 years—it is not easy to suggest. It is equally difficult to assign a cause for the appearance of this phenomenon at a definite point with such remarkable persistency, while nothing of the kind has been observed elsewhere.

Blanchland.

ON the northern bank of the Derwent, about two miles from its source, Walter de Bolbec founded, in 1165, an abbey for twelve Premonstratensian canons. The site chosen, called by them Blancalanda, Albalanda, or Glancalanda, from an abbey of that name in Picardy, was a picturesque and secluded one, the moorland landscape around it harmonising, in its somewhat monotonous and austere character, with the colourless life of the little community. The dress of the canons was white, that is, of undyed wool, and hence they were known as the "white monks."

The Premonstratensian order, which already at this time had one house in Northumberland—Alnwick Abbey—was established by St. Norbert in the early part of the twelfth century, and derived its name from Pré montr or Pratum monstratum, *the meadow pointed out* to the founder in a dream as the site of his first monastery.

To provide for the temporal wants of these twelve canons established on his manor, the lord of Bolbec granted them "the lordship, demesnes, and advowson of the church of Blanchland, the appropriations and advowsons of the churches of Harelaw and Bywell, of Styford,

of Shotley, of Apperley, and of the church of Heddon-on-the-Wall dedicated to St. Andrew—the tithes of the village of Wulwardhope, and twelve fishes for their table out of his fishery at Styford in lieu of the tithe-fishes." The abbey was enriched with several benefactions by the powerful family of Neville, and in the reign of Edward I. had attained a position of some importance; for its abbot, in 1295, was one of the few ecclesiastics summoned to Parliament.

By 1327, the abbey had experienced the usual fate of religious houses in the North-Country—it was burnt by the Scots. A band of these marauders, numbering about twenty thousand, under the Earls of Moray and Douglas, had overrun the counties of Northumberland and Durham, wasting the country and seizing more cattle than they knew what to do with. Guided by the smoke from the burning villages, the young king, Edward III., with an army of 60,000 men, set off in pursuit of them, traversing the fells and morasses between the Wear and the Tyne. After being detained for a week on the banks of the South Tyne by continued rains, without forage or litter for their horses, or provisions for themselves, and so unprotected from the weather that their saddles and girths were all rotted with the rain, they resumed their march, and in four days received intelligence as to the whereabouts of the Scots. "As soon as the king heard the news," says Froissart, "he ordered his army to be prepared, and turned his horses to feed in the fields near to a monastery of white monks, which had been burnt, and which was called, in King Arthur's time, Blanche Land. Then the king confessed himself, and each made his preparations according to his abilities. The king ordered plenty of masses to be said, to housel such as were devoutly inclined." Early the next morning, the English army, with trumpets sounding and banners flying, set out on its march to Stanhope, where the Scots were encamped, "each battalion marching by itself in regular array, over hill and dale, keeping their ranks according to order." Such a spectacle would long be remembered by the inhabitants of the lovely vale of Derwent.

An interesting story is told in connection with Blanchland, which may probably have reference to this inroad of Douglas. A party of Scots, on their way to despoil the abbey, were surprised by a mist and unable to discover the trackway to Blanchland. They wandered vainly for some time over the fells, and had come to the Dead Friar's Hill, on the Durham side of the Derwent, when they were gladdened by the sound of bells which the canons were ringing for joy at their supposed deliverance. Thus guided to the abbey, they broke through the gates, set fire to the buildings, and after slaughtering several of the brethren, rode off with much spoil. A similar story, however, is told of Brinkburn. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1888, page 71.)

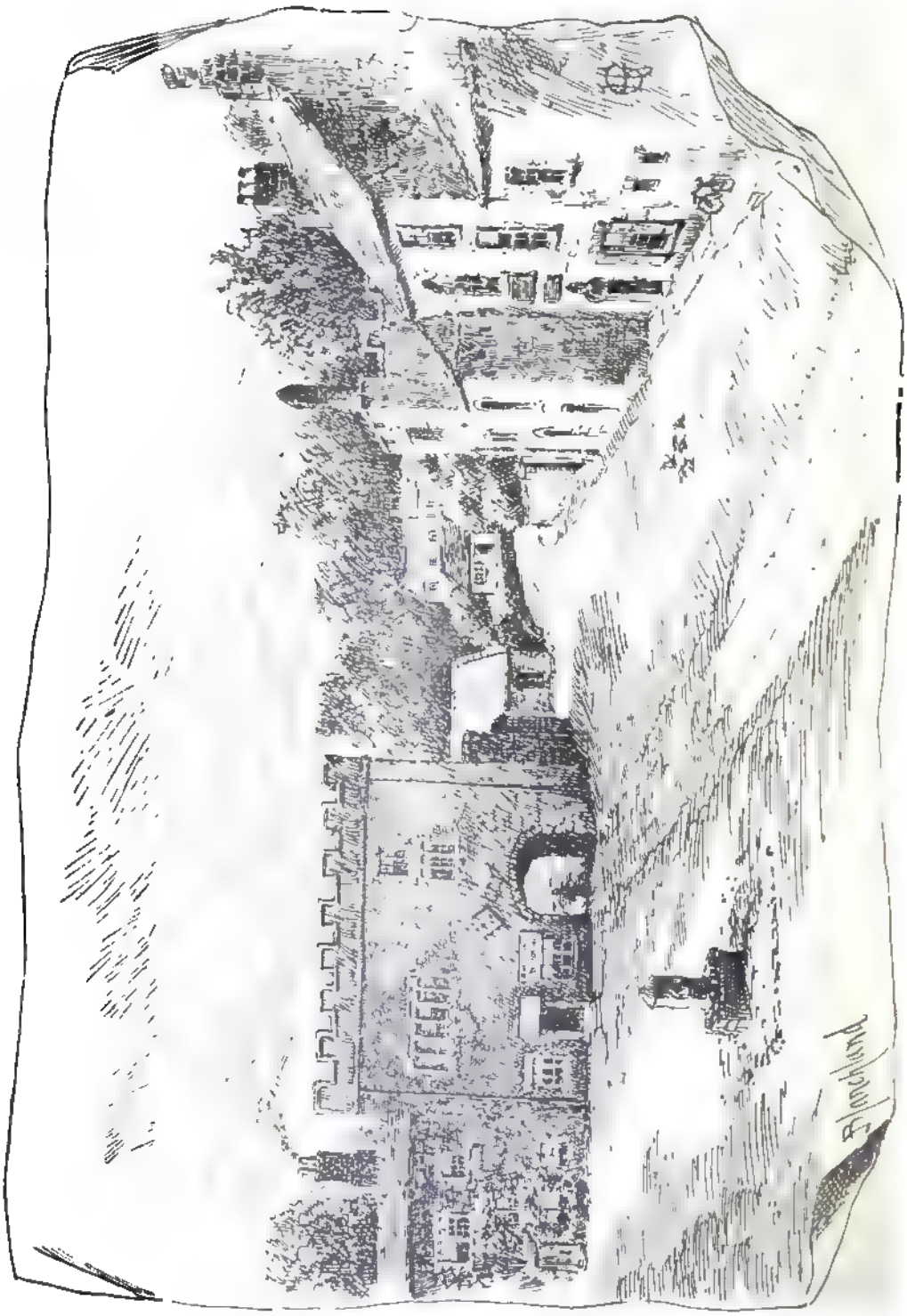
At the dissolution of monasteries, the annual revenues of Blanchland were estimated at £44 9s. 1d. according to Speed, or £44 0s. 9d. according to Dugdale, a sum equal to at least twelve times that amount at the present day. Henry VIII. granted the abbey lands, &c., to John Bellow and John Broxholme. They afterwards came into the possession of the Forsters, and were subsequently purchased by Lord Crewe, Bishop of Durham, who left them in trust for charitable purposes.

The village of Blanchland owes its existence to the abbey. Under the shelter of the precinct wall a number of cottages would spring up for the accommodation of the dependants and workpeople of the abbey. The presence of a monastic community in a district meant the cultivation of the land, the draining of the marshes, the building of bridges and mills, the formation of roads, and the development of many industries. Blanchland is a good example of a Border village, old-fashioned and substantial in appearance. The houses are of stone, and have evidently been built from the ruins of the monastic buildings, the plan of the village being practically that of the abbey. The quadrangular arrangement of the village gives to

it, as Mr. Walter Besant has well said, "the aspect of an ancient and decayed college." The popular writer just quoted, in his novel of "Dorothy Forster," has invested Blanchland with a fictitious interest. There is so much local colour and incident in the story as to almost give it an historical validity. The most prominent feature of the village (well represented in three of our sketches) is the massive gateway tower, which afforded entrance to the abbey grounds from the north. The monastic houses of Northumberland were nearly all protected by towers of this kind, as, for instance, Lindisfarne, Alnwick, Hulne, and Tynemouth. At the last-named place, we are told, Prior Richard de Tewing maintained in the fourteenth century as many as eighty armed men.

The remains of the abbey are, unfortunately, not very numerous, and are chiefly to be found in the church of St. Mary the Virgin. The history of the building seems to be this: It consisted at first of a nave and chancel, in the Early English style, simple and severe in character. Later on it was enlarged by the addition of a transept on the north side and by a chantry on the east. Then the tower was built at the north end of the transept—a very unusual position. At some period or other the nave was destroyed. After the Dissolution, the abbey church became the parish church. It was restored in 1752 by Lord Crewe's trustees, and again in 1815. In 1844 a baptistery was added to the chancel on the site of the old chantry. The nave was never rebuilt, the west wall of the north transept being continued to the south wall of the chancel. The only portion of the original Early English building undisturbed is the north wall of the chancel. On the south side of the church were the cloisters, 75 feet square, and around them were ranged the domestic buildings in the following order:—The Chapter House and Dormitory on the east, the Refectory on the south, and the Kitchen and Prior's House on the west. The foundations of the Dormitory, still traceable under the turf, show that its dimensions were 42 feet by 30 feet. The view below represents the Kitchen and the Prior's House, now forming the Lord Crewe's Arms, which still retains its antique character, though altered to meet the re-

quirements of modern tourists. The Kitchen opened into the cloisters by a wide segmental arch and the Prior's House by a narrow pointed one, both of which are shown in the sketch, together with the greater portion of the quadrangle, at present a green lawn. In the basement of the Prior's House is a vaulted passage lighted by two windows. The masonry above it is of later date. The position, size, and height of the Refectory are represented by a building subdivided into cottages. (See sketch on page 504.) "Before the alterations of a few years back," wrote the Rev. W. Featherstonhaugh nearly a quarter of a century ago, "this building had an entrance from the adjoining Kitchen with a stone stair giving admission to what was once a long room above, lighted by six windows. It was at the time divided by partitions into rooms, to which access was gained by a passage running the entire length," and he adds, "I have no doubt we have before us the shell of the Refectory." Built into the south wall of this building are several sculptured stones. There are still considerable remains of the south wall of the nave. At its west end is a lancet window, built up, with the corbel of the cloister roof close by. There are four interesting tomb slabs in the church. One bears carved upon it a beautiful cross with a crozier and chalice; another a pastoral staff; a third a bow, arrow, sword, and hunting-horn, with the name Robertus Egylston; a fourth, similar emblems to the third, with the initials T. E. The two first commemorate abbots, the two last foresters of the abbey. A few fragments of painted glass remain in the church and prior's house. The old churchyard cross is still standing on the left-hand side of the church walk, its base nearly buried in



the earth. The fishponds of the abbey were situated in the plantation to the east of the Shildon Burn, and a little further up the same streamlet stood the abbey mill.

The remains of the abbey are but few, as we have said; yet they possess for us a pathetically human interest, conjuring up to our imaginations the white-clad ascetics who, despite their mistaken conceptions of life and inevitable shortcomings, endeavoured, not vainly, to subordinate their desires to a spiritual ideal.

WM. W. TOMLINSON.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford.

John Clark, M.D.,

FOUNDER OF NEWCASTLE DISPENSARY.

IN the year 1775, when Newcastle had but recently lost the services of Dr. Adam Askew (see vol. i., p. 452), there came hither from the Borderland a young doctor named John Clark. He was the eldest son of a farmer at Graden, Roxburghshire, and was born there in May, 1744. He received his education at Kelso, where his studious disposition so decidedly seemed to point to the ministry as his future calling that his parents entered him at Edinburgh University to qualify for holy orders. There, like Mark Akenside, he evinced a strong preference for the study of medicine, and, being allowed to gratify his inclinations, he passed his examination and in due time made his entrance into the profession as surgeon's mate of an East Indiaman—the Talbot, Captain Sir Charles Hudson, Bart. In that position he remained four years (1768-72), acquiring experience in Indian and Chinese waters, and making notes of atmospheric changes and the influence of climate in health and disease. The result of his studies was given to the profession in a book, published in 1773, entitled "Observations on the Diseases which prevail in Long Voyages to Hot Climates"—a work which procured for him the approbation of the faculty, and a gratuity of a hundred guineas from the East India Company. Obtaining a diploma from the University of St. Andrews, he settled as a physician at Kelso, where he practised for a couple of years, and then came to Newcastle.

In his daily rounds the new doctor saw the hardships arising from the want of medicine and advice which indigent persons endured whose cases excluded them from the benefits of the Infirmary; and in the beginning of April, 1777, in conjunction with Mr. Anderson, surgeon, he proposed the establishment of a Dispensary. At a meeting of the governors of the Infirmary in September following, the scheme was approved, and a few days later, in an entry at the foot of the Side, Newcastle Dispensary was opened.

For many years the success of the Dispensary depended chiefly on Dr. Clark's exertions, and the annual reports of the institution were invariably from his pen. His leisure he devoted to study; and taking up the subject of febrile disease, of which he had had much experience during his voyages, and afterwards among the Newcastle poor, he issued in 1780 a book entitled "Observations on Fevers." Three years later he published a posthumous tract, by Dr. Dugald Leslie, on a contagious catarrh which had raged during the preceding summer, and (having been in the meantime elected a physician to the Infirmary) he issued, in 1792, a revised edition of his book on the diseases of hot climates, to which he added his work on fevers.

Next to the management of the Dispensary, the successful working of the Infirmary was an object of Dr. Clark's concern. By disuse and lapse of time, some of the statutes of that noble institution had become unsuitable and ineffective. A report upon the defects of the charity was presented to the governors by the doctor in November, 1800, and he followed up the report by sending to every subscriber "The Result of an Inquiry into the State of Various Infirmaries; a Comparative View of the Success of the Practice in the Improved and in the Old Infirmaries; and a Proposal for the Improvement and Extension of the Infirmary at Newcastle." The doctor's reforming zeal met with proper appreciation. A committee of governors was appointed to carry out his views, a subscription was opened to provide the funds, in due time the building was enlarged, and the new arrangements and regulations he had suggested were put into active operation.

The extended building contained wards for the treatment of contagious fevers, and when they were completed Dr. Clark proposed the formation of a Board of Health to carry rules of prevention into the homes of the poor, as well as to support fever patients received into the institution. A committee was formed in January, 1802, for this purpose, but a difference of opinion prevailed amongst the Infirmary doctors as to the safety of admitting fever cases at all, and a prolonged controversy ensued. In the end the dissentients were victorious, and a separate establishment, known in after years as the Fever Hospital, or House of Recovery, was erected in the Warden's Close, now Bath Lane.

From boyhood Dr. Clark had been a martyr to disorders in the organs of digestion. The worry of controversy and the fatigue of a wide-spreading practice increased the frequency and augmented the violence of his attacks. With his friend and patient, Archdeacon Paley—who was completing, in the intervals of pain, his famous work on "Natural Theology"—he went to Bux-

ton to try the effect of the waters, but returned to Newcastle with little hope of improvement. At the end of January, 1805, he tried the waters of Cheltenham, and, experiencing no benefit, removed to Bath, where he expired on the 19th of April. His remains were interred, at his own request, beside the grave of another of his friends, Thomas Charles Bigge, of Benton, in the churchyard of Weston, near the city in which he died.

Joseph Clark,

PREACHER, EDITOR, AND MUNICIPAL REFORMER.

At the close of last century the civic rulers of Newcastle had fallen into a state of lethargy and indifference. The town's money was wasted, satisfactory accounts of income and expenditure could not be obtained, and nobody seemed to be responsible. The hour had come for a thorough overhaul of corporate works and ways, and with the hour came the man. Him the burgesses found in the person of Joseph Clark, a tradesman of only moderate means, but gifted beyond his neighbours with the power of fluent speech and the ability to wield a

Joseph Clark.

trenchant pen. Encouraged by good men and true within the select circle of the Common Council itself, and strengthened by the support of his fellow-townsmen without, he led a spirited movement against municipal obstruction and mismanagement, and eventually he led it to victory. For some years after the present century came in, Joseph Clark was the idol of his fellow-freemen, and one of the most popular men in the town.

There is not much to tell about the early history of this earnest local reformer. He was born in Newcastle on the 25th February, 1770, and, losing both his parents soon afterwards, was brought up in steady ways and sober habits by his eldest sister. At an early age, having heard the Rev. John Wesley preach, he left the Presbyterian Church, to which his family belonged, and joined the Methodist community at the Orphan House. There it was discovered that he possessed unusual gifts of speech, and means were found for turning them to good account. Although only seventeen, he was allowed to officiate as a local preacher. It is said that at the house of Matthew Hindmarsh, plane-maker, whose eldest daughter, Hannah, he was courting, he had opportunities of meeting Mr. Wesley, and that the founder of Methodism was pleased to commend his abilities and encourage him to persevere. Thus fortified and sustained, he went from village to village, preaching and evangelising, and meeting with success beyond his most sanguine expectations. Hundreds of persons, who could not otherwise be persuaded to listen to a Methodist, went to hear "The Lad," as he was called, and among those who came to scoff a goodly number remained to pray. So he continued until the expulsion of the Rev. Alexander Kilham from the Methodist pulpit led him to review his position. Sympathising with Mr. Kilham, he seceded from the parent denomination, assisted in organising the "Methodist New Connexion," and to that body transferred his services as a local preacher and class-leader.

At this juncture Hannah Hindmarsh died, and Mr. Clark, making his first appearance in print, contributed to the opening volume of the *New Connexion Magazine* a loving tribute to her memory. In accordance with her dying wish, he was united, on Christmas Day, 1799, to Elizabeth Hindmarsh, her only surviving sister. Up to the time of his marriage, his work had been chiefly religious and denominational. He had published, in the early part of that year, a 12mo. tract of 28 pages, entitled "A Plain and Familiar Catechism, Designed for the Use of Children belonging to Bethel Chapel, Newcastle, to which are added Directions for Closing Savingly with Christ, &c., &c.," with a note intimating that "This book is not sold, but given away." But with marriage came the responsibilities of a householder, and the natural interest of a ratepayer in municipal affairs. One day in 1806, while on a mission of mercy to an aged inmate of the Jesus Hospital, he was told that another inmate had died of starvation, and upon inquiry found the story true. While the Corporation were feasting sumptuously, the poor hospital freemen and their widows were famishing in wretched apartments on £6 a-year—equal, after making necessary deductions, to about threepence a-day! Mr. Clark went personally to the Common Council, and, inducing the Mayor and aldermen to visit these poor people, succeeded in improving their surroundings, though he obtained no increase in their income. To stimulate public interest in the matter, he investigated

the origin of the hospital, published a succinct history of the foundation and its endowments, and, after much delay and many rebuffs, shamed the Corporation into giving the inmates a better allowance.

The trouble which Mr. Clark experienced in this work of charity, and the investigations which he was led to make in the prosecution of his design, gradually led him to the forefront of a movement for effecting still greater improvements in local administration. The energy and persistence with which he had advocated reforms in hospital management brought around him municipal reformers of wider aims who had been waiting for a leader. With their advice and assistance he issued, in 1808, "The Newcastle Freeman's Pocket Companion, containing a Copious View of the Charters granted to the Town and County of the Town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne; including a Particular Account of the Customs and Privileges peculiar to the Free Burgesses of the said Town." Still further to stimulate the good work he had taken in hand, he printed, in May following, "A Friendly Address to the Free Burgesses and other inhabitants of Newcastle." One of his proposals aimed at securing the appointment of honest and fearless auditors, and the incorporated companies, in electing those officers for the year 1809, took care to appoint only such men as were willing to carry out his advice. The dummies of previous years, who signed whatsoever was put before them, were replaced by Sir Cuthbert Heron, Mr. Clark himself, and eighteen others, most of whom were pledged to fulfil their oaths, and demand bills, receipts, and vouchers for every item of corporate income and expenditure. Into the details of the struggle that followed between the auditors and the Corporation it is unnecessary to enter. They may be read in the published report of the proceedings, written by Mr. Clark, or condensed in Mackenzie's "History."

Mr. Clark was now one of the most honoured men in Newcastle. The stewards of the Incorporated Companies opened a subscription to present him with an appropriate testimonial of the high sense which they entertained of his services, and in the evening of the 13th December, 1809, he was the recipient of a massive silver cup and a service of plate.

During the following year, fresh discussions arose respecting a proposed bill for the improvement of the Town Moor, and Mr. Clark's services being again requisitioned he led an agitation against the measure, secured its defeat, and wrote a pamphlet embodying the Act of 1774, "with a Full and Interesting Detail of the Public and Private Proceedings for obtaining a New Act."

The succeeding three years passed over in comparative quietude. In the interval Mr. Clark published "A Report of the Herbage Committee, and a statement of the Corporation and Stewards' Accounts for the year ending Michaelmas, 1812," and worked out a benevolent scheme to erect another home for aged freemen and their widows in the western part of the town. This latter proposal was approved by the Corporation, and on the 10th of May, 1814, the day set apart for public rejoicings over the cessation of war in Europe, he took a leading part in laying the foundation stone of the new building. Congratulating the assembled Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses upon the happy issue of their late dissensions, he preferred a request that the edifice might be named "The Peace and Unity Hospital; Peace as commemorative of the repose then effected for Europe after a war of twenty years' continuance; Unity as commemorative of the unanimity with which, as a body, they had entered upon the work." This request, adds the reporter, was loudly cheered and readily adopted. Under the name of "The Peace and Unity Hospital" the building was opened, and by that name it continued to be known until it had served its purpose and was absorbed into the Westgate Police Station.

During all this municipal warfare Mr. Clark had kept up his religious ministrations, and associated himself to a moderate extent with political movements. A few days before the stone-laying ceremony he was the chief speaker at a great meeting in Newcastle, convened by the Mayor, to petition against a proposed increase of the duty upon foreign grain. A few weeks later he published a controversial tract entitled "Methodistical Inconsistency Exposed in a Letter addressed to Abraham E. Farrar, Preacher in the Old Connexion of Methodists, being a Refutation of his Aspersions on the late Rev. A. Kilham, an Exposure of his False Insinuations and Mis-statements on the subject of Methodist Preachers' Salaries, &c., &c." His bookshop in Newgate Street, with its invoice-head view of the premises, engraved by Thomas Bewick, was a rendezvous for local reformers, and a centre of religious, municipal, and political propaganda. It became, in 1816, the depository of the "Sunday School Union of Newcastle," formed that year by George Fife Angas and his co-workers. From his printing office adjoining was issued in 1817 an enlarged edition of the "Freeman's Pocket Companion," with the added title of "The Newcastle Remembrancer." There, also, the following year, Mr. Clark started the *Northumberland and Newcastle Monthly Magazine*, a publication which, under his editorship, ran into two volumes, and was withdrawn because, by a new Act of Parliament (60 Geo. III., cap. 9), periodicals containing matter relating to Church or State were rendered liable to newspaper stamp duty. In 1823, when laid aside by illness, he published "Five Discourses on Practical and Important Subjects," a book commended by a writer in the *New Connexion Magazine* for its "early Methodist style" and general usefulness. During the next twelve or thirteen years he preached but seldom, and wrote less. At the end of that period he retired from business, and, purchasing a house at the top of Arthur's Hill, passed his remaining days in peace and quietness. In this calm retreat he lived to the great age

of eighty-one years, and, dying on the 17th January, 1851, was buried in the adjoining cemetery.

By his marriage with Elizabeth Hindmarsh, who survived him, Mr. Clark had nine children. One of them, Mr. George Noble Clark, surgeon, inheriting no small share of his father's vigorous intellect, and more than even his father's longevity, is still amongst us, bearing with serenity and cheerfulness the burden of eighty-five years spent for the most part in the service of his fellow-townsmen. To his courtesy we are indebted for the portrait which illustrates this sketch, copied from a painting by Ramsay.

Sir John Clavering,

A NORTHUMBRIAN ROYALIST.

At the beginning of the troubles with Scotland which produced the Civil War and sent Charles I. to the scaffold, the ancient house of Clavering of Callaly, in North Northumberland, was represented by Sir John Clavering, Knight. He was a bold, high-spirited, and courageous man, a loyal and devout servant of the king, a worthy descendant of illustrious ancestors who had come over to England under the banner of the Conqueror, fought their way into the favour of successive Norman and Plantagenet monarchs, and founded noble and gentle families over half the kingdom.

Sir John Clavering was one of the Commissioners of Array for the Northern Counties, and when, in the spring of 1640, the Scots threatened to enter England and seek redress of grievances by force of arms, he set himself the task of keeping watch over their movements. The English military authorities did not think that danger was impending. They ridiculed the idea of the Scots marching across the Border into Northumberland, and their defensive movements were in consequence halting and dilatory. Sir John Clavering did not share their opinions. He was one of the few North-Country gentry who believed that threats to invade England were not mere "Scotch brag." To Lord Conway, who was entrusted with the defence of Newcastle, he had sent several warnings that the Scots were preparing in earnest, resolved upon a southward march if their demands were not conceded. Conway, however, remained sceptical, and took little heed of Sir John's forebodings. To him, and those who surrounded him, the thing was incredible.

On the 15th August, the news which Sir John sent to Conway was serious. He wrote that his son, "more forward than wise," had ventured into the Scottish camp at Chousley Wood, seen nine regiments on the ground, and heard that eight more were expected, found that they had 10,000 sheep, 500 cattle, and a fortnight's store of other provisions, and learned that every half-dozen soldiers would be provided with a canvas tent, "a free gift of their dear sisters of Edinburgh," so that they would spoil no hedge or grove in England. The next day, Sir John reported that some Scotch Covenanters, farming ground on this side the Border, were driving all their goods into Scotland, and that he had sent some of his own people to watch the approach of the invaders, in order that timely notice might be given to "Gateshead beacon." There could no longer be any doubt that the Scots were in earnest. Not more than a couple of days passed, and that which Conway had doubted and derided actually occurred. The Covenanters crossed the Tweed Here they were in Northumberland; "a world of men," as Sir John had described them, "but so careful not to harm that they have been ordered by strict proclamation, on pain of death, not to disturb man, woman, or child, nor to take the worth of a chicken, or pot of ale, without paying for it." "The Highlanders," he added, "have bows and arrows; some swords, some none; the nakedest fellows that ever I saw. They say they are 35,000 strong at least; but this I can assure you, that when the first of the troops were in Millfield the rest were not come from Cornhill, which is six miles off—five men deep in every rank of the foot." On the morning of the 25th of August Sir John's son, both forward and wise on this occasion, was writing to Conway that 400 horsemen had come to Whittingham and bespoken breakfast, "behaving very civilly, calling for nothing without payment," and in their march "singing psalms all the way." By the 29th, Sir John Clavering's warnings had been verified—the Scots were in possession of Newcastle, and Conway was flying away to Darlington.

In the stormy years which followed, Sir John Clavering continued faithful to the traditions of his family. He took up the Royal cause warmly, and three of his sons —Robert, Ralph, and Thomas—followed his example. Taken prisoner at the latter end of 1644, he was kept in confinement, first at Yarmouth, then at Norwich, and lastly in London, where, towards the close of 1647, having been "barbarously used in many prisons and common gaols," he died. His three fighting sons also were unfortunate. The heir, Sir Robert Clavering, died of a fever while serving in the Royal army; Ralph and Thomas, making good their escape from the defeat at Preston, fled beyond the seas, and remained exiles during the greater part of the Protectorate.

Restored to their own again, the direct descendants of Sir John Clavering lived at Callaly down to a recent period. Although sympathisers with the Jacobite movements in 1715, they preserved their estates unharmed. In other respects their lives were uneventful; they produced no more men of mark for the service of king and country.

James Clavering,

ALDERMAN AND MAYOR OF NEWCASTLE.

Robert Clavering of Callaly, grandfather of Sir John Clavering, the Royalist, had four sons, the youngest of whom, named James, came to Newcastle, served his time

to a merchant, and entered into business. He married in January, 1588-9, during his father's Mayoralty, Grace, daughter of Alderman Roger Nicholson, and thus became related to four notable local families—Nicholsons, Andersons, Chapmans, and Mitfords. Under the influence of these relationships, he was drawn into public life. At Michaelmas, 1599, he was elected to the Shrievalty of Newcastle; at the same period in 1607, and again in 1618, he was elevated to the higher position of Mayor; during both Mayoralties he was honoured by the Merchants' and Hostmen's Companies, the two most wealthy and powerful guilds upon Tyneside, with the office of Governor. In all the local movements of his time he took a leading part. When the charitable foundations of the town had fallen into decay he was one of the notables to whom was entrusted the task of placing them upon a sound and useful footing. When King James I. granted to the Corporation of Newcastle the conservancy of the Tyne, he was one of the aldermen appointed to devise means for the better regulation and improvement of the navigation, and to see that articles sanctioned by the Privy Council for the preservation of the river were faithfully observed. His town residence was in the Close, and there, surrounded by other local magnates, whose gardens and orchards sloped upwards towards the Castle on the one side, or flanked the clear waters of the Tyne on the other, he dispensed the hospitalities incident to his position and his time. There he brought up his family—among them John, founder of the Axwell Claverings, Sheriff of Newcastle during his father's Mayoralty, and Mayor himself in 1629-30; Grace, who married Roger Liddell, of Darwencrook, near Ravensworth; and Mary, afterwards wife of Thomas Butler, whose daughter, Mary Butler, married Ambrose Barnes. And there, also, at the end of April, 1630, it may be supposed, he died. For in that year, when his son John was filling the office of Mayor, and Dr. Jackson, the most celebrated of Newcastle's many vicars, was preparing to resign his living, the register of St. Nicholas' Church contains an entry of his burial:—"May 2, Mr. James Clavering, alderman, buried."

Alderman Clavering's descendants include three or four notable men. His grandson, named after him, James Clavering, was elected M.P. for the county of Durham in the Parliament of 1656-57, received a baronetcy from Charles II. in 1661, became Mayor of Newcastle at Michaelmas, 1663, Governor of the Hostmen's Company the year following, and was High Sheriff of Durham in 1673. "Mr. Barnes would pleasantly tell, yet with a mournful sort of pity," writes the biographer of Ambrose Barnes, "how, speaking one day seriously and closely to Sir James Clavering concerning a life to come, and what a call old age is to prepare for it: 'Ay, cousin Barnes,' says Sir J., 'you say true; I hope I shall be saved, for I never make visits on Sundayes, but keep within doors, and read Dugdale's Baronage of England!'"

A later descendant, Sir Thomas Clavering, the seventh baronet, who married a daughter of Joshua Douglas, Town Clerk of Newcastle, and gave his name to Clavering Place, was chosen M.P. for Shaftesbury in 1754, and for the county of Durham in 1768, 1774, 1780, and 1784. His brother John, entering the army, rose to the distinguished position of Lieutenant-General Sir John Clavering, K.B., and having married a daughter of Earl Delawarr, became the father of Charles John Clavering, Sheriff of Newcastle in 1790, High Sheriff of Durham from 1829 to 1833—a man of high culture and of great taste and discrimination in the fine arts.

The Streets of Newcastle.

Neville Street and Scotswood Road.

WE propose now to set forward towards Scotswood Road from the well-known corner where Grainger Street ends by joining Neville Street. For otherwise we should slight our famous Central Railway Station sadly; and that would never do.

It was in the year 1847 that the need of a new and central railway station, commensurate with the growing requirements of the town and neighbourhood, was felt to be imperative. Accordingly, on the 13th of September in that year, building operations were commenced, which continued for nearly three years. At last, August 29th, 1850, Queen Victoria came to Newcastle to open the new station. Her Majesty was received in all form by the corporate authorities, and by a detachment of the 33rd Regiment, then stationed at the barracks. There were also present Earl Grey, as Lord-Lieutenant of Northumberland; Sir Walter Trevelyan as High Sheriff; and many other dignitaries of the district. The Royal party consisted of the Queen, the Prince Consort, the Princess Royal, the Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred, and the Princess Alice. An elegant luncheon was prepared for the visitors; corporate addresses were presented; and there was much firing of cannon and so forth. It need not be added that the streets were thronged. The visit, however, was a very brief one, lasting twenty minutes only, after which Royalty proceeded northward.

As to the station itself, it is of the Romano-Italian style of architecture, with ornamental work of the Doric order. Its principal front is about six hundred feet long, and the station occupies altogether an area of about three acres. It was built by the York, Newcastle, and Berwick, and the Newcastle and Carlisle Companies, jointly, at an original cost of about £90,000. Of course, alterations and repairs, &c., must have since added considerably to that sum. The architect was Mr. John

Dobson, whose skill and genius were never better shown than in the beautiful curved roof of the building.

In 1850, on the 30th of June, and, therefore, prior to the formal opening, the station was *en fête*, on the occasion of a banquet given within its precincts to Robert Stephenson. In addition to the conventional adornments of banners, devices, and the like, it was appropriately bedecked with handsome views of the Menai Tubular Bridge, the Berwick Viaduct, and the High Level Bridge, in honour of the celebrated engineer whose name will ever be associated with these great works. The Hon. H. T. Liddell, M.P., was in the chair on this occasion, in graceful recognition of the helpful hand held out to George Stephenson in his early struggles upward; the vice-chairs were occupied by the Mayors of Newcastle and Gateshead (Messrs. Crawhall and Hawks); and about four hundred persons sat down to dinner.

Across the road from the station stood the Railway Arcade public-house (so called from a covered archway of glass which gave communication into Westgate Road). In 1855 it was kept by one Beardsmore. On the 22nd of December, in that year, about four in the morning, P.C. Ellison, being on duty close at hand, heard cries of "Murder! murder!" in a female voice. They proceeded from the back premises of this public-house. Ellison hastened thither and knocked at the door, which was forthwith opened to him by the landlord. On entering the premises, the policeman found Mrs. Beardsmore lying in the passage, bleeding; and he ascertained that she had sustained some severe wounds on the head. After seeing to the removal of the woman for surgical treatment, he apprehended her husband on the charge of having thrown her out of an upstairs window. This charge, on the death of his wife a few days later, was altered to one of manslaughter, on which Beardsmore was, in due time, put upon his trial before Mr. Baron Martin. It was conclusively proved that both husband and wife were dissipated characters; it was also shown that on this fatal night they had had a serious quarrel; and, accordingly, Beardsmore got off with a sentence of six months' hard labour. This is the only tragedy associated with the name of Neville Street—a name which was given to it in remembrance of the Earls of Westmoreland, who had their town house on the site of the Literary and Philosophical Institution. The thoroughfare was opened so recently as the year 1835, being then formed to advance the interests of the new Cattle Market, of which we must now say something. We pass on the way to the Cattle Market St. Mary's Roman Catholic Cathedral, which is adorned with a lovely spire, designed, by Messrs. Dunn and Hanson, though the main building was designed by the celebrated Pugin.

There are veterans amongst us who can remember the time when Newcastle butchers had to travel to Morpeth on its market day to make their bargains. This arrangement no doubt suited the graziers and farmers of the district of which Morpeth is the centre well enough, but it was found an irksome one by their Newcastle customers. There was the coach fare to pay. There was the man or boy—sometimes both—to think about. These had to make the journey on foot the night before, and usually broke their fourteen miles' walk at some convenient spot on the roadside, where they slept in the open air. Moreover, the road was not a particularly safe one. For these reasons a beginning was made, in a small way, with a cattle market at Newcastle about the year 1830 or 1831. For a long time the ground between the Infirmary and Marlborough Crescent proved sufficient for all the purposes of the market. Then new pens were erected for large cattle to the westward of the Infirmary.

The Infirmary was in the first instance the result of a kindly thought on the part of some members of a convivial society which was about to break up in 1751, who desired to leave behind them a charitable memento of their merry meetings for the benefit of posterity. Amongst them was Joseph Airey, George Headlam, Ralph Headlam, Richard Burdus, and Richard Lambert, a young surgeon. The latter is supposed to have been the author of a letter inserted in the Newcastle papers in advocacy of the project, signed B. K. In remembrance of this letter, one of the wards of the Infirmary is still called B. K. A house in Gallowgate was secured, to begin with, as a temporary hospital. Soon another house was needed, and secured. Subscriptions for a permanent building flowed in freely, amongst them being a shilling found in the poor's box, wrapped up in a paper containing these lines:—

> To serve the needy, sick, and lame,
> This splendid shilling freely came,
> From one who knows the want of wealth,
> And, what is more, the want of health.
> Beneath this roof may thousands find
> The greatest blessing of mankind;
> And hence may millions learn to know
> That to do good's our end below;
> That vice and folly must decay
> Ere we can reach eternal day.

The famous Joseph Butler, Bishop of Durham, laid the foundation stone of the present structure in September, 1751, and it was ready for patients thirteen months later. An addition was made to it in 1801-2. The hundredth anniversary was celebrated in 1851, when a further enlargement was made. Since that time still other additions have been carried out.

Some eminent physicians have been connected with the Infirmary at various times, as, for instance, John Clark, "the greatest benefactor of the afflicted poor that ever appeared in Newcastle." (see page 506); Adam Askew, ancestor of the Askews of Pallinsburn; John Rotherham, author of "A Philosophical Essay on Water"; and Edward Kentish, a clever man with some odd opinions, as when he argued that the French Revolution was "a moral and political epidemic," to be cured by "a cooling regimen and free ventilation." The institution has had some remarkable patients too, but we have only space for

THE CENTRAL RAILWAY STATION, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, 1889.

ELSWICK WORKS, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, 1889.

one, to wit, "Radical Jack," who died here in 1848, at the age of 54. His real name was John Dennis, and he gained his living by hawking cheap periodicals, though he was said to have received an excellent University education. He was certainly a man of ready wit and great command of language, but—ah, that fatal but!—"for years he was hardly ever sober."

We have not forgotten that in going from Neville Street to the Cattle Market we have passed the site where once stood the celebrated Forth House. But the ancient Forth, completely transformed in its character and surroundings within living memory, has been described in a previous volume. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1887, page 167.)

Scotswood Road, which begins beyond the Cattle Market, was only commenced in the summer of 1834. It has been growing ever since, and is now a long thoroughfare of shops and public-houses. The streets which run off from Scotswood Road are, in their names, suggestive of the rural character of this neighbourhood up to a recent time. Amongst them we have, for instance, Pine, Laurel, Sycamore, and Maple Streets. As we progress onwards, we come to the famous Elswick Ordnance Works of the great firm of Sir William Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., which are amongst the industrial glories of their time, and give employment to thousands of artizans in their various departments.

In August, 1846, a thunderstorm did considerable damage in Scotswood. A row of houses called Greenhow's Terrace, fell to the ground, and fifteen persons were also struck down. Some of these were dreadfully scorched, but they all eventually recovered.

In the next year, in the month of April, a young man made his appearance at the house known as the Ord Arms, Scotswood, then kept by one John Cox. He took lodgings here, stating that he had come to Newcastle to be trained by Harry Clasper for a skiff race to be rowed shortly at Manchester. The young man's name was John Bourne, and he was respectably connected. To a Scotswood publican of that day, the thought of having for lodger an oarsman training under the redoubtable Harry was a pretty considerable bait. Cox swallowed it; and at night lodged the new comer in his own bedroom. Behold! in the morning the lodger had vanished, and with him £200 had gone also, as a chest of drawers broken open too surely testified. The thief, captured at Normanton railway station with all the money upon him, was transported for ten years.

Scotswood Road has its tragedy, young as it is. On October 22nd, 1854, the bodies of two young women, decently dressed, were found drowned in the Tyne. They turned out to be those of Ellen and Isabella Robinson, fifteen and thirteen years old respectively, daughters of Ezekiel Robinson, who lived in Duke Street. How came they in the river? Well, there had been a slight family quarrel, which induced Ellen to rush from the house at midnight. Isabella followed her. Ellen, who was of a very passionate temper, jumped into the water. Isabella followed, hoping to save her, and both were drowned.

The House Martin and the Sand Martin.

THE House Martin *(Hirundo urbica)* is described by Mr. Hancock as "a common spring and autumn migrant, arriving and departing with the swallow." It often builds its neatly-constructed nest in the corners of high windows, as well as under the eaves of houses, where its pleasant twitterings may be heard all day long during nesting time.

The martin usually rears two broods in the year, and

sometimes a third. Occasionally, when the time for migration arrives, the last broods are left to perish by the parents, so strong is their migratory instinct. Gilbert White remarks that the same nest is resorted to from year to year. The rough exterior of the clay-built nest under the eaves is familiar to most people.

The male is about five inches and a quarter in length. The bill is short and black; iris, brown; head, neck, and nape, glossy black, which glistens in the sunlight; chin and breast white. The female resembles the male, but is not so brightly coloured.

The Sand Martin, or Bank Martin *(Hirundo riparia)*, generally makes its appearance in this country before its relatives the chimney swallow and house martin. It is

generally found nesting in sandbanks and quarries in the neighbourhood of water. The sand martin differs from the swallow and house martin, owing to its lesser size and brown and white plumage, though in its flight it has the characteristics of the other members of the family. In the Northern Counties, as Mr. Hancock remarks, it "breeds wherever there is a sandy declivity."

"The sand martin," says Mr. Broderip, in his "Zoological Recreations," "is a miner, and excavates his dwelling in the sandbank, as the ancient Egyptian carved his temple out of the solid rock. Look at the bill of this

little bird. Though small, it is hard and sharp; and well our sapper knows how to use it! Clinging to the face of the sandbank with its sharp little claws, and closing its bill, the bird works away with its natural pickaxe, till hardened sand comes tumbling down on all sides. Round he goes, now with his head up, now down, till he has planned his circular cave as regularly almost as compasses could do it, and yet he does not turn it out from a fixed point in the centre, but works from the circumference. When he has well-broken the ground, he tunnels away as truly as an engineer; and while the bird works into his excavation, he shifts his position as the necessities of the case require; now he stands on the floor, now he clings to the roof with his back downwards; and how carefully does he remove the rubbish from the upward inclined floor with his feet, taking care not to disturb its solidity."

The length of the male is about four inches and three-quarters; bill nearly black, and very short; head, crown, neck, and nape light brown; chin, throat, and breast white, the latter having a band of light brown, with a few spots of the same below it, across its upper part, and light brown also on the sides; back, light brown. The wings reach beyond the end of the tail, and expand to a width of one foot.

The British Association in Newcastle.

WHEN it was made known that the British Association would visit Newcastle in 1889, preparations upon an extensive scale were commenced by the local committee. Accordingly, everything was in order when the scientists assembled in their hundreds in St. George's Hall on Wednesday evening, September 11th, to listen to the inaugural address of Professor W. H. Flower, Director of the Natural History Department of the British Museum, who succeeded Sir Frederick J. Bramwell in the presidential chair. The association had previously visited Newcastle in 1838, when the Duke of Northumberland was president, and again in 1863, when Lord Armstrong (then Sir William Armstrong) had that honour conferred upon him.

Incidentally we may mention that it was at the meeting in 1838 when the announcement was made that the Sirius had arrived in Liverpool after performing the then unprecedented feat of crossing and recrossing the Atlantic by steam. The subject of ocean steam navigation was first broached at the Bristol meeting of the British Association, whereat Dr. Lardner remarked that "it was a great experiment which had not yet been attended with any satisfactory result." Speaking in the Mechanical Science Section at Newcastle in 1838, he controverted a garbled version of his words which had been put into circulation. Whatever he did say on that occasion, he stated, had been very much perverted. Unquestionably he did express a discouraging or unfavourable view as far as regarded the probability of ever maintaining an unbroken intercourse by means of steam navigation between Great Britain and New York. Soon after the Bristol meeting, he continued, an article appeared in a quarterly periodical on "Steam Navigation," which article contained a tolerably fair statement of what he had expressed; and so far as that article might have been termed erroneous, he did most willingly acknowledge his error. He had been charged with declaring that the transit by steam navigation between Great Britain and New York was a physical impossibility. He never had given expression to such a statement, or anything equivalent to it; and any person who looked at the article in the *Edinburgh Review*, the periodical to which he alluded, would see that he did not make such a statement, but one very different. It is not too late, we think, to correct the misrepresentation under which the memory of Dr. Lardner has suffered.

Sir William Armstrong delivered in the Town Hall in 1863, before an audience of 3,000 people, an address of an eminently practical character. Indeed, it was described at the time as the first address since Prince

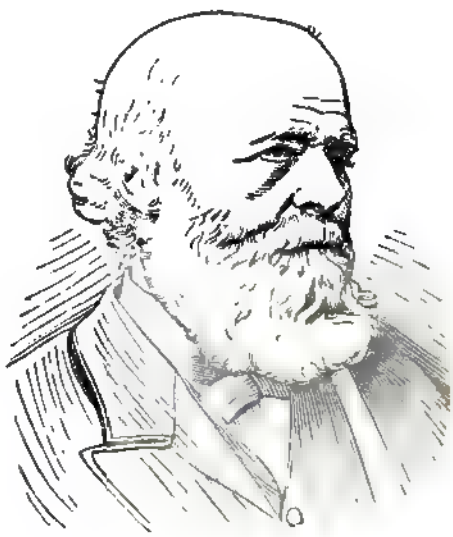
Albert's which had recognised the importance of conveying scientific truths in an intelligible manner to the general public. Sir William dealt with the question of the duration of our coalfields, and the future supply of fuel and motive power.

Lord Armstrong was present to hear the inaugural address of Professor Flower this year, accompanied by the Mayor of Newcastle (Mr. T. Richardson), the Sheriff of Newcastle (Mr. William Sutton), Sir John Lubbock, Sir F. J. Bramwell, Mr. John Morley, M.P., and a large number of other persons of note. Professor Flower gave an interesting exposition of the

PROFESSOR W. H. FLOWER.

educational influence of museums, and impressed upon his audience the importance of classification by competent men, so that students might without difficulty find the subjects of their inquiry. In closing his address, he declared he saw the strongest grounds for the belief that natural selection, or survival of the fittest, was a universally acting and beneficent force.

The chief feature of the second day's proceedings was the delivery of the presidental addresses in the different sections, the places of meeting being in the various public halls and institutions of the city. In the Mathematical and Physical Science Section, Captain W. de W. Abney, C.B., dealt with the subject of photography, remarking that the discovery of the action of light on silver salts was one of the marvels of the century. In the Section devoted to Chemical Science, Sir Isaac Lowthian Bell, Bart., who was Mayor of Newcastle at the time of the meeting in 1863, demonstrated the rate of progress of the metallurgy of iron with and without the aid which chemistry was capable of affording. In the Geological Section, Professor James Geikie, LL.D., discoursed upon continental investigation in the domain of glacial geology. Owing to the absence of Professor J. S. Burdon Sanderson—brother of the late Richard Burdon Sanderson, a former Mayor of Newcastle—the Rev. Canon Tristram read the professor's address in the Biological Section, which

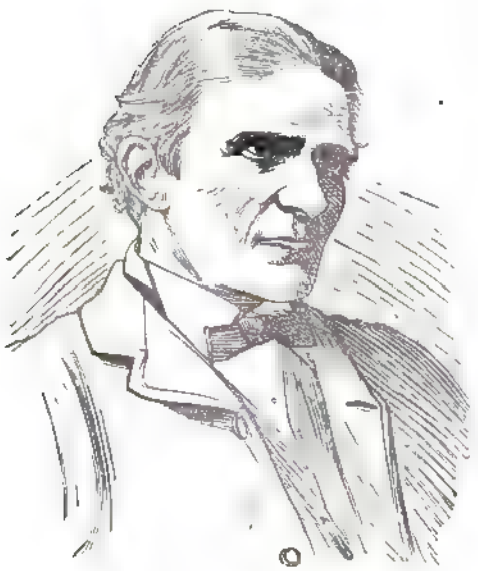


SIR ISAAC LOWTHIAN BELL, BART.

dealt with the questions relating to the elementary endowments of living matter. Special interest centred in the proceedings of the Geographical Section, because of the president, Sir Francis de Winton, having shown an active concern in the exploits of Mr. H. M. Stanley Sir Francis dwelt upon the importance of applied geography, giving as instances the explorations by Captain Wiggins in the Siberian Seas, Dr. Nansen in Greenland, Count Teleki and Mr. Arnut in Equatorial Africa, and Mr. Stanley's expedition to Wadelai. In the Section devoted to Economic Science and Statistics, Professor F. Y. Edgeworth spoke of mathematical reasoning applicable to political economy, contending that such mental discipline was beneficial to the student. Mr. William Anderson, in the Mechanical Science Section, supported Mendeleeff's belief that the supply of petroleum came from inexhaustible stores, having their origin in the chemical action of remote ages. In the Anthropological Section, Sir William Turner discussed the questions of kinship and heredity, speaking of the Darwinian theory as heredity modified and influenced by variability.

The deliberations of the succeeding days embraced

almost everything under the sun. Special interest, however, centred in the addresses delivered by Dr. Nansen on his Greenland travels; by Mr. Lumholtz on Queensland and the cannibalism of the aborigines; by Mr. Joseph Thomson on his travels in Africa; by the Hon. G. Curzon, M.P., on English and Russian rivalry in



PROFESSOR J. S. BURDON SANDERSON.

Asia; and by Mr. H. N. Sulivan on the resources of Siberia and the practicability of a northern sea route. Many other important topics were broached, such as the origin of the Aryans, Northumberland in prehistoric times, and industrial and social progress. Mention must also be made of the address delivered to working men by Mr. Benjamin Baker, C.E., on "The Forth Bridge," and of the interesting evening lectures given by Professor W. Chandler Roberts-Austen and Mr. Walter Gardiner, M.A. Altogether the proceedings of the week were most instructive, and the visitors appeared to appreciate the hospitality which was showered upon them.

Willimoteswick Castle.

THE ruins of the old border stronghold of Willimoteswick stand on a slight eminence, a short distance from the village of Bardon Mill, Northumberland. The site is now occupied by a farm-house and buildings, but one of the towers has been spared. With the adjacent modern erections it presents a pleasing feature in the surrounding landscape, especially from the railway or opposite heights. The tower is similar in construction to many others on the Borders, having no distinctive features. It forms the entrance to

Willimoteswick Castle.

the farmyard, and, though considerably dilapidated inside, its outer walls are still intact, these being in many places upwards of seven feet thick. The fireplace measures 10 feet 8 inches in width.

Willimoteswick Castle was the chief seat of the ancient family of Ridley, and the reputed birthplace of the Venerable Nicholas Ridley, Bishop of London, who suffered martyrdom with his friend Latimer, being burnt at the stake before Baliol College, Oxford, on the 16th October 1555. One of the Ridleys of Willimoteswick was, according to the famous ballad of Surtees, concerned in the murder of Sir Albany Featherstonehaugh. In 1585, on the decease of Nicholas Ridley, who was at the time sheriff of the county, two men and a woman were committed to prison by Sir John Forster on suspicion of having caused his death by witchcraft. Musgrave Ridley having espoused the Royalist cause, his estates were sold in 1652, and passed into the hands of the ancient family of Lowes, who derived their name from the Forest of Lowes, of which they were lords. Willimoteswick is now the property of Sir Edward Blackett.

The curious name of the place is said, according to one writer, "to signify the mote or keep and villa of William." According to another, it is derived from the guillemot, a species of marine bird, known in Northumberland as the willowmont or sea-hen, and wick, a village or hamlet.

These particulars are gathered from Mr. W. W. Tomlinson's "Comprehensive Guide to the County of Northumberland," while the drawing is from a photograph by Mr. J. P. Gibson, of Hexham.

The Sockburn Worm.

THE extremity of the long projecting green peninsula formed by the Tees below Croft, where the river makes a beautiful curve of some seven or eight miles between Newsham and Middleton-one-Row, is occupied by the little township or manor of Sockburn. It is the most southern point of the county of Durham. The neighbouring district seems to have been very early settled and cultivated. No fairer spot could attract the notice of a stranger in search of a home. As "Drunken Barnaby" says, here are

> Valleys smiling, bottoms pleasing,
> Streaming rivers, never ceasing,
> Deck'd with tufted woods and shady.

In the troublous times of border and civil war, Sockburn, guarded on three sides of the circling sweep of the Tees, did not need even a moat or fosse, tower or fort. It lay quite out of the track of marching and marauding troopers—a quiet secluded place like Finchale or Dryburgh, especially consecrated by Dame Nature to perennial peace.

Like many other such lovely nooks, it came soon after its first settlement into the hands of the Church. Some authorities tell us that Snaculf, the son of Cycell (apparently a Saxon with a British patronymic), bestowed it, at the Norman Conquest, on the prior and monks of Durham, whose habit it was, says Lambarde, to beg hard, "not for cantles of cheese, as other poor men do, but for large corners of good countries, as all their profession used." The truth is, however, that this grant was not of our Sockburn in particular, though it may have included it, but of Socbyryg, Sockbury, or Sadberge, four miles north-east of Darlington, from which the Bishops of Durham derived their former title of earl. Sockburn, as well as Dinsdale, Hurworth, Haughton, Burdon, and other places, formed part of the Earldom of Sadberge, held by tenants in fee socage of the see of Durham. We may explain to such of our readers as are not learned in the law, that this sort of tenure was distinguished of old from tenure by chivalry or knight's service. In the distribution of lands under the feudal system, the barons usually kept the more productive or best cultivated lands to themselves, and conceded to their dependents the more wild and sterile, to clear them, break them up, and then plough, sow, and reap, on condition of giving the lord a certain proportion, say one-half, of the crop; at other times of performing certain specified services, and occasionally for some purely nominal service, in most cases converted in course of time into a fixed yearly quit rent. Sockburn was the *soc-borne* or boundary of the soc, while Soc-byrig or Sockburg was its chief town, where the courts were held. As to the meaning of the word *soc*, etymologists and jurists are not agreed. Some would have it to be the Norman-French *soc*, or ploughshare; others the Anglo-Saxon *soc*, free; but when such great legal authorities as Craig and Blackstone differ, it is, of course, not for ordinary mortals to decide.

The socage arrangement in this case was of a very peculiar kind. The house and lands of Sockburn were of "awncient tyme," the inheritance of the Congrues, Cogniers, or Conyers family, having been granted, it is said, to their Norman ancestor on account of some valiant action performed by him, emblematically described in the following legend, preserved in an old manuscript quoted by Bowes, Surtees, and others:—"Sir John Conyers, Knight, slew that monstrous and poisonous vermin or wyvern, and ask or worm, which overthrew and drowned many people in fight, for that the scent of the poison was so strong that no person could abide it. But before he made this enterprise, having but one son, he went to the church of Sockburn in complete armour, and offered up there his only son to the Holy Ghost. The place where this serpent lay was Grayestane."

It is added in the same manuscript, we are told, that "Sir John lieth buried in Sockburn Church in complete armour before the Conquest." Whether or not this is an anachronism we are not prepared to say. At any rate, many enterprising Normans came over and got lands in England before the Conqueror's time, especially in the reign of Edward the Confessor, and Sir John Conyers may have been one of those for aught we are ever likely to know.

Whether the Dragon of Wantley (Wharncliffe, near Rotherham) was a fair type of this more Northern, as well as more ancient, but no doubt kindred worm, tradition does not tell us. The famous monster which More of Morehall slew—

> —— Had two perion wings,
> Each one upon each shoulder;
> With a sting in his tail, as long as a flail,
> Which made him bolder and bolder.
> He had long claws, and in his jaws
> Four-and-twenty teeth of iron;
> With a hide as tough as any buff,
> Which did him round environ.

"Certainly," says Mr. Henderson, in his "Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties," "in some cases our worms or dragons possess four legs, and the scaly horror of a folded tail; but Mr. Surtees, the historian of the Palatinate, vindicates his countrymen from all charge of inaccuracy in calling such creatures *worms*, by reminding us that 'Dante calls that venerable quadruped, Cerberus, the great infernal worm.'"

The Sockburn worm, judging from the place where he lay—the Grey Stone—was probably, like his congener whom Regner Lodbrog slew on the shores of Gothland, a "miner of the ground," dwelling in a hole in the face of the river cliff, and coming out to sun himself on fine days on a lichen-clad rock. But there does not seem to have been any lady in the case, as there was in Lodbrog's own

more widely famous exploit, where, to deliver a beautiful young princess who had been held in captivity by a serpent of enormous size, the hero wrapped himself in nether integuments like those of Bryan O'Lynn, whence he was ever afterwards called "Hairy Breeches."

We may further judge of the worm's nature from that of the "foul dragon in Northumberland" which Sir Guy of Warwick destroyed. That horrid reptile "had slain men and beasts down, by twenty mile round about."

> He was black as any coal,
> Rugged as a rough foal;
> His body from the navel upward,
> No man might pierce it, it was so hard;
> His neck was great as any summer;*
> He ran as swift as any destriet;†
> Paws he had as a lion;
> All that he touched he slew dead down;
> Great wings he had to flight.
> . . . . .
> For a fouler beast than he
> I wiss of none never heard ye.

Of the dragon that Saint George slew we are told that his breath infected people's blood, so that "every day in heaps they died."

> Among them such a plague it bred,
> The living scarce could bury the dead.

More than that—

> Each day he would a maiden eat,
> For to allay his hunger great.

In the curious old Romance of Merlin, the two dragons that lay in a deep well, under the castle which King Vortigen was building, and that threw down the walls every night, when there was continually a hard battle between them, causing the earth to quake, were also "very foul to behold."

> The one was white as milk cream,
> The other red as any gleam;
> Grisly they were of sight both.

As for the strong-winged dragon that Sir Eglamore killed, he was "of such renown" that—

> There durst no man come near the town,
> By fifteen mile of way;

And when the knight went forth to encounter him—

> Tokens soon of him he found—
> Slain men on every hand;
> By hundreds he them told.

We may be told that those worm or dragon stories, so prevalent in our Northern Counties, and indeed all over the world, are but old wives' fables.

It is certain, however, that the manor of Sockburn was for generations held by the presentation of a falchion to the Bishop of Durham on his first entrance into his diocese. This service is said to date from the time of Bishop Pudsey, who purchased from Richard Cœur de Lion, for himself and his successors, the title of Earl of Sadberge. And from the time of Pudsey to that of Van Mildert, the last of the Counts Palatine, each bishop, as he entered his diocese, was met at Croft Bridge, or in the middle of the river Tees at the ford leading across to Over Dinsdale, or wherever else he might cross, by the lord of the manor of Sockburn, who, after hailing him Count Palatine and Earl of Sadberge, presented him with the falchion, and said these words:—"My lord bishop, I here present you with the falchion wherewith the champion Conyers slew the worm, dragon, or fiery flying serpent, which destroyed man, woman, and child; in memory of which the king then reigning gave him the manor of Sockburn, to be held by this tenure, that upon the first entrance of every bishop into the county this falchion should be presented." The bishop then took the falchion into his hand, and, immediately returning it, wished the lord of Sockburn health and a long enjoyment of the manor.

There is mention made of this tenure at the inquest held on the death of Sir John Conyers (not the worm-slayer, of course) in A.D. 1396. The falchion also appears in painted glass in a window at Sockburn Hall, and, together with the worm, is sculptured in marble on the tomb of the ancestor of the Conyers family. In April, 1826, the steward of Sir Edward Blackett, then lord of Sockburn manor, presented the falchion to Dr. Van Mildert, the last Prince Bishop of Durham, on Croft Bridge. Since that prelate's demise, the palatine rights and privileges have been vested in the Crown. The late bishop to whom the ancient service was tendered was Bishop Villiers, on which occasion the train was brought to a standstill for the purpose on the railway bridge over the Tees at Croft.

Unfortunately for the correctness of some of the details of the legend, the falchion bears on one side of the hilt three lions of England gardant—arms which were not borne till the reign of King John, and could not well, therefore, have belonged to a hero before the Conquest; while the figure shown in the old church as that of the veritable Sir John Conyers who slew the worm is in chain armour, with his legs crossed, and therefore does not date earlier than the Crusades. The effigy is, in fact, said by Leland to be that of the Sir John Conyers who married Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Lord Bromflete, in the reign of Henry VI.

Like many others of the same kind, this legend has exerted the ingenuity of antiquaries to discover its meaning. Pennant thinks it relates to some victory over the Scots, whose ravages sometimes extended thus far. Hutchinson imagines the dragon slain by Conyers may have been some Danish rover, who went sacking and plundering the country till he met with his death here. And Surtees observes, that it would be no difficult matter, perhaps, "with less of theory than is admitted into very grave works," to connect the falchion legend of Sockburn with the real exploits of the Constable Roger de Conyers at Bishopton, Comyn playing the part of Dragon.

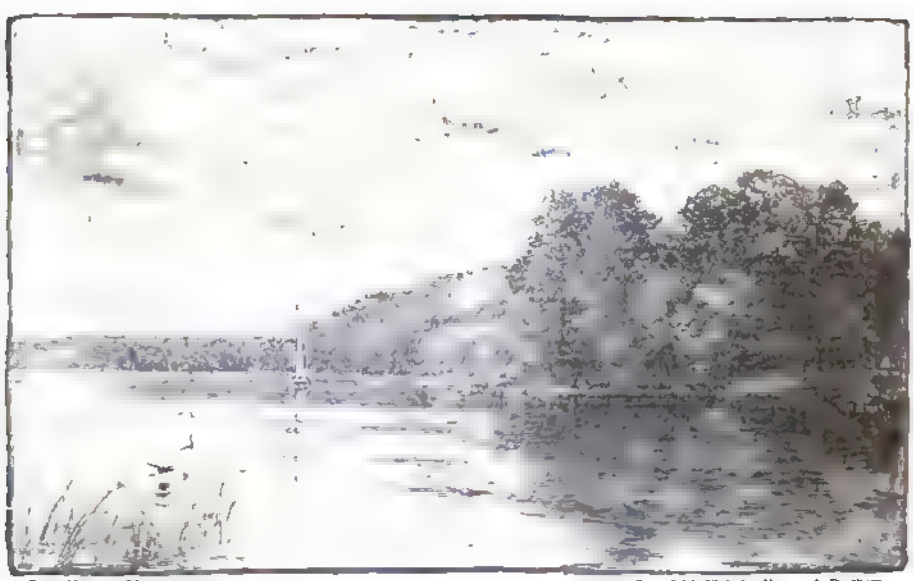
We find a full account of this transaction (which

* Sumpter horse.
† Horse rode by a knight in a tournament.

has been already mentioned in Mr. Boyle's account of St. Giles's Church, Durham, page 448), in the third chapter of the continuation of Simeon of Durham's Church History. Condensed, it is as follows:—During the civil war between King Stephen and the Empress Matilda, William Comyn, the Chancellor of the King of Scots, was violently intruded into the see of Durham. He carried himself with a high hand. He expelled the archdeacon and such others of the clergy as opposed him. He compelled the townsmen to take oaths of fealty to him. He broke into the houses of those whom he had exiled, and plundered and destroyed them. He bestowed lands on whomsoever he would. And he received the homage of all the barons, with the sole exception of Roger de Conyers. When he found that he could not extort homage and the oaths from Roger, he despatched a considerable body of troops to Bishopton, where Conyers resided, with orders to seize the place. But Roger, having been apprehensive that something of the kind would be likely to occur, had taken care to fortify his house. Comyn's soldiers, therefore, thought it best to withdraw without trying its strength. Shortly afterwards, the duly-elected bishop of the diocese, having received an invitation from several of the barons, made his appearance at Bishopton, where he received the homage of such persons as offered it to him of their own free will. Then Roger de Conyers, and the barons who had gathered round him, supported by a body of troops, conducted the Bishop towards Durham, hoping that Comyn would repent of his evil deeds, or that they would be able to induce his adherents to abandon him. In these anticipations, however, they were miserably mistaken. After a deal of fighting, and no small amount of sacrilege, the bishop was forced to retire once more to Bishopton.

The cruelties perpetrated by Comyn after this are almost too horrible to be told. Simeon's continuator says:—

His soldiers were incessantly making forages; they ranged through every spot in the whole district; whatever they could lay their hands on they plundered; their inroads ceased neither day nor night; all that came in their way was destroyed; the produce of the fields they ruined either by treading it down or by depasturing cattle upon it; and thus the land which had been cultivated became barren and devastated by being trodden underfoot. Just as effectually as locusts give proof of their presence by nipping off the leaves and flowers from a tree, so wherever these men passed it became a wilderness. . . . . Even to hear of their doings was terrible; but to see them was something yet worse. Their insolence was not confined to ravages and plunderings only, but was extended to the most cruel bodily torments, inflicted not in secret, and in the darkness of the night, and upon only a few individuals, but perpetrated openly, and in the sight of day, and upon men of the nobler rank. . . . Men were hung from the walls of their own houses, cords being tightly twisted round their middle, and heavy armour or large stones tied to the neck and feet, so that the extremities of the body were bent towards the ground, which, however, they did not touch. Upon one occasion more than twelve persons were discovered together suspended in this manner. Others of them they plunged into the bed of the river in the depth of winter. After having broken the ice with which it was covered, and having tied ropes round them, they alternately dragged them out of it and thrust them back again, feeding their cruelty with such a spectacle of misery. The feet of some they thrust through holes made in the wall, and thus exposed their naked bodies to the extremity of the cold, leaving them in misery all the night long. . . . Everywhere throughout the town (of Durham) there were groans and various kinds of deaths. In consequence of such horrible proceedings, the place, which had hitherto been so highly honoured, now became a terror to all, and was surnamed the Place of the Tortures of Hell.



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WINDERMERE LAKE: SOUTHWARD VIEW.

This dreadful state of things lasted, we are told, for the best part of a year. At length Comyn began to convert the Church of St. John of Merrington into a castle, with a view to keeping the people of South Durham in effectual check. When this act of profanation became known to Roger de Conyers and two other barons of the bishopric, Geoffrey Ercolland and Bertram de Bulmer, they thought that it was much better to die for the sake of religion than to leave unpunished such insults as these which were thus offered to God. So, having levied all the forces they could assemble, they marched to the spot and put a stop to the unhallowed work. The bulk of the workmen and their defenders were either shot down, burnt to death, or taken prisoners, and awful judgments fell upon the rest, some of them suddenly becoming mad, and gnawing their own tongues till they died. Roger de Conyers then marched towards Durham and took possession of the town. But Comyn held out for some time in the Castle. At length the Archbishop of York happening to come into the neighbourhood, the usurper managed to make an arrangement with him, whereby he surrendered the Castle into the custody of Conyers, to be held in trust for St. Cuthbert, but got off scot free himself.

We may safely say that this William Comyn, if all that we have here told of him be true, was one of the worst worms that ever laid waste any part of the county of Durham; and that Roger de Conyers, in freeing the county from such an intolerable pest, as well deserved to have a falchion presented to him, in memory of the deed, as if it had been a real winged dragon he had slain. We know that he was rewarded with the constable's staff and the wardenship of Durham Castle; and if the green acres of Sockburn were added to the gift, as Surtees seems inclined to think they were, Roger de Conyers was still not overpaid.

There is no real evidence of the earlier possession of Sockburn by the Conyers family than these transactions, which took place, as we have said, in King Stephen's time. The grey stone, however, whereon the winged dragon sunned himself is still pointed out in a field adjoining Sockburn Church, which was given by one of the Conyers family to Sherburn Hospital.

Windermere Lake.

WINDERMERE is the largest of the English Lakes. By many authorities it is called Winandermere; but in 791, when Ethred slew the sons of Elfwald on the east shore of the lake, it was written Wonwaldremere. It is often termed the "river-lake" from the circumstance that it hardly deviates from the straight line. Its length is about ten miles, and its greatest breadth about a mile. Many streams flow into it, the most important of which are the Brathay, the Stockgill, and the Blelham. Its waters abound with perch, pike, trout, and char. The latter are supposed to have been introduced by the Romans. They are of two kinds—the silver and the golden. A problem which naturalists have not yet satisfactorily solved arises from the fact that all the silver char, in November and December, go up the Brathay to spawn, whilst trout go up its twin stream, the Rothay. On the other hand, the golden char never leave the lake.

The central part of Windermere is studded with islands, which form a fine feature of the landscape. Prominent amongst them is Belle Isle, or Curwen's Island; but Lady Holm, on which at one time stood a chapel dedicated to the Virgin, Thompson's Holm, House Holm, Hen Holm, and Rough Holm are scarcely less interesting. Belle Isle is about thirty acres in extent. It contains a gentleman's residence, erected in 1776. This

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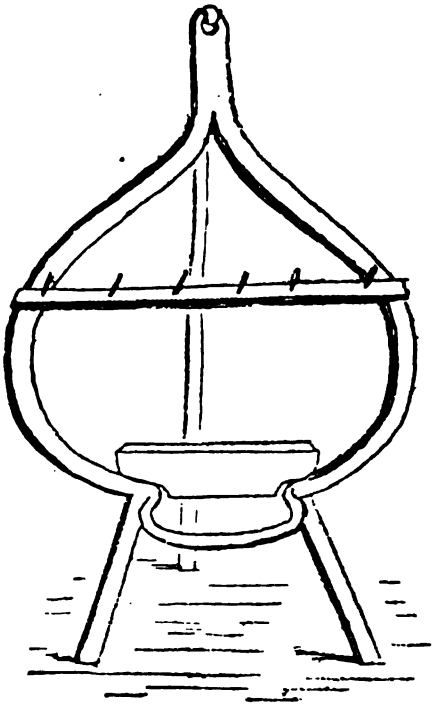
WINDERMERE LAKE: NORTHWARD VIEW.

structure forms a perfect circle, fifty-four feet in diameter, surmounted by a dome-shaped roof. This island was formerly the property and residence of the Philipsons, a Westmoreland family of distinction in the troublous times of Charles I. During the civil war between the King and the Parliament, there were two brothers, both of whom espoused the Royal cause. The elder, to whom the island belonged, was a colonel, and the younger brother a major, in Charles's army. The latter, from his daring and prowess, was known as Robin the Devil. After the King's death, Colonel Briggs, of Cromwell's army, then resident at Kendal, hearing that the major was hiding at Belle Isle, proceeded thither with numerous followers for the purpose of arresting him. The major, however, withstood a siege of eight months until relieved by his brother the colonel. The major afterwards formed a project for revenging himself upon Colonel Briggs. One Sunday morning, he started for Kendal with a body of horse. Arriving at that town, he was told that his opponent was in the church at prayers. He proceeded to the door of that edifice, where he posted his men; then he rode up the aisle of the church in search of Colonel Briggs. That officer, however, was not present. The congregation, after recovering from their surprise, attempted to seize the bold intruder; but he dashed away. As he was making his exit from the church, his helmet came in contact with the arch of the doorway, and was knocked off; the saddle girths of his horse gave way, and he fell to the ground stunned. With the help of his followers, however, he escaped, after a desperate struggle, and returned to Belle Isle. The helmet now hangs in Kendal Church.

Windermere has a beauty all its own. Without possessing the grandeur or sternness of Wastwater, Ennerdale, or Ullswater, or the sublimity and variety of Derwentwater, it strongly appeals to the lover of nature. The scenery around the head of the lake is imposing and diversified. The extended view northward, which will be found on page 521, is taken from a height above the east shore about half-way down the lake. This is the landscape which called forth the following panegyric from Professor Wilson:—"There is nothing to compare with it in the hanging gardens of Babylon. There is the widest breadth of water, the richest foreground of wood, and the most magnificent background of mountains, not only in Westmoreland, but in all the world." Windermere is the subject of some of Wordsworth's verse. Many of the poet's younger days were spent near the lake, and he recalls these happy times in beautiful lines.

Notes and Commentaries.

A NORTHUMBRIAN BAKE-STICK.



Bake-sticks, whereon, in Northumberland, the morning cakes of peas and barley-meal were toasted in front of the fire, have now become a rarity, much sought after by the antiquary. The bake-stick represented in the accompanying sketch belonged to a family of the name of Heron. This specimen is more artistic in design than many of the old articles, which have now been superseded by toasting forks. JAMES THOMSON, Shawdon.

A CLOWN AND HIS GEESE ON THE TYNE.

On Monday, 14th January, 1845, a very curious scene was witnessed by many thousands of spectators on the river Tyne. A man named Wood, who had been acting as clown in the pantomime at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle, had himself drawn down the river in a tub by four geese, from the King's Meadows to Tyne Bridge. Of course, the announcement of the freak had the effect of attracting vast numbers of people to witness it, and the banks, the quays, and the bridge itself were densely crowded. It was rather a novel way of announcing his benefit, and it seems that it was successful, for Mr. Wood had a bumper house at night. Although the geese were harnessed to the tub, and the clown appeared to drive them with a small switch he held in his hand, the tub was really drawn by a small steamboat, the rope being hidden

under water. It may be remembered that a terrible disaster took place in the following year at Yarmouth through a similar occurrence. A popular circus clown named Seal went through the same performance on the Yare, when the Suspension Bridge, being the principal "coign of vantage," was densely packed with people. The bridge was unequal to the weight and pressure of the enormous crowds. It consequently gave way, precipitating most of the sightseers into the water. Great numbers were drowned. The awful calamity had the effect of putting a stop to this extraordinary mode of advertising. WALLOON, Newcastle.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

THE SPIRIT LEVEL.

A master mason in a small way in a Northumbrian town had a great craving for drink, and after a "bout" was so ill-natured to those over whom he had authority as to be almost unbearable. On one of these occasions, working along with a newly-engaged apprentice, he told the boy to fetch the spirit level. The lad knew nothing about the article in question, and was afraid to ask any questions, but the word "spirit" decided his course. He went to the inn the mason patronised, and brought a bottle of whisky, which he handed to his master and awaited the result. The mason sat down on the stone he was dressing, and taking a long, steady pull at the bottle, he said, "Weel, laddie, that wasna exactly what aa wanted, but aa'll myek't de!"

SIMPLE ARITHMETIC.

A Board School teacher was endeavouring to explain a question of arithmetic to a very dull scholar. "Suppose you had elevenpence in your pocket on Monday morning, and were to pay me fourpence for your school fees, how would you ascertain what amount you had remaining?" "Wey," drawled out the hopeful, "aa wad coont it, sor!"

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

"How many of your parents, children, say grace?" asked a Sunday school teacher. "What's grace, sor?" asked one of the big boys. "Why, Jemmie," exclaimed the teacher, "is it possible you don't know what grace is? Doesn't your father say something before you begin to eat?" "Oh!" said Jemmie, "yes, sor, he dis; he elwis says, 'Dinnet myek pigs o' yorsels; that's all the butter thor is i' the hoose'!"

A DIRTY FACE.

A boy entered the bar of a local public-house the other day for the purpose of vending evening papers. One of the customers noticed that the lad's face was dirty, and remarked, "Why divvent ye wesh yor fyece?" "Ne 'casion, sor," said the lad, "it's gan te rain!"

MISTRESS AND MAID.

"Jane, if you want to be a really good servant, don't have to be told twice to do the same thing." "Wey, that's not ma fault, ma'am," says Jane; "it's ye that's elwis telling us twice te de the syem thing, when ye knaa aa cannot de twe things at a time!"

SUPERSTITION.

Some time ago a woman, carrying a baby, went into a public-house in Newcastle, and ordered half a glass of spirits. At the same time she requested the barman to bring some salt for luck, as that was the second house that the child had entered. The man returned with the articles and handed them to her with the remark:—"Aa's sorprised ye're se surporstitious, living, as ye de, in the nineteenth centory." "Yor wrang thor, onny-way," the woman observed: "aa live in Gray's Entry!"

THE TROMBONE AND THE BULL.

After a brass band contest at a northern village, the "trombone" was going home late. He was proud of the day's success, and had stayed behind till not the length of the road, but the breadth of it, became the serious question. As he entered a field, the fading light glittered on his brass instrument, and roused the anger of a bull. A loud bellow followed, and at once awakened the muddy brain of the self-complacent Geordy. "Get away, man," he shouted. "Who telt ye at ye wor a player? Aa'll blaa ye laa E for a quairt." Suiting the action to the word, he slid out the trombone to its fullest length, and blew as if it had been his last. The bull, now maddened, gave a yet louder bellow, and charged at the object of its rage. Geordy tumbled head over heels, but at once recovered himself. Reaching forward to gather up the severed portions of his trombone, he triumphantly remarked:—"Ye may be a varry strang man, but y'or ne musicianor!"

North-Country Obituaries.

Mr. Thomas Simm, a cattle salesman well known throughout the North of England, died on the 10th of September.

On the same day, died Mr. Richard Potts, a typical English farmer of the old school. He was engaged in that capacity for about 45 years at Harton, after which he became tenant of the Flatts Farm, near Chester-le-Street, which he held for about thirteen years. The deceased gentleman was in his 78th year.

Intelligence was received at Morpeth, on the 11th of September, of the death of Assistant-Paymaster Brumell, in charge of H.M. ship Urgent, in Jamaica. The deceased, who was only in his 28th year, was the third son of Mr. Francis Brumell, solicitor, and Town Clerk of Morpeth.

Margaret Morton, widow of John Morton, an old Chartist, died at 34, Spring Street, Newcastle, on the 18th of September, in the 69th year of her age. The late

Mr. Morton, formerly a master tailor at Hanley, was a friend of Mr. Thomas Cooper, and also spent his declining days in Newcastle.

On the 19th of September, the Rev. Frederick L. Catcheside, son of the late Mr. M. Catcheside, formerly of Riding Farm, Hexham, was accidentally drowned by the capsizing of a boat in the Inner Harbour at Stornoway, in Scotland.

Mr. Jonathan Goodbody, tobacco manufacturer, of Clara, King's County, Ireland, who was 77 years of age, and had been attending the meetings of the British Association at Newcastle, died suddenly at Darlington, on the 20th of September.

On the same day, Dr. John Wilson, J.P., the first surgeon of the Jarrow Division of the 1st Newcastle and Durham Engineer Volunteers, died at Bankshill, near Lockerbie.

On the 20th of September, also, Mrs. Allhusen, wife of Mr. Christian Allhusen, the well-known chemical manufacturer, and a daughter of Mr. John Shield, son of the author of "My Lord 'Size" (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1887, p. 38), died at Stoke Court, Buckinghamshire, her age being 76 years.

Mr. Boysman Harland Frampton, jeweller and jet manufacturer, of 66, Grainger Street, Newcastle, died at Hudshaw House, near Hexham, on the 23rd of September, at the age of 46.

On the 24th of September, Mr. Joseph Robinson, J.P., shipowner, of Etal Villa, North Shields, died at Southport, in the 74th year of his age. He had recently made arrangements for the erection of a new Wesleyan Church in North Shields, at an estimated cost of £7,500, at his own personal cost.

On the 23rd of September, the Rev. Ephraim Cohen, for several years second reader at the Jewish Synagogue in Newcastle, died at his residence, Canonbury, London.

On the 25th of September, the death was announced, at the age of 75, of Annie, widow of Mr. John Vaughan, the founder of the Cleveland iron trade.

Miss Mary Thirlwell, of Haydon Bridge, a soprano singer of a high order of merit, died on the 25th of September.

Mr. Robert Lamb Armstrong, of the firm of T. and R. L. Armstrong, land agents, and a prominent Freemason, died at his residence, 21, Leazes Terrace, Newcastle, on the 27th of September, in the 37th year of his age.

On the 28th of September, the Rev. Father G. Joseph Porter, a priest of the Dominican order, and formerly of St. Andrew's Catholic Church, Newcastle died at Leicester.

On the 1st of October, the death was announced of the Rev. Julius Shadwell, M.A., of Coln St. Aldwyn, Fairford, Gloucestershire, and for many years Rector of Washington, in the diocese of Durham.

Mr. Robert Forth, who for many years carried on the business of chemist and druggist in Clive Street, North Shields, but retired from active work some years ago, died on the 1st of October. The deceased, who had reached the ripe age of 72, was for a considerable time a member of the Tynemouth Town Council.

Mrs. Robb, wife of Mr. William Robb, and daughter of the late Mr. John Ridley, one of the oldest and most respected families of Hexham, died in that town on the 2nd of October, her age being 74 years.

On the 3rd of October, Mr. Michael Watson, a musical composer of considerable reputation, and the son of a professor of music at Newcastle, died at East Dulwich, in the fiftieth year of his age.

On the 6th of October, feeling pulpit reference was made by the Rev. A. Latimer to the death of Mr. James Barras, miner, of North Seaton, and a prominent member of the Primitive Methodist body, having been for many years on the plan of local preachers in the Blyth Circuit.

The death was announced, on the 8th of October, of Mrs. W. S. Glass, *neé* Magdalene Smith Elliott, an earnest and devoted church-worker at Sunderland.

Captain George Innes, an old Sunderland standard, died at his residence in that town on the 8th of October, in the 74th year of his age.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

SEPTEMBER.

9.—On this and the following evening, a public debate took place in the Central Hall, Newcastle, between Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, M.P., and the Rev. Marsden Gibson, M.A., of St. Thomas's Church in that city, on the question, "Has Humanity Gained from Unbelief?" Mr. Bradlaugh supported the affirmative, and Mr. Gibson the negative side of the controversy. Mr. Joseph Baxter Ellis presided on the former, and Mr. E. Girling on the latter occasion. There were large audiences at both meetings.

—The members of the Stockton and Middlesbrough Water Board and a large number of gentlemen journeyed by special train to Barnard Castle, whence they were driven in conveyances to the site of the Blackton Reservoir, at which place the Mayor of Stockton (Mr. Alderman Nelson) performed the ceremony of cutting the first sod.

—In connection with the twenty-sixth annual meeting of the British Pharmaceutical Society, a conversazione was held in the Durham College of Science, Newcastle, at which the president of the Conference, Mr. C. Umney, F.I.C., F.C.S., of London, received the officers and members of the society. The proceedings of the Conference commenced in the same place on the following morning, and extended over a couple of days.

—It was announced that a small steamer, the Holbrook, had been chartered to carry a cargo of coals from Cardiff to Newcastle, for one of the Italian war ships being built at Elswick.

10.—A young man named William Henry Porter, of Warrington Road, Newcastle, was drowned by the upsetting of a skiff in which he was sailing on Derwentwater Lake.

—A man named Joseph Bell, residing in Newcastle, was drowned while bathing in the river Tyne opposite the Bill Quay boat landing.

11.—The first sod of the Gosforth portion of the Ouseburn-Gosforth sewerage scheme was cut by Mr. S. H. Farrer, chairman of the Gosforth Local Board, at Dene Houses, near Haddrick's Mill.

—In the presence of a large and brilliant assemblage, the annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science was opened in St. George's Drill Hall, Newcastle, the president of the year being Professor

Flower, director of the Natural History Department of the British Museum. (See page 515.)

—Concurrently with the commencement of the proceedings of the British Association, the autumn flower show of the Durham, Northumberland, and Newcastle Horticultural Society was opened in the Leazes Park. The exhibition remained on view three days; but the weather, unfortunately, was unfavourable most of the time, and the receipts suffered to a corresponding extent. The total sum obtained was estimated at about £500.

14.—At a meeting of the Council of the Durham Miners' Association, it was decided to apply for a further advance of 15 per cent. in wages.

—The Marquis of Londonderry visited Seaham Harbour for the first time since his retirement from the office of Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and received a most enthusiastic welcome from the inhabitants, an address being

THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY.

presented to him by the Seaham Local Board. On the evening of the 20th, he was entertained to a banquet in the Exchange Hall, Stockton, by the South-East Durham Conservative Association and the South-East Durham Liberal Unionist Association. The chair was occupied by Mr. Thomas Wrightson.

15.—The annual Sunday demonstration and church parade of the Hebburn united friendly and trade societies was held, collections being made in aid of the Newcastle Infirmary funds.

—In the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, Professor Silvanus P. Thompson, Principal of the Technical College, Finsbury, lectured under the auspices of the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society, on "The Colours of Polarised Light." Mr. A. G. Vernon Harcourt, secretary of the British Association, presided.

16.—A man named Dorie made a balloon ascent from the Belle Vue grounds at Stockton, descending by parachute in a garden at Seaton Carew. The height he attained was 3½ miles.

17.—Miss Alma Beaumont, who had been announced to make a balloon ascent from the Ashbrooke Cricket Ground, Sunderland, being too unwell to undertake the feat, one of her assistants, a young man named Stanley, ascended to an estimated height of 10,000 feet, when he jumped off and descended steadily by means of the parachute, alighting near Fulwell House. (See page 479.)

18.—The members of the English Arboricultural Society held their fifth annual excursion at Alnwick Castle.

—There was a large and fashionable audience, including many scientific visitors to the British Association, at the Town Hall, Newcastle, to hear Mr. Hamish M'Cann's cantata, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

—The first general meeting of the South Durham and North Yorkshire Veterinary Medical Association was held at Darlington.

19.—Eliza Walker, aged 56 years, the wife of William Walker, a man employed as horsekeeper at Peggy Pit, near Philadelphia, in the county of Durham, was found dead under mysterious circumstances in her house there. The man, going out shortly afterwards, threw himself beneath a set of coal waggons on the railway, and was immediately killed. The coroner's jury found that the woman had died from suffocation, and that the man had committed suicide.

21.—At Deaf Hill Pit, Trimdom Colliery, a large boiler exploded with great violence, shifting the other boilers from their position, breaking the side of the boiler house, and killing a man named James Prior.

—The old sports and pastimes known as the "hoppings" were revived in the village of Preston, near North Shields.

23.—Mr. Barker and Mr. Fenwick, the former of whom had held the position since the 3rd of February, 1827, formally tendered their resignation as clerks of the Tynemouth Petty Sessional Division of Northumberland.

24.—It was announced that during the enlargement of the old schoolhouse at Whickham, the workmen came upon what appeared to be the remains of a still older building, and a splendid specimen of a Roman quern.

—The discovery was reported, by Mr. F. R. Wilson, in the Church of St. Michael and St. Mary, at Alnwick, of a statue of Henry VI. (See page 479.)

—Mr. Owen Seaman, M.A., late scholar of Clare College, Cambridge, commenced in connection with the Cambridge and Durham University Extension Scheme, a course of lectures, in the Literary and Philosophical Society, Newcastle, on "The Poetry and Teaching of Robert Browning."

—The annual conference of the North of England Temperance League was held in the Friends' Meeting House, Skinnergate, Darlington, under the presidency of Mr. Arthur Pease.

—Henry Ernest Searle, the champion sculler of the world, accompanied by Mr. Christopher Crane and Mr. John H. Clasper, of Putney, arrived on a short visit to Newcastle, the party meeting with a very enthusiastic reception.

25.—A new Presbyterian Church was opened at Black Callerton.

—The Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry visited Hartlepool, and formally opened the Headland Protection Works and Promenade, constructed at a cost of £25,000. The protection scheme was the outcome of long deliberation as to the best method of protecting the headland from the ravages of the sea, which, in the course

of centuries, has cut out the cliffs into many fantastic shapes, such as the Elephant Rock, shown in the small

engraving annexed. The Henry Smith School and a new wing of the Hospital were inaugurated on the same occasion.

26.—The Newcastle Scottish Association, established for the promotion of the social, mental, and physical well-being of its members, was inaugurated by a dinner, under the presidency of Dr. Farquharson.

—The Eagle, believed to be the largest vessel ever built on the Tyne, was launched from the yard of Messrs. R. and W. Hawthorn, Leslie, and Co., Limited, Hebburn, for a Russian company.

—The annual meeting of the ministers and delegates of the Durham and Northumberland Congregational Association was held at Morpeth, under the presidency of the Rev. D. Young, B.A.

27.—A Home for Cripples, transferred from inferior quarters at Whickham, was opened by the Mayor of Newcastle, at Wallsend.

28.—A further advance of 3 per cent. in wages was conceded to the miners of Northumberland.

—The first competition for a presentation silver cup took place in connection with the Tynemouth Volunteer Life Brigade, at Tynemouth.

—The twenty-fifth anniversary of the Seaton Delaval Co-operative Society was celebrated by a tea and public meeting, among the speakers on the occasion being Mr. G. J. Holyoake.

—Sir George Trevelyan, M.P., as President of the Hexham Division Liberal Association, addressed a public meeting in the Town Hall, Hexham.

—A verdict of manslaughter was returned by the coroner's jury at Sunderland, in connection with the death of David Stevens, joiner and cabinet maker, aged 67, and a warrant was issued for the arrest of a man named Michael Kirkwood, of Jarrow, the alleged inflicter of the fatal injuries.

—Mr. Willoby tendered his resignation of the office of magistrates' clerk in the Norham and Islandshires petty sessions, which he had held for a great number of years.

—At the County Hotel, Newcastle, Messrs. Walton and Lee, of London, auctioneers, submitted for sale several estates in Northumberland. The lots included the Benbridge estate, in the parishes of Mitford and Morpeth, the property of the Earl of Carlisle; the Softley estate, Slaggyford, near Alston, the property of the Earl of Carlisle; and the Threepwood estate, near Haydon Bridge, which belonged to the late Mr. William Bewicke. Mr. C. J. Bates, of Langley Castle, Heddon, and Wylam, became the purchaser, for £16,200, of Threepwood Hall, Threepwood Farm, Low Hall Farm, &c. The lots actually disposed of at the sale realised £33,480, four lots which remained unsold being the subjects of subsequent private negotiations.

30.—At the annual meeting of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., Limited, Elswick and Low Walker, a dividend was declared at the rate of 11 per cent.

—Twelve memorial stones were laid in connection with the new Wesleyan Chapel at Walker Gate, including a temperance stone by Mrs. W. D. Stephens.

—Mr. Thomas Allen Reed, the eminent phonographic reporter, of London, lectured on "Shorthand and Our Boys," under the auspices of the Newcastle and District Shorthand Writers' Association.

OCTOBER.

1.—A conference of Liberal Unionists was held in the Central Hall, Hood Street, Newcastle; and in the evening a great meeting, under the presidency of Lord Armstrong, was held in the People's Palace, Percy Street, the principal speaker being the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P. A counter demonstration took place simultaneously in the Haymarket, the chair being occupied by Mr. Thornton, president of the Newcastle and Gateshead Radical Association. On the following morning, Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain were entertained to breakfast in the County Hotel, Newcastle, Mr. G. A. Fenwick being in the chair. The guests afterwards left for Cragside, on a visit to Lord and Lady Armstrong.

—A telegram, received to-day, and dated Vardoe, September 27, stated that the steamer Labrador, Captain Wiggins, had reached the mouth of the Yenesei, where she waited twelve days for the river steamer, but in vain, Captain Wiggins then thought it prudent to return.

2.—The new College of Medicine, erected in Bath Road, Newcastle, at a cost of £31,000, was publicly opened by the Mayor, Mr. T. Richardson. The president, Dr. Heath, presented a cheque for a thousand guineas towards the liquidation of the debt, which it was stated amounted to £10,000.

3.—It was announced that the Shah of Persia had presented his portrait and autograph to Lord Armstrong.

—An explosion suddenly took place on board a barge which was conveying ammunition to the newly built Italian cruiser Piemonte, at Jarrow Slake, near the mouth of the Tyne. One man, named John Dewdney, was blown away and killed, and other two persons sustained injuries. The crew, consisting of three men and a boy, were in the employment of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., at Elswick.

4.—At Wooler, a new Mechanics' Institute, intended to supersede the old library, was opened by the Countess of Tankerville. Lord George Hamilton, First Lord of the Admiralty, was present at a concert in the new building in the evening.

—The blastfurnacemen in the Northern iron trade received an advance of 1½ per cent. in their wages under the sliding scale.

—It was reported that a salmon, named "Jumbo," one of a number which had been shown in a tank during the

Exhibition at Tynemouth Aquarium, some years ago, and on whose dorsal fin, before being returned to the sea, a silver ring had been placed, had been caught at Ovingham.

—The presentation of prizes to the successful students of the evening classes in connection with the Durham College of Science took place in the lecture-theatre of the College at Barras Bridge, Newcastle, the chair being occupied by Mr. John Philipson, J.P. The nineteenth session of the College was opened on the 7th.

—The inaugural meeting of session 1889-90 of the Northumberland and Durham Medical Society was held in the library of the Durham University College of Medicine, Newcastle, the address being delivered by Professor Lawson Tait, of Birmingham.

—Mr. W. S. Burton was elected secretary of the Newcastle Chess Club.

—A letter was published from Robert Browning, the eminent poet, intimating his intention, on his return home from Italy, to forward a subscription towards the restoration of the tombstone of Charles Avison, the great musical composer, in St. Andrew's Churchyard, Newcastle, in accordance with a suggestion made in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* by Mr. John Robinson.

5.—This afternoon, on the invitation of Mr. Arthur Brogden, manager and originator of the Swiss Choir, by whom a series of popular concerts was being given in the Town Hall, Newcastle, a large number of children, representing members of the Dicky Bird Society established in connection with the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, assembled in that building, to enjoy a specially provided entertainment. An eloquent address, inculcating precepts of kindness to the lower animals, and illustrated by a number of interesting anecdotes, was delivered by Mr.

W. Digby Seymour, Q.C., LL.D., Recorder of Newcastle, the newly appointed County Court Judge; and equally appropriate and judicious was the vocal and instrumental programme afterwards contributed by Mr. Brogden and his talented staff of performers. The Mayor of Gateshead (Mr. Alderman John Lucas) proposed a vote of thanks, which was carried with deafening cheers. There were present in all 3,044 young persons, and the entire proceedings passed off in the most agreeable and satisfactory manner. Mr. Brogden, in addition to so generously providing the delightful entertainment, contributed £5 towards the funds of Uncle Toby's Christmas Toy Scheme.

—A branch of the Newcastle Amateur Choral Society was formed at Jarrow.

—Miss Alma Beaumont, the American parachutist, made an ascent from Jarrow, and after reaching a height of 1,200 feet, descended into the river Tyne near Howdon Dock, whence she was immediately rescued, little the worse for her immersion.

6.—The Rev. J. H. Jowett, M.A., entered upon his duty as pastor of St. James's Congregational Church, Bath Road, Newcastle.

—A boy named George Frederick Paul, ten years of age, was accidentally shot dead at Stockton.

7.—By a majority of 12 votes to 4, the Tynemouth Town Council resolved to apply for the necessary authority to light the borough with electricity.

—The picture "Christianæ ad Leones," which was shown at the Royal Academy last year, as the production of Mr. Herbert Schmalz, a native of Ryton-on-Tyne, and a grandson of J. W. Carmichael, was exhibited at the establishment of Messrs. Mawson, Swan, and Morgan, Newcastle.

8.—The Right Hon. Edward Stanhope, her Majesty's Secretary for War, and General Viscount Wolseley, accompanied by Mr. Nepean, director of naval contracts, and Mr. Fleetwood Wilson, private secretary, paid a visit of inspection to the works of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., at Elswick, Newcastle.

—In continuation of a movement commenced some days previously at Hawick, in Scotland, a number of scholars came out on strike against certain alleged grievances, in the shape of home lessons and too long hours of study in schools, at Jarrow, West Hartlepool, Middlesbrough, and Berwick. The offenders at Berwick received a sound flogging.

—A railway guard, named William Holmes, was accidentally killed while shunting some empty waggons at Blaydon.

9.—Mr. W. Digby Seymour, Q.C., LL.D., entered upon his duties as County Court Judge in Newcastle, and received the congratulations and good wishes of the members of the Bar, and of the Mayor of Newcastle, on behalf of the public.

—It was stated that Barras Bridge Presbyterian Church, Newcastle, formerly under the pastorate of the Rev. George Bell and the Rev. J. B. Hastings, M.A., but which had been superseded by the new church at Jesmond, had been sold for £4,250.

—The twenty-first annual service of song by Wesleyan Methodist Choirs in Northumberland and Durham was held in the Town Hall, Newcastle, under the presidency of the Mayor.

10.—A portrait of Mr. J. C. Stevenson, M.P., painted by subscription, in recognition of his services in connec-

tion with the Tyne Improvement Commission, was formally unveiled at a meeting of that body this afternoon. The hon. gentleman was, on the same occasion, presented with a silver tea and coffee service.

General Occurrences.

SEPTEMBER.

11.—The Hon. William Henry Wentworth Fitzwilliam, M.P., died from injuries received by being thrown from his horse.

15.—A man named Walter Campbell swam through the Whirlpool Rapids, below Niagara Falls, clad in a cork jacket.

18.—A number of soldiers invested a house in Losowika, Servia, in which a number of brigands had taken shelter. The latter were commanded by a woman named Staka Lekica, who died fighting at the head of her band.

19.—Her Majesty's screw gun vessel Lily, belonging to the North American squadron, struck on a rock off Point Armur, Newfoundland, and sank. Seven of the crew were drowned.

—About 170 persons were killed at Quebec by a mass of rock, weighing several thousand tons, falling on a number of dwelling houses. Similar falls of rock occurred in 1841 and in 1852, with the like fatal results.

21.—Death of Mr. Henry Brougham Farnie, dramatic author.

22.—A general election took place in France. The final results were:—Republicans, 364; Anti-Republicans, 211.

23.—Mr. Wilkie Collins, author of "The Woman in White" and numerous other novels, died, aged 65.

WILKIE COLLINS.

24.—Death of Eliza Cook, composer of the popular song "The Old Arm Chair," aged 71.

ELIZA COOK.

26.—The body of a man named George Gordon was discovered in a wardrobe in a furnishing establishment in Manchester. Suspicion rested on a man named Dukes, against whom a coroner's jury returned a verdict of wilful murder.

27.—The result of the voting in the Sleaford Division of Lincolnshire, to fill the seat rendered vacant by the acceptance by Mr. Henry Chaplin of the post of Minister of Agriculture, was as follows:—Chaplin (C), 4,386; Otter (L), 3,078; majority, 1,308.

—A young lion escaped from Wombwell's menagerie, at Birmingham fair.

OCTOBER.

2.—The passenger steamer Corona was blown to piece by the bursting of her boiler at New Orleans, U.S., and nearly all on board perished.

4.—A terrible railway collision occurred near Manchester, three persons being killed and many injured.

6.—Sir William Tindal Robertson, member of Parliament for Brighton, committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor. He was born in 1825. The deceased gentleman became blind, owing to disease, in 1873.

7.—A fierce storm raged over parts of England and Ireland. Much damage was done, and many ships were wrecked.

—Death of The O'Donoghue, formerly member of Parliament for Tralee.

—The polling for the election of a member of Parliament to succeed the late Mr. Fitzwilliam in the representation of Peterborough took place to-day, with the following result:—Alpheus Cleophas Morton (Gladstonian Liberal), 1,893; Robert Purvis (Liberal Unionist), 1,642 majority, 251.

9.—A Parliamentary election for Elgin and Nairn, owing to the death of Mr. C. H. Anderson, M.P., resulted as follows:—J. Seymour Keay (Gladstonian Liberal), 2,573; C. B. Logan (Liberal Unionist), 2,044; majority, 529.

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OF

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The Luck of Eden Hall.

EDEN HALL, the seat of the old Border family of the Musgraves, is a comparatively modern mansion, in the Italian style of architecture, situate about five miles from Penrith, in Cumberland. It is surrounded on all sides by gently sloping, thickly wooded uplands, and stands in a spacious park whose attractions are enhanced by the meanderings of the Eden.

"The manor of Eden Hall was," says William Whelan in his "History of Cumberland," published in 1860, "given by the Conqueror to Henry FitzSwein, but how long it continued in his family we have no account. In the reign of Henry III. Robert Turp occurs as possessor of the manor, and on his demise it descended successively to his son and grandson, the latter of whom dying without male issue, Eden Hall came to his two daughters, co-heirs, one of whom, Julian, became the wife of William Stapleton, in 1327. It continued to be held by the Stapleton family for five descents, when Joan, second daughter and co-heir of Sir William Stapleton, Knt., brought it in marriage to Thomas de Musgrave about the 38th Henry VI. (1459-60), and it is still in the possession of his family and name."

Sir Richard Courtenay Musgrave, mentioned as the "present baronet" by Whelan, died in London at the beginning of 1881. At the general election of 1880 he was elected member for East Cumberland, having been de-

feated at two previous elections. As a canvasser, Lady Musgrave did splendid service for her husband, and it was probably owing to her influence that he was successful in his third campaign. The heir to the baronetcy at the time of his father's death was only nine years old. Within two years of Sir Richard's death, his wife was married to the Hon. Henry Brougham, of Brougham Hall, some two miles distant from Eden Hall. Since then Mr. Brougham has inherited his father's title, and is now Lord Brougham and Vaux.

Eden Hall is only one of the vast number of old family residences round which the traditions of the ages that are gone have wrapped their tendrils; but the particular legend which has immortalised this old mansion occupies a unique position among the numerous pieces of folk-lore in existence at the present day. The knights of Musgrave, from their Norman progenitor downwards, appear to have been equally well fitted to wield the ponderous lance in battle fray or to pour out amorous supplication in lady's boudoir.

Some time during the mediæval ages (it would destroy the delightful vagueness of the whole story to dabble in dates) there appears to have lived at Eden Hall a doughty descendant of the old Musgrave stock, whose Christian name, tradition hath it, was Richard. Richard, although prone for a long time to a somewhat indiscriminate affection for the fair sex, ultimately fixed his mind upon the daughter of a neighbouring baron, who, unfortunately, had been promised in marriage to her cousin Theodore. Margaret, however, had no yearning for her cousin, but, on the contrary, became violently attached to the roystering knight of Eden Hall. Stolen interviews were frequent, and not even the vigilant eyes of all the guards and seneschals the old baron could muster were able to keep Richard out of their young mistress's garden. All went merry as a marriage bell, until the demon Jealousy stepped in to put an end to the courtship. Margaret, in a fit of contrariness, consented to her union with Theodore; and Richard, with his palfry Caliph for companion, resolved to rusticate for a short time in the woods.

A few hours only had elapsed since the knight's quarrel wth "mistress mine," when, feeling in want of rest, he flung himself upon a mound of grass, after tethering his horse to an oak-sapling near. It was whilst thus listlessly reclining that a sight presented itself to his vision the like of which it had probably never been the lot of mortal man to behold before. Under his very eyes a crowd of grotesque-looking elves were holding high revelry round a festal board that groaned beneath a heavy load of nectar and ambrosia. Oberon was master of the ceremonies, and set a bad example to his elfin associates by his ceaseless attention to a huge goblet, which he ultimately managed to drain of its precious contents. Richard gazed at the noisy crowd in wonder and amaze, but burst into a ringing laugh on seeing the king of the fairies accomplish this feat. Whether the idea entered the knight's head that to deprive Oberon of his cup would be to do him a service, we are unable to say, but certain it is (at least so sayeth unimpeachable tradition) that Richard rose suddenly, seized the goblet which the king had been using, fastened it in his waist-belt, and mounted his horse, all before Oberon and his subjects had time to gather their probably rather scattered wits together. By the time, however, that Caliph had covered a couple of yards the fairy throng were in full cry after him and his master, resolved if possible to regain the stolen cup. On, on, dashed the pursuers and pursued at reckless, breathless speed—

> O'er the stone and through the brier,
> O'er the dry land, through the mire,
> Down the cliff and up the hill,
> Faster, faster, faster still.

Richard, however, succeeded in reaching a stream, and so obliged the elves to give up the chase, as they were unable to cross running water. Oberon now began to bargain for the cup, offering for it a ton of gold or a ton of pearls or a diamond of unprecedented value. But the knight proceeded on his way, after having been admonished by the fairy king to remember—

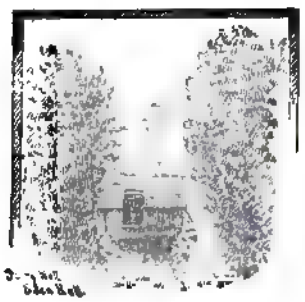
> Your luck shall be
> While shines the sun and flows the sea;
> But broken once that magic glass,
> The star of Eden Hall shall set,
> And in its chambers weeds and grass
> Shall spring through marble green and wet,
> Unsheltered from the storms of Heaven
> By roofs that time's neglect has riven,
> While owls and bats and unclean things
> O'er long-quenched hearths shall fold their wings.

Richard's first desire on reaching home was to imbibe a draught of liquor from the cup. This he had no sooner done than it was announced to him that Theodore (who, by-the-bye, had not yet married Margaret) had fallen from his horse and broken his neck just in front of the hall gates. In this occurrence he recognised the mischievous hand of Oberon, and, fearful lest by drinking more he should kill someone else, he took the goblet and locked it up in a brass-bound cupboard along with the family relics. On the following day, Richard had the great good-fortune to rescue both Margaret and the baron from imminent death at the hands (or, to be more accurate, horns) of an infuriated stag. The gratitude of the old man knew no bounds, and the incident, moreover, served to rekindle the amorous flame in the bosoms of the two aforetime lovers; and tradition goes on to state that they were married upon the spot.

Another legend regarding the cup is, that the butler of the family, having gone one night to draw water at the well of St. Cuthbert, a copious spring in the grounds of Eden Hall, surprised a group of fairies disporting themselves beside the well, at the margin of which stood the drinking glass. The butler seized the glass, and a struggle for its recovery ensued between him

and the fairies. The elves were worsted, and, therefore, took to flight, exclaiming:

If this glass do break or fall,
Farewell the luck of Eden Hall!



The wild and hare-brained Philip, Duke of Wharton, is said, on one occasion, to have nearly destroyed the Luck of Eden Hall, by letting it drop from his hands; but the precious vessel was saved by the presence of mind of the butler, who caught it in a napkin. A boon-companion of the duke's, named Lloyd, composed a burlesque poem in reference to it, written as a parody on "Chevy Chase," commencing thus:

God prosper long from being broke
The luck of Eden Hall!

The goblet, a representation of which is here given, is preserved at Eden Hall as one of the most cherished heirlooms of the family. It is a tall tumbler of very thin

glass, green and specky, expanding in easy curves from the bottom upwards, ornamented on the outside with a geometrical design in crimson, blue, and yellow, and holding about an English pint. Its real history cannot now be ascertained, but from the letters L.H.S. inscribed on the leathern case containing it, which, with good reason, is believed to be workmanship of the fifteenth century, it has been surmised that the vessel was originally used as a chalice.

Various poems have been written on the Luck of Eden Hall. The most famous is translated by Longfellow from the German of Uhland. The ballad gives the reader to understand that the goblet was broken to pieces; but the present condition of it does not bear out the statement. Longfellow's translation is as follows:—

Of Eden Hall the youthful lord
Bids sound the festal trumpet's call;
He rises at the banquet board,
And cries, 'mid the drunken revellers all,
"Now bring me the Luck of Eden Hall!"

The butler hears the words with pain,
The house's oldest seneschal,
Takes slow from its silken cloth again
The drinking glass of crystal tall;
They call it the Luck of Eden Hall.

Then said the lord: "This glass to praise,
Fill with red wine from Portugal!"
The grey-beard with trembling hand obeys;
A purple light shines over all,
It beams on the Luck of Eden Hall.

Then speaks the lord, and waves it light,
"This glass of flashing crystal tall
Gave to my sires the fountain sprite;
She wrote on it, *If this glass doth fall,*
Farewell then, O Luck of Eden Hall!

"'Twas right a goblet the fate should be
Of the joyous race of Eden Hall!
Deep draughts drink we right willingly;
And willingly ring, with merry call,
Kling! klang! to the Luck of Eden Hall!"

First rings it deep, and full, and mild,
Like to the song of a nightingale;
Then like the roar of a torrent wild;
Then mutters at last like the thunder's fall,
The glorious Luck of Eden Hall.

"For its keeper takes a race of might,
The fragile goblet of crystal tall;
It has lasted longer than is right;
Kling! klang!—with a harder blow than all
Will I try the Luck of Eden Hall."

As the goblet ringing flies apart,
Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall;
And through the rift the wild flames start;
The guests in dust are scattered all,
With the breaking Luck of Eden Hall.

In storms the foe, with fire and sword;
He in the night had scaled the wall,
Slain by the sword lies the youthful lord,
But holds in his hand the crystal tall,
The shattered Luck of Eden Hall.

On the morrow the butler gropes alone,
The grey-beard in the desert hall,
He seeks his lord's burnt skeleton,
He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall,
The shards of the Luck of Eden Hall.

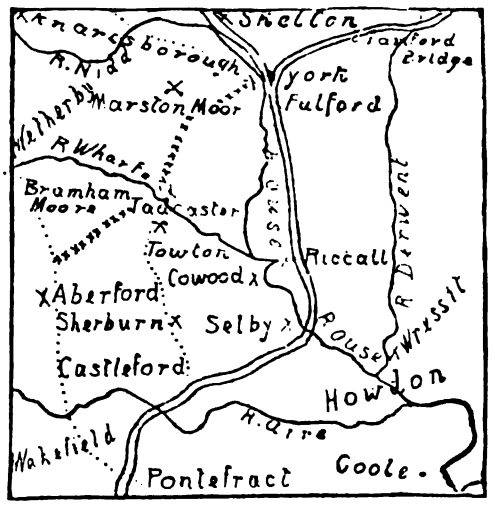
"The stone wall," saith he, "doth fall aside,
Down must the stately columns fall;
Glass is this earth's Luck and Pride;
In atoms shall fall this earthly ball,
One day like the Luck of Eden Hall!"

Early Wars of Northumbria.

XII.

HAROLD TO THE RESCUE.

WHEN the Norwegian raids in Yorkshire were reported to the Saxon King, he was guarding the Southern coast against the threatened attack of the Normans. Though he thoroughly understood the danger that menaced him, there seemed no alternative but to leave the visionary foe of the Channel in order to repel the actual invaders of the North. Deciding with his accustomed energy, and displaying even more than his ordinary skill, he appeared amongst his adversaries with a suddenness that sadly disconcerted them. The Norwegian monarch and his traitorous ally were still rejoicing over their victory on the Ouse, indeed, when Harold—who was supposed to be miles away—dropped upon them as if by a miracle. Hardrada and Tostig at once fell back upon the Derwent, and, having crossed at Stamford Bridge, took their stand on some gently rising ground to the eastward. The position would have been a strong one under any circumstances; but with a river in front, and only one narrow bridge to cross by, it seemed to promise disaster to all assailants. Every point of 'vantage was seized by the Norsemen, and considerable military skill was displayed in protecting them. All round the hill they gathered—in



ranks of equal depth—and with shield touching shield, the kneeling warriors in the foremost line raised a veritable rampart of bucklers. Each man's spear, too, was firmly fixed in the ground, with the points at such an angle as to constitute a barrier against the attacks of cavalry. Behind this formidable obstacle stood a host of brawny soldiers, armed with lance and battle-axe; while further in the rear, and more towards the summit of the hill, were grouped the bowmen, whose object it was to harry and discomfit the attacking force before it could get to close quarters. On the very top of the eminence—surrounded by a fine array of mounted chieftains—stood the banner of the appropriately named "Land Ravager," and, as it gently responded to every passing breeze, the Saxon onlookers might well have been excused if they had declined the effort to reach it. But there was no shrinking on the part of Harold or his followers. They calmly rested while the invaders prepared, and noticed, without misgivings, that even the approaches to the bridge were occupied in force by their opponents.

TOSTIG'S FIDELITY TO HIS ALLY.

There seems to have been a hope, indeed, that the Saxons would find an ally in the Norwegian ranks who would help materially to equalise the chances of the anticipated encounter. Such at least was the expectation of Harold. Knowing his brother's changeableness and love of power, he despatched twenty mail-clad horsemen to seek an interview with Tostig, and to name the terms on which he might rejoin his offended brethren. But terrible as had been the previous delinquencies of this misguided youth, it should be remembered, to his credit, that he now managed to keep his word faithfully. He had bound himself to Hardrada, and he refused to desert him in the hour of trial. Tostig listened patiently while the Saxon emissaries offered to restore him to the earldom of Northumberland; but, on their message being concluded, he raised his handsome face to the thegns, and inquired—"What territory will Harold give in compensation to Hardrada?" Indignant at such a query, one of the horsemen replied, with some bitterness, that only seven feet of English ground could be granted to the Norwegian, and even that must be used for his grave. "Ride back, ride back," cried the spirited Tostig, "and bid King Harold make ready for the fight. When the Northmen tell the story of this day, they shall never say that Earl Tostig forsook King Hardrada, the son of Sigurd. He and I have one mind and one resolve, and that is either to die in battle, or to possess all England." After this bold defiance, there was no alternative but to fight, and the opposing armies completed their plans for the morrow's strife.

THE STRUGGLE AT STAMFORD BRIDGE.

It was while smarting under his brother's defiance that Harold, at daybreak on the morning of the 25th September, 1066, ordered the vanguard of his army to attack the Norwegian position. The first aim of the assailants was to force back the defenders of the Derwent Bridge, in order to secure a clear and uninterrupted passage for the Saxon host. But the task was by no means easy. The approach was narrow, and keen blades, in stalwart hands, soon raised a mound of dead and dying men. Matters were becoming critical, indeed, when Harold brought up

a detachment of horse, and sent them at a gallop into the midst of the foe. The charge was perfectly successful, and the scattered Norsemen were speedily retreating towards their comrades on the hill. If the old chroniclers are to be believed, however, the bridge was not yet won. A Norwegian, of gigantic strength, stepped into the roadway, and, like Horatius of old, hewed down all who came within reach of his flashing brand. One Saxon "brave" after another rushed to the fray, but only to succumb to the death-dealing blows of the champion. When matters had grown a trifle serious, the end came somewhat unexpectedly. What could not be accomplished in open fight was effected by a clever stratagem. Putting off in a swine-tub—the only vessel available—a Saxon soldier paddled towards the bridge, and, while passing beneath the loosely-timbered flooring, contrived to thrust a javelin into the heroic defender's body.

ATTACK ON THE HILL.

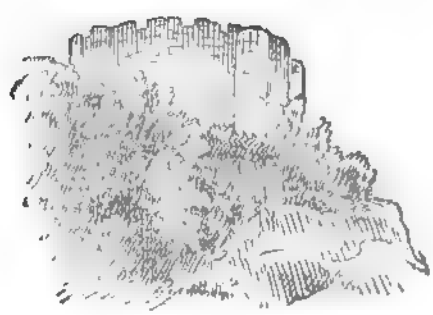
The obstacle having been thus removed, Harold led his now irritated followers towards the hill, and a fierce attack was at once made upon the position. It was too strong, however, to be easily stormed, and many hardy Saxons were slain during their mad efforts to get within the Norwegian circle. Neither cool courage nor impetuous charges seemed of the slightest use, and it thus became necessary to try different tactics. At three in the afternoon, when the battle had waged six or seven hours, the bulk of Harold's horsemen made a determined dash toward's Hardrada's banner, and, for a moment, it seemed as if the enemy's lines must be penetrated. But the men held firm, and the Norwegian King—conspicuous by his dazzling helmet and sky blue mantle—galloped forward to compliment them on their steadiness. It was at this period, while the Norsemen were jubilant about their success, that the Saxon cavalry began a somewhat precipitate retreat. Deeming their victory now assured, and fearing to lose the full benefit of their triumph, the invaders left the ranks, threw down their shields, and set off in headlong pursuit. Deaf to the remonstrances of their leaders, and never suspecting a rally, the chase was continued as far as the level plain. Then came the retaliation. While Tostig and Hardrada were using every effort to get their men again together, the Saxon troopers turned, and, coming at a gallop along the riverside, bore down all opposition. They were speedily in the midst of the demoralised foe, and being ably supported by the infantry—who now swooped upon the rear—an indiscri minate slaughter ensued. There was no quarter either asked or given. With unsparing ferocity, "the hot swords leapt from bleeding wounds," and curdling gore stained every spear. Having thrown away their armour, and being thus practically defenceless, the Norwegians were utterly unable to retrieve the fortunes of the day. Their skulls were made to resound with the blows of glittering weapons, and death overtook them in thousands as they rushed panic-stricken amid the Saxon ranks. Hardrada, shot in the neck, was one of the victims of this carnage; Tostig shared his fate; and quite a brilliant muster roll of savage chieftains lay with them on the land they had hoped to conquer.

CAPTURE OF THE FLEET.

It was only a very insignificant body of Norsemen who, by a quick retreat, succeeded in reaching the vessels they had left in the Ouse. Their escape from the field, however, was useless. The Saxons were at their heels, "hotly smiting," all through the flight, and arrived in ample time to capture the fleet before a single vessel could get under way. In the first flush of excitement many of the craft were burnt; but, on Harold reaching the spot, he put an end to the ruthless destruction, and ordered all the remaining prisoners to be spared. Olaf, a son of the Norwegian King, was saved by this timely decree, and so also was the Earl of Orkney. On being brought before Harold, they were magnanimously pardoned; and, having sworn that they would "for ever maintain faith and friendship with England," were allowed to return with their followers to Norway. Five hundred vessels were required to bring them across the sea; but twenty were sufficient to carry them back. The contrast thus presented made a strong impression on Olaf's mind, and gained for his subjects a long period of relief from all external wars.

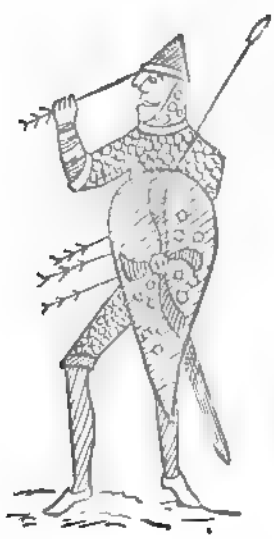
THE DISASTER AT HASTINGS.

Though magnificent the victory, it undoubtedly proved fatal to the Saxon rule in England. Harold had lost many men in his efforts for Northumbria, and the people were by no means grateful. They had always opposed the Saxon leader's assumption of the Crown, and now that their own district had been cleared of intruders, they left him to meet his other troubles without any adequate support. And those troubles were not long in making



themselves apparent. Three days after the triumph at Stamford Bridge, the Normans effected a landing at Pevensey, and, having made secure their position, began at once to ravage the Sussex coast. Harold was feasting at York when intelligence of this new danger reached him. Calling together his shattered forces, and requesting Morcar and Edwin to follow with all the men they

could raise, he returned to the South by forced marches. London was reached with almost incredible speed, and every available fighting man having been summoned to the standard, the Saxon army was led against the foe. It was this precipitancy, perhaps, more than any other cause, that brought about the world-famous reverse at Senlac. Delay could have done no harm, and it might have led to a much-needed augmentation of our own ranks. There was a possibility, too, that some of the Northumbrians might have so far changed their tactics as to render aid to the Saxon forces. They were known to favour the claims of Edgar Atheling in preference to those of Harold, and, under ordinary circumstances, would have certainly held aloof. Seeing, however, the gravity of the crisis through which the country was passing, they could hardly have failed to sacrifice their own feelings for the general weal. Had they done so, the discomfiture of the Normans would have been certain. But Harold would listen to no adviser who recommended him to wait. He sought the invaders with dogged determination, took



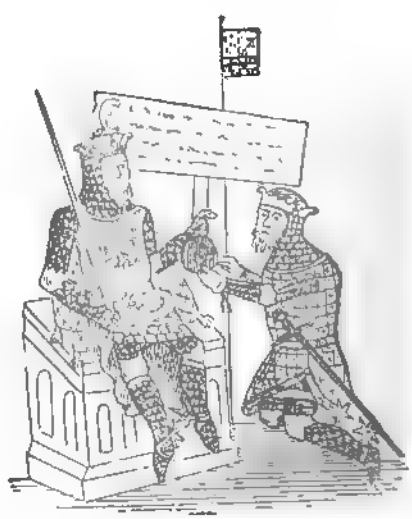
up a position to intercept their advance on London, and, on the 14th October, fought a battle in which he lost both life and sceptre, and left his country an easy prey to the rapacity of the conquerors.

NORTHUMBRIAN REVOLT AGAINST DUKE WILLIAM.

It is unnecessary to give any minute description of the events which immediately ensued. The Northumbrians and Mercians discovered, when too late, how terribly they had erred by refusing their support to Harold. Instead of Duke William contenting himself with the acquisition of Wessex—as they had fondly hoped—he soon made it apparent that he meant to carry his operations very much further afield. The movement in favour of Edgar Atheling was quickly suppressed, Mercia was occupied, and Northumbria was threatened with a similar fate if peace and order were not rigorously preserved. But with such a population threats were practically useless. By 1068 they were in open rebellion against the Conqueror's rule, and, on being defeated, had to submit to the presence of Norman garrisons in both York and Durham. More plotting followed, and a massacre of the strangers resulted as a matter of course. Twelve hundred men, under Robert Comyn, were slaughtered during the first night of their sojourn on the Wear; and a little later, when aided by Scots and Danes, three thousand more were exterminated in the stronghold of the Ouse.

THE CONQUEROR'S FIENDISH RETALIATION.

This was too much for the patience of the Norman King. Placing himself at the head of an immense army, William began, in 1069, what was called a campaign of retribution. His first act, on reaching the Humber, was to buy off the hostility of the Danes. The way thus cleared, he commenced his operations in earnest, and carried them to the end with almost fiendish brutality. York was captured, after a six months' siege, and every man, woman, and child fell victims to the mad cry for vengeance. Swarming next to the northward, they prosecuted with the utmost vigour their organised plan of devastation—"wasting the cultivated fields, burning towns and villages, and massacring indiscriminately flocks, herds, and men." Durham escaped because its



people had fled in terror; but its defences were seized and utilised by the overrunning host. For sixty miles the country was turned into a desert, and not a thing was left on which the panic-stricken fugitives could subsist. Famine succeeded murder, and tens of thousands of those who escaped the Norman soldiers were done to death by the more terrible pangs of starvation. "A havoc more

complete and diabolical was never perpetrated," and its effects were still apparent more than half a century afterwards. With this terrible visitation, the dreams of Northumbrian independence vanished. The power of the province was broken for ever, its lands were divided amongst the Norman chieftains, and the people who abandoned Harold found taskmasters infinitely harder than any of the lords of Wessex could possibly have become. It was a sorry ending for a district which, under king or earl, had so greatly influenced the destinies of the land for so many eventful centuries. WILLIAM LONGSTAFF.

The dotted lines on our plan show the course of two great Roman roads. As we have already indicated, most of the early battles were fought near these old highways —a circumstance which seems to justify the belief that they formed the chief means of transit till the advent of the Normans. Judging from the map, they would seem to have constituted the most favoured routes for some centuries afterwards. From Pontefract to Knaresborough, indeed, every town has a record of siege and strife; and the intermediate plains have been selected for some of the most sanguinary and destructive encounters in our history. It would not be possible, in the whole length and breadth of England, to find a district so brimful of stirring memories as that lying to the west and south of Stamford Bridge.

In the famous keep of York Castle—as shown in our first sketch—we have a fine specimen of an Early Norman stronghold. Its site, originally, was occupied by a British camp; and when this was afterwards seized by the Romans, it formed a base for all their subsequent operations to the northward. Agricola and Hadrian frequently occupied it; Severus died there; and, according to many authorities, it was the birthplace of Constantine the Great. It was the scene, too, of many stirring incidents during the Anglian invasions; it was the spot from which Edwin mainly directed his Christianising efforts; and it played a prominent part in not a few of the struggles with the Danes. In later times its record has been equally eventful. It was the meeting place of the first Parliament mentioned in our history: and within a few miles of its massive tower were decided some of the most decisive struggles that occurred during the wars of the Roses and the Commonwealth.

The Bayeux tapestry—the most remarkable of all historical records—is the source from whence the picture of Harold is taken. Though there are many eccentricities of drawing and colouring, the importance of this renowned scroll of needlework is beyond question. It may be doubted whether, with "four shots in his locker," Harold tried as quietly to take the arrow out of his eye as he is represented to be doing; and it may not unnaturally be objected that nothing in horseflesh ever looked like Queen Matilda's models. But allowance being made for small matters of this kind, there can be little doubt that the work gives us a throroughly reliable description of the armour, weapons, and accoutrements of the Norman and Saxon soldiery, as well as many valuable insights into the manners and customs of an extremely interesting period.

Our third illustration will possess an especial attraction for North-Country people. It depicts the Conqueror, at the siege of York, bestowing upon his nephew the Northern possessions of Edwin and Morcar. According to Camden, the charter was in these words:—"I, William, surnamed the Bastard, King of England, do give and grant to thee my nephew, Alan Earl Bretagne, and to thy heirs for ever, all the villages and lands which of late belonged to Earl Edwin in Yorkshire, with the knights' fees and other liberties and customs, as freely and honourably as the same Edwin held them." It was to protect the lands thus acquired that Alan built, "amid a landscape of wild beauty," the castle of stern grandeur which still rises above the valley of the Swale at Richmond. The drawing appears among the Cotton MS. in the British Museum; but it is said to have originally held a place in the "Register of the Honour of Richmond." It was reproduced in colours about fifty years ago by a publisher at York, and a copy of it was displayed in the window of a London print shop only a few months ago.

Kepier Hospital, Durham.

A SHORT and uninviting lane, on the north side of Gilesgate, Durham, now known as Station Lane, but formerly, I believe, called Magdalen Gate, leads past what is now the goods station of the North-Eastern Company, but was at one time the passenger station also, to a neighbourhood of retired gardens. One of these is a genuine old-fashioned English garden, most carefully kept, and the evident pride of its occupier, Mr. Thomas Coates, builder, of Gilesgate. This garden encloses the ruined chapel of the hospital of St. Mary Magdalen, said to have been founded by one Sir John Fitz Alexander.

From Mr. Coates's garden and its ancient ruin, a pleasant footpath, winding by the hedegrows of verdant grass fields, brings us by a rapid descent to the bank of the Wear, and the splash and ripple of the water, as it flows over the stones of a ruined mill-dam, greets our ears. On reaching the river, we turn to our right, and in a few minutes find ourselves before the venerable gateway of the Kepier Hospital. This establishment was founded by Bishop Flambard in 1112. There can be little doubt that its original site was near the church of St. Giles, and that it was removed at some subsequent period, possibly by Bishop Pudsey, who seems to have been a second founder, and to have remodelled the constitution of the hospital. He ordered that the house should consist of thirteen brethren, who should be bound to chastity and the renunciation of worldly wealth, and to obedience to the master appointed by the bishop. Of the thirteen, six were to be chaplains, and were to celebrate mass for the souls of Pudsey himself and of Flambard, the first founder of Kepier. All the brethren were to sleep in the dormitory. The chaplains were to have new boots twice every year, but the labouring brethren were to be content with shoes with leather thongs. All other things, as stuffs, linen, and bed clothes were to be provided as they were needed at the discretion of the master of the house. By another charter the same bishop granted the brethren of this house, amongst many other privileges, pasture for their cattle in his fields, and pannage of mash and acorn for their hogs in his forest, as well as a singular permission that their dogs at Rookhope and in the vaccary of Weardale should not have their forefeet amputated,* but that

* Referring to the barbarous custom of cutting dogs' feet, D. D. D. writes from Rothbury to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*:—"The stipulations of Bishop Pudsey were a

the shepherds should lead them in leashes to guard their cattle from the wolves.

During the long series of invasions of England by Scottish forces under Robert Bruce, the hospital of Kepier was fired by the invaders. This happened on the 15th June, 1306. The muniment room was destroyed, together with all the charters of the hospital. The bishop ordered a commission to inquire into the losses the brethren had sustained, and also what lands they had previously possessed. The result was the preparation of a long list of grants that had been made to the hospital in time past, and which shows that at that period its property was extensive and valuable.

The invasion of the Scots was not the only trouble that overtook the brethren. In 1351 they suffered from the ravages of the plague amongst their tenants, from the sterility of their land, which in that year had scarcely yielded seed corn, and from a murrain in the preceding

little more lenient than those of Odonel de Umfravill, who, in 1161, granted to the monks of Newminster (Morpath) a lease of common rights in Alwin and Kidland (Upper Coquetdale) for 29 years. 'The dogs of the monks to lack one foot, that the lord's wild animals might have peace.' In 1168 (14 Henry II.) Ralph Fitz-Main, the king's forester in Northumberland, renders an account to the sheriff of 22s. 10d. from the men of Northumberland who did not cut the feet of their dogs. This cutting was called 'expeditation,' and consisted in cutting out the balls of the forefeet of dogs, for the preservation of the king's game. The balls of mastiffs were not cut off, only the claws of each forefoot."

year, which had carried off 600 sheep. In consequence of these losses, the bishop granted an indulgence of 300 days to all persons contributing to the necessities of the hospital.

The history of this house is chiefly a record of the successive grants by which it was enriched. When the dissolution of hospitals was effected by Henry VIII., all these possessions came into the hands of the Crown. They were at first granted to Sir William Paget and Richard Cock, but shortly afterwards reverted to the Crown, and were then granted to John Cockburn, lord of Ormeston. By him they were sold in 1568 to John Heath, of London, the Elizabethan gentleman whose effigy lies in the chancel of St. Giles's Church. Heath's grandson, Thomas Heath, sold part of the Kepier estates in 1630 to Ralph Cole, of Gateshead, son of a blacksmith and grandfather of a baronet.

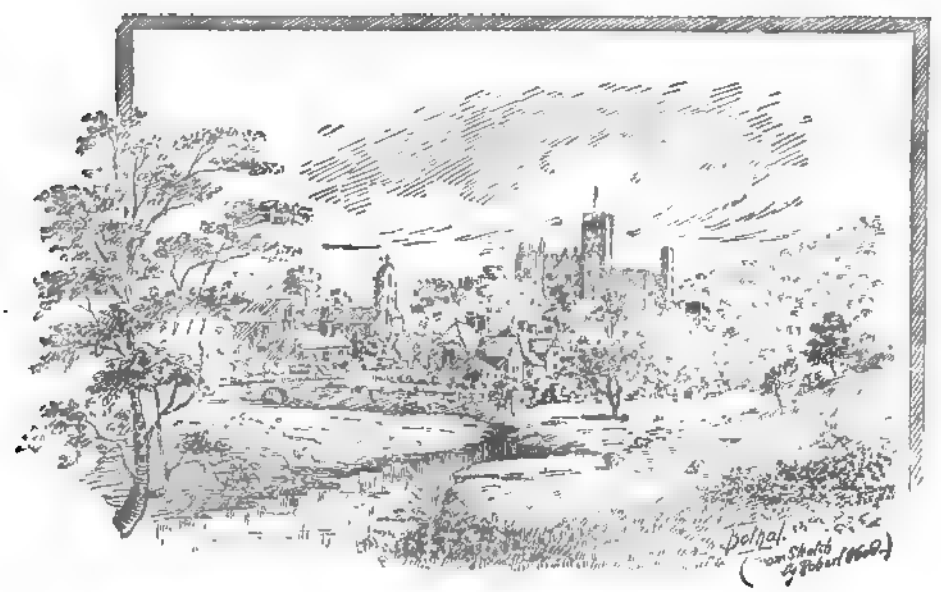
Of the hospital itself nothing remains but the gateway, a triple archway flanked by the apartments of the porters. The outer and middle arch have been provided with doors, and some of the hinge-staples still remain. Over the front are two shields, from one of which time has erased the bearings, but the other still shows three crowns, the arms, possibly, of Tynemouth Priory. The gateway itself is vaulted, with beautiful bosses in the centres. The supporting ribs are rapidly decaying, and here certainly, if anywhere, some measure of judicious restoration is needed. The whole of this structure may be appropriated to the early part of the fourteenth century. The apartments above the gateway are occupied as the residence by two respectable people in the humble ranks of life. The newel stairway by which these upper rooms were formerly reached is partly broken away, and its basement is now used as a coal-hole.

Beyond the gateway we enter a lane, and turning through a garden gate on our right we find ourselves immediately at the entrance of the Kepier Inn, a large building chiefly constructed of brick, but having an open arcade, fronting the sunny south, built of stone. We see at once that we have before us a house which has seen better days. When we enter, and ascend its broad, balustered oak staircase, and pass into its great hall, of which the walls are still covered with the remains of splendidly carved panelling, we shall be still more impressed with a conviction of the past dignity of the mansion. This was the residence of the Heaths and the Coles, and was probably built by the second John Heath, in the latter years of Queen Elizabeth.

J. R. Boyle, F.S.A.

Bothal Village.

WE derive additional pleasure from a beautiful scene when it is presented suddenly and unexpectedly to our gaze. Abundant confirmation of this truism is afforded us when, after passing through the colliery village of Pegswood, we drop, as it were, on to Bothal, half-hidden in the green valley of the Wansbeck. Our Anglian forefathers had considerable judgment when they fixed on this lovely spot for a settlement. The name signifies a mansion-house or hall, says Mr. Longstaffe. "The



student of the authorized version of Exodus reads that Pharaoh went into his *house*. The student's ancestors read that Pharaoh went into his *bottle*."

The village is not a large one, consisting merely of a few pretty cottages standing amid small flower gardens on each side of the Morpeth and Newbiggin road in a line with the castle and the church. These cottages are mostly of modern construction, built of the close-grained sandstone of the district. They are entered through trellised porches which are in summer bright with the blooms of climbing plants. Rich meadows and pastures overspread, like a mantle, the rising ground on the west side of the village. On the east are the Bothal banks sweeping round in a picturesque curve. Overlooking, and here and there overhanging, the river are larches and pine trees in stately ranks, with birches and hazels amongst them. Brackens and whin bushes, with several kinds of underwood, find a foothold on the steep slopes. Near the bridge over the Bothal burn rise, in full-leaved glory, the beech, the ash, and the elm, with other of the more majestic woodland trees. The Wansbeck from about Bothal Mill to its confluence with the Bothal burn makes a bend which is marked in the Ordnance Survey Map, "Gardener's Wheel." It then doubles as it were on its course, enclosing a triangular piece of ground called Bothal Haugh, which is crowned by a red-brick building, Elizabethan in style, the residence of the Hon. and Rev. W. C. Ellis. Huge boulders scattered along the channel of the river break its current into foaming eddies and miniature whirlpools. Bothal Mill, about a quarter of a mile to the south-west of the village, close to the river, is evidently of some antiquity, for the oldest tombstone in the churchyard is that of a former miller—Robert Watson, who died in 1711.

The antiquarian attractions, and, indeed, the chief picturesque features, of Bothal are the church and the castle. The former, which is dedicated to St. Andrew, must have been founded at a very early period, for several ragments of Anglian crosses were discovered during a recent restoration of the church. It was evidently rebuilt during the latter part of the twelfth century, when the Norman style was passing into the Early English. Portions of the chancel and a number of carved stones at the west end of the north aisle belong to that date. The north aisle with its arcade is Early English work, the south aisle with its arcade Perpendicular. In addition to such features as the Early English sedilia and piscina, the low-side window and squint, the curious recess in the north-east angle of the north aisle, the fine fragments of fourteenth century stained glass in the tracery of some of the windows, and the beautifully carved grave covers, the interior of the church contains a magnificent altar-tomb of alabaster supporting the effigies of Ralph, Lord Ogle (died 1513), and his wife, Margaret Gascoigne.

An account of the castle, together with a drawing from Allom's Views, will be found on page 257.

The history of Bothal is an uneventful one. Much excitement no doubt would be shown in the village when, in October, 1336, Edward III. and his army passed through it, and again in 1410 when Sir Robert Ogle, seeking to dispossess his younger brother of his property, inherited in accordance with an entail made by his father, laid siege to the castle, finally carrying it by assault.

The sketch of the village is taken from a drawing by Mr. Robert Wood, of Newcastle.

WM. W. TOMLINSON.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford.

The Rev. Richard Clayton, M.A.,

A POPULAR CLERGYMAN.

THE old chapel of St. Thomas the Martyr at the north end of Tyne Bridge, united by charter of James I. to another distinct institution, the hospital or eleemosynary house of St. Mary Magdalene, formed a convenient appendage to the Church in Newcastle, for its emoluments provided a welcome augmentation to the ofttimes inadequate stipends of the local clergy. Held under civic patronage, the office of master of the united foundations was usually filled, in conjunction with a lectureship or curacy—also in the gift of the municipal body—by a member of some well-known Newcastle family. Hence we find in the list of past masters the familiar names of Scott, Brandling, Ellison, Carr, Jenison, Bonner, Davison, Featherstonehaugh, Clayton, and Ridley. Few of these official personages rose to eminence in the Church; still fewer to notable positions outside their vocation. The most prominent man among them, Dr. Robert Jenison, made his mark at the beginning of the Puritan revolt by taking the Solemn League and Covenant, and administering it to his fellow-townsmen—a service which Parliament rewarded by bestowing upon him the vicarage of Newcastle. His successors, silver-tongued Cuthbert Sydenham, who converted Ambrose Barnes, and sturdy Samuel Hammond, "of the Congregational Judgment," were "intruders," appointed under the Commonwealth, and possessing no local influence or connections. As soon as Charles the Second came back the Corporation resumed the practice of giving the mastership to their own kith and kin, and with the same result.

When Dr. Henry Ridley became master in 1786, he found that the local clergy performed the clerical duties of St. Thomas's, and after a trial of the system he determined to make an important change. In May, 1808, he engaged a curate, the Rev. Robert Wasney, to perform

exclusively the ecclesiastical duties of the office. Mr. Wasney was a preacher of great gifts, and his appointment produced remarkable results. The old building, yielding to the exigencies of business across the bridge, had twice suffered curtailment, yet the accommodation provided had always been in excess of the public requirements. But after Mr. Wasney took possession of its pulpit the place proved inadequate to the needs of the congregation. After many negotiations, it was agreed that the Corporation should purchase the chapel, pull it down, and widen the thoroughfare, and that a new edifice for public worship should be erected in the Magdalene Fields at the Barras Bridge. While the details of the scheme were under discussion, Dr. Ridley died, and the mastership was given to the Rev. John Smith, vicar of Newcastle. Within a year of his appointment, Mr. Smith also died, and on the 26th of July, 1826, the office was conferred upon the Rev. Richard Clayton.

Mr. Clayton was a youthful scion of a family that for the better part of a century had been associated with

Rev. Richard Clayton.

ecclesiastical and municipal life in Newcastle. His grandfather had been master of St. Thomas's Chapel before its amalgamation with the Mary Magdalene Hospital. At the time of his appointment, his father had but recently retired, after thirty-seven years' service, from the important position of Town Clerk of the borough, and his brother John, who still lives amongst us, venerable and venerated, had succeeded to the father's place and power. The new master was but a young man of twenty-four, but he had been well trained, first at Percy Street Academy, then at Harrow, and afterwards at University College, Oxford. Assisted by the influence and acting under the guidance of his brother, he entered with ardour into the scheme for the reconstruction of his chapel, and had the satisfaction of conducting it to a happy issue. In May, 1828, the erection of St. Thomas's Church, Barras Bridge, the elegant design of Mr. John Dobson, was formally begun; in October, 1829, Mr. Clayton laid the corner-stone, and a twelvemonth later the edifice was consecrated and opened for public worship.

With the completion of St. Thomas's, a new impulse was given to Church life in Newcastle. Mr. Wasney continued his ministrations as curate, and was as popular in the new building as he had been in the old. "His voice was clear, full, and sonorous, and after being a few times heard could strike terror or pour consolation into any heart; could warm the affections, please the fancy, and inform the judgment. He rose and fell with his subject; his eye flashed fire, or melted into tears; he stood like Moses over the broken tables of the law, wept like Jeremiah over the desolations of his country, or reasoned, like Paul, on righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come." Mr. Clayton was a warm friend and admirer of his subordinate, and worked heartily with him. At first, no doubt, it was the eloquence of the curate that brought worshippers to the church; but after Mr.

Rev Robert Wasney.

Wasney's decease it was the gifts of the master that drew them. Fluent in speech, and impressive in manner, the preaching of Mr. Clayton attracted a large congregation of intelligent and well-to-do citizens. Amiable and tolerant towards conscientious Nonconformity, he was by common consent placed at the head of religious and philanthropic movements in which Churchmen and Dissenters were able to co-operate. Thus there gradually grew up around him a large body of devoted friends,

both within and without the Church, who followed his lead in schemes of local benevolence, and strengthened his hands in the perils of ecclesiastical controversy. Of this latter element, engendered by the Tractarian movement, there was in Newcastle, as elsewhere, no lack. His natural disposition was averse to theological disputation but the clear and decided views which he held upon Church questions were firmly maintained and piously exemplified. Staunch and true to the old order of public worship, he set his face rigidly against "Puseyite innovations." A plain but hearty service, accompanied by congregational singing, and followed by fervent preaching, were the characteristics of Divine worship at St. Thomas's, and those who wanted "millinery and mummery," "posturing and Popery," by which alliterative designations the practices of High Churchmen were derided, might go elsewhere. In a little book about Jesmond Church, Councillor Cutter, whose father was for many years officially connected with St. Thomas's, tells us that—

Mr. Clayton was a sound Churchman, and, as the great festivals of the Church came round, there was always a special sermon suitable for the occasion; but all ritualism and high-churchism he had an utter contempt for. No clergyman professing Tractarian principles was ever invited to preach at St. Thomas's. When a stranger came to officiate, and asked, "Have you any chanting?" his usual reply was, "No, we don't like boys to sing it out for us here; we like to say it ourselves."

Mr. Clayton's career terminated while he was yet in his prime. He was called away, after a short illness, in October, 1856, at the age of fifty-four. The majority of his congregation, driven from St. Thomas's by the appointment of Vicar Moody as his successor, erected in Jesmond Road the handsome edifice which, whether called by its original designation, "The Clayton Memorial," or by its more modern appellative, "Jesmond Church," keeps his memory ever green. Over the vestry door, worshippers read the following inscription:—"This church, consecrated to the Glory of God, January 14th, 1861, was erected to the memory of the Rev. Richard Clayton, M.A., who was for 30 years Master of the Hospital of St. Mary Magdalene, and the faithful minister of St. Thomas's Church, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. He died 8th October, 1856, aged 54 years."

Our portrait of Mr. Clayton is from a painting by William Bonnar, R.S.A., and that of Mr. Wasney is copied from a picture in the possession of Mr. Councillor Cutter.

William Cock,

JOURNALIST.

Upon the lists of residents in Newcastle the old name of Cock is no longer to be found. The families that bore it have died out, or have removed, or by euphonious transmutations have changed their patronymic into Cook and Cox. Once it was common in the town. Cock's Chare, near the site of the ancient Sand Gate, preserves the memory of Alderman Ralph Cock, Mayor of Newcastle in 1634, and his four well-favoured and well-dowered daughters, known through all the country-side until their marriages into the knightly and worshipful families of Milbank, Davison, Marley, and Carr, as "Cock's canny hinnies." In some of the fine old houses that face the Guildhall (in one of which lived Alderman Cock's father), and upon tombstones and monuments in St. Nicholas' Church, are still to be seen the arms of the family:—Azure, a plate between three cocks argent. But with the exception of the gifted journalist whose career is sketched below, no person bearing this old Newcastle name has come into prominence betwixt Tyne and Tweed since Alderman Ralph and his family departed.

William Cock was the eldest son of Joseph Cock, master mariner, who for the best part of half a century commanded one of the old "traders" that sailed, as regularly as wind and weather permitted, between Newcastle and London. He was born in 1805, and, after receiving the usual schooling, was apprenticed to Mrs. Hodgson, the printer and publisher of the *Newcastle Chronicle*. In the *Chronicle* office worked his uncle, Mr. Thomas Penman, after whom one of his younger brothers, Thomas Penman Cock (who died about twenty years ago a captain in the service of the Tyne Steam Shipping Company), had been named. Mr. Penman was—or shortly before had been—master printer of the *Chronicle*, and under his supervision the lad worked out his term. Among his fellow-apprentices were Michael Benson and John Selkirk, both well-known local men in after years, the former as a printer in the Side, and the latter as a reporter for the *Courant*, and, subsequently, in partnership with his brother James, as a general printer, and publisher of the "Newcastle Town Council Reports."

Soon after his apprenticeship expired, Mr. Cock emigrated to America, and obtained employment as a compositor in the office of the *New York Mirror*, edited by Theodore S. Fay, novelist, literary free-lance, and, later on, Secretary of Legation at Berlin. While there he developed a faculty for writing racy articles upon current topics, and, receiving encouragement from Mr. Fay, he became a regular contributor to the *Mirror*. Poems, tales, sketches, and essays flowed from his pen most of them marked by considerable humour, and many of them distinguished by a quaintness of thought and metaphor that attracted readers to the paper and brought troops of friends around the author. A collection of his lighter productions, published in two volumes by Mr. Fay under the title of "Crayon Sketches by an Amateur," had a large circulation in New York, and was popular all over the Northern States. He wrote, also, the libretto of an opera, founded upon Sir Walter Scott's poem of "Rokeby," for which Mr. Henry Berkeley, afterwards M.P. for Bristol, composed the music. The opera was performed

in the Park Theatre, New York, by a company composed of the leading artistes of the time, and was pronounced to be an unqualified success.

Mr. Cock returned to Newcastle in 1831, married a Miss Twizell, and settled down to a literary career among his friends and kindred. Welcomed back to the old *Chronicle* office in which he had been trained, he assumed the duties of assistant editor, retaining at the same time his connection with the New York press—the *Mirror*, the *Evening Post*, and the *Home Journal*. Some time in the year 1840, through the influence of Mr. Berkeley, he undertook the editorship of the *Bristol Mercury*, then the leading Liberal paper in the West of England. At Bristol, as in the States, his gifts were highly appreciated, and a prosperous career seemed to be opening out before him; but very soon after his settlement a series of domestic bereavements, almost unexampled in number and frequency, fell upon him, and cast darkening shadows over his life. In rapid succession he lost wife, father, mother, brothers, and children. These afflictions, acting upon a delicate constitution, hastened his own death, which occurred at Milton Villa, Lampblack Hill, Bristol on the 18th August, 1847. Two only of his children survived him, a son who died about fifteen years ago, and a daughter, now the wife of Mr. S. O. Watson, merchant, Newcastle.

Ralph Cole and Sir Nicholas Cole.

The founder of the family of Cole, of Newcastle and Brancepeth, was a flourishing tradesman in the straggling and struggling town of Gateshead at the close of the sixteenth century. Two of his four sons, Ralph Cole and Nicholas Cole, came over the water to Newcastle to push their fortunes, and were successful. Ralph died without leaving lawful issue; from Nicholas descended the two public men whose names stand at the head of this article.

Ralph Cole, second son of Nicholas, and grandson of the founder, was a Newcastle merchant-adventurer and hostman. His uncle Ralph had given to him, in 1617, Scots House and Gilbert Leazes, and like others of his race he had speculated successfully in commerce. Occupying, therefore, by virtue of his wealth, a considerable position at both ends of the Great Bridge of Tyne, the municipality of Newcastle admitted him into their select family council. In 1625, a few months after the accession of Charles I., they conferred upon him the freedom of the town and appointed him Sheriff; in 1633, shortly after the King returned from his coronation in Scotland, they elected him Mayor, and at the same time, to do him still further honour, they put his son Nicholas—who had married a Liddell of Ravensworth—into the Shrievalty. Three years before his mayoralty began, the owner of Scots House had bought from the Heaths the fertile lands of the dissolved hospital of Kepier; three years after his mayoralty ended, honourably ambitious to found a county family, he had purchased, in trust for his son Nicholas, the feudal castle and rich domains of Brancepeth.

What manner of man Ralph Cole was at this time contemporary records tell. Passing through Newcastle in August, 1633, when he occupied the post of chief magistrate, three Norwich soldiers, beholding him in his robes of office, set him down in their diary as "fat and rich, vested in satin." Writing in April, 1638, the curate of Brancepeth, noting his conduct as a country squire, tells Bishop Cosin, "we like our new lord, Mr. Cole, for his liberalitie to the poore. Hee sent at Christmas 20s. for them, and other 20s. at Easter, and yesterday (the court being at Branspeth) hee gave mee 10s. to be distributed among them." Thus, in both pictures, we see him drawn as a right worshipful person—rich and portly in Newcastle, rich and generous at Brancepeth.

Both Ralph and Nicholas Cole were ardent Royalists, and, in the angry discussions that led up to civil war, they warmly supported the cause of the King. Triumphing over the Puritan party at Michaelmas, 1640, while the Scots were in possession of the town, Nicholas Cole was elected Mayor. Shortly after his election, the Scots, provoked by accumulating arrears of the contribution which Newcastle had promised to pay, put him and the aldermen into prison, and "kept them in the dark, allowing them nothing but bread and water." At length, when terms of peace had been arranged, the King rewarded the Mayor's loyalty and his father's devotion by creating him a baronet.

So well had Sir Nicholas Cole discharged the duties of his perilous office in the municipal year 1640-41 that, at the ensuing Mayor-choosing, he was re-elected. Again, when civil strife was deepening into deadly conflict, and a strong man was needed at the head of affairs in Newcastle—at Michaelmas, 1643, he was for the third time appointed to that high and responsible office. Thus it was his fate to be Mayor of Newcastle during some of the most memorable events in its history. He had ruled his fellow-citizens during the earlier occupation of the Scots, and now he was to advise and control them during the greater part of a protracted and bitter siege by the same invaders. Before the siege terminated he had handed over the reins of power to Sir John Marley, but he remained in the forefront of the struggle, and, next to Sir John, took the most prominent part in directing the town's proceedings. His name, with that of his father, his brother James, his father-in-law, Liddell, and his brother-in-law, Sir George Baker, is attached to that tantalising correspondence with Lord Leven, the Scottish commander, which preceded the final assault and capture of the town.

Upon the Coles and their fellow Royalists in Newcastle the vengeance of Parliament swiftly descended. Sir Nicholas had been under its ban before, and apparently had received no great harm. On the 20th September, 1642, the House had passed a resolution ordering

that he as Mayor of Newcastle, his father-in-law, and three others should be sent for as delinquents. But now the order was more peremptory and more comprehensive:—

Tuesday, November 19, 1644.—Ordered that the Commissioners and Committee of Parliament residing in Newcastle do forthwith send up in safe custody, these delinquents following: *vide licet*, Sir Thomas Liddell, Baronet, Sir Nicholas Cole, Knight and Baronet, Mr. Ralph Cole, James Cole, Sheriff [brother of Sir Nicholas], Sir George Baker [and three-and-twenty more].

A few days later the House devoted the greater part of a sitting to the consideration of civic government and ecclesiastical promotion in Newcastle. Appointing a local committee to sequester the estates of local delinquents, they passed this stern resolution:—

Thursday, December 5, 1644. Resolved, &c. That . . . Sir George Baker, Knight, Recorder, Sir Nicholas Cole, Baronet, Thomas Liddell, Baronet, Sir Francis Bowes, Knight, Ralph Cole, and Ralph Cock, Aldermen of that Town, James Cole, Sheriff, be displaced and removed from their offices and disabled and disfranchised; and, likewise, the rest of the Aldermen and other Officers there who have been in Rebellion against the Parliament, as they shall be presented to the House, be displaced and removed from their Offices.

By a subsequent order of Parliament, Ralph Cole was committed prisoner to London House, and James Cole and Sir George Baker to Southwark Compter. The name of Sir Nicholas Cole does not appear in the list, and his whereabouts, while his friends were in prison, is unknown. Ralph Cole, as appears by the journals of the House, compounded for his delinquency in July, 1646, paying £4,000 as a penalty, and his son James, the Sheriff, in August, paying a fine of £136 6s. 8d.; but to no proposal for treating with Sir Nicholas would the House listen. Within a couple of days of Ralph's compounding, a joint-committee of Lords and Commons drew up propositions to be sent to the King at Newcastle for "a safe and well-grounded peace," in which they made it a condition that certain persons—among them Sir Nicholas Cole and Sir John Marley—should have no pardon for their offences.

The resolution by which Parliament sanctioned the bargain with the elder Cole may be quoted for its interesting details:—

Thursday, July 9, 1646. Resolved, &c. That this House doth accept of the sum of four thousand pounds of Ralph Cole, late of Newcastle, Alderman, for a Fine for his Delinquency. His Offence is: Approving the sending of a Governor by the King to Newcastle; joining with the Earl of Newcastle; being a Commissioner of Array, bearing arms himself; arraying the Inhabitants of that town, and compelling them to carry Arms; Complying in the Taking away of the Lives of some, disfranchising others, burning and pulling down many houses, sinking Ships in the Harbour there, and other like Offences. His Estate, Seven Hundred Ninety-five Pounds for Fifteen Years; One hundred and Fifty Pounds per annum for One-and-twenty Years; Fifty Pounds per annum for Two Lives in a Colliery; and Two thousand Seven hundred and Seventy Pounds personal Estate. But of all which Estate there is issuing Forty-four Pounds Six Shillings Eight Pence per annum, for a Fee Farm Rent to the Crown, and Thirteen Pounds Three Shillings and Fourpence per annum for other Rents.

There are two other entries in the journals which appear to close the transaction:—

June 12, 1648.—That Mr. Ralph Cole do forthwith pay fifteen hundred pounds more, as part of his fine, for his composition, for the Relief of Newcastle, to Sir Arthur Heslrige, Governor thereof: Then this House will refer it to the Committee at Goldsmiths' Hall to review [blank] Fine set upon him for his Delinquency.

May 22, 1649.—Sir Arthur Heselrigg reports—An Act for pardoning the Delinquency of Ralph Cole, of Gateshead, in the County of Durham: Which was this Day read, and upon the question passed.

Ralph Cole died during the Protectorate, aged about seventy years. Sir Nicholas lived to see the Commonwealth fall and Charles II. come back to the throne; lived to recover and enjoy his forfeited honours. He does not appear to have taken an active part in public life after his restoration. The ardour of his early manhood had abated. He was even suspected of lukewarmness towards the re-established order of affairs. Guy Carleton, Dean of Durham, in a letter to the Government, dated October, 1664, accused him of sympathy with rebels and disaffected persons in the bishopric—meaning thereby those whom the Act of Uniformity and the Conventicle Act had driven into an attitude of hostility and resentment. Sir John Marley, too, his old comrade in arms, failing to persuade him to support Sir James Clavering for the mayoralty of Newcastle, at the election in 1665, scornfully wrote of him to Lord Chancellor Clarendon as "Sir Nic. Cole, who never comes to the town except to make disturbance." From which, and similar indications, it may be inferred that the Brancepeth baronet had become tolerant and forbearing in his old age, and was no longer prepared to follow his Royal master in the perilous paths of persecution and repression.

Sir Nicholas Cole died in December, 1669, leaving the baronetcy to his son Ralph, who, distinguishing himself by a love of the fine arts, and exercising a prodigal hospitality, seriously impoverished the family estate. Sir Ralph's second son, Nicholas, married to the only daughter of Sir Mark Milbanke, was admitted to the freedom of Newcastle in 1682, and became Mayor of the town in the municipal year 1686-7. During his term of office the great mace of the Corporation was ordered, and upon that imposing emblem of local dignity and power his name and arms still appear. He and his elder brother died before their father, and the title descended to his heir, also named Nicholas, who became the third baronet. By this time the greater part of the wealth which Ralph Cole, the Newcastle merchant and hostman, had accumulated, and the estates which the first Sir Nicholas had retrieved from forfeiture, had passed into other hands. At the death of Nicholas the third baronet in 1710, his brother Mark succeeded to a barren inheritance. He held the title for ten years, and dying a bachelor was buried at the expense of his cousin, Sir Ralph Milbanke.

Newcastle Jesters.

FOOLS were not the exclusive possession of Kings and Queens, for we read that Counts, Cardinals, Barons, and even Bishops had their professional jesters. And the fashion of keeping buffoons passed from sovereigns and private individuals to corporations, who evidently considered the merry-maker a necessary part of their retinues.

The "cap-and-bells" seems to have figured pretty prominently in Newcastle-upon-Tyne during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, for, on glancing through some extracts from the local municipal records for the years 1561-1650, I find that several persons are recorded as having been the wearers of the motley. We learn that at the same period Thomas Morton, Bishop of Durham, and many of the gentry, retained these personages to brighten up the hall and kitchen with their witty sayings and practical jokes. During King Charles's abode at Durham, Dicky Pearson, one of the bishop's fools, meeting the Earl of Pembroke richly and fantastically attired, accosted him as follows:—"I am the Bishop of Durham's fool: whose fool are you?" The Newcastle characters were indifferently called the "Mayor's Fool," the "Town's Fool," and "The Fool." Opinions differ as to whether these buffoons were employed to raise a laugh at their masters' expense, or whether they were half-witted fellows maintained at the expense of the Corporation. Brand thought that the Newcastle Corporation anciently kept fools, the same as were to be found in kings' palaces; but Alderman Hornby, in his MS. notes to Brand, controverts this opinion, and contends that the fools were idiots who were supported by the town authorities. It would appear that they were engaged to accompany the mayor and aldermen on public occasions, such as the proclamation of the Lammas and St. Luke's Fairs; and no doubt they were present at all the corporate feasts, but were especially brought into requisition at the seasons of Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide, and Michaelmas. It was an ancient custom for the mayor, aldermen, and sheriff of the city, accompanied by numbers of the burgesses, to go every year to attend the feasts of Easter and Whitsuntide at the Forth, where, forgetting their dignity, they joined the festive throng. These fairs lasted nine days, and were proclaimed on the Sandhill. One of the duties of the wearers of the "cap-and-bells" on such occasions was to go about with the magistrates, amusing the populace by their quaint and grotesque motions, their rude and sometimes over-personal jokes, and by the singing of immodest songs.

The following item is given in connection with these fairs:—"October, 1576. Paid for a pair of mittens to Edward Errington, fool, 4d.; paid for a horse to John Watson, the fool, for the riding of the fair with Mr. Mayor, 8d." Errington's death is thus entered in St. John's Register:—"August, 1589, Edward Errington, the towne's foole, buried the 23d day of August, died in the peste." From an earlier record it appears that a sum of money was in 1535 "paid to Edward Wood, draper, for cloth and cotton for the fools' coats." Afterwards we find the names of Allon, George Spence, Thos. Dodds, and Bartye Allyson enumerated as professors of mirth. Again, during the years 1622-50, a William Errington, fool, is mentioned. This second Errington died in 1650, and seems to have been the last of the profession.

Here are some further items:—Dec., 1561—Yellow and blue kersey for the making up of coats and caps; linen for shirts and ruffs; and shoes for the two fools, in preparation for the Christmas festivity. "October, 1566—Item paid for powllinge (cutting the hair) of Bartye Allyson the fooll, this yeare, 16d." April, 1591—"Paide to George Fuster, surgant, for letting John Lawson, foole, bloud, 8d." In other years, there are charges for a new knife, a belt, two leather skins, two pockets, a dozen leather points for Lawson; also "a pair of hose and shoes for Thomas Dodds, 2s. 8d." Other articles of clothing are mentioned, such as red russet for their Easter costume, shirt bands, long coats; also petticoats, which seem to have formed part of the attire of fools. Among other entries are to be found charges for "brode clothe of a skie culler, to be John Lawson's breeches and jerkers, and skie culler carse to be stockings and caps for him." "For five yards of cheche cullered clothe to be a coate; nine yards of white cotton to be to him a petticott, and a yard and a quarter of skie cullered carse for his stockings." Under charge for Lawson we find items for a pair of yellow stockings, and a reward for "runninge of arrandes aboute the townes business." In 1598, there are charges for "brode greene clothe at 8s. 6d. per yard, to make a coate for Thomas Doddes, the fool,"—"a yard and a quarter of red carse to garde yt, 5s. 10d., and for a yarde of cottan to make a petticoate to him." In 1599 Lawson is down for a "collered hatt." In 1622 we find John Pithy, chamberlain, is repaid for what he "disbursed for cloth and trimming, and making of Wm. Errington's coate, petticoate, and stockenges," and again so late as 1650 there is a charge for a "payre of shewes."

If the illuminations of the thirteenth century have done this strange personage justice, he was an object calculated to excite the pity and compassion of the spectators rather than their merriment. He bears the squalid appearance of a wretched idiot wrapped in a blanket, which scarcely covers his nakedness, holding in one hand a stick with an inflated bladder attached to it by a cord, which answered the purpose of a bauble. During the period of which I write, a fool's dress consisted of a motley coat, with a girdle, having bells at the skirt, and sometimes at the elbows. The breeches and hose fitted close to the body, the colour of each leg being different. The hood covered not only the head, but the shoulders, and was crowned by the

usual cock's-comb. Some jesters carried a staff with a fool's head at the end of it; others a staff from which was suspended a blown bladder with a few peas in it.

The most careful research has failed to unearth any document giving an account of the witty sayings (if any) of these fools. CHAS. WM. F. GOSS.

Bolton on the Aln.

THE village of Bolton, or Boulton, so spelt in old records, has acquired some fame as being the place where the Earl of Surrey's army mustered before their final march to Flodden. It is distant about five miles from Alnwick, at which town the Earl was joined by his warlike son, the Lord Admiral. After a Council of War had been held, the army moved to Bolton. Their march was in a direct line over Alnwick Moor, past the Cloudy Crag. They descended what was known at that time as Aberwick Moor, and crossed the Aln by a ford of the same name, encamping in front of the village of Bolton upon ground in every way suited to the purpose. While the army lay here, it was joined by the Lancashire and West Riding men.

A black letter tract printed by Richard Fawkes, of St. Paul's Churchyard, some time between the years 1513 and 1530, places Bolton in Glendale, a mistake easily accounted for, as perhaps at that time the Vale of Whittingham was considered a part of Glendale. The tract referred to says:—"The v daye of Septembre his lordshyp in hys approchynge nyghe to the borders of Scotlande mustred at Bolton in Glendayll and lodged that nyght therein yt felde with all his armye. The nexte daye beynge the vi daye of Septembre the kynge of scottes sent to my sayd lor of Surrey a harolde of his called Ilaye, and demaunded if that my sayde Lorde wolde iustefye the message sent by the sayd pursevaunte ruge cros as is aforesayd sygnefyinge that if my lorde wolde so doo it was the thynge that mooste was to his Joye and comforte. To this demaunde my lord made answere afore dyuers lordes knyghtes and gentylme nyghe iij myles from the felde where ys the sayde harold was apetoynted to tary bycause he shulde nat vewe the armye that he commaunded nat oonly the sayde Rugecros to speke and shewe the seyde werdes of his message. But also gaue and comytted unto hym the same by Instruccyon sygned and subscrybed with his owne hande."

This herald was quartered at a place called "The Mile," a farm house standing in a commanding position near a range of the Cheviots named "The Ryle Hills." This place is quite three miles distant from Bolton, and a long way off the line of march that the English army took. There is little doubt that the Scottish herald had been met at Hedgley Ford on the Breamish, and conducted to "The Mile," where he was kept a prisoner until the return of Ruge Cros, who had been sent by the Earl of Surrey with a challenge of battle to the Scottish king. This ford is about three miles from Bolton, and there very likely a strong guard was posted. It is rather remarkable that the fields behind the village of Bolton still bears the name of "The Guards." The old road by which the army marched leads direct to Hedgley Ford, and no doubt guards were posted along the road to the ford. On the return of Ruge Cros, the Earl of Surrey divided his army. The Lord Admiral, with nine thousand men formed the vanguard; the Earl himself led the rearguard. "That Stanley might the vanguard wield" had been refused by the stern Earl.

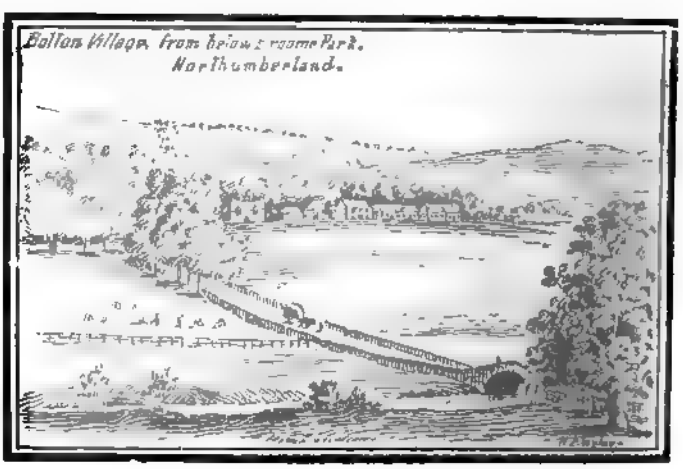
But on that side the Earl of Surrey
Was deaf, for why, he could not hear;
For being moved by Stanley's glory,
His rancour old then did appear.

Quoth he, "The King's place I supply,
At pleasure mine each thing shall bide."
Then on each captain he did cry,
In presence to appear that tide.

Thus Stanley, stout, the last of all,
Of the rereward the rule did wield;
Which done, to Bolton in Glendale
The total army took the field.

All Lancashire for the most part,
The lusty Stanley stout did lead
A flock of striplings, strong of heart,
Brought up from babes with beef and bread.

A spot where such an event took place must be of interest to many at the present time. It will be seen from the accompanying sketch that what was called Bolton Moor at that time is beautiful in situation, as well as being in every respect adapted for the mustering



and encampment of a large force. Bolton Chapel stands close to the field where the host lay, and tradition says that the commanders and a number of the officers took communion in the chancel of the old chapel. Fortunately, the old chancel is left intact; the nave was re-built about forty years ago, and had a transept added to it.

Apart from the incident of Surrey's army being encamped there, the spot is extremely interesting. An ancient leper hospital stood in the ravine behind the chapel. It was surrounded partly by water and a morass. A few years ago, a very fine British urn was dug up close behind the chapel, when a grave was being made. I have heard of no relics being found on the ground where the army encamped; but coins, of various dates, have been found plentifully in fields adjoining the spot.

The old Aberwick ford, where the army crossed the Aln, lies further down the river than the bridge seen in the sketch. The old chapel is hidden by the trees on the right. I am indebted for the sketch to Mr. H. P. Taylor, of Shawdon. JAMES THOMSON.

A Tyneside Hero.

ENGLAND in 1781 was in the throes of war with France, Spain, Holland, and the colonies of America. Threats of invasion greatly disturbed the equanimity of British statesmen. The enemies' fleets were not only superior on the open seas, but also masters of the Channel and the North Sea, both of which were literally swarming with American and French privateers. Commerce was, in fact, almost at a standstill. The English fleet was helpless: the commanders thereof could only hope to keep the enemy at bay.

Local shipping was, of course, open to many and great dangers, and the *Newcastle Chronicle* of the period records instances of the capture of vessels bound for Shields by a noted privateer named Daniel Fall, who commanded the cutter Fearnought, of eighteen four-pounders. This redoubtable sea-wolf had experienced little difficulty with many of his captures; but when he attacked the Alexander and Margaret, of North Shields, commanded by David Bartleman, a native of Tyneside, he found a foeman worthy of his steel. Particulars of the engagement appeared in the *Newcastle Chronicle* at the time. From these it seems that the fight took place near the Floating Light off Yarmouth, and lasted three hours. The enemy was beaten back three times, but, returning the fourth time, accomplished his object. Captain Bartleman was severely wounded, while his mate was killed. The Alexander and Margaret was hulled in about thirty places, and so was compelled to strike her colours Being ransomed, she was taken into Yarmouth, where the injuries of the brave captain received attention. Notwithstanding that the best medical assistance was obtained, he died from his wounds. The hero was accorded a public funeral at Yarmouth. A tombstone

erected to his memory in Yarmouth Churchyard bears the following inscription :—

TO THE MEMORY
OF
DAVID BARTLEMAN,
Master of the brig Alexander and Margaret,
of North Shields,
Who, on the 31st of January, 1781, on the Norfolk Coast,
With only 3 three-pounders, and ten men and boys,
Nobly
Defended himself against a Cutter,
Carrying 18 four-pounders, and upwards of 100 men,
Commanded by the notorious English Pirate,
FALL,
And fairly beat him off.
Two hours after, the Enemy came down upon him again.
When totally disabled,
His Mate, DANIEL MACAULEY, expiring with loss of blood,
And himself dangerously wounded,
He was obliged to strike and ransom.
He brought his shattered vessel into Yarmouth,
With more
Than the Honours of a Conqueror ;
And died here, in consequence of his wounds,
On the 14th of February following,
In the 25th year of his age.
To commemorate
The Gallantry of his Son,
The Bravery of his faithful Mate,
And, at the same time, mark the infamy of a savage pirate,
His afflicted father, ALEXANDER BARTLEMAN,
Has ordered this stone to be erected over his
Honourable Grave.

. . . . . "Twas great;
"His foe, though strong, was infamous,
"The foe of human kind.
"A manly indignation fired his breast.
"Thank God, my son has done his duty."

This interesting memorial of a daring and heroic action is kept in preservation by the inhabitants of Yarmouth.

David Bartleman was a son of Alexander Bartleman, who, more than a century ago, carried on business as a shipowner and brewer at North Shields.

Mr. J. W. Carmichael painted a picture of the fight, which picture is now in the possession of a descendant of the Bartleman family, Alexander Bartleman Davidson, master mariner, of Newcastle.

The North-Country Garland of Song.

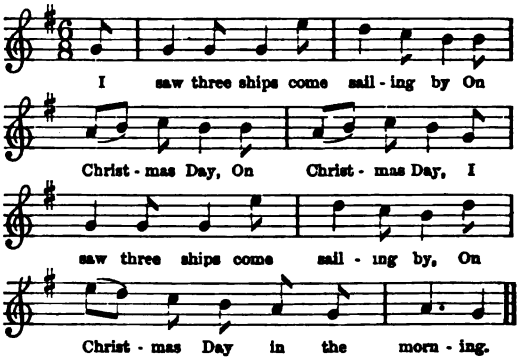
By John Stokoe.

CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE MORNING.

THE influence of the Scottish Kirk in restricting the celebration of Christmas festivities in the Border Counties has left our repertoire of carols, either religious or festive, very small indeed; and even those ditties that have been favourites in the North-Country appear equally popular in the South, and to be the common property of the English people.

The carol known as "Christmas Day in the Morning," after delighting the men and women of a bygone age at their social gatherings, has experienced the usual fate of a popular favourite, and has been relegated to the children of later generations as the melody of a popular round game.

There are many versions both of words and melody of this carol; but the tune we give below is the best known and most popular in the North.



And what was in those ships all three,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
And what was in those ships all three,
On Christmas Day in the morning?

Our Saviour Christ and his ladye,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
Our Saviour Christ and his ladye,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Pray whither sailed those ships all three,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
Pray whither sailed those ships all three,
On Christmas Day in the morning?

Oh, they sailed into Bethlehem,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
Oh, they sailed into Bethlehem,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the angels in heaven shall sing,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
And all the angels in heaven shall sing,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the souls on earth shall sing,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
And all the souls on earth shall sing,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Then let us all rejoice amain,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
Then let us all rejoice amain,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Dr. Edward F. Rimbault, in his "Collection of Old Nursery Rhymes," first published about fifty years ago, gives the following words to the same melody :—

I saw three ships come sailing by,
Sailing by, sailing by,
I saw three ships come sailing by,
On New Year's Day in the morning.

And what do you think was in them then,
In them then, in them then,
And what do you think was in them then,
On New Year's Day in the morning?

Three pretty girls were in them then,
In them then, in them then,
Three pretty girls were in them then,
On New Year's Day in the morning.

And one could whistle, and one could sing,
The other could play on the violin,
Such joy there was at my wedding,
On New Year's Day in the morning.

Captain Wiggins.

JOSEPH WIGGINS, F.R.G.S., whose energy and enterprise have demonstrated that, through the supposed impenetrable ice-bound Arctic Seas there is, at a certain period of the year, a waterway, from which vessels can ascend large navigable rivers thousands of miles long, and penetrate into the very heart of Siberia, opening up an enormous and hitherto almost untouched field for western commerce, is a native of Norwich. His father, who bore the same name, was one of three brothers, all coach proprietors. They were the first to establish the system of running from Norwich to London, or from London to Norwich, in one day, which was considered at that time a remarkable achievement.

The future navigator went to sea at thirteen years of age, joining at Lynn a Sunderland sailing brig, belonging to his uncle, the late Mr. Joseph Potts, of Sunderland, builder, and trading to the Baltic and America. He was apprenticed to that gentleman for five years, and he made such good use of his opportunities that by the time his apprenticeship expired he was mate of the vessel. At twenty-one he was master of a Sunderland sailing vessel engaged in the Mediterranean trade. When steam became the order of the day, he passed an examination so that he became qualified to command a steam vessel. At the age of twenty-seven he got the command out of London of the largest steamer of that time, the Victoria, of 4,000 tons burden. He had subsequently great experience in running steamers in the China, Atlantic, and other trades, finally commanding his own vessels in the Southern Seas.

Captain Wiggins.

Captain Wiggins afterwards retired from the sea, and took the Examinership of the Board of Trade for the port of Sunderland, his duties being to examine captains and mates of the merchant marine in navigation and seamanship; but this post he resigned in 1874, after he had held it for six years, in order that he might realise a wild dream, as it was then believed to be, of opening out by sea a commercial route to Siberia.

Chartering a vessel called the Diana, an Arctic yacht built for sporting, Captain Wiggins on the 3rd of June, 1874, proceeded direct to the North Cape and thence to Vardo. As early as the 24th of June, he passed into the Kara Sea; but that was too early, for he found an abundance of ice, yet he cruised all round and surveyed the land for eight weeks. Then he worked half-way up the Gulf of Obi, and assured himself that it was all open water. It was not his business to ascend the rivers, because he knew they were navigable, and that there were large vessels upon them to take passengers and merchandise up the country for two or three thousand miles. Having demonstrated the practicability of the sea route, he returned safely home, after exactly three months' absence. It was owing to this successful voyage, and to the principles thus laid down by Mr. Wiggins, that Professor Nordenskjold was enabled in the following year to make his first voyage to the Yenesei, and ultimately his celebrated voyage along the Siberian coast and round Behring's Straits home.

But Wiggins could not afford to charter such a vessel as the Diana every time he went out. So for his next venture he purchased a little craft, a Yarmouth cutter, towards the fitting out of which one liberal gentleman, the late Mr. Edward Backhouse, of Sunderland, gave him £100. She was named the Whim, because, on taking her into the Wear to have her fitted, he overheard a conversation between a couple of seamen, one of whom explained to the other that this was "Captain Wiggins's whim." The Whim had the honour of going to the Kara Sea, but no further, for he could not attempt to ascend any of the rivers with her. But he had again demonstrated that that sea was open, and so he returned to England more hopeful than ever.

The third voyage was made with the Thames, which Captain Wiggins was enabled to purchase and fit out owing to a Russian gold mine-owner and another gentleman having each presented him with a thousand pounds towards the cost of his next expedition. She was built at Berwick, and sailed through the Kara Sea in the middle of July. Some detached ice blocks lay about, but there was nothing to mar her progress; and, entering the mouth of the Yenisei, Captain Wiggins carried the British

flag for the first time in the world's history up that river to Yeniseisk, a distance of upwards of 3,000 miles. At Yeniseisk he arrived one Sunday, when thousands of people flocked down to the river to watch the arrival of the strange vessel. From this voyage Captain Wiggins returned home at the beginning of 1889.

A fourth expedition was undertaken by the gallant navigator a few months later. Setting sail from the Thames on the 4th of August in a vessel called the Labrador, Captain Wiggins in due course again arrived at the mouth of the Yenisei. Here, however, he met with another misfortuue. The river steamer he had expected there failed, for some reason or other, to put in an appearance. So, after remaining ten or twelve days, he landed a portion of the cargo of the Labrador, and once more sailed for England, reaching London about the 15th of October.

Thus ends for the present the intrepid attempt of Captain Wiggins to open commercial intercourse with Siberia by way of the Kara Sea.

North-Country Fairies.

THE oldest fairy tale in the world is believed to be the one written on papyrus by a Pharaonic scribe, for the edification of the young Egyptian Crown Prince, Seti Manephta, the son of Pharaoh Rameses Mi-amun, who ruled in Thebes fourteen hundred years before Christ, and at whose court Moses was educated. This curious papyrus was unfolded by a learned German in 1863, and a literal translation of its contents was read by him to a Berlin audience in the winter of that year—thirty-two centuries after it had been written.

A good-sized library would be required to contain all the rich fairy literature that the fertile human imagination has invented since the days of Moses and Aaron, Jannes and Jambres. Fickle fancy has no more pleasant field to revel in; but we must not allow her to roam to a distance here. We must stay at home and speak only of our own North-Country Fairies.

Brand, in his "Antiquities," under the heading "Fairy Mythology," had gathered together a mass of interesting items, but most of them are drawn from places more or less far away. All he says with regard to the "good people" in this part of the country is:—"I have made strict inquiries after fairies in the uncultivated wilds of Northumberiand, but even there I could only meet with a man who said that he had seen *one that had seen fairies*. Truth is hard to come at in most cases. None, I believe, ever came nearer to it than I have done."

Mr. Henderson, in his "Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties of England," has likewise but few references to the fairies of the two North-Eastern Counties. He tells us, indeed, of the Elf Stone, which "is described as sharp, and with many corners and points, so that, whichever way it falls, it inflicts a wound on the animal it touches." "Popular belief," he adds, "maintains that the elves received these stones from old fairies, who wore them as breast-pins at the fairy court, and that the old fairies received them in turn from mer-maidens." They are in reality flint arrow heads, fashioned by our ancestors in what is known as the Stone Age, and now familiar to all frequenters of local museums, where they may be seen of all shapes and sizes.

We are most of us familiar with those curious natural phenomena called Fairy Rings. Some attribute them to the growth of fungi, spreading from a centre; others think they are caused by lightning; but the vulgar opinion is that they are spots where the fairies have been dancing in a ring by moonlight, and have trodden down the grass with their tiny feet, for they are diminutive creatures, about the size of children five or six years old.

Friday is the witches' Sabbath, but Wednesday is the Sabbath of the fairies. Every Friday, however, the "good people" divert themselves with combing the beards of goats.

In the olden time, it was not uncommon for the kitchen wench in a farm-house to discover, when she rose with the sun or before it, that the floor had been clean swept, and every article of furniture put into its proper place, by some kind sleight-of-hand fairy during the night. These were the days when great part of this country-side was still in a state of nature—bogs undrained, fields unfenced, leys untilled, and the inhabitants almost as rude and untutored, in the schoolmaster's sense, as Zulus or Maoris. But now the servant girls get no such supernatural help, but must do the needful work themselves.

Formerly fairies were much addicted to stealing the most beautiful and witty children they came across, and leaving in their places such brats of their own as were prodigiously ugly and stupid, mischievously inclined, or of a peevish and fretful temper. These elfish imps were termed Changelings. Some will have it that the "good people" could only exchange these weakly ill-conditioned elves for the more robust children of Christian parents before baptism, and that they could not do so even then if a candle was always kept burning a night in the room where the infant lay.

The fairies used to be heard patting their butter on the slope of Pensher Hill, when people were passing in the dark. A man once heard one of them say, "Mend that peel!" Next day, going past again, he found a broken peel lying on the ground. So he took it up and mended it. The day after that, when going along the road with a cart, he saw a piece of bread lying on a stone at the root of the hedge, at the identical place, with nice-looking fresh-churned butter spread upon it; but he durst neither eat it himself nor give it to his horses. The consequence

was, that before he got to the top of the "lonnin," both his horses fell down dead. And thus was he condignly punished for his want of faith in the fairies' honour. We may observe that what is commonly known as Fairy Butter is a certain fungous excrescence sometimes found about the roots of old trees. After great rains, and in a particular state of putrifaction, it is reduced to a consistency which, together with its colour, makes it not unlike butter; hence its name. When met with inside houses it is reckoned lucky. Why so, we cannot tell.

There are several round green hills in Durham and Northumberland which were formerly supposed to be inhabited underground by the fairies. We have met with people who knew this to be a fact, because sometimes, in a fine still summer night, they have themselves lain down on these green hills, with their ears close to the ground, and have heard piping, fiddling, singing, and dancing going on far down in the interior. When questioned as to whether the sounds might not rather come from some neighbouring village or gipsy encampment, they would reply that that was quite impossible. "No, it was the fairies; everybody knew it was; hundreds had heard them; there could be no doubt it was the fairies." Indeed, almost every circular mound in the North must once have been thus inhabited, if all the tales be true. One such place is the site of the old fortress of the Conyers family at Bishopton, called the Castle Hill. Another is a remarkable tumulus between Eppleton and Hetton, consisting entirely of field stones gathered together. At the top of this is a little hollow, called the Fairies' Cradle, and there the fairies formerly used to dance to the music made on a peculiarly sweet toned pipe by a supernatural minstrel. Ritson speaks of some fairy hills at Billingham, and Mr. W. H. D. Longstaffe tells us of a very famous one at Middleton-in-Teesdale, called the Tower Hill, close to Pounties Lane (originally Pont Tees Lane). A person informed Mr. Longstaffe that his grandmother frequently asserted that she had seen the fairies go from that hill to the Tees to wash themselves, and to wash their clothes also. Moreover, she once found a fairy, like unto a miniature girl, dressed in green, and with brilliant red eyes, composedly sitting on a small cheese-like stone near her house. She took this strange creature into the kitchen, set it by the fire, and gave it some bread and butter, with sugar on it, which it ate; but it cried so bitterly that she was obliged to carry it back to where she found it. She, however, kept the elfish stone, and it may be in existence until this day. The old woman preserved it most religiously, not suffering it to be touched, and always had it under the table in the pantry, for what purpose is not stated. Ritson deduces "Ferry Hill" from "Fairy Hill."

Near Marsden, in one of the limestone caves with which that neighbourhood abounds, is the Fairies' Kettle, a circular hole in the rock, about five feet deep, filled with pellucid salt water, the sea covering the place at spring tides, and occasionally leaving a few little fishes in it, to swim gaily about in a fairy-like fashion, as in an aquarium of Nature's own forming.

While the Foul Fiend used to appear in the shape of a black dog, and his poor deluded hags, the witches, in that of a hare, the fairies were wont at times to assume that of a cat. The following tale is told confirmatory of this:— A Staindrop farmer was crossing a bridge at night, when a cat jumped out, stood right before him, looked him in the face earnestly, and at last, opening its mouth like Balaam's ass, said in articulate vernacular North-country speech:—

Johnny Reed! Johnny Reed!
Tell Madam Mumfort
'At Mally Dixen's deed.

The farmer came home and told his wife what he had seen and heard, when up sprang their old black cat, which had been sitting cosily beside the fire, and, exclaiming, "Is she? Then aa mun off!" bolted out at the door and disappeared for ever. It was supposed that she was a fairy in disguise, and that she had gone to attend the funeral of a relative, through whose death she might have come in for some legacy.

At Chathill, near Alnwick, there was a large fairy ring, round which the children used to dance. But if they ran round it more than nine times, some evil, it was thought, was sure to befal them. So they would go the appointed number, but never more.

The Henhole, on the north side of the Cheviot, is a chasm in the midst of green slopes and heathy solitudes, so deep and narrow that the rays of the sun never enter, and a small patch of snow, called a "snow egg" is frequently to be be seen at midsummer. Some hunters were one day chasing a roe, when they noticed issuing from the depths of the ravine the sweetest music they had ever heard. Forgetting the roe, which bounded away unheeded, they were impelled to enter to see who the musicians were, but they could never again find their way out. Only one who had been left behind, owing to his being worse mounted than the rest, hesitated when he reached the brink of the "hole," and came back to tell the tale.

A widow and her son, a wilful little fellow, in or near Rothley, in the parish of Hartburn, famed in the days of border "raids," were sitting alone in their solitary cottage, one winter evening, when the child refused to go to bed, because, as he averred, he was not sleepy. His mother told him that, if he would not go, the fairies would come to take him away. He laughed, however, and sat still by the fire, while his mother retired to rest. Soon a beautiful little figure, about the size of a child's doll, came down the wide chimney and alighted on the hearth. "What do they ca' thou?" asked the astonished boy. "My Ainsell," was the reply, "and what do they ca' thou?" "My Ainsell," retorted he, and no more questions were asked. Shortly they began to play together, like brother and sister. At length the fire grew

dim. The boy took up the poker to stir it, but in doing so a hot cinder accidentally fell on the foot of his strange playmate. The girl set up a terrific roar, and the boy flung down the tongs and bolted off to bed. Immediately the voice of the fairy mother was heard, asking "Who's done it?" "Oh, it was My Ainsell," screamed the girl. "Why, then," said the mother, "what's all the noise about? There's nyen to blame."

A cottager and his wife at Netherwitton, on the banks of the Font, were one day visited by a fairy and his spouse, with their young child, which they wished to leave in their charge. They agreed to take it for a certain period, after which it was to be reclaimed. The fairy woman gave them a box of ointment, with which to anoint the child's eyes; but they were not on any account themselves to use it, or some misfortune would befall them. For a long time they carefully avoided letting the least particle stick to their fingers; but, one day, when his wife was out, curiosity overcame prudence in the man's mind, and he anointed his eyes with the forbidden stuff, without any noticeable effect. But some short time after, when walking through Longhorsley Fair, he met the male fairy and accosted him. The elf started back in amazement, but, instantly guessing the truth, came forward and blew in the cottager's eyes. The effect was instantaneous. The poor man was struck stone blind. He was led home by some kind neighbours, but never recovered his sight. And the fairy child was never seen more.

A particularly clever midwife once flourished somewhere about Elsdon. A messenger on horseback came and called her out of bed one night, and told her that she must instantly rise and go with him to the place where he had hastily come from, a good distance off, where a lady, whose friends could afford to pay her handsomely, was in sore want of her attendance. She must, however, submit to be blindfolded, as the expected event was to be kept a secret. The man gave her something in hand, by way of earnest, and she consented to mount behind him on a pillion. Then fast, fast away they rode. Arrived at their destination, the howdie was introduced into the room where the lady lay, and the bandage was removed from her eyes. It was a very neat and comfortable place, but a place she had never been in before. After she had successfully performed her office, and relieved the mother as well as could be expected, the man got from an old crone who was sitting in the room a box of ointment, with which the midwife was told she must anoint the baby, but be careful not to let it touch her own person. She accordingly did as she was bid, having no mind to try any such experiments on herself, as she did not know of what the stuff consisted. But, feeling an itching in her eye, she put up her hand unconsciously, and now saw everything in a different light. Instead of a cosy room it was a wood she was in. There was a hollow moss-grown trunk instead of a fireplace. Glow-worms supplied the place of lamps, and the lady was evidently a fairy woman. But, though mightily astonished, the midwife retained her self-possession, finished her task, was again blindfolded, got mounted behind her mysterious conductor, and arrived safely home, with a good heavy purse of fairy money in her pocket. One market-day soon after, she saw the old crone who had handed her the box, and had likewise been her pay-mistress, gliding from one basket to another, among the farmers' and hinds' wives, passing a little wooden scraper along the rolls of butter, and carefully collecting the particles thus purloined into a vessel hung by her side. After a mutual but silent recognition, the old elfin lady inquired, "What eye do you see me with?" "With the left eye," was the innocent answer. "Well, then, take that!" muttered the crone, as she startled her with a sudden, sharp puff. From that moment she was a one-eyed woman.

Another version of the story is that it was a certain country doctor who received the eye salve from his elfin conductor, and that, after he had anointed his eyes with it, he saw a splendid portico in the side of a steep hill, to which he was taken by his guide. He entered and found himself in a gorgeously furnished hall fit for a royal residence. On coming out, after performing his office, another box was put into his hands, and he was told to rub his eyes with its contents. He rubbed only one eye, however, and with it saw the hill in its natural shape, palace and portico having vanished. Thinking to cheat the devil, whom he concluded his conductor to be, he feigned to rub the other eye also, and then galloped off home. But, afterwards, seeing the fairy husband stealing corn in Morpeth market, he accosted him with the same melancholy result, losing for ever the sight of both eyes.

It was with tales like these that our grandmothers and great-grandmothers entertained their hopeful offspring.

Football at Workington.

FOR grotesqueness and whimsicality, for "divarshon and divilment," for fragrant odours and filthy defilement, football at Workington, as I saw it on Easter Tuesday last, just "licks all creation." I have sailed over most of this small planet of ours, and can honestly say I have seen nothing like it, nor, indeed, anything approaching it. And each year it gets worse—or better, just according to whether you like such games or no.

It has many times been described, but each year there is some fresh incident in connection with it. I trust that, being a very ancient game, and played, as I think, in a manner altogether unique, the following description of it, though somewhat lame perhaps, may be found interesting. This is how I saw it, and how I have seen it on several successive years.

Something like seven or eight thousand people of all

ages and conditions in life are seen trampling, and shoving, and squeezing to look at the players up to their knees in the horrible filth of a beck not a dozen feet wide, and the whole of them rammed, and jammed, and twisted into one immense and apparently inextricable human knot, as though some mighty sea serpent had been cut up into six feet lengths and tied together, each component part of which was struggling to free itself from the general mass. Look at the smoke and steam ascending to heaven from this living human cauldron! Look at them, panting, struggling, twisting, tumbling, and striving! Too hoarse to shout, they can only eject their bare arms from that living mass, and wave them either to the east or the west to show in which direction they want the ball to go, whether, to use a local phrase, they are "Uppies" or "Downies." Ah, there it goes over the heads of the players, and lands right in the bosom of a decently-clad looker-on. Before he knows what's the matter he is overwhelmed with humanity, the ball is wrestled from him, and he himself is in the middle of the beck spluttering and struggling in two feet of water and ditto of mud.

Now the ball is back again in the same old spot, and once more the players tie themselves into a knot, and again the struggle commences. Look at the clothing of the players. Why, it is a mere mockery! One fellow has lost the biggest part of his trousers and the whole of his shirt, with the exception of one sleeve, which is kept in position by his paper collar; and another has scarcely that much left to cover him. Not one out of twenty has a whole garment about him, and what he has is completely saturated with filth from the beck into which the ball has got and doesn't seem likely to get out. Hullos! What's that, the football? No, it is simply the remains of a mud-begrimed shirt, that has been ripped off some fellow's back and flung high in the air. And there goes a hat, and then an old boot. And what's that going up now? Ah! "Up with her!" 'Tis the stiffened remains of a cat, and down she comes with a dull thud on the bare back of one of the players, who takes no notice whatever. Still the scrimmage goes on, and the awful knot makes no attempt to untie itself, for the ball is somewhere in the midst, and, although the stench is enough to put the pole-cat to shame, no one thinks of giving in.

Look there, now, at those half dozen men on the outskirts of the crowd! They look as though they had been dragged head first through a sewer a mile long; but there is not enough excitement for them in the scrimmage, it appears, for they have got out of it on purpose to have a fight. They go at it in the middle of the beck—whack, plump, splash! over they all go, under the water and into the mud—and, as they plough up the bottom of the beck with their noses, if it wasn't for the whisky that's in them the stench would surely kill them! "Hi up! look out there, here she comes! Turn round and run, missus; off you go, or you'll be trampled to death!" "Up with her!" "Down with her!" "Yah!!" And with a frightful and prolonged war-whoop the whole seven or eight thousand begin a stampede towards the east. Look at that well-known and respectable citizen—Ha, ha, ha! he's just run foul of one of those black savages out of the beck, and, though he only embraced him for an instant, you might think he had fallen into a veritable mud-hopper. Good heavens! there's a child will be killed! No, he's just snatched up in time. "Go on, mister, what are yer stopping on?" "Here, just stop it, will yer?" "Curse yer mis——" "Oh my! let go my hair!" "Hi, look here, if——" "Bla——" "Mind yer bustle, missus——" "You just keep your hands to your——" "Go on, go on!" "Up with her!" "Down with her!" "Go back into the beck, you black devils, and fight it out there, where we can have a look at you without all this running and stamping and shoving and bother——"

Yes, as I was saying, this is a rather tame description of what may be seen at the Workington football play on Easter Tuesday.

SERGEANT C. HALL.

The Streets of Newcastle.

The Elswick Road District.

ELSWICK ROAD is an important thoroughfare of Newcastle, branching off to the left from the top of Westgate Hill, and proceeding in the direction of Benwell. We note on our right hand, at the junction, a cemetery, now disused for its original purpose. It was intended mainly for the interment of Nonconformists, and hence it was recorded of it that, "in this place there are no restrictions as to rites and ceremonies; these are left entirely to the pleasure of surviving friends." The ground was bought from the late Mr. John Hodgson-Hinde by a shareholding company, and covers an area of about three acres. The first interment took place on Sunday, October 18th, 1829, when the remains of Mrs. Joseph Angus were restored to their kindred earth. Of the monuments, one of the most striking is that erected in memory of the late Mr. Bruce, schoolmaster, the father of the venerable antiquary, Dr. Bruce. The remains of Eneas Mackenzie, one of the historians of Newcastle, are also buried here.

Across the way is a short street leading to St. Matthew's Church, erected on the site of the vicarage of St. Paul's. St. Paul's Church itself we shall see a little further on, in a street leading out of Elswick Road to the right. Away down the hill in Summerhill Grove is a building called the Priory (now in the hands of the Roman Catholic body), which is said to have been built by Cuthbert Rippon, Esq., of Stanhope Castle, who was

ELSWICK PARK ENTRANCE.

ELSWICK HALL.

elected the first member for Gateshead under the Reform Bill of 1832.

Passing York and Lancaster Streets, suggestive of the Wars of the Roses, we pause to look at a substantial stone building now used as a public-house. It is called Adrianople; the sign of the inn itself is the Adrian's Head. Probably these names have been given from the circumstance that the Roman Wall passed over the site of the building in the bygone days. Much of this wall was ploughed up towards the end of the last century. The neighbourhood was at one time a rather dangerous one. Thus, on the night of March 7, 1848, as one John Sinton, a miller, was on his road home, he was accosted by two women, "Are we on the right road to Hexham?" He paused to answer their question, when he was attacked by three men, who robbed him of £4 15s., a bunch of keys, and a gold ring. The daring thieves were never caught.

On the opposite side of the way, down the hill towards Westmoreland Terrace, is a building known as the Barber-Surgeons' Hall. Here the College of Practical Science had its early home, but the place is now utilised as the parish schools of St. Paul's. The Barber-Surgeons' Company dates back to the year 1442 at least. In 1671 they became the Barber-Surgeons and Wax and Tallow Chandlers' Company. They were stout Sabbatarians. No barber, apprentice, or servant was to shave on a Sunday, "neither within the town or without, by a mile's space." Some of the entries in their books are curious. For instance, here is a bill of fare for the members of the company, dated October 28, 1478, in the reign of Edward IV.:—"To two loins of veal, 8d.; two ditto of mutton, 8d.; one do. of beef, 4d.; two legs mutton, 2½d.; one pig, 6d.; one capon, 6d.; one rabbit, 2d.; one dozen pigeons, 7d.; one goose, 4d.; one gross eggs, 8½d.; two gallons wine, 1s. 4d.; eighteen gallons ale, 1s. 6d.; total, 7s. 6d." One hundred and twenty-four men dined off this bill of fare. Again, in the accounts for 1691, we read:—"Disburst about the man that was given the company for dissection," amount not stated. "April 6, 1711, four statues ordered to be bought, not to exceed fifteen pounds. April 9, 1711, a skeleton ordered to be bought in London, not to exceed six guineas. December 11, 1711, ordered by a full vote in the company, that perrywigg-making be from thenceforth accounted as a part and branch of the company. June 14, 1742, ordered that no brother shave John Robson till he pays what he owes to Robert Shafto."

We pass on, and find ourselves at the head of Rye Hill, a broad street running down to Scotswood Road, and made up of a row of tall houses, conspicuous amongst them being the Vicarage, now in the occupancy of the Rev. Canon Lloyd, Vicar of Newcastle. Opposite it stands the pretty church of the Hospital of St. Mary the Virgin, which hospital, as every Northumbrian knows, stood originally in the Forth, and was for many generations used for the purposes of the Royal Free Grammar School. The foundation stone of this modern structure was laid in 1856. Almshouses for the brethren were also erected at the same time. The church is in the Decorated style of architecture, and is adorned with a lofty and elegant spire. The almshouses are within the same ground. Here dwell the brethren of the charity. In Rye Hill itself resides the master of the hospital, the Rev. Robert Anchor Thompson. Behind the almshouses is St. Mary's School for Boys. In the immediate neighbourhood is the spacious new building in which the Royal Grammar School finds an appropriate home, and the foundation stone of which was laid by the late Lord Ravensworth.

There are many ecclesiastical buildings in this portion of Elswick Road and its neighbourhood. The Church of England, the Wesleyans, the Presbyterians, the Roman Catholics, and the Catholic and Apostolic Church founded by Edward Irving, of the "gift of tongues" fame, are all represented here; but we may walk on until we reach the modest little gate of the Elswick Park, opposite which, as seen in the annexed engraving, stands a handsome church of the Wesleyan body, built a few years ago. The town, and especially the people of Westgate and Elswick, have reason to be proud of Elswick Park. They very nearly lost it, though; for the omnivorous builder had his eye upon it, and the Corporation seemed indisposed to secure it. In this emergency some public-spirited gentlemen advanced the money, purchased the hall and grounds, and were content to hold them until an arrangement could be come to with the Town Council, which was eventually done. A drinking-fountain in the park records the names of these benefactors:—Joseph Cowen, William Haswell Stephenson, Thomas Gray, William Smith, and Thomas Forster.

Let us look at Elswick Hall for a minute or two. Fifty years ago it was a country residence. It was enclosed in a wide extent of ground, well planted, and laid out in walks. The house was surrounded by trees, and so could only be seen from the river or from its opposite banks. The grounds extended from Elswick Lane to Scotswood Road. Adjoining the lodge gate at the latter place was a plantation, known by the name of Hodgson's Dene, through which a tiny brook ran down to the Tyne. The house is built of stone, with a front composed of four Ionic columns, and, originally, two wings. An additional wing seems to have been added at the western end later on. It was built about the beginning of the present century from designs by Mr. John Stokoe, of Newcastle, architect; the old village of Elswick, long the property of the Jenisons, being taken down to make way for it. Of old, this place belonged to the Priory of Tynemouth, which had much property in the locality. So far back as the year 1330 mention is made of the prior having collieries on his Elswick estate. The last of the Jenisons to own the

property was one Ralph, who was high sheriff of Northumberland in 1715, and who represented the county for many years in Parliament. He sold the estate to John Hodgson, Esq., whose grandson of the same name built the hall, and became the father of Richard Hodgson, member for Berwick and other places, and of that John Hodgson who was for a time one of the members for Newcastle, and who was known far and near as John Hodgson-Hinde. Afterwards it became the residence of Richard Grainger, and then of Mr. Christian Allhusen, chemical manufacturer, who sold it, as we have seen, to the gentlemen whose names we have given above, and who in their turn transferred it to the Corporation for the purposes already indicated. Models of

the principal works executed by Lough and Noble, the sculptors, are now housed in the hall.

A few steps further bring us to Elswick Cemetery. The grounds are very prettily laid out, and in the pleasant summer time they have numerous visitors. Amongst other remains buried here are those of two Chinese sailors who died whilst their vessel was in the Tyne, and who were buried according to the rites of their own religion. Some handsome monuments adorn the cemetery. One of them, unveiled some time ago by Mr. Joseph Cowen, perpetuates the memory of the famous Tyneside orator, Charles Larkin. It was erected mainly owing to the exertions of Mr. John Kirton, an old friend of the eloquent tribune.

And now we have got to the end of our journey. Alas! to many amongst us this will probably be in very truth our last. For the days will come upon us, sooner or later, when the silver cord shall be loosed, and the golden bowl be broken, and the pitcher be broken at the fountain, and the wheel broken at the cistern!

The Pollard Worm.

DURING the dark ages that succeeded the departure of the Romans from Britain, great part of the island relapsed into a state of nature. The self-sown forest resumed its ancient domain; the beavers multiplied and dammed up the rivers; the low-lying lands were converted into bottomless quagmires; and hideous reptiles and other wild creatures took up their abode where formerly men had dwelt. Enormous serpents, snakes, adders, or worms, according to legend, took possession, in all parts of the country, of congenial "sloughs of despond," from which they were wont to emerge daily or nightly to devour every living thing within their range, either fascinating them by their basilisk eye or poisoning them with their venomous breath. Of the popular belief in these monsters we have existing testimony in the names of places such as Wormbridge, Wormbrook, Wormsay, Wormley, Wormiston, Ormiston, Ormesby, Ormside, Ormskirk, &c. Legends connected with the pestiferous monsters, whom the much excited imagination of the people sometimes furnished with wings as well as feet, converting the "worms" into dragons, are current from Cornwall to Caithness, as may be seen in any good collection of British folk-lore.

The valley of the Wear above Durham was a favourite place of resort for the wild boar, as was likewise that of the Gaunless, or Garundlesse, about the Aucklands, Akelands, or Oaklands of the prince-bishops, long before the mortal remains of St. Cuthbert found their final earthly resting place on the hill denoted by the Dun Cow. The town of Bishop Auckland comprises in its eastern suburbs seven detached portions of the township of Pollard's Lands, which is said to have acquired its name from the fact of a champion knight called Pollard, who had freed the neighbourhood from the ravages of "a beast men call a bore," having had as much land granted to him by one of the bishops as he could ride round while the grantor dined. The knight managed to compass a circuit enclosing nearly five hundred broad acres, lying on the east side of the Gaunless, so that he must either have ridden pretty fast, or the right reverend prelate must have tarried long at the table. The particulars of the fight with the boar have not been handed down to us by local tradition, but we may reasonably suppose them to have been similar in character to those recorded of "the fair Sir Eglamore" alluded to by Shakspeare in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

In after ages, the legend of the Pollard boar was changed into one of a serpent, a loathly congener of the Sockburn and Lambton Worms of the County Palatine of Durham, the Linton Worm in Teviotdale, and the worms which we may take for granted once infested the Worm's Head in Glamorganshire and the Great Orme's Head in Carnarvonshire. The reptile whom the ancestor of the Conyers family slew on the banks of the Tees has its effigies sculptured in marble on the family tomb in Sockburn parish church, and down to our own times the manor which the gallant knight got as his "guerison" or "guerdon" was held by the presentation to the prince-bishop, on his first entrance into the county, of a falchion, such as is said to have been used in killing "the worme, dragoun, or fierie serpent" which had for a long time "destroied manne, woman, and childe" in the country round. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1889, page 518.) But with regard to the Pollard Worm tradition is by no means so clear. It is true that the tenure of the estate called Pollard's Dene was similar to that of the lordship of Sockburn, for the presentation speech ran as follows:—"My Lord, I, in behalf of myself, as well as several others, possessors of the Pollard's Lands, do humbly present your lordship with this falchion, at your first coming here, wherewith, as the tradition goeth, he slew of old a venomous serpent, which did much harm to man and beast, and by performing this service we hold our lands."

What is quite certain is that the family of Pollard was a very ancient one, and that its crest was an arm holding a falchion. Their possessions in the Auckland district were very considerable. Hutchinson informs us that they held of the bishop in soccage by the service of the falchion thirty-five acres of land in Coundon Moor, the Eland, the Hakes, and the Westfield, together with Birtley, Pollarden or Newfield, Innstalalley, Moreflatt, Gawnesflatt, Quynnyng Meadow, Edirley (Etherley), and a number of tenements in Bishop Auckland. Besides these possessions, they likewise owned a parcel of land called the Halgh (or Haugh), which was held of the Earl of Westmoreland. One of the family, Dionisia Pollard,

who died in 1402, is stated to have been seized of part at least of these properties. But the family became extinct in the fifteenth year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth (A.D. 1572-3), after which Pollard's Land passed through numerous different hands, and was moreover much divided; but the old form of service by the presentation of a falchion as soon as possible after the arrival of a new prince-bishop was still kept up in Hutchinson's time, that is, down to the latter part of the eighteenth century, if not later.

It is, perhaps, worth adding that the Pollards seem to have been a Devonshire family, originally hailing from King's Nympton, or Nymett, in the union of South Molton, North Devon, where the church contains a rich monument to one of them, Sir Lewis Pollard, Judge of the King's Bench, a younger son of whom, Captain Nicholas Pollard, accompanied the Earl of Essex to Ireland in the reign of Queen Bess, and had a grant of the castle and lands of Mayne, in the county of Westmeath, on which he or his successor built Castle Pollard.

The Great Riot at Hexham, 1761.

MOST of the people in the North of England never took kindly to the Hanoverian dynasty, at least during the first half century of its rule. The popular songs were all Jacobite, and the health of "the King over the Water" was a favourite toast, even at gentlemen's tables, so long as the life of the last of the Stuarts continued to give some faint hope of a change of government. The term "Hanoverian" was commonly applied, even down to the present century, as a stigma of reproach. The first two Georges and all their surroundings were alike unpopular; and when George III. came to the throne, in 1760, the policy pursued in his name, under the influence of Lord Bute, created such dissatisfaction as to be really ominous of something like civil war. Fresh taxes, laid on to subsidise the war on the Continent, were felt to be a grievous burden; and the kingdom having been depleted of regular soldiers for what was considered profitless service abroad, the augmentation of the Militia force, needed to make up the deficiency, led to remonstrances from many different quarters, and eventuated, in Durham and Northumberland, in a popular movement, which, had it been joined and led by any of the gentry, might have produced a formidable insurrection.

From the "Annual Register" for 1761 and the local newspapers for that year, we are enabled to give a comprehensive account of the popular commotions that immediately preceded the Hexham Riot, an event ever memorable in the history of that town.

Towards the latter end of the month of February, 1761, a great deal of disturbance about the balloting for the militia took place in the Northern Counties. On Saturday, the 28th, the dissentients having got a paper printed which gave notice to all in general, that it was far from the hearts of any of them to be any ways inclined to be rebellious against his Majesty King George, but that they desired what common men desired, which was, that men of estates should hire men for the militia as they did formerly, assembled at Gateshead, in number about a thousand, and distributed the paper among the deputy-lieutenants, who were met there to ballot for a few vacancies in the East Division of Chester Ward. The gentlemen, to avoid mischief, agreed to excuse the people for that time, as only about a dozen recruits were wanted. The men—chiefly pitmen—thereupon went peaceably home, but declared that they would stand to their proposal as in their printed paper, should ever a general balloting happen again.

After this affair at Gateshead, the pitmen, waggonmen, husbandmen, and servants, in the county of Northumberland, conceiving that the Durham people had got exempt from the ballot by the demonstration they had made, assembled on Monday, the 2nd of March, in great numbers at Morpeth. Not meeting with such indulgence as they expected, they obliged the deputy-lieutenants and justices "to quit their duty for their own safety," no military force being at hand. The rioters then seized all the lists and books relative to the militia from the constables in whose keeping they were, and tore or burnt them before their eyes. The next day they went to Whittingham, twenty miles away, and acted in much the same manner. Flushed with such success and reinforced to near five thousand, they made a similar attempt at Hexham, but without the like success.

On Monday, the 9th of March, the deputy-lieutenants and justices of the peace acting for Tindale Ward held a meeting at Hexham for the purpose of receiving lists from the constables of the names of the persons in that ward liable to be balloted to serve in the militia, according to the new Act. And having been previously informed that a great number of persons were determined to oppose the intentions of the magistracy and defeat the purpose of the Government, they had a detachment of six companies from the two battalions of the North York Militia brought from Newcastle, where they were quartered, under the command of Major Crowe.

The militiamen, about 240 in number, were drawn up in the Market Place early in the morning, and formed three sides of a hollow square, the Town Hall forming the fourth. Notice was sent round the town by the bellman, desiring the inhabitants to keep within doors, as it was feared it might be found necessary to repel force by

force. All the avenues leading to the hall were seized, and no precaution was omitted for ensuring order. From ten till about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, crowds kept pouring in, to the number of at least five thousand, chiefly miners, armed with clubs, staves, pistols, and other firearms. They hailed from Slaley, Corbridge, Bywell, Whittonstall, Prudhoe, Newburn, Fourstones, Newbrough, Haydon Bridge, Throckley, Chollerton, St. John Lee, Stamfordham, Hartburn, Simonburn, Blanchland, Walwick, Kirkheaton, Wall, Harlow Hill, Corsenside, and other places. Undeterred by the tumultuous assemblage, and confident in the military force at their back to keep the people in awe, the magistrates proceeded to business, and all the men who gave in their names and had petitions to present were conducted by an officer through the ranks, two at a time, and carried up to get a hearing. But their petitions were all deemed to be of a treasonable nature, as tending to obstruct the execution of the laws; for, though they professed duty and allegiance to the king, yet they declared, one and all, that they would not be ballotted for. The magistrates told them that they could not and would not dispense with the execution of the law, under which, however hard it might be, they were obliged, as justices, to act. And this reply having been communicated to the people outside, a terrible uproar arose. Horns were blown to collect reinforcements, and every accession to their numbers was received with loud huzzas. One of the men who blew the horns was apprehended at the instance of Lieutenant Allen, from whose diary we take the account; but the magistrates thought proper to release him, after taking his name and place of abode. This leniency only emboldened the rioters, who attributed it to the weakness of the authorities. "They continued," says Allen, "waving their monstrous sticks, clubs, and quarterstaffs, in the most insolent manner, over the heads of our men, for by this time they had come within reach of our bayonets, with which our front rank stood charged."

The militiamen had borne these insults for upwards of three hours, "with the greatest coolness and moderation"; but although, at one o'clock or a little after, it was found absolutely necessary to read the Riot Act, the people did not disperse. Instead, they made a vigorous rush, broke in upon the soldiers, and one of the ringleaders seized the firelock of a member of Captain Blomberg's Company, turned it upon him, and shot him dead upon the spot. At the same time Ensign Hart (Mr. Joseph Hart, of Darlington) was shot by a pistol from one of the mob. The word of command to the soldiers was then given to fire, and the fire was general from right to left. What the effect was let Lieut. Allen say:—

> The Grenadiers fired but once, which cleared our front, and in a minute's time there was scarce a man left but the dead and wounded. As soon as ever the smoke of the first fire had cleared away, and I saw that the resistance had ceased, I ran up and down the line to make the men give over firing, for many random shots still continued, and the balls whistled by me, both on right and left: but, providentially, I received no harm. Thanks be to heaven, my endeavours met with immediate success, and I found Major Crowe and Captain Hill employed upon the same business. And now we had an opportunity of contemplating the bloody scene before us, twenty-four being left upon the spot, eighteen of whom were dead, and the rest dangerously wounded. This was a spectacle that hurt humanity, for, now all resistance was over, compassion took place. We seized upon all their clubs, but took no prisoners, because the gentlemen chose to have them apprehended in a regular way by afterwards issuing their peace warrants. Colonel Duncombe's detachment had one officer mortally wounded, one private killed upon the spot, and three wounded. The man who shot Mr. Hart was instantly dispatched, as was the other man who killed the soldier. We had not so much as a single officer or a soldier hurt, owing, I apprehend, to the care Captain Revely and I took in keeping our front clear, for whenever they attempted to press upon us, we made our men charge their bayonets, and Revely and I advanced at the same time and made them give way. So, finding no impression was to be made there, they altered their plan, and made their attack as before mentioned, which was foolish and desperate to the last degree.

The number of killed in this deplorable affair amounted to forty-five, and that of the wounded, more or less severely, is stated in Wright's "History of Hexham" to have been about three hundred. Several women and children were among the sufferers: for it is an unavoidable consequence of such proceedings that the innocent must suffer with the guilty.

Next day (Tuesday) was very wet, which, says Allen, was of service, as it washed the remains of the previous day out of the Market Place. There was no disturbance at all this day. All was quiet, and the only evidence of what had so lately happened was the funeral processions threading the streets, Ensign Hart and Private David Greenock being buried with military honours, and fourteen of the rioters being consigned to their last resting places in the course of the afternoon and evening.

The country round was at once placed under martial law. A considerable military force was stationed at Hexham during the ensuing summer, and parties of dragoons were almost daily engaged in visiting the neighbouring villages and hamlets in quest of concealed rioters, "skirring the country round," and inspiring terror wherever they went.

Several of the ringleaders were arrested and tried for high treason at the adjourned assizes, held at Newcastle, on the 17th August, before Sir Henry Bathurst, of the Common Bench, and Sir Richard Lloyd, of the Exchequer. Two of the unhappy men, named Peter Patterson and William Elder, were convicted and received the following sentence:—"To be drawn upon a hurdle to the place of execution, on Wednesday, the 30th day of September next, and then and there severally hanged by the neck; to be severally cut down alive, and have their entrails taken out and burnt before their faces; to have their heads severed from their bodies, and their bodies afterwards severally divided into four quarters, and their heads and quarters

disposed of at his Majesty's pleasure." About a week subsequently, the High Sheriff of Northumberland received a respite for both the men to the 5th of October, on which day a communication was received from the Earl of Bute, to the effect that his Majesty in council, having taken the cases into consideration, had judged it necessary that, for the peace of Northumberland, an example should on this occasion be made, but that Elder, who appeared to be the least criminal of the two, would be respited till the further signification of the royal pleasure, while the law should be left to take its course with regard to Patterson.

On Monday, October 5th, accordingly, Peter Patterson was executed at Morpeth. He behaved, we are told, with becoming decency; but the disgusting terms of the sentence were rendered more horrible in his case than they need have been with better arrangements. For the noose of the rope gave way, and he fell to the ground before he was dead. The cart was then ordered back, and the man was hung a second time. Subsequently, his body was dismembered, his head being cut off, his heart taken out and thrown into a fire, and his four quarters cut across, but not severed. It is said when he fell to the ground, on the rope breaking, he exclaimed, "Innocent blood is ill to shed!" Patterson was a man about seventy-four years of age when he paid the penalty of his indiscretion, and he was supposed to have died worth between three and four thousand pounds, which, if the law was fulfilled literally, would of course be forfeited to the Crown.

Mark Littlefair Howarth.

FEW men of his time were better known in Sunderland than Mark Littlefair Howarth, of whom we give a portrait, surrounded by the articles with which he used to illustrate his lectures on temperance.

About the year 1806, a handsome daughter of a family of the name of Littlefair, residing in Silver Street, Sunderland, fell in love with a private soldier named Howarth, belonging to the Royal Artillery, then quartered in the town. When the regiment moved to Woolwich, the girl found means to follow her lover thither. How she fared will be best understood from the words of her son, Mark Littlefair Howarth, which stand thus on a printed card dated 1862:—"Fifty-three years ago, a poor drunken soldier left his wife, who had a baby in arms, in the Barrack Square at Woolwich; and, being left in a state of destitution, she had to travel home to Sunderland the best way she could. Time and changes went on; the child grew up to manhood; he, alas! became a drunkard, and went on sadly, but was stopped in his course, and became a staunch advocate of the temperance cause, and delivered a lecture in the Square of Woolwich Barracks, where he and his mother had been so abandoned." The date of Mark's birth was found by the register at Woolwich to have been on the 19th July, 1803. The boy was brought up in his grandmother's house at Sunderland, under the name of "Littlefair," as the cruel father's name was most unpopular with the family. The soldier met with the fate

of those who take the sword, and when Mark's sons were well grown they took their grandfather's name of Howarth from the marriage register at Woolwich.

A bottlemaker by trade, Mark eventually took up temperance advocacy. As a lecturer, he was in constant request. For many years the late Mr. Backhouse paid him a regular salary to act as temperance missionary and dispenser of his charities. Mark had a large set of anatomical diagrams painted, to show the drunkard "turned inside out," and an apparatus for extracting the alcohol from a bottle of beer. These never failed to draw a crowded house, the audience keenly appreciating the racy way in which he screwed up his "still" with the "prisoner" inside—secured by "the snips," as he facetiously termed it—and then showed the "prisoner" escaping as he set it on fire!

Few men have been privileged to live such a good and useful life as Mark Littlefair Howarth. Thousands of persons, under the influence of his eloquent appeals, took the pledge at his meetings; many outcasts were restored to their friends; and not a few prisoners were happily transformed into sober, industrious citizens.

During the latter part of his career, Mark lived very comfortably with his wife in a house he had purchased in Princess Street, a pleasant neighbourhood near Tunstall

Road, Sunderland. He died, however, at the residence of his son, Mr. T. L. Howarth, town councillor, where he had been removed for a change of air and a little careful nursing. He was in his 71st year. His remains were followed to the grave by a large concourse of poor people who sincerely deplored the loss of their friend, benefactor, and teacher. J. G. B.

Rydal Water and Rydal Mount.

RYDAL WATER is situated in the very heart of what a prominent writer has called Wordsworthshire—the English Lake District. It is, perhaps, the smallest of the lakes proper, but it vies in beauty of surroundings with any of its larger rivals. Situated as it is close to the high road between Ambleside and Keswick, most visitors to the locality are satisfied with the view from the coach—charming enough there is no denying, but not to be compared with the combination of grandeur and picturesqueness to be seen from the opposite shore, where Nab Scar, clothed almost to the summit with foliage, dominates the scene, and distant glimpses of Rydal Park and adjacent tree-clad hills form an attractive background. Nab Cottage, once the residence of Hartley Coleridge, nestles at the foot of Nab Scar—a humble residence, but the ideal of a poet's home.

Rydal Water is adorned with numerous islands, some of them mere rocks. One of the largest formerly contained a heronry, but the birds do not now nest there. This island would be, like many others in this and other lakes, mere rounded clumps, but for the two or three Scotch pines that, towering aloft like the masts of a frigate, impart an unwonted air of dignity to it. When the sun is gilding the adjoining heights with his glory, when the air is still and the surface of the lake is unruffled, then Rydal Water reflects every feature of nature like a mirror, a charming blending of mountain, wood, and water. The view from the foot of the lake is more extensive than the prospect from the south shore, the hills being at a greater distance, and belonging, if the term may be used, really to the neighbouring Grasmere. Loughrigg Fell, however, divides its honours between the two, though the more pleasing view of that eminence is from the head of Grasmere. The river Rothay, rising in the neighbourhood of Dunmaile Raise, near the boundary line between Westmoreland and Cumberland, flows through both lakes, and, passing Ambleside, enters Windermere.

Not far from the foot of Rydal Water is Rydal Mount, once the residence of the poet Wordsworth. He removed

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RYDAL MOUNT.

to this house in the spring of 1813. The death of two of his children while residing at the Parsonage, Grasmere, had rendered it impossible for him to remain in a house so filled with sad memories. Writing to Lord Lonsdale in January, 1813, Wordsworth says:—"I have found it absolutely necessary that we should quit a place which, by recalling to our minds at every moment the losses we have sustained in the course of the last year, would grievously retard our progress towards that tranquillity which it is our duty to aim at." Rydal Mount becoming vacant soon afterwards, the poet removed thither, and it became his favourite and last abode. Wordsworth's house is shown in the drawing on page 560. It was well adapted to his slender means and simple requirements. Besides, congenial spirits were near at hand. Dr. Arnold was at Fox How, Ambleside; Christopher North resided in his cottage at Elleray, near Windermere; and Southey dwelt at Keswick. Hartley Coleridge was a close neighbour, and Thomas De Quincey a frequent guest. Wordsworth lived a retired life at Rydal Mount, and here he abode until his death, which took place on Tuesday, April 23, 1850. According to his oft-repeated request, he was buried in Grasmere Churchyard, where a simple stone marks his last resting place.

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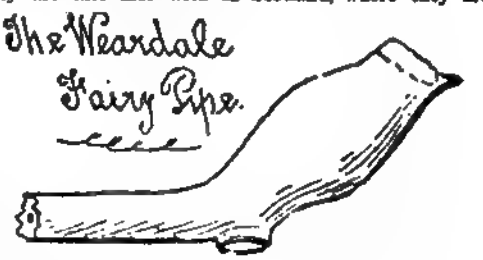
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Fairy Pipes.

FAIRY pipes are not very large clay tobacco or smoking pipes of an old form. They are frequently turned up with the plough, and I have seen many of them turned up with the spade in gardens in Weardale. The shank generally appeared to have been broken, sometimes close to the bowl, and in no case have I seen complete pipes, but frequently with an inch or so of shank. Denham says they are also met with in Scotland, where they are



called "Pech pipes," and in Ireland, in the immediate localities of Danish forts, where they are called "Dane pipes."

The question has been asked how these pipes came to be known as fairy pipes, inasmuch as these fairies date back so many centuries, and, tobacco having only been introduced into England in the early part of the sixteenth century, smoking would not be general until a later period. There is, however, evidence that tobacco was very common more than 250 years ago, and that the belief in fairies held its ground to even little more than half a century back. The following, from the Proceedings of the House of Commons, was sent to *Notes and Queries* in 1877:—"Wednesday, Ap. 16, 1621.—Sir William Stroud moved that he would have tobacco banished wholly out of the kingdom, and that it may not be brought in from any part, nor used amongst us; and Sir Grey Palmes said that if tobacco be not banished, it will overthrow one hundred thousand men in England, for now it is so common that he hath seen ploughmen take it as they are at plough."

Another contributor to the same periodical, speaking of the Irish pipes, says:—"It is strange that nearly all the 'ancient clays' are broken in stem or bowl; rarely can you meet with an entire bowl and an unabortened stem in the same specimen." The writer

then goes on to say:—"Some ten years ago I was living in a Shropshire parish that stretched along the ridge of Permian rock which looks down upon the valley of the Severn. There were in this place quarries of capital grey building stone. . . . . As far as I could learn, one of the quarries had been last opened on the occasion of a cathedral (Worcester) restoration about 200 or 250 years ago, and, after the stone was obtained, the labourers, as usual, had filled in the quarry with the smaller stones and rubble quite up to the natural face of the rock. In 1865 this quarry was re-opened, in order to get out stone for building a school-house, when the workmen, on removing the old *debris*, clearing it away to the face of the original working, found, hewn out of the rock, a little niche, and on the ledge of it lay a small clay tobacco pipe, with, I was told, a heap of dust alongside it, which, we may suppose, was once tobacco: for it would seem that the poor Shropshire quarryman, now himself gone to dust, had, in his haste, unwittingly buried his soothing companion, and now here lay the fairy pipe, on the very spot where the owner had left it." The writer, having had the pipe in question brought to him, describes it as a "neat specimen, quite perfect, the shape of it corresponding to the earlier forms of pipes; and on the ample butt, made for the purpose of standing it on the table, bowl upwards, were the letters impressed, I.M."

Another correspondent, J. Henry, who had half a dozen specimens of these old clay pipes, only one of which was complete, refers to "the usual ornamental bordering round the edge of the bowl," and says, "the only remarkable circumstances connected with these pipes (his specimens) are that they were discovered whilst excavating upon the site of the old Lincoln's Inn Theatre." W. M. Egglestone, Stanhope.

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In the autumn of 1858, a ditch was being cleaned out at Langley Old Castle (Langley Old Hall), an interesting ruin near Witton Gilbert, and a few miles from Durham. The deposit was a black substance, called by the labourers "black earth," about four feet in thickness. The ditch had at one time been the moat of the castle. Here a number of "fairy pipes" were discovered. The shanks of the greater part were apparently broken off at about five or six inches, but a few were about eight or ten inches long. They bore the name "Henry Holt," and the date 1692. John Rowell, Twizell.

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Near the little village of Humshaugh, North Tyne, on a farm owned and cultivated by the late Mrs. Colbeck, of Walwick Grange, is a conical hill called Fairy Hill. I recollect that, over forty years ago, when this field was being wrought for turnips, a considerable number of so-called fairy pipes were turned up by the plough. The stems were always broken off within an inch or two of the bowl. Since that time I have resided in many different parts of South Northumberland, but have never heard of any fairy pipes being found in any other part of the county. James Turnbull, Matfen.

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About thirty or forty years ago, we used to find pipes on the banks of the Wear, between the upper and lower walks at the foot of the Castle, near the steps at Framwellgate Bridge, Durham, about three or four hundred yards from the bridge. We called them "Roman pipes," and had very little trouble in scratching them out of the bankside.

Geordie Hickie.

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I have in my possession some fairy pipes that were found in the River Tyne, at Low Elswick, about 12 years ago. Joseph Robertson, Newcastle.

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When the tower of Kirkstall Abbey, near Leeds, fell in 1779, crushing a large portion of the ancient fabric, Dr. Whittaker a few days after made a singular discovery there. "He found embedded in the mortar several little smoking pipes like those used in the time of James I. for tobacco; which seems to show that before the consolations of tobacco had reached Englishmen, they inhaled the smoke of some other herb." Tobacco was first brought into England by Sir John Hawkins in 1565; and the abbey of Kirkstall had at that date been dissolved twenty-six years. N. E. R., Herrington.

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I have a few pipes taken out of the ballast hill or heap that formerly existed at the north end of Beverley Terrace, Cullercoats. The bowls are two inches in height, with a butt and a thick stem. These pipes are very hard. The stems would appear to have been about four inches in length. One has no butt, the bowl gradually rounding off to the stem. The pipes from Cullercoats were all given me by resident fishermen of that place, and they called them "fairy pipes." I have heard it said that ships formerly loaded at Cullercoats, and probably discharged ballast there, which may account for the hill that existed. Hugh R. Roddam, North Shields.

Hermitage Castle.

THE castle of Hermitage* is situated in the north-western corner of that wild and desolate district known as Liddesdale. It stands close to the left bank of the Hermitage Water (a tributary of the Liddel), which owes its name to a hermit who built his lonely cell near it, and which has its rise in the mountains separating Dumfriesshire from Roxburghshire. The position in former times

* A view of Hermitage, reproduced from the "Border Antiquities," forms the frontispiece to this volume.

was a strong one. On the south side the river afforded protection; and on the north, east, and west, a morass—the security being further increased by a triple moat fed from the stream. The castle is one of the largest in the south of Scotland, being one hundred feet square. There are, however, distinct evidences of its having been at one time a single square tower or peel similar to those which stud the whole of the Scottish Border, and to this tower, at a subsequent period, were added four large wings. It is singularly devoid of any attempt at carving or beauty of architecture, and Sir Walter Scott, commenting on this point, says: "The windows are few and narrow, and the whole building was obviously calculated for resistance rather than magnificence or accommodation." Liddesdale, being situated so near the Debateable Land, was the scene in former centuries of never ceasing turbulence and strife. The Border clans, more especially in this district, the Elliots and Armstrongs, were continually at feud, and the invasions of the English were frequent. Consequently, a castle built in the district would have the utmost strength as a primary quality, beauty and adornment being looked on as very minor considerations.

Although the outer walls are still in a good state of preservation, the interior is a complete ruin, but the windows, fireplaces, corbels, fragments of staircases, etc., help to give an idea of what it has formerly been.

Many of the great Norman barons who came over at the Conquest received and held lands not only under the English, but also under the Scottish king. Among these was Ranulph or Ralph de Soules. For services rendered to King David I., of Scotland, at the Battle of the Standard, in 1138, he received a grant of lands in Liddesdale, and it was during the lifetime of one of his descendants, Nicholas de Soules (or Soulis), that Hermitage Castle was probably built. This took place in the earlier part of the thirteenth century; for in the year 1244 the English prepared to invade Scotland, alleging, as one of their reasons, that the Scots had erected a castle "on the marches between Scotland and England, in the valley of the Liddel, which is called Hermitage."

The castle continued in possession of the Soulises for more than one hundred years, and it was of William, Lord Soulis, the sixth from Ranulph above mentioned, that so many legends and traditions were told. "He is represented as a tyrant, oppressing his vassals, harassing his neighbours, and fortifying his castle of Hermitage against the King of Scotland." He was fierce, cruel, and unscrupulous; and tradition asserts that he was in league with the powers of darkness. Owing to his constant tyranny and oppression, frequent complaints were made to the king, who, at last growing weary of hearing them, pettishly exclaimed that they could boil him if they liked and "sup his broo." His hearers took the order literally, and, having captured Soulis, they boiled him on the Ninestane Rig (or Ridge), an offshoot from the range of hills which separates Teviotdale from Liddesdale. The legend (for legend it is) was woven into a ballad by Dr. John Leyden, of which the last three verses are appended:—

On a circle of stones they placed the pot,
On a circle of stones but barely nine;
They heated it red and fiery hot,
Till the burnished brass did glimmer and shine.

They rolled him up in a sheet of lead,
A sheet of lead for a funeral pall;
They plunged him in the cauldron red,
And melted him, lead and bones, and all.

At the Skelf-hill, the cauldron still
The men of Liddesdale can show;
And on the spot where they boiled the pot,
The spreat and the deer-hair ne'er shall grow.

The real fate of Lord Soulis seems to have been banishment and forfeiture of his estates for entering into a conspiracy against the person of Robert Bruce.

On the death of Bruce the country relapsed into lawlessness and disorder, and during the early years of his son David's reign, Hermitage Castle often changed hands—now being possessed by the English and now by the Scots, neither side retaining it very long at one time On one occasion while it was in the hands of the English it was surprised and captured by Sir William Douglas, a knight who, from his great bravery, was called the "Flower of Chivalry." For his service he received a grant of Liddesdale and Hermitage Castle, and afterwards bore the title of "Knight of Liddesdale." It was during his ownership that the horrible crime of starving Sir Alexander Ramsay to death in its dungeon was committed.

Douglas and Ramsay had been close friends and companions in arms, and were both distinguished for their bravery; but when the king gave the sheriffdom of Roxburghshire to Ramsay, instead of, as was usually the case, to the holder of Hermitage, the jealousy of Douglas was aroused. In 1342 he seized Ramsay while fulfilling his duties at Hawick, dragged him off to his castle, thrust him into a dungeon, and starved him to death. The unhappy man is said to have subsisted for a considerable period on husks of corn which accidentally fell from the granary above.

The dungeon, which can still be seen, is a gruesome-looking aperture about twelve feet square, built in the thick wall of the castle. Towards the end of last century a mason engaged in some repairs broke an entrance and descended to its depths, from which he brought forth some bones, a sword, and bridle bit, which it is generally supposed were those of the unfortunate Ramsay. The king, as may be expected, was exceedingly wroth on hearing of this gross outrage, but so weak was his power that he was forced to give the sheriffdom to the cruel murderer.

In the year 1546 Douglas "was taken prisoner by the English at the battle of Neville's Cross, near Durham, and is suspected of having obtained his liberty by entering into a treacherous league with the English monarch." For this he was attacked and slain shortly after, while

hunting in Ettrick Forest, by another William Douglas, a near relative of his own. The latter in turn received Hermitage Castle, and for several generations, indeed almost uninterruptedly till the end of the fifteenth century, it was retained by the Douglases. During this period, too, it passed to a younger branch of the family—the house of Angus.

The Earl of Angus was unable to keep the wild Borderers at peace, and James IV., seeing the growth of power of the Douglases, and fearing that it might some day be turned against himself, seized upon this as an excuse for forcing them to exchange the lands and castle of Hermitage for those of Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, in the valley of the Clyde.

James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, "a glorious rash and hazardous young man, yet as naughty a man as liveth, and much given to detestable vices," who was destined to become the husband of Mary, Queen of Scots, and who seemed to exercise a magnetic influence over that unfortunate woman, was created by her Lord Warden of the Marches. In 1566, while at Hermitage Castle endeavouring to quell disturbances, he had a desperate encounter with one of the Elliots, a notorious freebooter named Jeck o' the Park. Bothwell was wounded in the fray: as a quaint old account tells:—"The said Johne persevand himself schot and the erle fallin, he geid to him quhair he lay and gaif him thrie woundis, ane in the bodie, ane in the heid, and ane in the hand, and my lord lay in a swoun quhill his servantes come and caryit him to the Hermitage." Mary, who was at Jedburgh, heard of this, and at once set out to visit him. The distance between the two places was about twenty miles, and the journey was lengthened by frequent deviations in order to escape from people hostile to her. The road lay between Greatmoor and Cauldcleuch Hills, and in a morass near the source of the Braidlee Burn, at the top of the slope which descends to Hermitage, Mary's white horse became embedded, and the place bears the name of "The Queen's Mire" to this day. On arriving at the castle she found Bothwell's wounds less severe than was at first supposed, and, again setting out she returned to Jedburgh the same day, thus riding between forty and fifty miles.

As students of history well know, Bothwell was forced some years after to fly the country, and he died while a prisoner in the castle of Dragsholm, in Denmark, in 1578. Professor Aytoun pictures the thoughts of the exile wandering back to his old home in the following beautiful lines:—

Oh, Hermitage by Liddel side,
My old ancestral tower,
Were I again but lord of thee,
Nor owning half the power
That in my days of reckless pride
I held, but cast away,
I would not leave thee, Border keep,
Until my dying day.
. . . . . .
Who owns thee now, fair Hermitage?
Who sits within thy hall?
What banner flutters in the breeze,
Above that stately hall?
Does yet the courtyard ring with tramp
Of horses and of men?
Do bay of hounds and bugle notes
Sound merry from the glen?
Or art thou, as thy master is,
A rent and ruined pile?
Once noble, but deserted now
By all that is not vile.

The castle next became the possession of Francis, Earl of Bothwell, the nephew of James. He was a man after his uncle's stamp, and at the end of the sixteenth century he entered into conspiracy against King James VI. The plot was discovered, and Francis's lands and properties were forfeited. Hermitage then passed to the Scotts of Buccleuch, in whose hands it has remained ever since. After this there are few references to it in contemporary documents, and incidents of historical interest attached to it almost totally cease. W. E. Wilson.

The Wagtails.

WAGTAILS constitute Macgillivray's nineteenth family of birds. They are closely allied to the larks on the one hand and to the chats on the other, and in their habits form a link, as it were, between these two families. The wagtails are slender of form, with straight, thin bills, long tails, moderately long and stout curved claws, and long, broad wings. Their favourite resorts are moist pastures and meadows, and the sides of purling brooks, ponds, and rivers, where the birds, more especially the pied wagtails, may be seen nimbly running among the stones and shingle, snapping up flies and small water beetles, the tail all the while working up and down as if it were endowed with perpetual motion.

The pied wagtail (*Motacilla Yarellii*), Mr. Hancock tells us, is "a common resident species," in the Northern Counties. In summer it is a "common object" on the banks of the larger streams, near which it often nests. It is, indeed, a familiar bird, and may often be seen feeding in farmyards among the poultry, and occasionally perching on the house-tops. It used to be plentiful about Lambert's Leap and Jesmond Dene, Newcastle, especially near the picturesque old water mill at the top of the dene. It was also common about the ponds on the Town Moor.

The birds pair in February, and commence their migratory movement to this country in March—for but few stay with us all the year round. In shape and plumage the pied wagtail looks like a small edition of the magpie. Its flight is light, undulating, but unsteady. It rises and falls alternately, renewing the motion of its wings at the pause of each descent. Its food consists chiefly of insects, which it searches for in very various localities—now among the stones and shingles of brooks, and again catch-

ing insects on the wing. Sometimes it may be seen running along the ridges of houses catching flies most deftly. The bird is also said to feed on minnows, the fry of small fish, and on tiny shell fish. The note is a sharp and brisk "cheep," repeated frequently when alarmed, at which time it flies fluttering about as if undecided what direction to take.

The length of the male is about seven and three-quarter inches. The bill is slender and deep black, and the iris of the eye dusky black, with a white speck over it.

Forehead and sides of the head white; back of the head on the crown deep black, with a glossy blue metallic tinge in summer, like the tint on the wing coverts of the magpie; neck, in front, white, as is a band on each side in summer; on its lower part is a semicircular band of black, narrowing upwards towards the base of the bill; in the spring, the interval is filled up with black; nape deep black; chin, throat, and breast white, the sides tinged with grey; back above, in summer, deep glossy bluish black, with sometimes an occasional tinge of green, somewhat like the "shot" feathers in the tail of the magpie. The wings extend nearly one foot, and reach to within two and a half inches of the long and mobile tail, which is black, the outside feathers being edged with white, and rounded at the end. The upper tail coverts are very long, of a deep black, with a glossy tinge in summer; the under tail coverts are white; the legs, toes, and claws are deep black, the hind claw being rather short. The female resembles the male, but the crescent on the fore part of the neck is not so large.

The pied wagtail, as most people know, is one of the birds in whose nest the cuckoo places its egg; and the greedy intruder is as carefully fed and reared by the old wagtails as if it were their own progeny.

The yellow wagtail, or Ray's wagtail (*Motacilla flava*), is a spring and autumn migrant. In many parts of the country, especially where moist meadows abound, it is as plentiful as the familiar pied wagtail. According to Mr. Hancock, it was for a few years rather a common species

in Northumberland and Durham, "but of late it has become somewhat less plentiful." It seldom arrives here before the beginning of May, and it breeds freely amongst the meadow hay. When the grass is lying in swathes, yellow wagtails, along with many other kinds of birds, pipits, larks, mountain linnets, &c., may be seen feeding on the insects among the grass. Near the time of autumnal migration the birds flock in family parties, the old and the young of the year. The male in its nuptial plumage is a very handsome bird, and its bright golden and green feathers give it a look not unlike a canary. It averages about six and three-quarter inches in length, and the female is about the same length as the male.

The grey wagtail (*Motacilla boarula*) is also known as the winter wagtail. This bird, says Mr. Han-

cock, "is a resident species," but "the greater number migrate in winter." It has a wide geographical range over Southern and Central Europe; and it is also found in Madeira, Java, Sumatra, Japan, and in many parts of India. It occurs, but never plentifully, over the whole of England, Ireland, and Scotland, and its highest northern limit seems to be the Orkney Islands. In the neighbourhood of Newcastle, it often frequents Jesmond and Denton Denes. The male averages about eight inches in length, the tail being nearly as long as the body; but the female is rather slimmer and shorter than her mate.

The grey-headed wagtail (*Motacilla neglecta*) is a rare visitor in the Northern Counties, though it has occasionally been found nesting in the immediate neighbourhood of Newcastle. It was first distinguished from the common yellow wagtail by the naturalist Gould, who called

the bird *Motacilla neglecta*, under the belief that it had been neglected by the Continental writers. It is very like its relative, the yellow wagtail, in plumage and shape, the chief difference being that the head of the former is grey (as its common name implies), while the head plumage of the latter is green. The grey-headed wagtail, which is migratory, like most of the family, arrives in this country about the middle of April and departs again from September to October. The bird is active and graceful, and has all the habits peculiar to the family. It runs rapidly in the beds and margins of brooks, and often perches on trees. The male is about six and a half inches in length, while the female is about a quarter of an inch shorter.

"Tommy on the Bridge."

THE eccentric character whose portrait appears below is best known to the people of Newcastle and Gateshead by the soubriquet of "Tommy on the Bridge." Tommy, whose proper name is Thomas Farns, now nearly or quite blind, has been for about forty years an orphan, his mother and father dying before he had attained his fifth year. A paralysis of the nerves of the hands has prevented him from engaging in active employment, and for thirty years he has stood upon what is commonly known as the "Low

Bridge" (formerly Tyne Bridge, now the Swing Bridge), attracting notice by incessantly swaying his arms and body, and dependent for support upon a not too charitable public.

Sir Thomas Riddell and Sir John Lesley.

SIR THOMAS RIDDELL was the head of an old and honourable family in the North of England, giving Sheriffs and Mayors and Parliamentary Burgesses to Newcastle from generation to generation. He himself had been Sheriff in 1601, Mayor in 1604 and 1616, and member in 1620 and 1627, in which latter year his brother Sir Peter was his colleague. Much trouble befell him after the Battle of Newburn, when the Scots occupied Newcastle and Gateshead. Wherefore he thus addresses King Charles:—"That being an inhabitant in Gateside, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the Scots army, now of late, since their coming thither, have taken and disposed of all your petitioner's corn, as well that in his garners,

being a great quantity, as also his corn in the ground; and had spoiled and consumed all his hay, both of the last year and this year's growth; have taken and do keep possession of his two milnes of great value; have spent his grass, and spoiled many acres of his ground by making trenches in it; have wasted and disposed of his coals already wrought; have spoiled and broken his engines, and utterly drowned and destroyed the best part of his coal-mines; have banished his servants and overseer of his lands and coal-works; have plundered divers houses of your petitioner's tenants and servants, and taken and spoiled their goods, so that they are not able to pay your petitioner any rents, nor to do him any services. By all which, your petitioner is already damnified £1,500. And for all which premises the said Scots have not given any satisfaction to your petitioner nor his tenants; whereby your petitioner and his posterity are like to be ruinated and undone (most of your petitioner's estate consisting in the said coalyerie), unless some present course be taken for your petitioner's relief. Your petitioner's humble request is, that your Majesty will be graciously pleased to take the premises into your gracious consideration, and of your wonted clemency to afford your petitioner such remedy as to your Highness's wisdom shall seem meet."

The ancient house of St. Edmund's, with its orchards and gardens, had become the seat of the Riddells after the Dissolution, and sorely felt the presence of the Scots under Lesley. The memorial of Sir Thomas hands down to us a picture of his industrial pursuits, with colliery and mills, and fields and granaries. But now, pleasant houses and lands lay waste around him. What local antiquary has not read the letter said to have been addressed to the troubled knight in 1644, when General Lesley was again waging war on the Tyne? It "found its way, first," says Surtees, "into a Newcastle newspaper." Copies of it got afloat, with various readings, its authenticity not unimpeached. The historian of the county palatine "suspected a waggish imposture." Shown to Ambler, a lawyer, Recorder of Durham, "a man of great wit and humour," he "sent a copy to the editor of a Newcastle paper"; or, rather, as the late Rev. Dr. Raine, of Durham, "had reason to believe," the learned humorist "was the writer" himself; "the humour it displays being of a high order, but there is more than enough of internal evidence to prove its modern origin." Slumbering unobserved until 1862, the "original letter" then turned up in the earliest volume of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, as may be found recorded in the "Archæologia Æliana," N.S., (vi. 156). The *Chronicle* had made its bow to the world on the 24th of March, 1764; and on the 16th of the ensuing month of June, when it was but three months old, an intimation was made to one of its correspondents, viz.:—

☞ *The original letter, written at the siege of Newcastle by the general of the Scots army, is received: our thanks are due to the gentleman who favoured us with it, and the public may expect it next week.*

Next week, accordingly, June 23, the letter was launched among the "Literary Articles" of the "Newcastle newspaper," and forthwith became famous in antiquarian circles, labouring, however, under the sore surmise of many of its readers that it was apocryphal. Here we reprint it, once more, just as it first stands in the file of the *Newcastle Chronicle*:—

Sir JOHN LESLEY'S *Letter to Sir* THOMAS RIDDLE *of Gateshead, upon the Siege of Newcastle by the Scots, in the Reign of Charles I.*

SIR THAMAS,

BEtween me and Gad it maks my heart bleed bleud, to see the wark gae thro' sea trim a gairden as yours. I ha been twa times wi my cusin the general, and sae shall I sax times times mare afore the wark gae that gate: But gin aw this be doun, Sir Thomas, ye maun mack the twenty punds throtty, and I maun hae the tagged tail'd trouper that stands in the stawe, and the little wee trim gaying thing that stands in the newk of the haw, chirping and chirming at the newn tide of the day, and forty bows of beer to saw the mains with awe.

And as I am a chivilier of fortin, and a limb of the house of Rothes, as the muckle main kist in Edinburgh auld kirk can well witness for these aught hundred years bygaine, nought shall scaith your house within or without, to the validone of a twa penny chicken.

I am your humble servant,
JOHN LESLEY,

Major general, and captin over sax score and twa men and some maire, crowner of Cumberland, Northumberland, Marryland, and Niddisdale, the Merce, Tiviotdale, and Fife; Bailie of Kirkadie, governor of Brunt Eland and the Bass, laird of Liberton, Tilly and Whooly, siller tacker of Stirling, constable of Leith, and Sir John Lesley, knight, to the bute of aw that.

Sir John Lesley is here made to describe himself as a pluralist of the first water—Captain, Coroner, and Constable—Laird, Bailie, and Governor—Major, "Siller Tacker," and Knight to boot. His craving for the courser in the stall, the cuckoo clock in the hall, and the corn in the garner, as "blackmail" for house and garden and field, is worthy of an old mosstrooper. The comical communication is highly suggestive of a hoax; yet suggestive, also, of many an "ower-true tale" of the levies made in that bitter period—a period when, as appears by the records of the Gateshead Vestry, "the great new gate" was carried off to their quarters by the Scots; "which gate did hang at the entering into the Town Fields," and was only recovered by a ransom of fourteenpence! Town Fields, and gate by which they were entered, had little quarter from the Covenanters, who must often themselves, as well as the Gatesiders and their neighbours, have been reduced to severest straits.

Gateshead House, long the residence of the old Catholic family of the Riddells, whatever injuries it may have sustained during the Civil War of the seventeenth century, had still a lease of stately usefulness before it. But another crisis came in the Scottish Rebellion, when it was in the occupation of the Claverings of Callaly, a family-connection of the Riddells. The house was wrecked by a mob in the early morning of January 28, 1746, during the entrance of the Duke of Cumberland. Sykes thus records the occurrence:—

The family being from home, the house, chapel, &c.,

were left to the care of the gardener, whose name was Woodness. When the duke and his attendants were coming down, the mob being anxious to see them, several of them climbed upon the garden walls to have a better view, when the gardener, afraid of his master's property, let loose some dogs upon them, which bit several who were keelmen. Being exasperated, they attempted to catch the gardener, who, no doubt, would have fallen a victim to their rage. Finding the object of their fury had eluded them, they set fire to the mansion-house, &c.

The residential connection with Gateshead of one of our most ancient and worthy North-Country houses was then brought to a lamentable end. "The mansion," says Surtees, "has since been untenanted. Its remains stand to the east of the chapel, and still exhibit the ruins of a building in the high style of Elizabeth or James, with large bay windows, divided by stone mullions and transoms. A heavy stone gateway faces the street." This gateway, once leading to "trim garden" and pleasant hall, alone remains—removed back from the street—as a link with the olden time.

Sir Daniel Gooch.

SIR DANIEL GOOCH, who died at Clewer Park, Windsor, on October 15, 1889, was one of the fathers of the railway system. He was born at Bedlington, Northumberland, in August, 1816, and was educated by the clergyman of a neighbouring parish.

The Bedlington Ironworks were begun in 1800 by Mr. Longridge, and the river Blyth supplied the motive power. These fine old works did good service in the early years of the century, and there, when Gooch was a lad of five years, the first malleable iron rails were rolled. The Longridges, the proprietors, were cousins to the Gooches, and with both families George Stephenson became intimate when visiting the district on colliery matters. In the Bedlington Ironworks much of the spare time of young Gooch was spent, and there he acquired his early liking for mechanics. When only sixteen, he went to the Tredegar Ironworks in Wales, passing through many departments, and increasing his knowledge of coal and iron and their applications. Thence, before he was twenty, he entered Stephenson's engineering works in Newcastle. In 1837 he endeavoured to begin large works at Gateshead; then entered into railway concerns, and was, after a short service on the Leeds and Manchester line, appointed, on Mr. Brunel's recommendation, locomotive superintendent of the Great Western Railway Company. That office he held for twenty-seven years.

As chairman of the Great Eastern Steamship Company—of which he was one of the original shareholders—and through other associations, Mr. Gooch joined the promoters of the Atlantic Telegraph Company at a critical time in the history of Transatlantic telegraphy. Certainly the most romantic episode in the history of Mr. Gooch is that in connexion with the Atlantic cable. It has been well told by one intimately acquainted with the facts, and the story may be thus extracted:—

The Atlantic Telegraph Company, after many years of effort and ill-fortune, was, in 1864, almost despairing of ultimate success. It took six years to form the company—for it was no easy matter to find men to take up 358 shares of £1,000 each for an enterprise so bold and unprecedented as a cable beneath the unfathomable Atlantic; and when the shares were all allotted, disappointment after disappointment awaited the projectors. Six years more were spent in abortive attempts to lay a cable. After several entire failures, expectation was raised high when, in 1858, a message was sent from the New to the Old World, and hope was felt that the perseverance of the company was to meet with its reward. For twenty-five days a feeble whisper was maintained, and then came utter silence. The cable was an utter failure. The fortunes of the company were now at their lowest ebb; and it was not until 1864 that another attempt was made to carry out the project. Sir Daniel Gooch, having studied the question and arrived at the conclusion that the scheme was feasible, joined the promoters and gave all his energy to the task. It was to be carried out with the assistance of the Great Eastern Steamship Company and the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company. Sir Daniel was the chairman of the one and a director of the other,

THE LATE SIR DANIEL GOOCH, BART., G.E.
From Photograph by Hill and Saunders, Eton.

and as their representative he played a prominent part in the execution of the work. In July, 1865, the Great Eastern left the shores of Great Britain with a cable weighing more than four thousand tons. Sir Daniel Gooch, who had been on board the big ship in her first Atlantic voyage, again sailed in her, but the ill success that had attended the previous efforts had not yet departed. The new wire was as silent as its predecessor, and another £400,000 had vanished beneath the indigo waves of the Atlantic. Mr. Gooch was among the few who still had faith and hope, and they set to work to raise fresh capital. The Anglo-American Company was formed. Alterations were made in the Great Eastern, and in the short space of one year from the time the ship sailed away on her unsuccessful voyage she was again ready for sea. On the 1st of July, 1866, she steamed from the Nore, and on the 13th the eastern end of the cable was sunk at Valencia. Fourteen days later came the first communication from Newfoundland. The labour of years had been successfully terminated, and after a vast expenditure of money conversation between the nations of the two hemispheres had become as easy as between men across the street; the first grand link had been forged in the chain of lightning that was to girdle the earth. At that moment of triumph the first message was flashed across the ocean. It was from Daniel Gooch to Lord Stanley, and read as follows:—"Mr. Gooch has the pleasure to inform Lord Stanley that the Newfoundland shore end of the Atlantic cable was laid to-day, and the most perfect communication established between England and America. God grant it may be a lasting source of benefit to our country!"

Rewards came for so eminent a service; a baronetcy was conferred upon him; he was returned to Parliament; and he was chosen chairman of the board of directors of the Great Western Railway.

In 1838, he married Margaret, daughter of the late Mr. H. Tanner, of Bishopwearmouth, who died in 1868; and, in 1870, he took as his second wife Emily, daughter of the late Mr. John Burder, of Norwood.

Although Sir Daniel Gooch left the North early in life, and resided mainly at Clewer Park, Windsor, he did not forget his early association therewith. He had relatives in Northumberland; and through a brother he had obtained an interest in collieries in the Lintz Green district, so that business ties, as well as those of friendship, kept up his interest in the district of his boyhood.

Phineas T. Barnum.

THIRTY years after he delivered his two lectures on the "Art of Money-Making," in the Town Hall, Newcastle (see page 475), Phineas Taylor Barnum, now in his seventy-ninth year, has brought over to England his "Greatest Show on Earth." This gigantic concern, which comprises 380 animals, and employ 1,200 showmen of various kinds, can only, owing to its enormous proportions, be exhibited in London. The greatest wonder of the show is the proprietor himself. Mr. Barnum was born at Bethel, Connecticut, United States in 1810, and began business at the early age of thirteen. In 1841, he purchased the American Museum, by which, in a few years, he amassed a fortune. Ten years later he managed the affairs of Jenny Lind during that celebrated vocalist's tour in America in 1851-2. In 1855, he engaged very largely in real and personal estate and manufacturing enterprises, but was unsuccessful, and became a bankrupt. After effecting a compromise with his creditors, he resumed the management of the American Museum. Being a man of energy and resource, he speedily retrieved his fortunes. Burnt out in 1865 and 1868, he then determined to relinquish the museum; but the instinct of the showman was too strong for him, and he re-entered the field with greater vigour than before. Mr. Barnum has crossed the Atlantic nearly forty different times, one of his earlier voyages being made to exhibit the well-known dwarf, General Tom Thumb, in England. It may be stated that Mr. Barnum regards the showman's life as an altogether higher mission than mere money-making. "Amuse the public by all means," he says, "but educate them, and help them to be better men and women at the same time."

Notes and Commentaries.

SIR JOHN FENWICK.

The reckless career of Sir John Fenwick, with its unhappy termination, is described in the paper by the late

James Clephan that appears on page 481. From an old engraving we have copied the accompanying portrait. The engraving bears no date beyond this inscription:—"Sir John Fenwick, beheaded on Tower Hill, 1697."

EDITOR.

A PRINCE'S NURSE.

Madame Carette has just recently written a book about the Empress Eugénie, widow of the late Emperor of the French. Therein she makes mention of the English governess of Eugénie's son, known as the Prince Imperial. This governess was a North-Country woman. Miss Jane Shaw was a native of Gilling, near Richmond, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, in which village her father, Mr. Lawrence Shaw, was in business as a cartwright. When a little over twenty years of age she was in service in London, and was one of about a score of English girls sent over to Paris to be interviewed by the Empress Eugénie, who wanted a nurse for the Prince Imperial. Miss Shaw was selected for the post. The unsuccessful candidates were entertained in Paris for a week, and then sent back to England with suitable souvenirs of their visit to the Empress. Miss Shaw subsequently married M. Thierry, an officer in the Cent Gardes, and secretary to the Emperor's private charities. After the fatal battle of Sedan, Madame Thierry was with the Empress in England, and is said by some to have been the lady who, on the return of the mourners from the Emperor's funeral, threw up the window at Camden Place and shouted, "Vive Napoléon Quatre!" The Prince, as is stated by Madame Carette, was devoted to his English nurse, and his kindness extended to her father, to whom the Prince sent, amongst other things, a valuable watch, and a case of birds shot by himself. The old gentleman, to the day of his death, never tired of showing the presents to curious visitors. Madame Thierry paid occasional visits to her native village, in some of which she was accompanied by her husband, whom the villagers regarded with considerable awe. The last occasion on which I remember seeing Madame Thierry at Gilling was about 1874. She and her husband ultimately settled on their estate in the South of France, where she died a few years ago.

JEAN SAVALEUR, West Hartlepool.

CHARLES AVISON, ORGANIST.

A biography of Charles Avison, organist of St. Nicholas', Newcastle, and author of "An Essay on Musical Expression," appeared in the *Monthly Chronicle* for 1888 (p. 109).

A portrait in oils of the eminent musician is now in the possession of Mr. William J. Ions, the present organist of St. Nicholas' Cathedral. This portrait Mr. Ions has kindly given us permission to copy.

EDITOR.

THE SIDE, NEWCASTLE.

Two small and curious views of the Side were printed in Richardson's Table Book. One shows the ancient

thoroughfare as it appeared at the beginning of the present century, before the Corporation pulled down the overhanging houses seen to the right of the picture. The other represents some of the fine old houses in the lower part of the Side, where the street in 1842, the date of Richardson's compilation, retained much of its early character. Most of these old places have now disappeared. Interesting as they may be to the antiquary and student of history (and their picturesque appearance has an indescribable charm for the artist), the buildings that remain in the Side, one of the busiest thoroughfares in Newcastle, are somewhat incongruous, surrounded as they are by imposing modern erections. It is to be feared that the time is not far distant when these ancient structures must all succumb to the march of progress. Both views are here reprinted, as a supplement to the article and illustrations previously given in the *Monthly Chronicle*, page 311. EDITOR.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

FRUITLESS KNOCKING.

As two young men were wending their way home the other Saturday night, both being rather under the influence of strong drink, one of them arrived at the door of his home. He knocked. Not receiving a reply, he knocked again. Failing to elicit any response, he turned round to his companion, and said:—"By Jove, Tommy, if thor's nebody in the hoose, they'll wondor whe's knocking!"

LUCK.

The conversation of a party of workmen in a bar at South Shields turned one night upon the luck of certain townsmen in hazardous speculations, when one of the company, to emphasize his opinion of a certain successful speculator, said: "Mr. —— is the luckiest chep i' the warld. He can de nowt wrang. Wey, if he wes te tumble owerboard oot iv a cobble inte the Tyne, where another man wad be drooned, he'd cum up agyen aall reet wiv a salmon iv his hands!"

"TOMMY ON THE BRIDGE."

Last winter, a pitman paid a visit to the Sandhill, Newcastle, and, observing a waxworks show, paid his penny, and went in. The first object that confronted him was a waxwork representation of "Tommy on the Bridge," a well-known character, whose portrait and history appear on page 566. Being a little "foggy with the drink," the pitman imagined that he saw the real Tommy. He therefore said:—"Wey, Tommy, aa's weel pleased te see thoo's getten an inside job. Heor's a penny." Having placed the coin in the hand of the figure, the pitman left. After having made a call or two, he went on to the Swing Bridge. Here he saw Tommy in his accustomed place. "Whaat!" he shouted, "oot aalready? Wey, ye must be daft te leave yon inside job for this caad yen!"

NED CORVAN AND THE BOTTLE.

The late Ned Corvan, a well-known Tyneside character, was induced to sign the pledge. Meeting a local philanthropist shortly afterwards, that worthy, who had heard of Ned's recent determination, joyfully exclaimed:—"Ah, Edward, aa's glad to hear ye've thraan away the bottle." "Aye, aa've thraan it away, sor," replied Corvan; "but it hed nowt in't!"

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN.

During a discussion on Scriptural subjects in a Durham hostelry, the following conversation is said to have taken place:—"Aa say, Jacob, whaat myed Joseph's brethren cast him inte the pit?" "Wey," said Jacob, "dissent thoo see, Geordie? Es Joseph hed a coloured coat on, they waddent allow him te gan inte the boxes!"

THE HARMONIUM.

As two miners near Bebside were going to work one night, a man happened to be playing a harmonium in his house. The miners stood and listened. At length one of them said, "Wey, Geordie, marra, the talligraph's shootin' hard the neet!"

North-Country Obituaries.

Mr. George Henderson, one of the oldest natives of Chester-le-Street, who in his younger days was accounted a splendid "whip," died there on the 11th of October. The deceased, who was a blacksmith, but had retired from business, was 76 years of age.

Sergeant-Major John Breeze, of her Majesty's Body Guard, who when quite an infant was picked up at the mouth of the Tyne, in the year 1819, having been found lashed to a spar, and who took part in the famous charge of Balaclava, died on the 11th of October.

Mr. Dring, head of the ship-repairing firm of Messrs. Dring and Patterson, Hartlepool, and a member of the Hartlepool Town Council, died on the 14th of October, at the age of 62.

On the 14th of October, Mr. John Dent, shipowner, died, after a brief illness, at Blyth. Deceased, who was a native of Newcastle, served his apprenticeship as a sailor out of the port of Blyth, afterwards attaining the position of captain. Mr. Dent was 81 years of age.

Sir Daniel Gooch, Bart., a native Bedlington, and a friend and contemporary of the Stephensons, died at Clewer Park, Windsor, on the 15th of October. (See *ante*, page 568.)

Mr. Peter McParlane, who had managed the post-office at East Jarrow for about 36 years, and who was a member of the Jarrow and South Shields School Boards, died on the 15th of October, in the 65th year of his age.

Mrs. Susanna Gibson, widow of Mr. George Tallentire Gibson, solicitor, died at her residence, Ellison Place, Newcastle, on the 17th of October, at the advanced age of 91 years. She was the possessor of considerable property at the east end of the city, and had lent valuable assistance in the prosecution of improvements in that district. Mrs. Gibson was for over fifty years a class-leader in the Brunswick Circuit of the Wesleyan community, and she was a liberal contributor to the funds of that denomination.

Mr. Thomas Henry Richardson, for many years secretary to the firm of Messrs. Bolckow, Vaughan, and Co., Middlesbrough, died at his residence, in that town, on the 20th of October, in the 54th year of his age.

On the 21st of October, Mr. Michael Young, a native of the county of Durham, and many years ago known as a prominent public man in the district, died very suddenly in London, at the age of 70 years. The deceased, formerly employed as clerk at the Bedlington Iron Works, left the North for the metropolis about 36 years ago.

On the 22nd of October, the death was announced, aged 64, of Mr. Michael Lowes, a well-known Tyneside agriculturist, of Farnley, Corbridge.

The death was announced on the 23rd of October, of Mr. John Robson, of Healeyfield Farm, near Castleside, at the age of 82 years. The deceased had lived at the farm in question for fifty years, and was well known in Northumberland and Durham.

The death took place, at Summerville, Corbridge, on the 23rd of October, of Mr. Thomas Sheldon, who was formerly an inhabitant of Jarrow, and was one of the first aldermen of the borough.

On the 24th of October, the Rev. Jonathan Scurr, vicar of Ninebanks, Allendale, died in his 86th year. The deceased, whose father, the Rev. Thomas Scurr, was rector of Allendale for some years, had held the living of Ninebanks and Carshield for about forty years.

On the 25th of October, it was announced that Mr. John Buckham, who was for over fifty years a well-known tradesman at Alnwick, had just died at the house of his nephew at Glanton. Mr. Buckham was within a week of entering his 79th year.

A local paper of the 25th of October intimated that a few days previously there died in Manchester, where he had been long resident, Mr. William Wilson, a native of Tweedmouth, and youngest brother of the late Mr. John Mackay Wilson, editor of the "Tales of the Borders."

Mr. William Cochran Carr, of South Benwell House, Newcastle, died on the 26th October, in the 74th year of his age. The deceased gentleman, who was a native of Blaydon, had for many years been associated with the coal and firebrick trades of Newcastle.

Captain Alfred C. Hill, manager of the Clay Lane Ironworks, South Bank, and late president of the Cleveland Institution of Engineers, died at his residence, Eston Junction, on the 27th of October, aged fifty-four years.

On the 27th of October, Dr. Mordey Douglas, who was well known in Sunderland both as a public man and a medical practitioner, died of consumption, at the residence of Mr. Samuel Storey, M.P., Holme Lea, Sunderland, after an illness of several years' standing, aged 48. Owing to his malady, he had been obliged to spend the autumns and winters in the Canary Islands, where he had established at Las Palmas an institution for invalids. Dr. Douglas was for seven years a member of the Sunderland Town Council, and took a very prominent part in all matters relating to sanitation. He was a nephew of the celebrated Dr. Mordey, J.P., who was for some time Mayor of Sunderland, and whose services in connection with the outbreak of cholera in Sunderland in 1831 and 1832 brought him the offer of knighthood and the appointment of surgeon-extra to William IV., both of which honours, however, he declined.

On the 28th day of October, the death was announced, in his 91st year, of Lord Teynham, one of the oldest members of the House of Lords, and who, about thirty years ago, paid several visits to Newcastle, and addressed public meetings in furtherance of the political programme of the Northern Reform Union.

On the 31st of October, the death was announced of Major-General Sir George Hutt, K.C.B., who served through the Scinde-Afghan campaigns of 1839-44, and subsequently held an artillery command in the Persian war in 1857. The deceased was a brother of the late Sir William Hutt, long member for the borough of Gateshead.

On the 29th of October, Dr. Henry Ridley Dale, who for some time was professionally engaged in Sunderland, and held the position of medical officer for Sunderland parish, died at the residence of his twin-brother, Mr.

Hilton Dale, Bellsize Park, London. The deceased gentleman was only 33 years of age.

On the 6th of November, the death was announced, at the age of 50 years, of Mr. John McCallum, formerly connected with commercial business on the Quayside, Newcastle, and long an active and zealous worker in connection with the Brunswick Place and Jesmond Wesleyan Chapels in that city.

On the 6th of November, the remains of Mr. Matthew Ellerington, watchmaker and jeweller, of Corbridge, were interred in the cemetery of that village. The deceased was connected with nearly all the public enterprises of the town, and was also the author of a "Guide to Corbridge."

On the 8th of November, the death was reported from Batley, of the Rev. George E. Young, a well-known and popular Wesleyan minister, who was born at Ryton in 1823. When quite a young man, he had preached in company with Timothy Hackworth, of locomotive fame.

"Robin Goodfellow," in the *Weekly Chronicle* of the 9th of November, announced the death, at Gateshead, of Mr. Christian Borries, the oldest Dane resident on Tyneside. The deceased was a member of the firm of Losh, Borries, and Co., corn merchants, Newcastle, and he was also Danish consul for a period of thirty years. Mr. Borries was married to a daughter of Thomas Wilson, author of the "Pitman's Pay."

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

OCTOBER.

11.—A serious boiler explosion took place on board the steam-wherry Perseverance, lying near the Swing Bridge in the river Tyne at Newcastle. Several pieces of the boiler were projected a considerable distance, parts falling in High Street, Gateshead, St. Nicholas' Churchyard, Lombard Street, and Dean Street, Newcastle. A piece about two tons weight was shot over the Exchange and Dean Street Railway Bridge. The wherry was sunk, but, strange to say, nobody was hurt.

—Dr. H. E. Armstrong, Medical Officer of Health, was elected president of the Society of Medical Officers.

12.—New Wesleyan Sunday Schools were opened at Matfen.

—Ulgham estate, the property of the Earl of Carlisle, near Morpeth, was sold by private treaty, to Mr. James Joicey, M.P. The extent is 2,196 acres, and the annual rental £2,115. The Cottingwood estate, also the property of the Earl of Carlisle, in the township of Morpeth, and extending over upwards of 216 acres, with a rental of £240, was sold to Mr. J. B. Anderson, who had been born on the land, for £6,600. Other sections of the Northumbrian estates of his lordship were subsequently submitted for sale by public auction. The lots disposed of publicly and privately during the sales realised upwards of £205,000.

14.—Lord Herschell, ex-Lord Chancellor, addressed a public meeting at Durham, in connection with the Durham County Liberal Federation.

—It was announced that the will of the late Mr. Alderman Plummer, of Newcastle, had been proved, the value of the personal estate being sworn under £45,000.

—An advance in wages of 2d. per day was offered to and accepted by the miners of Northumberland.

15.—The passenger train leaving Hexham shortly after 7 a.m. came into collision with a Glasgow goods train at Wark Station, and several passengers were injured.

—Lord George Hamilton, First Lord of the Admiralty, addressed a political meeting in the Victoria Hall, Sunderland.

—At a chapter of the diocese (Roman Catholic) of Hexham and Newcastle, three names were selected to be forwarded to the Pope from whom to choose a successor to Dr. O'Callaghan, as bishop.

16.—A literary and historical club, under the title of the Stanley Club, was formed at Jarrow.

—The Right Hon. James Lowther, M.P., ex-Secretary for Ireland, addressed a political meeting in the Town Hall, Durham.

18.—The inauguration of the third winter session of the Tyneside Geographical Society took place in the Northumberland Hall, Newcastle when Mr. Charles Marvin delivered a lecture on "The Geographical Bearing of the Russian Advance," the chair being occupied by the

Sheriff, Mr. William Sutton. On the evening of the 20th, Mr. Marvin inaugurated the seventh session of the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society, by a lecture on "The Oil Wells of the World, and the Wonders that Spring from Them."

—At a meeting of the Executive Council of the Newcastle Royal Jubilee Exhibition, a statement was submitted, showing that, after all known liabilities had been satisfied, there remained in hand a balance of about £4,382.

—At a public meeting in the Council Chamber, Town Hall, Newcastle, Sir B. C. Browne, Deputy-Mayor, presented a bronze medal of the Royal Humane Society to Henry Magnay, for his bravery in saving a boy named Joseph Lord, nine years of age, from drowning in the river Tyne, on the 3rd of August. On the 19th the Royal Humane Society awarded testimonials to Henry Buckland, aged 30, and Alfred Hunter, 23, for rescuing Henry Thompson and George Hall, two youths, whose boat was upset in Frenchman's Bay, South Shields, on the 24th of September.

19.—Considerable excitement and some rough conduct took place in the Constabulary Grounds, Newcastle, consequent on the failure of Miss Alma Beaumont to make one of her balloon ascents and a parachute descent. On the 27th of the month, however, Miss Beaumont successfully carried out the performance from the West End Football Grounds, Leazes, Newcastle. There was a large concourse of spectators.

20.—During a severe thunderstorm, three men were struck by lightning, at Waterhouses.

21.—An advance of 2½ per cent. in wages was granted to the colliery mechanics of Northumberland.

—It was announced that the picturesque mansion of Denton Hall (see *Monthly Chronicle*, 1887, page 135) had become the property of Dr. W. I'Anson.

—At the Newcastle Police Court, four workmen were fined 5s. each with costs, with the amount of damage, for having wilfully taken down the barrier in St. Mary's Place on the 25th of September, but the Bench expressed their willingness to grant a case for a higher court.

23.—A man named William Grant, 27 years of age, died very suddenly at Shotley Bridge from, as was afterwards ascertained, the effects of injuries received while playing at football.

—In the Town Hall, Newcastle, there was opened by Earl Percy a grand bazaar, in aid of the funds of the Northumberland Village Homes at Whitley. The amount realised by the bazaar, which extended over three days, was £2,100.

25.—A huge fish, measuring 7 feet in length, 8 feet from tip to tip of the fins, and weighing 60 stones, was found cast on the rocks at Craster, on the coast of Northumberland. Earl Percy, who examined it, expressed the opinion that it was a sun fish, while other naturalists considered that it belonged to the dolphin tribe. The finny monster was afterwards conveyed to Newcastle for exhibition.

26.—The first of a series of popular lectures was given at the new College of Science, Barras Bridge, Newcastle, by Professor F. Clowes, D.Sc., principal of University College, Nottingham, on "Colliery Explosions and Modern Means of Preventing Them," the chair being occupied by Principal Garnett.

—Mr. James Craig, M.P., was interviewed upon the eight hours question, at the Liberal Club, Newcastle, by a deputation representing the Newcastle Labour party.

27.—Hospital Sunday, for the nineteenth time, was held in Newcastle. The list of collections on behalf of the medical charities was, on this occasion, headed by Jesmond Church with £97 17s. 8d. Brunswick Place Wesleyan Chapel came next with £80 1s. 7d.

—Mr. John Evan Hodgson, R.A., Professor of Painting at the Royal Academy, lectured at the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, on "Hogarth and Sir Joshua Reynolds."

Professor Hodgson, who belongs to a Northumbrian family of that name, some of whom were at one time proprietors of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, was born in London in 1831.

28.—As the result of a poll, Mr. J. D. Pickering was elected assistant-overseer of St. Nicholas' parish, Newcastle.

—At a meeting of the Cleveland mine-owners, held at Middlesbrough, Mr. David Dale presiding, it was agreed to advance the wages of the men 15 per cent., to take effect from the end of the week, and continue in force till the beginning of February.

—Mr. Samuel Plimsoll, ex-M.P., addressed a meeting of seamen at South Shields.

29—Messrs. Storey and Gourley addressed their constituents at Sunderland.

—The ceremony of presenting a pastoral staff to Dr. Lightfoot, Bishop of Durham, took place in Bishop Cosin's Library, Durham. The Earl of Durham, chairman of the general committee, made the presentation.

—A singular case of death from starvation formed the subject of a coroner's inquest in Newcastle. The deceased, a man named Jonathan Vickers, about 57 years of age, had occupied the upstairs flat of a house in Belgrave Terrace. He lived alone, and was of very reserved habits. Nothing having been seen or heard of him for some time, information was given to the police, who, on the 21st inst., called at the house, and, receiving no answer to their knock, broke open the door. The poor man was removed to the workhouse, where he only partook of a

little milk twice, and died on the 27th. At the inquest there was produced a remarkable letter which had been found in one of the rooms of the deceased's dwelling. It was addressed to the coroner, Mr. Theodore Hoyle, and commenced as follows:—"Bidding the world good night. Death from starvation. Last scene of all." The writer then went on to state that, to avoid giving trouble on the inquest, he certified that his death was due to the above cause alone. "I live," he said, "alone by myself, and not a soul enters my door, having neither wife, child, friends, or anything in the shape of such. In accordance, therefore, with the evidence thus given, and at my dying request, the verdict must be 'Death from starvation.'" This letter was dated the 10th of September, and there followed a note, without date, in which, remarking that "we are drawing towards the close of the nineteenth century," he said: "It is getting very late to hear of death from starvation. The reason simply is that the workhouse occupies in the present day the antiquated habits, manners, and customs of a bygone age. It is viewed, not as a refuge for distress, but a place of punishment, and of such a nature that it is to be questioned if some of the most atrocious criminals would not undergo any penalty to avoid the shocking stigma attached to the name of pauper—a stigma, in fact, which degrades those that enter the workhouse below the beasts of the field." Towards the close, Vickers said:—"I can write no more, as I am very weak from fasting—not had anything in the shape of a good substantial meal for upwards of a month." The jury, in accordance with the dying wish of the miserable man, returned a verdict to the effect that death had been caused by starvation. From a letter subsequently addressed to the newspapers, it appeared that Vickers had living many well-to-do relatives in and around Newcastle, and had himself been a tradesman in the city. One of his sisters or cousins was the first wife of the Rev. Dr. Morley Punshon, the celebrated Wesleyan minister.

30.—At the final meeting of the Local General Committee in connection with the British Association, it was stated that the net cost of the late meeting, within a few pounds, was £3,455. The donations amounted to £1,730; and it was resolved to make a call upon the Guarantee Fund, which reached £2,680, to the extent of £66 13s. 4d. per cent. Votes of thanks were accorded to the local secretaries, Professors Merivale and Bedson, and to the Mayor.

—The shipyard wages question on the Tyne, Wear, Tees, and at Hartlepool was settled at Stockton-on-Tees: an advance of 5 per cent. on piece prices from January and a shilling per week in time wages having been accepted.

—In answer to a deputation of workmen who waited upon them, the directors of the Newcastle and Gateshead Gas Company intimated their readiness to grant an immediate advance of 10 per cent. in wages, and to adopt the principle of an eight hours shift early in the ensuing spring. As the result of a second interview with the delegates of the workmen, however, the directors agreed to introduce the eight hours system on and from the 1st of January, 1890. This arrangement was accepted by the men.

31.—Hallowe'en was celebrated by an entertainment in the County Hotel, Newcastle, under the auspices of the Newcastle and Tyneside Burns Club.

—A series of handsome parting gifts were presented to Mr. Joseph Snowball, J.P., on the occasion of his retirement from the office of Commissioner to the Duke of Northumberland.

NOVEMBER.

1.—In the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, it was announced that Mr. W. Digby Seymour, Q.C., Judge of the Newcastle County Court, had been elected an honorary member of the Dicky Bird Society, and a letter was published from his Honour, intimating his acceptance of the distinction.

—The annual municipal elections took place, the chief feature of interest in Newcastle being the contests in All Saints' North, All Saints' East, Byker, Elswick South, Elswick East, and Westgate South Wards, in each of which a working man candidate came forward. In every case, however, the representative of the labour party was defeated, all the old members who sought re-election being returned by large majorities. The election at Morpeth involved the reconstitution of the Council, four gentlemen being elected for three years, four for two years, and four for one year respectively.

—At an extraordinary general meeting of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., a resolution was passed, authorising an increase in the capital of the company by the creation of 200,000 four per cent. preference shares of £5 each, 50,000 to be issued immediately, and another 50,000 if and when the directors might deem expedient. Lord Armstrong embraced the occasion to enter into a defence of the 110-ton gun, as to which some adverse reports had been published.

—The tramway and 'bus drivers, stablemen, and conductors employed at South Shields came out on strike for an advance of wages, which was conceded; but as there was a further dispute as to the removal of a blacksmith, a settlement was not effected. The services of some new men were obtained, and the traffic was resumed soon afterwards.

—Commissioned by Miss Robson, the lessee of the establishment, Mr. H. H. Emmerson, the eminent local artist, completed a series of painted canvases for the banqueting hall of the Crown Hotel, West Clayton Street, Newcastle. The subjects depicted were the old sport of hawking, the game of bowls, a hunting scene, and a scene at Fountains Abbey. The portraits in the pictures include likenesses of Sir M. W. Ridley, Dr. Cook, Colonel A. S. Palmer, Colonel Cowen, Mr. W. E. Adams, Mr. W. Sharp, Mr. J. B. Radcliffe, Dr. Adam Wilson, &c.

2.—The twelfth series of People's Concerts, under the auspices of the Corporation, was commenced in the Town Hall, Newcastle.

—A cooper named Cornelius Gray, 29 years of age, and living in Albion Row, Ouseburn, Newcastle, made a desperate attempt to murder his wife, Annie Gray, by stabbing her with a knife, and afterwards committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor.

—Mr. Henry Atkinson, a seafaring man, and a son of the late Dr. Atkinson, of Wylam, received severe injuries by being thrown from a horse on which he was riding near Stamfordham, and died next day.

3.—The well-known lecturer and author, Mr. Max O'Rell, lectured at the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, under the auspices of the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society, on "The American at Home."

4.—Mr. John Morley, M.P., received a deputation in Newcastle from the Labour Electoral Organisation, with the view of eliciting his opinions on various questions affecting that body.

—Lord Northbrook was the principal speaker at a Liberal Unionist demonstration at West Hartlepool; and on the following evening he addressed a similar meeting at Stockton-on-Tees.

—An explosion took place in the "A" pit of Hebburn Colliery, the property of the Tyne Coal Company. Six men who were in the mine at the time were so severely burnt that they all afterwards died.

—Madame Albani was one of the artistes who sang at the annual Police Concert in the Town Hall, Newcastle.

5.—At a meeting of the West Hartlepool Town Council, Mr. John Pile, on the occasion of his golden wedding, was presented with a handsomely executed bust of himself, in recognition of his valued services in contributing to the commercial prosperity of West Hartlepool, and the recipient, in replying, presented the bust to the town.

—Earl Spencer visited Newcastle in his capacity of president of the Liberal Club, in the dining hall of which he was entertained to luncheon; and in the evening he addressed a great public meeting in the Town Hall, the chair being occupied by Mr. John Morley, M.P.

6.—Under the auspices of the Middlesbrough Liberal Club, of which he had been elected president, Mr. John Morley, M.P., addressed a political meeting in the Town Hall of that borough.

—Lord Bramwell spoke at a political meeting at North Shields.

9.—It being Hospital Saturday, collections were taken in the various manufactories and workshops on behalf of the medical charities of Newcastle and district.

—The elections of Mayor and other leading municipal officers took place throughout the North of England. In Newcastle, the gentleman chosen as chief-magistrate was Mr. Thomas Bell, who occupied the office of Sheriff during 1885-6. Mr. Edward Culley, who had been a member of the Council since the 19th of March, 1879, was appointed Sheriff. The retiring Mayor of Gateshead, Mr. Alderman John Lucas, was unanimously re-elected to that office.

10.—The total amount collected for the medical charities at St. Nicholas' Cathedral, Newcastle, on the occasion of Mayor's Sunday was £150, compared with £122 10s. 8d. last year.

General Occurrences.

OCTOBER.

12.—The poll of the North Bucks election was declared, the result being as follows:—Captain Verney (Gladstonian), 4,855; the Hon. E. Hubbard (Conservative), 4,647; majority, 208.

16.—Lord Fitzgerald, Lord of Appeal in England, died in Dublin, at the age of 73.

—A telegram from Odessa announced the sinking of the Russian man-of-war, Nasr-ed-Din Shah, with all hands.

—A colliery explosion, whereby seventy-five men lost their lives, occurred at Mossfield Colliery, Longton, North Staffordshire.

19—Mr. Stafford Allen, who worked with Clarkson, Wilberforce, Buxton, and others for the abolition of slavery in British dominions, died in London, aged 83.

—King Luis of Portugal died at Lisbon, at the age of 51.

24.—After much delay, caused by the difficulty of empanelling a jury, the trial of the prisoners charged with the murder of Dr. Cronin was commenced at Chicago.

—At Didsbury, a man named James Dwyer entered the local branch of the Union Bank, and, after having shot at and wounded the manager, helped himself to money from the till. He made his escape, but afterwards, finding he was in danger of being captured, shot himself.

25.—An election for a parliamentary regresentative took place at Brighton, the result being as follows:—Mr. Loder (Conservative), 7,132; Sir Robert Peel (Liberal), 4,625; majority, 2,507.

—Twe men, named Grave and Loder, who belonged to the crew of the steamer Earnmoor, which foundered near the Bahamas at the beginning of September, arrived at Baltimore. They told a tale of great suffering at sea in their boat, having had to consume as food parts of the bodies of two companions who had died.

30.—The trial of several men and women, including Father McFadden, for being concerned in the events at Gweedore, Ireland, which led to the death of Inspector Martin, came to a somewhat abrupt conclusion, by many of the prisoners pleading guilty to misdemeanour. Father McFadden pleaded guilty to obstructing the police. Some of the misdemeanants were sentenced to penal servitude for manslaughter; others to short terms of imprisonment. Father McFadden was released on his own recognisances.

NOVEMBER.

1.—A new carpet factory which was in course of erection in Bennie Place, Glasgow, and which had reached the height of five storeys, suddenly collapsed. Thirty women who were engaged in the factory were killed, while many more were injured.

4.—Information reached London that the followers of Emin Pasha had revolted. The Equatorial Province of Central Africa was shortly afterwards invaded by the Mahdists.

6.—Mrs. Edmonds, of Llanelly, was delivered of four children—three girls and one boy. The boy and one girl died shortly after birth.

—A report reached Zanzibar that the members of the expedition fitted out in Germany for the relief of Emin Pasha had been massacred by the Massais.

9.—The trial of John Watson Laurie, who was accused of the murder of Edwin Robert Rose, near the head of Glen Sannox, Arran, Scotland, on July 15th last, commenced at Edinburgh on the 8th, and terminated to-day. Laurie was found guilty, and sentence of death was passed.

—Two prominent Republican politicians of the United States, Colonel William Cassius Goodloe and Colonel Amistead Swope, who had quarrelled some time previously, met to-day at the post office, Lexington, Kentucky. High words passed, when Swope drew a pistol and shot Goodloe in the abdomen. Goodloe then drew a knife, and stabbed Swope thirteen times. Both men died.

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Errors and Corrections.

Page 44, col. 1, line 20—for "brother" read "cousin"; line 22, for "1836" read "1826."
Page 54—the three last lines of col. 2 should have been placed at the bottom of col. 2, page 55.
Page 200, col. 1, line 12—delete "about"
Page 273, col. 2, lines 4 and 5—delete the name of "Alderman Thomas Forster."
Pages 304-5-6—for "Mouldron Barrett" read "Moulton Barrett."

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